This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

Per. 2705 d. 396/35.10

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME X

Nos. 235-260. JULY—DECEMBER 1858.

LONDON

W. & R. CHAMBERS 47 PATERNOSTER ROW

AND HIGH STREET EDINBURGH

MDCCCLIX

Digitized by Google

Edinburgh:
Printed by W. and R. Chambers.

Digitized by Google

INDEX.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

Page

Babes in the Wood, My, - - 161
Baby Junior, - - - - - 234
Being and Professing, - - 321
Big-looking People, Confidence in, 280
Cagliari, - - - - - - 122
Calling, a New, - - - - 15
Century, a Persecuted, - - 273
Child's Holiday, a, - - - - 325
Christmas Ceremonies at Rome, 401
Clouds, a Summer in the, - - 260
Coachmen, Latter-day, - - 97
Cock-and-bull Club, the, - - 215
Contrary to the Customs, - 33
Day at a Public School, a, - - 345
'Day, Sending-in,' - - - 209
Dinner, a Souvenir of a, - - 305
——-party, a Distinguished, 241
Experiences, a Medical Man's, 129
Farthing, That, - - - - 6
Fast Friend, My, - - - - 198
Feathered Minnesingers, - 81
Fighting-man, Half-an-hour with a, 85
Fustian's, Bill, Running Commentary on the Doings of the Respectable Classes, - - 359
Gentleman's Family, In a, - 158
Great St Cadger Sweepstakes, the, 385
Hebrides, a Week among the. By W. Chambers, - - 49, 67
House of Commons, an Afternoon Glance at the, - - - 154
In Re, Mind and Matter, - - 406
Latter-day Coachmen, - - 97
Letters, - - - - - - 65
Literary Ghouls, - - - - 113
Man of Men, the, according to Our Great-grandmothers, - - 193
Masque of Society, the, - - 289
Medical Man's Experiences, a, 129
Minnesingers, Feathered, - 81
Mothers-in-law, - - - - 17
My First Play, - - - - - 109
—— Opposite Neighbours, - 309
Mysterious Face, the, - - 337
New Calling, a, - - - - 15
Night and Morning on the Kuhn, a, 225
Old Village and its Inmates, the, 172
Opera, a Working, - - - - 139
Planets, Ruling the, - - - 369
Plucked, - - - - - 145
Professing and Being, - - 321
Protest from the other World, a —Literary Ghouls, - - - 113
Railway Nurse, the, - - - 191
Rome, Christmas Ceremonies at, 401
Sardinia, a Festival in the Island of, - - - - - - 189
School-boy, When I was a, - 165
'Sending-in Day,' - - - - 209
Shows and Showmen, - - - 1
Society, the Masque of, - - 289
Souvenir of a Dinner, a, - - 305
Theatrical Management, - - 298
——— World, the, - - - 52
Waste, - - - - - - 177
Wood, My Babes in the, - 161

POETRY.

Ballad of Darnick Tower, - - 16
Bees, a Legend of Saint, - 176
Child-philosophy, - - - - 160
Christmas-time? Can this be, 352
Corn, the Path through the, - 16
Cuckoo, - - - - - - - 80
Holly Berries, - - - - - 416
Instinct, - - - - - - 32
June, the First Day of, - - 96
Loving Eyes, - - - - - 288
Midsummer Morning in a Country Town, a, - - - - - 240
Moss, - - - - - - - 400
Mountain Maid, the, - - - 256
My Possessions, - - - - 144
Night before the Mowing, the, 64
Oasis, - - - - - - - 112
Path, On the, - - - - 48
Sky-lark's Nest, the, a Sonnet, 368
Snow-child, the, - - - - 224
Soother, the, - - - - - 384
Summer Gone, - - - - 320
Traveller's Vision, the, - - 192
Washerwoman, the Old, - 336
Wherefore Weep? - - - - 208
Words: From the German Students' Funeral-tune, - - 128

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Page

Anatomist, Difficulties of the, - 218
Blood, Circulation of the—The Story of a Great Discovery, - 56
Boat-flies of Mexico, the, - 367
Bone-caves of Gower, the, - 314
Botanists of Manchester, - 255
Diamonds, Artificial, - - - 16
Eyes, a Chapter on, - - - 378
Fanssett Collection, the, - 148, 169
Ice-making, Artificial, - - - 4
Limestone, the Great Scar, - 293
Miasma, - - - - - - 239
Mole from an Agricultural Point of View, the, - - - - 398
Month, the: Science and Arts— 76, 142, 205, 285, 348, 411
Notonectidæ — The Boat-flies of Mexico, - - - - - 367
Occasional Notes, - - - - 60
Pepsin, - - - - - - - 87
'Phantasmata,' Dr Madden's, - 34
Poisons, Lurking, - - - - 28
Storms, On the Nature and Consequences of British, - 243, 269
Tar, - - - - - - - - 39
Visitants of Ships at Sea, - 408
Waste, - - - - - - 177
Worm-world, the, - - - 331

TALES AND OTHER NARRATIVES.

Adventures in the Indian Rebellion, - - - - - - 163
Advertisement, a Wife by: a Story of 1756, - - - - - - 88
Barracks, Living in, - - - 124
Bear, Encounter with a, - - 365
Bobbie the Bookseller—In Re, Mind and Matter, - - - 406
Bog-wood Fire, the, - - - 283
Buried Alive, - - - - - 134
Clouds, Love in the, - - - 221
Cock-and-bull Club, the, - - 215
Commissary of Police, the, - 276

Digitized by Google

Page

Cup and Lip, a Slip between, - 265
Cymbal-player, Laboudie, the, 391
Davies, Myles—Mœcenas, - - 175
Dead Man's Revenge, a, 355, 374
Door, Music next, - - - 290
Double Widowhood, the, 316, 329
Down at the Grange, - 37, 58
Dream, the False, - - - 73
Edwards, Thomas—Story of a Rural Naturalist, - - 79
Face, the Mysterious, - - 337
False Dream, the, - - - 73
Farthing, That, - - - - 6
Fire and Water, Through, - 46
Friend, My Fast, - - - 198
Gaudy, Francis von, - - 312
Grange, Down at the, - 37, 58
House, a Skeleton in every, - 227
Indian Rebellion, Adventures in the, - - - - 163
Indian Seas, a Night on the, - 287
Ingemann—A Danish Novelist, 250
Killing Princess, the, - - - 178
Kunchun-Churloo, - - - 202
Laboudie, the Cymbal-player, - 391
Liberty, a Tree of, - - - 20
Living in Barracks, - - - 124
Love in the Clouds, - - 221
Man of Two Shadows, the, - 117
Marshall, John, of Fenchurch Street, - - - - 227
Mezzofanti, Cardinal, - - 212
Mind and Matter, In Re, - 406
Mountebank, the, - - 150, 166
Music Next Door, - - - 290
Mysterious Face, the, - - 337
Old Village and its Inmates, the, 172
Organist, Our New, - - - 101
Police, the Commissary of, - 276
Princess, the Killing, - - 178
Railway Nurse, the, - - 191
Revenge, a Dead Man's, - 355, 374
'Sending-in Day,' - - - 209
Shadows, the Man of Two, - 117
Singer's, John, Story, - - 245
Sisters, the, - - - - 342
Skeleton in every House, a, - 227
Slip between Cup and Lip, a, - 265
Stop Thief! - - - - - 42
That Farthing, - - - - 6
Tree of Liberty, a, - - - 20
Water and Fire, Through, - 46
Widowhood, the Double, 316, 329
Wife by Advertisement, a: a Story of 1758, - - - 88

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Ballytubber, or a Scotch Settler in Ireland, - - - - 95
Brown's Locke and Sydenham, &c., 371
Chambers's Domestic Annals of Scotland, - - - - 307
Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, - - - 263
Edwards's Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion, 163
Longfellow's Last Hexameters, - 296
M'Laren's Rise and Progress of Whisky Drinking in Scotland, - 32
Madden's 'Phantasmata,' - - 34
Mullaly's Laying of the Telegraphic Cable, - - - 394
Pontès' Poets and Poetry of Germany, - - - - - 91
Redding's Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal, &c., - - - - - 25
Richardson's Six Charles Grandison, - - - - - 193
Page

Star Literature — Ruling the Planets, - - - - - 369
Talpa, or the Chronicles of a Clay-farm, - - - - - 398
Watt's Clare, the Gold-seeker and other Poems, - - - 144
White's Month in Yorkshire, 111

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

Aden, the Ancient Reservoirs of, 126
Adventures in the Indian Rebellion, - - - - - 163
Afternoon Glance at the House of Commons, an, - - 154
Agricultural Point of View, the Mole from an, - - - 398
America, Camel-expeditions in, 30
Anarchy of Distrust, the, - 223
Anatomist, Difficulties of the, - 218
Artificial Ice-making, - - 4
Arts and Science— 76, 142, 205, 285, 340, 411
Associate-in-Arts Examination, Oxford, - - - - - 187
Augustan Age, an Apology for Our, - - - - - 388
Babes in the Wood, My, - 161
Baby Junior, - - - - 234
Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon in a New Aspect, the, - 353
Barracks, Living in, - - - 124
Bass Rock and its Tenants, the, 107
Bear, Encounter with a, - 365
Being and Professing, - - 321
Bell, the Six o'clock, or Das Sechse Läuten, - - - 62
Big-looking People, Confidence in, 280
Bill Fustian's Running Commentary on the Doings of the Respectable Classes, - - 359
Blood, Circulation of the—The Story of a Great Discovery, - 56
Boat-flies of Mexico, the, - 367
Bobbie the Bookseller—In Re, Mind and Matter, - - - 406
Bog-wood Fire, the, - - 283
Bone-caves of Gower, the, - - 314
Botanists of Manchester, - 255
British Enterprise, an Opening for, - - - - - 327
British Storms, On the Nature and Consequences of, - 213, 269
Brown's, Dr John, 'Locke and Sydenham,' &c., - - - 371
Cagliari, - - - - - 122
Calling, a New, - - - - 15
Camel-expeditions in America, - 30
Carbonari, the, - - - - 363
Cardinal Mezzofanti, - - - 212
Centuries, Precedence in the 15th and 16th, - - - - 78
Centuries, the Battle of the, - 307
Century, a Persecuted, - - 273
Chapter on Dogs, a, - - - 11
——— Eyes, a, - - - 378
Child's Holiday, a, - - - 325
China, the Great Dragon of, - 271
Choctaws, a Visit to the, - - 322
Christmas Ceremonies at Rome, 401
Clouds, a Summer in the, - 260
Coachmen, Latter-day, - - 97
Cock-and-bull Club, the, - 215
Collection, the Faussett, - 148, 169
Commons, an Afternoon Glance at the House of, - - - 154
Cousin Jonathan upon his Telegraphic Cable, - - - 394
Page

Crystal Palace of Nan-king, - 350
Cumberland Statesman, the, - 137
Customs, Contrary to the, - 33
———, Two Hours with the, - 333
Cymbal-player, Laboudie, the, 391
Dâk, By, - - - - - - 236
Dalmellington Ironworks — The Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon in a New Aspect, - - 353
Danish Novelist, a, - - - 250
Darnick Tower, a Ballad of, - 16
Das Sechse Läuten, or the Six o'clock Bell, - - - - 62
Day at a Public School, a, - 345
'Day, Sending-in,' - - - 209
Debts, New Way to Pay Old, a, 400
Dialects of England, the Provincial, - - - - - 339
Difficulties of the Anatomist, 218
Dinner, a Souvenir of a, - 305
———-party, a Distinguished, - 241
Discovery, the Story of a Great, 56
Distrust, the Anarchy of, - 223
Dogs, a Chapter on, - - - 11
Dragon of China, the Great, - 271
Drink, Trade in, - - - - 31
Education—Shall We *make* Them 'come in?' - - - - 45
Edwards, Thomas—Story of a Rural Naturalist, - - - 79
Encounter with a Bear, - - 365
Encumbered Estates Court, a Peep into the, - - - 249
English Melodies, Old, - - 263
Enterprise, an Opening for British, 327
Experiences, a Medical Man's, - 129
Eyes, a Chapter on, - - - 378
Facetiæ, Legal, - - - - 380
Faussett Collection, the, 148, 169
Feathered Minnesingers, - - 81
Festival in the Island of Sardinia, a, 189
Fête of Madonna dell 'Arco, the, 346
Fighting-man, Half-an-hour with a, 85
Fire and Water, Through, - 46
Friday Payments and the Saturday Half-holiday, - - - 94
Friend, My Fast, - - - - 198
Gaudy, Francis von, - - - 312
Gentleman's Family, In a, - 158
Germany, Literary Life in, - 91
Ghouls, Literary, - - - 113
Gold-diggings, the New, 192, 197
Golf-tournament, the, - - 156
Gower, the Bone-caves of, - 314
Great Britain, Socialism in, - 99
—— St Cadger Sweepstakes, the, 385
Hair-harvest, the, - - - 119
Half-an-hour with a Fighting-man, 85
Hebrides, a Week among the. By W. Chambers, - - - 49, 67
Hexameters, Mr Longfellow's, - 296
Hint to Wealthy Old Persons, a, 141
Holiday, a Child's, - - - 325
Home Travel, - - - - 111
Housekeeping Three Hundred Years ago, - - - - 8, 22
House of Commons, an Afternoon Glance at the, - - - 154
Ice-making, Artificial, - - 4
India, Schooling in, - - - 131
Indian Rebellion, Adventures in the, - - - - - 163
Indian Seas, a Night on the, - 287
Ingemann—A Danish Novelist, 250
In Re, Mind and Matter, - - 406
Ireland, the Scotchman in, - 95
Ironworks, Dalmellington — The Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon, - - - - - 353
Janson, Forbin—The Great Dragon of China, - - - - 272
Kulm, a Night and Morning on the, - - - - - 225
Kunchun-Churloo, - - - 202

Digitized by Google

	Page
Laboudie, the Cymbal-player,	391
'Lancashire Rebels, the,'	200
Latter-day Coachmen,	97
Lawsuit, and How the Lawyers were Paid, Story of a,	300
Legal Facetiæ,	380
Letters,	65
Levant, Two Letters from the, 360,	382
Limestone, the Great Scar,	293
Literary Ghouls,	113
——— Life of Germany,	91
——— Recollections,	25
Living in Barracks,	124
'Locke and Sydenham,' &c., Dr John Brown's,	371
Longfellow's Last Hexameters, Mr,	296
Lurking Poisons,	28
Madden's, Dr, 'Phantasmata,'	34
Madonna dell 'Arco, the Fête of,	346
Mæcenas,	175
Management, Theatrical,	298
Manchester, Botanists of,	255
Man of Men, the: according to Our Great-grandmothers,	193
Masque of Society, the,	289
Medical Man's Experiences, a,	129
——— Women,	60
Melodies, Old English,	263
Mexico, the Boat-flies of,	367
Mezzofanti, Cardinal,	212
Miasma,	239
Mind and Matter, In Re,	406
Minnesingers, Feathered,	81
Mole from an Agricultural Point of View, the,	398
Month, the: Science and Arts— 76, 142, 205, 285, 348,	411
Mothers-in-law,	17
My Fast Friend,	198
—— First Play,	109
Mysterious Face, the,	337
Nan-king, Crystal Palace of,	350
National Debt—The Story of a Lawsuit, and How the Lawyers were Paid,	300
Naturalist, Story of a Rural,	79
Nature and Consequences of British Storms, the, 243,	269
Neighbours, My Opposite,	309
New Calling, a,	15
—— Gold-diggings, the, 182,	197
Newspaper, a Glance at an Old,	232
——— World, the,	274
New Way to Pay Old Debts, a,	400
Night and Morning on the Kulm, a,	225
——— on the Indian Seas, a,	287
Nomenclature, Street,	207
Northumberland Household Book, the,	8, 22
Novelist, a Danish,	250
Nurse, the Railway,	191
Occasional Notes— Medical Women,	60
Exorcism of the Smoke Fiend,	61
Old English Melodies,	263
—— Persons, a Hint to Wealthy,	141
Opera, a Working,	139
Opposite Neighbours, My,	309
Oxford Associate-in-arts Examination,	187
Pantomime, About the,	413
Peep into the Encumbered Estates Court, a,	249
People, Confidence in Big-looking,	280
Pepsin,	87
Persecuted Century, a,	273
'Phantasmata,' Dr Madden's,	34
Planets, Ruling the,	369
Play, My First,	109
Plucked,	145
Poisons, Lurking,	28
Portland in September 1858,	281
Precedence in the 15th and 16th Centuries,	78
Professing and Being,	321
Protest from the other World, a— Literary Ghouls,	113
Provincial Dialects of England, the,	339
Railway Nurse, the,	191
Rarey Anticipated,	80
'Rebels, the Lancashire,'	200
Recollections, Literary,	25
Reservoirs of Aden, the Ancient,	126
Respectable Classes, Bill Fustian's Running Commentary on the Doings of the,	359
Rome, Christmas Ceremonies at,	401
Rural Naturalist, Story of a,	79
Sardinia, a Festival in the Island of,	189
Saturday Half-holiday and Friday Payments, the,	94
Scar Limestone, the Great,	293
School, a Day at a Public,	345
———boy, When I was a,	185
Schooling in India,	131
Science and Arts— 76, 142, 205, 285, 348,	411
Scotchman in Ireland, the,	95
'Sending-in Day,'	209
Shall We *make* Them 'come in?'	45
Ships at Sea, Visitants of,	408
Shot and Shells,	257
Shows and Showmen,	1
Six o'Clock Bell, Das Sechse Läuten, or the,	62
Small-change,	253
Smoke Fiend, Exorcism of the,	61
Socialism in Great Britain,	99
Society, the Masque of,	289
Souvenir of a Dinner, a,	305
Statesman, the Cumberland,	137
Stop Thief!	42
Storms, the Nature and Consequences of British, 243,	269
Story of a Great Discovery, the,	56
——— Lawsuit, and How the Lawyers were Paid,	300
Street Nomenclature,	207
Summer in the Clouds, a,	260
Sweepstakes, the Great St Cadger,	385
Tar,	39
Telegraphic Cable, Cousin Jonathan on his,	394
Tenants, the Bass Rock and its,	107
Theatrical Management,	298
——— World, the,	52
Tobacco, a Screw of,	71
Tournament, the Golf,	156
Trade in Drink,	31
Travel, Home,	111
Two Hours with the Customs,	333
—— Letters from the Levant, 360,	382
Village and its Inmates, the Old,	172
Visitants of Ships at Sea,	408
Visit to the Choctaws, a,	322
Von Gaudy, Francis,	312
Waste,	177
Water and Fire, Through,	46
Week among the Hebrides, a. By W. Chambers, 49,	67
Westminster Journal—A Glance at an Old Newspaper,	232
Women, Medical,	60
Wood, My Babes in the,	161
Woolwich Arsenal—Shot and Shells,	257
Working Opera, a,	139
World, the Newspaper,	274
———, the Theatrical,	52
Worm-world, the,	331

ANECDOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

	Page
Antipodes, Progress at the,	240
Bride-wains and Birth-cakes,	160
Diamonds, Artificial,	16
Dinner, Eccentric,	288
Farmers and Birds, Question between the,	64
Fruit, How to Identify Stolen,	336
Life-boat Statistics,	192
Maine Law Three Hundred Years ago, a,	96
Pain a Blessing,	320
Preventive or Remedial Measures, superiority of,	352
Rarey Anticipated,	80
Wine, Colour of,	80
'Women's Rights,' to the Advocates of,	128

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.
No. 235. SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

SHOWS AND SHOWMEN.

THE remarkable history given by Mr Barnum, in his renowned autobiography, of the various enterprises he had successfully conducted as a showman, and his exposure of the numerous intrigues, manœuvres, and hidden machinery by which he had worked 'the oracle,' would, it was thought by many, be a complete death-blow to the exhibition interest. Such, however, has not proved to be the case. Public curiosity is as rampant as ever; and great and little shows continue to pass and repass the same as if the great showman had never laid bare the secrets of the prison-house; indeed, we should say they have rather increased since that time; and even Tom Thumb, one of Mr Barnum's greatest cards in the way of showmanship, is again on the road, notwithstanding all that has been exposed in the autobiography.

The exhibition-world, and what it contains, and the singular people who are in most instances connected with it, have ever been a pleasant source of wonder, especially to the gullible portion of the public; and a really good show is one of those things which is certain to yield any number of fortunes. It is no matter what it is; it may consist of but one thing, or it may be a museum, containing a thousand articles; it may be either Tom Thumb, or Wombwell's united collections of wild animals, the original learned pig, or Richardson's dramatic booth—only let it get properly afloat, under the charge of an enterprising manager, and it becomes straightway a magnet drawing to itself the superfluous cash of the country for miles around. Has any person ever calculated the enormous amount of money annually expended on shows? Were the receipts of all our exhibitions, stationary as well as itinerant, added together, and the amount shewn, it would appear fabulous. Without including an occasional show like the World's Fair of 1851, but taking into account all established places of amusement, from such high-class shows as Her Majesty's Theatre, down to the humblest exhibition at a country-fair, we could easily shew, startling as it may seem, that the annual amount expended on our various shows and exhibitions is greater than that expended on books and periodicals. Mr Richardson, the proprietor of the well-known dramatic booth, or 'Richardson's Show,' as it was called, died, we are assured, worth £50,000; and the late Mr Wombwell, the proprietor of the extensive menagerie, was equally wealthy. Many other showmen have likewise accumulated fortunes, and left sums of money at their death greater than those accumulated in the publishing trade.

The gullibility of the public, and the love of the marvellous, calls into action the inventive genius of a class of people who are ever ready to turn the public craving into a means of making money; and, in addition to what we can make up at home, every portion of the globe is ransacked in turn to find novelties for the showman: the hippopotamus is caught, and hurried away from his African haunts to the Regent's Park; the united twins are taken from one of the distant slave-states of America, and conveyed to Europe for the same purpose; and we have good reason to suppose that an enthusiastic showman has started off to St Helena, in order to secure, if possible, the great sea-serpent that has been seen so frequently of late disporting itself off that island. When a showman has secured something with a look of novelty, the next great point is to dress up a good story, by which to recommend it to public notice, or, as the showmen say, get out 'a stunning gag.' Nothing is so attractive as a marvellous legend of some kind or other; in fact, everything connected with a show should smack of romance. Barnum was completely master of this art, and the history of how he 'worked' the Feejee mermaid may be taken as a type of the quality of good showmanship, as devoted to this particular branch of the business.

The Feejee mermaid was one of Mr Barnum's most successful American speculations. This young lady was heralded to the public of New York by glowing descriptions and flattering criticisms, in the leading papers of that city; and the ingenious exhibiter contrived numerous plans to increase the interest the press had created, and keep up at its full height what he designated 'the mermaid fever.' Wood-cuts and transparent views were got up, portraying the mermaid at full length; and a pamphlet was issued under Mr Barnum's auspices, detailing her history, and proving her authenticity. Editors and reporters were favoured with 'private inspections,' and went away honestly persuaded that what they had seen was a veritable mermaid. In fact, it was almost impossible to detect the hand of the *manufacturer* in the composition. This was a combination of the upper half of a monkey, with the lower part of a fish; and the monkey and the fish were so ingeniously conjoined, that nobody could discover the point at which the junction was formed. 'The spine of the fish proceeded in a straight and apparently unbroken line to the base of the skull—the hair of the monkey was found growing down several inches on the shoulders of the fish—and the application of a microscope actually revealed what seemed to be minute fish-

Digitized by Google

scales lying in myriads amongst the hair. The teeth, and formation of the fingers and hands, differed materially from those of any monkey or orang-outang ever discovered, while the location of the fins was different from those of any species of the fish-tribe known to naturalists. The mermaid was an ugly, dried up, black-looking, and diminutive specimen, about three feet long. Its mouth was open, its tail turned over, and its arms thrown up, as if it had died in the greatest agony.' The person from whom Mr Barnum bought it informed him that it had been obtained from some Japanese seamen, by a sailor in Calcutta; and not doubting that it would prove a valuable speculation, Mr Barnum became its proprietor and exhibiter; with what success may be inferred from the fact, that 'the receipts of the American Museum for the four weeks immediately preceding the exhibition of the mermaid, amounted to 1272 dollars; while, during the first four weeks of the mermaid's exhibition, they amounted to 8341 dollars 93 cents.'

For the success which attended the speculation, however, Mr Barnum was indebted in a great measure to the notices in the New York papers, and the rumours regarding the history of the Feejee mermaid, which he caused to be industriously circulated. On this point, he says in his autobiography: 'I called respectively on the editors of the *New York Herald*, and two of the Sunday papers, and tendered to each the free use of a mermaid cut, with a well-written description, for their papers of the ensuing Sunday. The three mermaids made their appearance in the three different papers on the morning of Sunday, July 17, 1842. Each editor supposed he was giving his readers an exclusive treat in the mermaid line; but when they came to discover that I had played the same game with the three different papers, they pronounced it a *scaly* trick.'

Previous to introducing the mermaid to the 'cute people of New York, Mr Barnum contrived to create for it a wide reputation as a curiosity, by means of a very ingenious stratagem. A letter was sent to the *New York Herald*, dated and posted in Montgomery, Alabama, giving the news of the day, trade, the crops, political gossip, &c.; and also an incidental paragraph about a certain Dr Griffin, agent of the Lyceum of Natural History in London, who had in his possession 'a remarkable curiosity, being nothing less than a veritable mermaid taken among the Feejee Islands, and preserved in China, where the doctor had bought it at a high figure for the lyceum,' &c. About a week afterwards, a similar letter, dated from Charleston, South Carolina, was published in another New York paper. This was followed by a third, from Washington, published in another New York paper, and expressing a hope that the editors of the New York papers would beg to have the mermaid exhibited in the 'empire city,' before its removal to London. Two or three days after the publication of this thrice-repeated puff, Mr Barnum's agent—who had assumed the name of Dr Griffin—was duly registered at one of the principal hotels of Philadelphia. His gentlemanly and dignified manners, and his sociable temper and liberality, gained him a 'fine reputation;' and when he paid his bill one afternoon, previous to setting out for New York, he thanked the landlord for his courtesy, and offered to let him see something extraordinary: this was the Feejee mermaid. The host was so highly gratified, that he asked permission to introduce some of his friends, including certain editors, to view the wonderful specimen. The result was the publication of several elaborate editorial notices of the mermaid in the Philadelphia papers, which thus aided the press of New York in spreading abroad its fame. Of course all this work, with printer's ink, as Barnum loved to call his billing and puffing manœuvres, was but the prelude to the one grand object, the exhibition of the mermaid, which was obtained as a great favour, and 'positively for one week only,' &c. The sequel may be guessed —the mermaid became ultimately a chief attraction of the American Museum.

At home, we are nearly quite as clever. The romantic history of two children, who were carried through the country for exhibition a few years ago, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. We may call them the 'Bird-children,' and a first-rate story was got up about their having been stolen from one of the mysterious cities of Central America, where they had been worshipped as idols. The public were treated to a series of wood-cuts, shewing the dangers encountered in carrying away the children from the temple. We need not enter, however, into the details of this romantic story, being in possession of truthful details of their real history, which is as follows: The children in question were found in a show in America exhibiting along with a great pig. They were purchased, or, in showman phrase, 'committed to the guardianship' of a person who exhibited them in a penny-show throughout the States, in company with a large picture, roughly painted on canvas, entitled 'Death on the Pale Horse.' While they were thus being exhibited, they were seen by 'an eminent professor of legerdemain,' who, being struck with the idea of bringing them to Europe, entered into a partnership with the person who was exhibiting them. They were at once brought to London. A good story about them being necessary, this was written in the parlour of the White Hart Tavern, Catherine Street; and the *locale* of the position of the city in which the children were said to have been found, 'fixed up' by studying the *terra incognita* of Central America on Mr Wyld's model of the globe in Leicester Square. The children being dumb, it was determined to account for this by stating that they were the degenerate descendants of the 'Birdmen' of olden days, preserved in the temples of Iximay, and worshipped as idols; that silence indicating their sanctity, they were never permitted to hear a human voice, in order that they might never speak; whereas, in reality, their dumbness resulted from their abnormal character —the want of brain, and consequent want of ideas. These children were born at San Salvador, in Mexico, and were originally kidnapped from their parents, who were natives of that place, by a showman who travelled with wild beasts. The real curiosity of the Bird-children consists in their being acephalous children; whereas most infants born without brains, or rather with cerebellum and without cerebrum, die at their birth, and get pickled in show-bottles, and exhibited in museums.

Another show of a similar kind, so far as its getting up was concerned, although from circumstances not so successful as a pecuniary speculation, was very recently before the public. It was an exhibition of two female negro children indissolubly united by nature, and therefore considered by the showman to be, like the Siamese twins, 'a certain fortune.' The real history of these children differed considerably from the romantic version of their history palmed off on the public. The advertisement heralding their appearance was headed *A Romance of Nature*, and announced that the twins would hold 'drawing-room levees,' and that the prices of admission were fixed at two shillings during the day, and one shilling in the evening. Then came a little bit of the story, which was as follows:

'These interesting children, indissolubly united by a mysterious freak of nature, are of African descent, and were born in Columbus, County North Carolina, United States of America. Their parents are persons

Digitized by Google

of more than usual intelligence and piety, being both members of the church. These children are now five and a half years old, and are named respectively Christina and Milley Makoi; and their brief history, like the wonderful action of nature which has for ever joined them together, is yet another illustration of the old adage, that "truth is stranger than fiction." In the winter of 1853, a surgeon, of North Carolina, while on a visit to an old college chum, heard of these children, and upon seeing them, and learning their history, he expressed a desire to purchase and take them to the free states, a desire which was greatly strengthened when he thought of the wonder such a curiosity of nature must excite among men of learning and science. The purchase having been negotiated, the children were carried by the doctor to Philadelphia. Unfortunately, however, shortly after he had carried his benevolent intention into effect, the doctor died, and the poor children were thus thrown destitute on the charity of the world.

'The attention of the exhibiter having been drawn to their condition, he undertook the charge of them, made arrangements to proceed with them to Europe, for the purpose of exhibiting them to the learned and curious, intending, if the exhibition should realise a sufficient sum of money, to make these helpless infants the means of ultimately freeing their parents from slavery. Upon the arrival of the children in this country, and after all the preparations for their exhibition had been made, they were stolen from the exhibiter by a body of prize-fighters, hired in London for the purpose.

'But in the interim, the showman had opened up communications with his agents in America, which have resulted, after putting him to great trouble and expense, in his freeing the mother of the twins from slavery, trusting to be reimbursed for his outlay by the consideration of the public. The mother arrived at Liverpool on the 1st of January 1857, in the steam-ship *Atlantic*, Captain Elldridge, and the meeting between the children and their parent, from whom they had been so long separated, was very affecting.

'The ablest physicians and naturalists, both of this country and the United States, have pronounced these children the greatest living curiosity; and their manners and appearance are strikingly calculated to make a favourable impression upon the visitor. In fact, their lively conversation, cheerful and enlivening songs, &c., evince them to be two of the most interesting and intelligent specimens of the negro race.

'The proceeds of the exhibition, after paying expenses, will be applied to assist in rescuing from slavery the father, and the brothers and sisters of the United African twins.'

The latter portion of the history was 'the great dodge' with the showman of the black twins. A pamphlet, containing a more elaborate history of the children than could be contained in 'a card,' was written, and was about to be published when the exhibition left Edinburgh. We have seen a copy of it, and think it equal to anything of the kind. The horrors of slavery were delineated at great length, and with considerable power; and the children, having been nearly shipwrecked on their passage to this country, something striking was also introduced about that. The *brochure* concluded with a strong appeal to the benevolent to assist the showman in raising funds for the rescue of the family. Of course, not a word of all this was true, and the children were actually exhibited in this *free country* by their 'owner,' an American slaveholder, who, finding that the money did not come in so quickly as he anticipated, has long since retreated to his stronghold in the new world, carrying his 'property' with him.

These of course belonged, like Tom Thumb, to the high-class shows, the bills and other puffery being got up quite regardless of expense, and the prices charged for exhibition being proportionate to the lavish outlay. We will now say a few words about the penny-show, which is undoubtedly the commonest feature of the exhibition-world of the present day. Poor Barnum was sadly chop-fallen, upon his arrival at Liverpool, on being told that a penny was the usual sum charged for the exhibition of dwarfs, spotted boys, &c.; and when an enterprising exhibiter, in the wax-work line, called and offered to engage both Barnum and the General, in order to exhibit them at three-halfpence, the great American showman's heart literally sunk within him. He had in his mind's eye a grander scene imaged out for Tom Thumb than the booth at a fair, and that he realised his ideas on the subject, we all know from his book. The country-fair is the great field on which the penny-showman fights his battle of life, industriously wandering from one fair to the other, in most instances with the show on his back, and accompanied perhaps by his better-half, carrying the child. At these places are usually congregated a multifarious crowd of exhibitions, swings, merry-go-rounds, Punch and Judies, and living skeletons—the general price of admission being limited to the coin we have indicated. What a powerful cause of excitement to the whole country round is that almost indescribable scene, 'the fair,' where, as we used at one time to think, all the wonders of the world were concentrated, where, under canvas roofs, there was a heaven upon earth, since the very angels could not be more beautiful than the beautiful being who danced on the tight-rope in the travelling circus. A whole street of shows, with the caravan of wild beasts, containing the great lion-king in the centre of one side, the grand original Cirque Olympic being its *vis-à-vis*; and next door to these we had a theatre, with *Blue Beard*, the *Castle Spectre*, *Fortune's Frolic*, and a pantomime every twenty minutes. On either side ranged booths of various sizes. One held the astonishing black brothers, Muley Sahib, and Hassan, celebrated for jumping down each other's throats, with lighted candles in their hands; another contained the only real yellow dwarf now travelling. In the immediate neighbourhood of these celebrities were located the great Hibernian conjuror, the pig-faced lady, the spotted boy, the Norfolk giant, the wonderful black giantess, the far-famed ventriloquial celebrity, the original theatre of arts, containing the best storm at sea ever yet invented, the five-legged sheep, and the sea-unicorn—these two in the same booth—the learned pig, and a host of similar exhibitions. All around was the busy hum of the show, the eternal iteration of 'walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen;' the grinning of clowns from the 'parade' of the booths, the tumbling of posturers, the ceaseless whirl of the merry-go-round, the popping of the pop-guns at the nut-stalls; the shrill squeak of Punch; the everlasting crack of the ring-master's whip in the Cirque Olympic; the terrific growl of 'the celebrated spotted hyæna,' or the cry of 'the jackal, the lion's provider,' in the neighbouring menagerie; the clash of cymbals, and the sound of the drum, as well as the terrific clangour of the gong, used by the actors in one of the theatrical booths to announce the awful doom of *The Bloody Usurper, or the Caledonian Bloodhound and the Hag of Cape Wrath*, sounding every half-hour, or at the exact period 'the doomed baron' was tossed into the 'bloody foam,' amid a magnificent display of fireworks—two squibs and a blue-light—all these sights and sounds were mingled with the sharp 'move on there' of the watchful policeman. And the myriad crowds of gaping rustics circulated up and down, wondering, no doubt, whether the giantess inside would really be as big as the one painted on the canvas outside; or

Digitized by Google

whether the great Hibernian conjuror could, in solemn earnest, eat fire, and bring out yards of ribbon from the innermost recesses of his intestinal canal, as he promised in his speech; or what kind of a show 'Hajax, a defyin' of the litenin',' might be, and whether there was really any difference between the lion and the dog, in the renowned combat, except—the skin; or whether the whole scene was not a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; and whether it would not be better to spend their money at the ginger-bread stalls, than risk it upon the great sea-serpent—seeing that there were three of that genus in the fair—or the cobra capella, or the albino lady, or any of the hundred other exhibitions that dotted the show-ground?

All this lasts, however, only for a day. The morrow comes, and the magic of the scene is over, the dregs of the excitement alone remain, and all who have taken part in the orgy are fatigued and *blasé*. The tents are speedily struck, and the show-folk are again on the move to the next place of rendezvous. The roads are covered with caravans; the great wagons containing the unequalled menagerie of wild beasts hirple slowly along the dusty highway, closely followed by the circus and its 'stud of 'ighly trained hanimals,' and the theatrical booth with its blood-thirsty dramatic paraphernalia. Following in the wake of these we have the clean little pigmy wagon, with its brass rails and polished knocker, which the showman calls his living wagon, and which is looked upon by the fraternity as an index of social condition —as we have been informed that 'it has always been considered a proof of the showman's improving circumstances when he adds the living wagon to his establishment.' The road from the fair is but the road of life. We have the aristocrat of the 'perfession,' travelling comfortably in his gig, his wife and family settled, may be, in a pleasant farm in the country, from whence the food for the animals is obtained; the middle-class showman rides again in the wagon; the next class move on in their donkey-carts; while the lowest grade of all leave the fair as they came to it—on foot—the man with show on back, and wife and child trudging patiently by his side, happy in having collected two or three pounds' worth of penny-pieces by the preceding day's exertions.

This part of our subject naturally leads us to a consideration of what has been called the showman's 'mission;' touching which a grave political journal condescended, once upon a time, to leave off politics and discuss the social position of the 'brutal showman,' and his victim, 'the show.' The line of argument adopted was, that the pig-faced lady, the spotted boy, the yellow dwarf, and all similar exhibitions, were in the position of slaves, held captive against their will, in order that the showman might grind them into cash. Now, seeing that it is within our own knowledge that a pig-faced lady has been manufactured out of a shaved bear, we cannot help thinking that, in her ladyship's case, the best thing that could have happened, both for herself and the public, was her being strictly retained in slavery by the showman. Giants and giantesses, again, may be presumed to be so well able to take care of themselves as to be beyond the pale of our sympathies; while the spotted boy, seeing that his spots are amenable to the well-known action of soap and water, may be considered one of the knowing ones himself. And as to the 'victims' of the showman in general, we beg to inform all who may feel interested in the question, that they are great adepts in the art of what is vulgarly called taking care of 'No. 1.' In fact, to speak the truth, the 'show' is often more than a match for the showman; and we once knew 'a wild Ingian' who made little ceremony about hiring a new master whenever he thought the present one slow in his duty.

To conclude, we might greatly enlarge our gossip about shows and showmen, and so evince our extensive knowledge of the various dodges peculiar to the exhibition world, and to the 'mission' of the pig-faced lady—but we pause for the present, although it may be that we may find another opportunity of still further illustrating THE AGE OF SHOWS.

ARTIFICIAL ICE-MAKING.

'THIS our planet' is for the greater part a sunburnt one. How things may be, as to heat and cold, with our neighbours further afield, it is not our present purpose to inquire; but considering our position, in point of nearness, to the central luminary, it cannot excite surprise that the inhabitants of our globe should for the most part experience, in an inconvenient degree relatively to their physical constitution, the power of his rays.

Even during the short summers of the north, the heat is oppressive; it is still more so in the long ones of the temperate regions; while the wide tropical belt, embracing the greater portion of the earth's peopled surface and the vast majority of its inhabitants, suffers an almost continual oppression and distress from its exposure to the unmitigated glare.

Under such circumstances, the supply of ice, where it can be obtained, becomes next in importance to that of the absolute necessaries of life. It so happens, however, that within the tropics, where it is most needed, it can scarcely be procured. In vast regions it is wholly unknown; while in Southern Europe, and other places in more temperate latitudes, ice can be had in abundance, and at a moderate rate, in many favoured localities.

In these special, fortunate instances, the source of supply is accessible as well as inexhaustible, and the cost representing only that of the manual labour required for transport. Thus, the 'snow-harvest' of Naples has long been an interesting subject of observation for the statistician, employing, as it does, a considerable number of hands, and a numerous navy of small-craft, by whose means the treasured snow of Etna is conveyed to the burning streets of the capital; and the sweltering Neapolitans are served with their indispensable *sorbetto* in the highest state of perfection.

In that country, where labour is at a price almost nominal, and a man will be content, as Forsyth says, 'to wind up the rattling machine for a day with a few fingerings of macaroni,' it is doubtful whether any method of obtaining the same result artificially would be worth inquiring after; but, as very few places can boast of the same advantages, the question of ice-making by chemical means has long been a deeply interesting one, and engaged the attention of naturalists and philosophers.

The judicious and habitual use of ice as a cooler of ordinary beverages, and as a sort of eatable, in the way we all understand so well, is the *one* available resource against the debilitating and enervating effects of heat, whether encountered within the tropics, or during the summers of more temperate regions. Hitherto, the great expense attending its use, whether natural or artificial, has been for the most part an insurmountable obstacle.

We ourselves know a lady whose husband was forced to resign a valuable governorship in a tropical climate owing to her health giving way; it being, at the same time, the opinion of her medical advisers that nothing more than a sufficient supply of ice was needed to enable her to remain. The invaluable tonic property of iced beverages renders them effectual in cases such as this, when the *materia medica* can supply nothing as a substitute, and gives to this substance a balm altogether distinct from any it may have as a delicious momentary refreshment. We, for our

Digitized by Google

own part, do not pretend to despise it in this latter capacity; but it is rather in relation to the high importance of ice in a medical and sanitary point of view, that we have brought the subject before the public at this moment.

Artificial ice-making has long been practised on the burning plains of India. It is made by exposing water during the night in unglazed earthen pans, and a very thin coat of ice is thus procured each morning. This resource is, however, partial in every sense, and can in no way meet the necessity of the case. The great pains required and taken for so small a supply only shew the great value attached to the commodity. Other modes of obtaining the same substance have been introduced from time to time, but, as before observed, at an almost prohibitive expense.

In many cases where great heat is felt in the lower levels, a tantalising scene is presented; for snow lying on lofty hills is in sight of the panting dwellers on the plains below, but quite inaccessible for all useful purposes. We ourselves spent a hot summer, a few years ago, in an Alpine region, where a glacier, containing thousands of tons of ice, was within an hour's walk of our house; and yet, such was the difficulty of procuring a regular supply, that we were forced to abandon the attempt, after getting the apparatus necessary for domestic use into readiness.

It has long been known that artificial ice may be obtained by chemical means. By availing ourselves of the property of quick evaporation possessed by ether and other volatile liquids, this effect can be produced at pleasure; the only difficulty being the expense, which, on the grand scale, is prohibitory. A man wrapped in a flannel dress, and kept moistened with ether, may be frozen to death in a very short time under 'the line.' In fact, the warmer and drier the atmosphere, the more speedily will the effect be produced. A bottle of wine or other liquid so treated will freeze, or become ice, most effectually. Even the evaporation of water under a strong sun produces an excellent effect in cooling down liquors in warm climates; and 'coolers' of unglazed earthenware saturated with water, and then placed in the sun with the bottles of liquor within, will 'render up their trust' in a very desirable state of refrigeration after an hour or so.

But the most wonderful fact connected with ice-making is the glorious experiment by which water was frozen in a capsule of platinum at a *white heat*. This wonderful achievement proceeds upon the theory, that water *will not touch* a body of metal heated beyond a certain degree. A most important fact it is for all connected with steam-producing, that it will assume in such a case a spheroidal shape, and that a clear space will be preserved between it and the glowing metal, owing, doubtless, to the repulsive effect of great heat in all cases whatever.

Professor Faraday has carried this marvel even a step further, and actually frozen a ball of *mercury* in the midst of a glowing furnace, by the judicious admixture of carbonic acid and ether, so as to give greater vigour to the evaporating process.

We merely allude in passing to these more recondite matters connected with refrigeration, as they will prepare the reader for the process of ice-making on the grand scale, which it is our object to explain, resting, as it does, on the essential principle of rapid evaporation; and, to express it technically, the consequent abstraction of the *caloric* contained in the substance to be acted upon.

All we see, all we are, and all the changes that have taken place in our world, seem to be referrible to the fact of *heat*. Rocks are hard and 'solid' because they contain now only a certain amount of caloric. With more of it, they may be fused, and, with still more, *evaporated* like water.

Keeping this principle in mind, we shall see that water, in the liquid form, depends for that form on its actual calorific state; with more heat, it would evaporate; with less, it would congeal into ice. The object, then, of artificial congelation is to extract the caloric from it, and this may be done by evaporation, as we have mentioned.

The highly interesting process for which all this preparatory matter is intended to prepare us, is this: An ingenious inventor has now produced a machine, by which the invaluable properties of ether as an evaporator are fairly called into play, and thus large quantities of ice can be speedily produced; but he has done much more; for he contrives matters so that the precious liquid is *recovered* after it has done its work, and employed over again, for any number of times, without the slightest loss!

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to convey to the general reader a clear idea of the machine itself without the aid of engravings; and even these do not convey—at least to us—any notion of *how* the result aimed at is obtained. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a description of the principle of the machine, and an enumeration of what may be called its achievements.

'The evaporating vessel is merely a tubular boiler. In this, the ether will boil at a temperature much below freezing-point. The ether is contained in air-tight vessels relieved from the pressure of the atmosphere. The cylinder, in the centre of the apparatus, is fitted with air-tight valves, so that each stroke of the piston withdraws a quantity of ether-vapour from the left-hand vessels, and forces it into a condensing vessel on the right hand. When the vapour is raised, an intense cold is produced; when it is condensed, a corresponding degree of heat is evolved. The ether, after resuming the liquid state, returns by a self-regulating valve to the evaporating vessel, and the process thus continues uninterruptedly, and without the slightest waste of material. Indeed, as the pressure inside the vessel is less than the outside atmospheric pressure, it is impossible that any ether can escape.'

It will be seen that the evaporation of ether goes on in this machine in a cold medium, and that, *vice versâ*, it is re-liquefied for further use in a warm one, being a reversal of the ordinary processes—as with water, for example. Intense cold being produced in the machine, this cold is utilised and conveyed to the freezing portion of the apparatus by the ingenious employment of a stream of *salt* water, which does not freeze at the same degree as fresh water does. It thus carries with it, in a fluid state, cold enough to freeze rapidly the fresh water with which it comes in contact. This salt water circulates in a continued stream also, being returned to the 'boiler' again after having parted with its cooling power. Thus, it will be seen, no waste of material is incurred, except of the fresh water, which it is the object of the operation to convert into ice, and of the fuel and water necessary for working the engine.

'The ice,' we are informed, 'can be made of any required shape or thickness. It is at present turned out in slabs of eighteen inches square on the sides, and an inch and a half thick. These slabs can be placed together so as to form blocks of any thickness. The ice formed rapidly at the coldest end of the trough is white and opaque, while that formed more slowly at the lower end is more transparent. By increasing the dimensions of this trough, and thus insuring more uniformity of action, the ice will be transparent throughout. The white ice is colder, and more effective for immediate use, but it does not bear carriage so well as the other. Experience must decide which is preferable for general purposes.

'The expense of the process—an important point—

Digitized by Google

is simply that of the motive power. An ordinary steam-engine of ten horse-power consumes a ton of coal per day, and the product in ice will be four to five tons. The removal of the ice when formed, and refilling the moulds with water, are the only parts of the operation requiring the services of an attendant. The whole expense of making ice in London, including interest on capital, &c., will be considerably less than ten shillings per ton.

'It is in hot climates, however, that the full value of the invention will be felt. Ice, within the tropics, will soon be looked upon as a necessary of life; as much so at least as fuel is a necessary in the winter of temperate regions. The preparation of cooling drinks is one of the least important of its uses. The preservation of animal food, and the cooling of apartments, will be the most important.'

The process is applicable to many other purposes, however, such as the cooling of worts—a matter, sometimes, of great difficulty and expense even in London. The inventor estimates the expense of cooling a barrel of worts from 75 to 55 degrees at 1½d. The salting of provisions in warm weather is also a great difficulty—sometimes almost an impossibility. By this machine, the brine of the meat itself can be brought to the temperature best suited for success. But perhaps the most beneficial application of the process will be to the cooling of rooms in hospitals and in tropical regions. The fearful mortality arising from the prevalence of fevers, in an atmosphere varying from 80 to 100 degrees, can only be checked by keeping the patients in cool apartments. It is evident that buildings can be cooled, as they are now warmed, by the circulation of water in pipes. The cooling of the water for this purpose is estimated at a few pence per barrel.

'Mr Harrisson's first machine was made in Geelong in 1855, but, from the inferiority of colonial workmanship, the trial was a failure. Discomfited, but not disheartened, he came to England, and achieved success. He has wisely abstained from bringing his invention prominently into notice, until he has had it fairly tested both on a small and a large scale.'

For these latter particulars we are indebted to the *Illustrated London News* of May 29, 1858, in which an engraving of Mr Harrisson's machine is given, but which, as before observed, can convey but very little idea of the process.

THAT FARTHING.

I DO not believe in trifles. What we are in the habit of calling by that name have changed the prospects of a lifetime, or even brought life itself to a close; and I doubt much whether the same thing would appear equally trivial to any two persons.

Some time since—I will not say how long—I received a letter, and enclosed with it a post-office order for two guineas. In the missive that sum was alluded to as 'the trifle due to you for so and so.' 'Trifle indeed!' thought I. 'I wish I was able to speak so disrespectfully of a couple of guineas.' The fact is, I was penniless when that opportune supply came to hand; but I cannot say I was without a single coin. I had in my possession one farthing, and on it—a trifling matter, you will say—hangs my present story. That farthing had come among some other change; and as one does not often happen to want that particular coin, it remained long after its kindred *browns* were scattered. Besides, I confess I should not have liked to tender a farthing in payment. Even if that would have exactly sufficed, I should have preferred offering any other coin. My consciousness of extreme poverty made me suppose that any looker-on would be able to read my penury, if I were seen to draw a farthing from my waistcoat pocket. A rich man can afford to seem poor, but a really poor one never.

Thus that farthing remained with me for months. It clung to me, as a poor friend often does, long after his wealthier brethren have departed; and it certainly looked a trifle in comparison with the two sovereigns and two shillings, for which I lost no time in exchanging my bit of official-looking paper; but the future vindicated its importance, and taught me its real value. When I rose from my bed that morning, I had every prospect of dining with a certain titled personage whose table is proverbially accessible to all, though only the very poor avail themselves of it. With a good appetite to appease, and a couple of guineas in my pocket, this was not to be thought of. I dined, comfortably and substantially, and that done, leaned back in my chair with a feeling of ineffable contentment.

Searching in my waistcoat-pocket for my toothpick, my finger and thumb came in contact with that farthing. I drew it from its hiding-place, laid it on my extended palm, surveyed it, now on this side, now on that; but with what a different look from the rueful one with which, two hours sooner, I had gazed on the thing, did I now regard it! Well, thought I, I was never before reduced quite so low, but before absolute want came a supply to meet my approaching need. I will keep this farthing while I live, as a memento to whisper, 'Never despair,' when I am inclined to murmur at the decrees of fortune.

I adhered to my resolve. Regularly as I changed my waistcoat, the little coin accompanied my pencil-case, penknife, and toothpick, to the corresponding pocket of the new garment.

Singularly enough, from the time of my being reduced to a farthing, fortune ceased to frown. I had not finished the first of the two guineas before others came, and still more followed. It seemed that my penniless hour was the one before the dawning, and the labours which preceded it were to meet their reward. I found popularity when I least expected it, and soon I, too, began to consider two guineas a trifle. Instead of a single garret near the sky, I occupied apartments at the Albany; and when I went to visit my native place, good gracious, how I was fêted! The tide had indeed changed. As a boy, what scrubbing had I not endured, and all arising from my ambition to become famous as a writer—that scribbling mania which impelled me to cap verses instead of doing my Latin exercise, and which brought down on me the wrath, and, worse still, the cane, of the Rev. Dr Snaffles, head-master of the grammar-school, and vicar of the parish. Awful, most awful, were both his lectures and his whacks; I got the lion's share of both. My father lectured me also, and gave me a long list of the names of those who, preferring the shadow, authorship, to the substance, trade, had died in poverty after a lifelong endeavour to ascend the steps of Fame's temple—steps to them only a mental treadmill, where, compelled to incessant efforts, they yet rose no higher. 'Do not fancy yourself a genius, my dear boy,' he would say: 'talent you possess—that is, you appreciate and take home to your heart the good and the beautiful in the works of others; but do not mistake this for genius. Genius creates for talent to appreciate. The latter I give you credit for possessing; the former you have not. Stick to the counting-house; make your fortune; and then, if the wish remain, write verses and tales by the mile.'

My sisters contemned my rhymes, perhaps because I addressed none to them; but, worse than all, Flora Snaffles, the object of my idolatry, did the same. Flora was the doctor's youngest and loveliest daughter, and just my own age. But what girl of sixteen ever deigned to look at a boy of her own years?

Digitized by Google

Nevertheless, *I* looked at *her* fair face, soft brown eyes, and flowing chestnut curls, and worshipped Flora, quite forgetting the difference between a *boy* and a young lady.

But what boy-poet was ever without a divinity? So to her, after expending an amount of toil and thought which no after-work of mine ever cost me, I addressed sundry verses, entitled *Lines to Flora*. And what was my reward? I met her, with her confidante, Lucy Jones, the lawyer's daughter, and as they passed, she said, *at me*, but to Lucy: 'Poor, foolish boy, I shall not tell papa, for I should not like him to be whipped.' And she tossed her head, shaking the glossy curls I had been striving to immortalise.

There was only one, my gentle mother, who gave my luckless compositions a word of praise. She, bless her! used to soothe my ruffled vanity, call my verses pretty, and kiss my forehead with right loving touch; but she bade me obey my father. The end of it all was that, after distinguishing myself for deficiency in Latin at the school-examination, and filling my father's ledgers with poetical in place of arithmetical figures, I forsook the counting-house, and went to seek my fortune, with a resolution not to return if unsuccessful. How different was my coming home!

Before leaving my bachelor's nest in town, I determined to sink the literary man, and give myself up, heart and soul, to that home-life on which I had often cast longing backward glances. Authors soon grow old: if they intend to succeed they must be sharp-sighted, and a man who battles his way upward a hairbreadth at a time, comes in contact with a sufficient number of rough edges to brush away early any superfluous juvenility of feeling. In place, however, of renewing my lost youth, and resuming my old home habits, I was doomed to be exhibited as a 'lion' of the first-water. My father publicly owned he had made a great mistake in his estimate of my mental powers. My writings having been, in a great measure, published anonymously, everybody gave me credit for more than I deserved, and, do as I might, the Mudborough folk persisted in thinking it necessary to talk only of literature in my presence.

My former preceptor was amongst the first to call upon me, and a few days after my arrival, I spent an evening at his house. Again and again did the reverend doctor shake my hand, his firm grasp reminding me very much of days when I trembled under his touch. He introduced me to his guests with great pride as a pupil of whom he was justly proud; 'though once,' he added, 'I fear I scarcely appreciated the peculiar talents you possessed. In that I was not, I believe, singular. A prophet, my dear Dick—pardon the familiarity—is never without honour, &c.'

And there was Flora—Flora Snaffles still—more beautiful than ever. She did not say, 'Poor, foolish boy' now, but placed her hand in mine; and with a gentle, half-hesitating voice, bade me welcome to the vicarage, dropping those bright eyes the while, and letting her luxuriant chestnut curls almost shade her fair face.

She and I got on amazingly. A little later, she brought her album, begging for some contribution in addition to what she already possessed. This last remark required solution, and the bright eyes were archly raised as she pointed out the maiden effort of my muse in a state of perfect preservation. Need I tell what such a beginning led to. Coming home, as I did, with a predisposition to renew all my old loves, and finding there not only the charms of memory, but of novelty also—for of late my life had been so different—is it wonderful that the divinity of my school-days became the goddess of my riper age.

There is a certain homely proverb, much in vogue where I was born, which says: 'Old broth is sooner warmed than new broth made,' and it is commonly applied to lovers who make up matters after a separation. I verified its wisdom. Flora was very beautiful; she had preserved those verses, which proved that her former indifference was only assumed, and she plainly regarded me as the greatest genius in the world. We got a long way in a little time. My sisters began to giggle and look slily at me when Flora's name was mentioned. Other young ladies, shaking off the awe my literary reputation at first inspired, and finding me in society quite as commonplace as any other man, demurely sought information respecting the mythology of the ancients. They never forgot to ask some question about the floral goddess, whether poets still worshipped her as they felt tempted to believe, &c. Doubtless all this seems silly enough to tell about, but I deemed it very pleasant folly then. Yet smoothly as my love-affair seemed to progress, I was very jealous. Not of any other male individual; I flatter myself there was little risk of successful rivalship to annoy me. The cause of my vexation was a certain Dorcas Society, an admirable institution, yet I hated its very name, because Flora bestowed so much of her time upon it. A species of amiable rivalry existed amongst the young ladies as to the amount of work contributed, and Flora made herself a perfect slave in the cause. If I asked her to sing or play for me, she would cast a glance at a nameless garment on her lap, and beg me to excuse her; until I remonstrated, saying, she really overdid the thing, and made those who wished to claim a little of her time quite jealous of this all-engrossing labour.

It lists not to tell how the point was argued between us; Flora insisting that she did not take one stitch more than it was her duty to do as the vicar's daughter. She seemed almost inclined to pout at my persisting in a contrary opinion, and was mollified only when I promised to make one at the anniversary tea-party in connection with the Society, which was to take place on the following Wednesday. On the Tuesday, I made myself generally useful, and assisted to decorate the national school-room for the festival, receiving the boughs of evergreen and paper-roses from the fair hands of my lady-love. I was rewarded with many a gracious smile, and more than once had the delightful task of disentangling a spray of holly from those lovely chestnut curls.

'You must come to my table,' whispered Flora as we parted; 'and, remember, I shall expect a contribution from you, to make amends for your unkind speeches about the Society.'

'As though I could ever have breathed an unkind word in your ear,' said I, pressing the soft palm which lay in mine.

The day came. I duly *teaed* in public, and, I flattered myself, entered into the spirit of the thing, by zealously promoting the locomotion of the cups. After tea came the platform-work—addresses, reports, and vote of thanks to the fair labourers. Lastly came the collection, and Flora stood before me, holding a delicate china plate, on which her eyes were bashfully bent, to receive my contribution. I had placed a sovereign ready to hand, and as I deposited the coin in the plate, looked keenly at Flora to see how she relished the gift. Fancy my surprise on seeing the delicate head thrown back, while a look of ineffable scorn was darted at me by the fair plate-bearer, whose face now wore the hue of the deepest-coloured paper-rose. She swept past, and that night I saw her no more; so, in place of escorting her home and popping the question on the road, I had to give an arm to each of my sisters. I could not understand it, especially as the two girls would deign nothing but monosyllabic replies to my questions, and made themselves

Digitized by Google

as disagreeable as young ladies can be supposed to be. As my sisters and Flora always 'sailed in the same boat,' I humbly craved to be enlightened by them as to the cause of this change in her manner.

'You ought to know,' said my sister Jane, with a toss of the head very similar to the one with which I had been favoured earlier in the evening.

'I. Why, what *have* I done?'

'To pretend not to know!' shrieked both girls at once.

'I do *not* know,' said I. 'I put a sovereign on her plate, and she gave me just such a haughty, disagreeable look as she did long years ago, when I foolishly sent her some verses.'

'A pretty sovereign!' again in chorus. 'But perhaps,' added Jane, 'you use a poet's licence to call *all* coins sovereigns. We ignorant country-people cannot be supposed to see these things in the same light as *you great literary men.*'

I was out of all patience. 'What *do* you mean?' said I. 'You are enough to drive one crazy with your absurd sneers and allusions. Do *I* want to be made a fuss about as a literary man? or what has that to do with Flora Snaffles?'

But I might as well have talked to the doorpost. They indignantly retired, leaving me to my anything but agreeable reflections. I slept little that night, and on the following morning rose early. On transferring the contents of my waistcoat pocket from the last worn garment to one more suitable for morning costume, the mystery of Flora's conduct was solved: the sovereign—my intended contribution—was still in my possession. *That farthing* was gone. I had carried it in my pocket until I had become almost unconscious of its existence; and, all unaware of the mistake, had transferred it to the collection-plate in lieu of its golden neighbour. Of course Flora had set it down as a studied insult—following, as it did, on the heels of our little dispute about the Society. I remember hearing the amount of the collection announced as thirty-two pounds, six shillings, and sixpence farthing, with some surprise, little deeming the unlucky fraction was my own contribution. I would not tell my sisters a word, but determined to have a delightful reconciliation scene with Flora. I pictured tears in her soft eyes when I told of my past trials, delight in her countenance at the romance of the thing, and charming confusion when the whole ended with a declaration of love. I almost felt her head on my shoulder, and its glossy curls in my caressing hand. With these feelings, I went to the vicarage.

'Not at home,' was the only reply to my inquiries for the family.

Never mind, thought I; a little suspense will enhance the bliss of the meeting.

I went again. I saw Dr Snaffles, who was stern, and monosyllabic. He was evidently in the secret; so I proceeded to explain.

He remarked in his most pompous manner, 'that my practical joke was decidedly out of place.'

I was indignant at the insinuation, but asked after the ladies.

'They were quite well; somewhere in the town, making calls, with the exception of Miss Flora, who had departed that morning by an early train to pay a long-promised visit to an aunt resident somewhere near the Land's End.'

And my holiday was just expiring; I could not await her return. I would not say anything to my sisters, being too indignant to take them into my confidence after their distant behaviour.

So I went back to town, resolving to take a run home again in a couple of months, never doubting that all would yet end well. Alas! that I should have it to tell. In six weeks from that date, I received, *vid* my sister Jane, the wedding-cards of Captain and Mrs Vernon, *née* Flora Snaffles.

She is in India now, poor Flora! and I am still a bachelor of the Albany. Trifles indeed! That farthing!

THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSEHOLD BOOK;

OR, HOUSEKEEPING THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

All who have read Miss Strickland's lives of the Scottish queens, will remember the lively description she gives of a certain Earl of Northumberland, who rode forth from the gates of York, at the head of the northern chivalry, to welcome the daughter of his sovereign, the fair Margaret Tudor, then on her way to join her future husband, James IV. of Scotland.

The youthful princess was surrounded by some of England's choicest knights and nobles, all richly arrayed and gallantly mounted; but if contemporary chroniclers are to be relied on, the Percy far outshone them all; for, to borrow the quaint language of one of these, 'what for the richness of his cote, being of goldsmith's work, garnished with pearls and stones, and the costly apparell of his henxmen, and gallant trappers of their horses, besides four hundred tall men, well armed, and apparelled in his collers, he was esteemed both of the Scots and Englishmen more like a prince than a subject.'

Nor can we wonder that he found such favour in their eyes; for, added to all this outward pomp and circumstance, he was in the prime of manhood, of a goodly presence, and the representative of one of the noblest families of the realm.

But pageants, however grand, last but their little day; and those who take even the most prominent part in them, when they have laid aside their velvet and ermine, their tinsel and their bells, are, in thought, word, and act, marvellously like other men. So with this gay and gallant cavalier, who, when a few more years have passed, we find very differently occupied; the head that had once been intent only on making his steed 'gambade' gracefully beside the Tudor princess, is now busily speculating on the relative value of fat and lean beef, or carefully calculating the cost of brewing a hogshead of beer. In other words, he is framing, with the assistance of a council composed of the chief officers of his household, a system of domestic economy, which, though intended only for the government of his own establishment, might, for the judgment and foresight it displays, claim a place among law-codes of much loftier pretensions.

A copy of this work, printed from the original manuscript in 1770, and entitled *The Northumberland Household Book*, is now before us; and as only a limited number were issued for private circulation, and it is probably but little known, a few extracts from it may find a not inappropriate place in pages like these; for it not only exhibits a curious picture of ancient manners and customs, but, by the minuteness of some of its details, furnishes hints on domestic management, such as are calculated to be of use in all ages. Few persons, indeed, find themselves called upon now-a-days to rule over an establishment so large as that to which this northern earl gave laws; but the more ponderous the machinery, the greater need is there so carefully to adapt its various parts to each other as to make all work easily and pleasantly together; and if, in his anxiety to effect this end, we find the noble author of the *Household Book* occasionally dwelling with almost tiresome precision on points which, to our modern ideas, seem trivial, we must make due allowance for the pursuits, or, to speak more correctly, perhaps the want of pursuit of the age

Digitized by Google

in which he lived; while we gather from his example the advantage of seeing, each in his own little sphere, that things be done decently and in order.

This curious manuscript was commenced in 1512, as we are by inference continually reminded, for its various enactments are all drawn up in right regal fashion, and if not given from 'our court at Wresil,' are at least 'ordayned by me and my counsaell on the 30th day of September, in the 3d yere of my sovereign lord king Henry the 8th.'

It opens with an assignment to 'Richard Gowge, comptroller of my hous, and Thomas Percy, clerke of the kechinge,' of various sums of money for 'the hole expensys and keepynge of my sayd hous for one hole yere;' and then proceeds to lay down minute directions as to the proportions in which every possible article of consumption is to be supplied, with the prices that are to be given for the same. To some of these we shall presently refer; but we must first try to collect a few particulars of the internal arrangements of this great establishment.

The family seems to have consisted, taking one month with another, of 166 persons, but 57 more were daily reckoned upon as guests, making in all 223. Of the regular inmates, some ten or twelve might be of the blood and lineage of the Percy; the rest were knights and retainers, grooms and yeomen, waiting-men and waiting-women, brought together to swell the all but regal pomp with which those proud nobles, the sometime companions of 'bluff King Harry,' saw fit to surround themselves.

Many of these officers bore titles similar to those used in the royal household, and were, as appears from the number of horses and servants kept for their separate use, as well as from their sitting at what was called 'the knyghte's boord,' gentlemen of good birth. Thus we read of my lord's chamberlain and treasurer, of the comptroller of his household, and the clerks of his 'kitching,' with a due proportion of gentlemen-ushers and grooms-in-waiting. Then, again, we have an almoner, a carver, and a sewer or server, whose responsible office it was to see that the dishes were 'stragtly sett upon the boord,' with cup-bearers for my lord and my lady, and henxmen (or pages) to wait beside them.

The titles given to others serve to illustrate the manners as well as the wants of that semi-barbarous age. The 'clarke of the ewery,' for instance, reminds us, especially when coupled with the mention of 'two wesching towels for my lord to wesch with, and a gentleman-usher to bring them in, and to serve my lord with water when his lordship goes to dinner, and when he ryseth up,' of the necessity there must have been for such frequent ablutions at a time when forks were yet uninvented; and a child of the kechinge to turn the brooches (or spits), betrays a similar lack of convenience in the cooking apparatus then in use. Yeomen and grooms, again, to 'serve at my lord's boord-end,' marks the distinction which placed the heads of the family, with their principal guests, at one end of a long table; while the officers of the household, and all persons of inferior rank, sat at the other—the line of demarcation being indicated by a huge salt-cellar; whence the phrase often met with in old authors, of 'above and below the salt.' The 'clark avenar,' too, whose duty it was to yield an account of all the oats and hay consumed in the earl's stables, explains the former appropriation of the tower still shewn at Alnwick as the 'Avenar's Tower;' and the 'arris-mender,' who was to be 'daily in the wardrobe for working upon my lord's arras and tapestry,' conjures up the memory of days

> When round about the walls yclothed were
> With goodly arras of great majesty—

the said arras being merely hung up on tenter-hooks against the naked walls, or, in some cases, suspended upon frames, and placed at such a distance from them as to leave space for persons to pass behind—a convenient arrangement, as it must often have proved, in those days of political and domestic intrigue. Falstaff, doubtless, but followed the example of wiser, if not better men, when, in a sudden accession of terror at the untimely approach of lively Mistress Page, he exclaimed: 'I will ensconce me behind the arras.'

These expensive hangings—for the art of weaving them was but newly introduced into England—being thus rendered easy of removal, were, as we are led to infer from subsequent entries, carried about with the family, and hung up wherever they happened to sojourn for the time being. Besides this arras-mender, there were several 'grooms, yomen, and childrene of the wardrobe employed hourly for the robes, sewing and amending the stuf, and brushing and dressing thereof;' some of the said 'stuf' consisting, it is likely, of the same gorgeous dresses which had years before dazzled the eyes of Miss Strickland's Somerset herald! But the taste for accumulating sumptuous apparel was, it must be remembered, by no means confined to the house of Northumberland; it increased to such a mischievous extent during this and the following reigns, that Queen Elizabeth thought it necessary to restrain it by proclamation; yet, with the inconsistency which often marred the otherwise bright character of this royal lady, she so far departed from the spirit of her own edicts, as to have left behind her at her death no less than three thousand dresses!

The occupations assigned to some of my lord of Northumberland's officers appear to us rather incongruous; thus, we read of a 'head clarke of the kechinge, to cum up with my lord's shirt;' and, more derogatory still to the dignity of the nobler sex, of 'a yoman of the beddes (whose name it may interest some to know was Gilbert Swinburn), and a groome of the chamber for keepynge and dressynge of it cleane.' The small proportion of females employed in those departments which modern habits leave exclusively to them, constitutes, indeed, a remarkable feature in this household summary.

The division of the day is another point on which the habits of the sixteenth century differ very materially from those of the nineteenth; and we can scarcely suppress a smile as we think of the long faces which such a regulation as the following would produce among modern lords and equerries in waiting:

'These be the names of the gentlemen-uschers, gentlemen of householde, yomen-uschers, and marchalles of the hall that shall awaite in the great chambre dayly thurrowte the weeke, on the *forenoons*, from seven of the clocke in the morning, to ten of the clocke, *that my lord goes to dinner*; whyche persons, for their waytinge before noon, hath licence at aftirnoon to go about their own businesse from the said noon to three of the clock that evinsong begins, and they not to fail then to cum in agayn, the rather if any stranger cums.'

But the dinner, thus early served, seems to have occupied a considerable time in eating, for the services of those who took their turn of waiting in the afternoon were not required till 'one of the clock that dinner is done,' and were to continue 'till they ring to evinsong.' The castle-gates were locked at nine, 'to the intent that no servant shall come in which is out at that hour.'

Supper was served between four and five; but we are not told at what time the family retired, though the comptroller—himself, be it remembered, one of the head officers—was enjoined 'to call up the cooks every morning after four of the clocke be streiken.' Such very early rising seems not, however,

Digitized by Google

to have been quite in accordance with the tastes of his lordship's dependents: from some cause or other —it might be the soporific effects of the 'pottets of bere' that were so bountifully dealt out—slothful habits gained ground; and to avert the evil, it was ordained by my lord and his council, 'to have a morrow-mass, priest daily *now* to say mass at six of the clock in the morning throughout the yere, that officers of his lordship's household may ryse at a *dew hour*, and here mass dayly, to the intent that they may cum to receive the keys at the time appointed, by reason whereof my lord and strangers shall not be unserved.' Well would it be for the peace and order of many a modern mansion if some such stringent rule could be enforced therein.

The mention of this morning mass reminds us that the spiritual interests of the Earl of Northumberland's household ought to have been well watched over, seeing that he had no less than eleven priests connected with it: the occupations of several of these reverend gentlemen were, however, according to our notions, somewhat unpriestly; one being the surveyor of my lord's lands; another, his secretary; a third, the clerk of his foreign expenses—who, we are informed, by the by, always made up his accounts on the Sunday—and the fourth his master of grammar—to instruct, we suppose, the youth of his household in the orthography and syntax of their native tongue. Others of the priests were most consistently employed as chaplains and almoners, and one of them—appropriately called the 'Gospeller'—was for 'reading the Gospel in the chapel daily.'

The priests, whatever might have been their rank in the household, seem not to have enjoyed the privilege, extended to many other of the earl's dependents, of keeping a private servant; with one remarkable exception in favour of the almoner, who, if *he be a writer of interludes*, is to have a servant (or secretary, perhaps), to the intent for writing of the parts, and else to have none: a provision that bespeaks a degree of consideration for the claims of literature that we should scarcely have expected from the general tastes and pursuits of the age; but the subsequent mention in these pages of my lord and my lady's libraries, as well as the circumstance alluded to by the editor, of there being still extant a very curious manuscript collection of poems made expressly for this same earl, shews him to have been very much in advance of his times in his love and patronage of learning.

There is another still more remarkable proof of this in the fact of his having caused the walls of several of the rooms, both at Wresil and Leckingfield, to be adorned with a variety of poetical inscriptions, all containing, in the form of proverbs, moral precepts well worthy of being remembered. We must confine ourselves to one or two of these. In one of the chambers at Wresil was a poem beginning with this useful advice:

> When it is tyme of coste and great expens,
> Beware of waste, and spende by measure;
> Who that outrageously makethe his dispens,
> Causheth his goodes not long to endure.

The family motto being 'Espérance en Dieu,' there were, in one of the rooms, the following rudely penned, but wise reflections upon it:

> Esperance en Dyeu:
> Trust in hym, he is most trewe.
> En Dyeu esperance:
> In Him put thine affiance.
> Esperance in the world? Nay,
> The worlde varyeth every day.
> Esperance in riches? Nay, not so;
> Riches slideth, and soon will go.

How many a poet of undying name and fame has written volumes which contain not half so much true wisdom as is set forth in these few doggrel lines.

Very minute rules are laid down for the 'orderrynge of the chapell at matins, high-mass, and evinsong;' and as a proof of the attention even then bestowed upon the choral service, no less than seventeen gentlemen and children are shewn to have been daily employed in it.

The custom, so frequently and pleasantly illustrated by Sir Walter Scott in his novels, of youths of high birth being placed in the household of some powerful nobleman to learn the arts of war and chivalry, is more than once hinted at in these pages. There seem to have been several residing under the earl's roof. They acted as cup-bearers and pages, and were probably companions for the earl's sons, to three of whom we are here introduced. The elder of these, 'my Lord Percy,' became celebrated at a later period as the youthful rival of his mature sovereign in the affections of the queen's maid of honour, the beautiful but unfortunate Anne Boleyn; and he is also mentioned in history as having been employed to arrest Cardinal Wolsey, when the once brilliant star of that ambitious prelate was flickering on the verge of the horizon. There are some curious entries in the *Household Book* connected with this young nobleman; for instance, we are furnished with a list of the number of horses which a magnificent earl of the sixteenth century deemed sufficient to support the dignity of his son and heir.

First, there was 'a great doble trottynge hors for my Lord Percy to travell upon in wynter;' and a second possessed of the same substantial qualities for him to 'ryde on owte of townes;' but when he approached the haunts of men, a more showy steed was thought necessary, and a 'trottynge gambalding' horse (such as his father himself had loved in his youthful days) was provided for 'my said Lord Percy to ryde uppon when he cums into townes.' For his daily use, probably to ride about the home domain, he had 'an amblynge hors;' and strange as the fact may sound in the ears of modern fox-hunters, 'a proper amblynge lettle nagge for him to ryde upon when he goeth hunting or hawking.'

These, with a strong horse to 'carry his maile with his stuf for his change when he rydes,' comprised his stud—the sufficiency of which, considering that the list was drawn up in anticipation only of his being 'at yeres to ryde,' none, we opine, will object to. A gentleman in waiting, a groom of the chambers, and a second groom for 'keeping of my Lord Percy's garments clean dayly,' formed the young nobleman's personal staff; and the services of at least one of these was shared with his next brother, for it was his duty to 'be always with my lord's sonnes, for seeing the orderynge of them.'

'Two rockers and a childe of the nurey to attende on them,' formed the nursery establishment of the little Lady Margaret and Master Ingeham Percy.

Of the female head of this princely mansion, we find less frequent mention than might have been expected; but there is enough to shew that if the Countess of Northumberland did, like high-born dames of the present day, take no very prominent part in the domestic arrangements of her household, she was at least well provided with the externals needful for upholding the dignity of her high position: my lady's gentlewomen, her chamberer, her pages, and her cup-bearers, are none of them wanting; and her name is always associated with her lord's in the orders laid down for the provision of breakfast, dinner, or supper, in a manner that bespeaks them to have been equally, unlike many fashionable modern couples, seldom asunder.

Of this noble lady, all we know is, that she was an heiress with the Plantagenet blood in her veins, being

Digitized by Google

remotely descended from 'old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.' She survived her husband sixteen years, and at her death, bequeathed her body to be buried at Beverley, in the tomb of the late earl; and likewise gave to Sir Robert Gell, her chaplain, her lease at Wilterfosse, to sing mass yearly for her own and her husband's soul.

The trifling amount of remuneration given in return for the various services we have described, occasions us at first much surprise. Comparing it with the standard created in our minds by the present rate of wages, we are inclined to charge the magnificent earl with a degree of meanness quite inconsistent with his high pretensions; and the more so, when we learn further, that L.1000 is the whole amount of the year's assignment for the payment of all expenses connected with the household; but one glance at the relative value of money then and now, dissipates our surprise, and we find that a calculation founded on the prices of wheat and other articles of consumption in 1509 and 1854, would lead to a result much more in accordance with modern ideas. Leaving this problem, however, to be worked out by those better versed than ourselves in such statistics, we will proceed to give a short list of wages as we find them here set down, premising that it was the custom in those days for the nobility at certain periods of the year to retire from their principal mansion to some favourite lodge or cottage—styled here 'my lord's sacret hous'—where they enjoyed, like our own good Queen in her autumn retreat at Balmoral, the privilege of living for a brief season free from the incumbrances as well as the cares of state. As they no longer kept open house, the greater part of their servants were put on board-wages; some had 'licence to go about their own businesse,' and were no longer 'at my lord's fyndinge;' and the same appears to have been the case with several of the head-officers and the young gentlemen who held posts in his household, who are often spoken of as being at their own or their friends' finding. The salary of the priests varied from L.2 to L.5. The dean of the chapel, though of necessity a doctor, or, at least, a bachelor of divinity, received, if he lived in the house, only L.4; and the chaplains, if graduate, five marks; if not graduate, 40s.: the priests of the chapel, by which is probably meant those constantly employed there, were to have—the first, L.5; the second, five marks; and the third, four marks—always provided, however, that *the most discreet* of the three be appointed to be sub-dean, and to have *no more wages!* The treasurer, comptroller, and other high officers, 'if abydynge in the house,' received L.20 salary; but if 'cominge and goinge,' only ten marks. Forty shillings appears to have been the general rate of wages for yeomen, and 20s. for grooms; but there is a kindly thoughtfulness evinced by the following entry: 'Every futeman to receive 40s., becaus of the moch waring of his stuf with labor.'

My lady's gentlewomen had five marks, if not at 'my lady's fyndinge;' but what amount of deduction was made in consideration of beef, bread, and beer, we are not informed. The wages of the arras-mender aforesaid were L.1, 13s. 6d, with the addition of L.1 for 'fyndynge all manner of stuf belonging to his facultie,' except *silk and gold.*

Every servant was required, immediately on entering his lordship's service, to be duly registered and *sworn* in the presence of the head officers, 'either by such an ooth as is in the Booke of Ooths, yff any such be, or els by such an ooth [we give the extract verbatim] as they shall seyme beste by their discrecion.'

The price of wheat was at this time 5s. 8d., and that of malt 4s., the quarter. Meat appears not to have been sold by weight, for we find an order for 667 muttons, for the year's consumption, 'at 20d., the one with the other, fatte and leyne;' and a second 'for 109 fatte beefes at 13s. 4d., to be bought at All Hallowtyde, for to serve my hous from that tyme to Michaelmas; and 24 leyne beefes, at 8s. the pece, to be bought at St Elyn's day (May 26), and put into my pastures to fede.' Pigs—or porks as they are called—were 2s. the piece; veals, the same price; and lambs varied, from 2s. between Christmas and Shrovetide, to 10d. from that time to midsummer.

In an age when fasting was rigidly observed, and where meat was entirely banished during the long season of Lent, fish would necessarily be an important article of consumption; and we accordingly find large quantities laid in and dried. 2080 salted salmon are valued at 6d. the piece, and 'three ferkynges of pickled sturgeon at 10s. the ferkynge:' red and white herrings, 'sprotts,' and eels, are the other kinds thus prepared. Of fresh fish, the price is not given.

Salt cost 4s. the quarter, and vinegar 4d. the gallon! but the noble financier seems to have demurred rather at this item of his expenditure; for we find an order given, that 'for the future vinegar is to be made of the broken wines, and that the lagges [lees, we suppose] be provided by the clarke of the hous, and marked after they be past drawing, that they can be set no more a broche, and see it put in a vessel for vinegar.'

A CHAPTER ON DOGS.

'A POODLE!' Such is the title of an entire chapter of a current serial work, by one of our most popular authors, which naturally interests the public in the character and fortunes of the animal thus signally honoured; and as every dog has his day, independently of the dog-days and perennial puppyism, we may take the occasion to offer a few observations on the subject generally—the instincts, habits, and qualities of the species, and the education requisite to develop such peculiar talents as distinguish 'Sir Isaac,' the poodle hero of the novel alluded to, by Pisistratus Caxton.

About fifteen years ago, his—the poodle's, not Pisistratus's—prototype, or rather prototypes, for there were a brace of them, were exhibited by a French *savant* in the Regent's Circus, and excited so much attention by their performances as to be visited by many scientific naturalists, and other philosophic virtuosi, including the president and sundry inquisitive members of the Royal Society. They were certainly extraordinary creatures; and in the variety of their accomplishments, outstripped even the marvellous exploits related of Sir Isaac on his appearance before the mayor and inhabitants of Gatesborough.* But their owner, though assuredly born under Sirius, was not a mendicant showman. He, M. Adrien Leonard, had devoted twenty years to dog-study and dog-training upon philosophical principles; and he published, at Lisle, an *Essai sur l'Education des Animaux*, taking the dog for the type, in a goodly octavo volume of no less than 436 closely printed pages. The publication contained some new, and much curious matter, of which we propose to avail ourselves in the present paper. Nor is the subject unworthy of the notice of science, since Descartes discussed the question whether animals had souls, and inclined, moreover, to the belief that they had; G. Leroy drew able distinctions between instinct and intelligence; and Réaumur, Buffon, Cuvier, and a host of other eminent men, entered into the careful examination of canine attributes and the remarkable extent to which they were susceptible of cultivation.

M. Leonard, as might be expected from his success, goes the length of Descartes as the strenuous

* See *Blackwood's Magazine* for October.

Digitized by Google

advocate of superior 'intelligence,' and laughs to scorn Buffon's theory of action from impulses more or less balanced. He even accuses man of being too proud and biassed in his judgment, through a sort of jealousy of the near approach to his boasted reason by the most sagacious specimens of the higher orders of animal creation. 'We have a body,' he says; 'so have these animals. They have the same organs as we, and these organs produce the same phenomena. Behold the dog; the nerves from his brain communicate with the five senses, and put them *en rapport* with the exterior world. Light acts on his eyes, sound on his ears, taste on his palate; and thence result sensations and images which determine action. Locke and Condillac suggest no other origin for our ideas.' Becoming more metaphysical, he adds, in proof of the animal possession of sentient and thinking faculties, the following dilemma: 'Either it is not the soul which perceives, understands, considers, and wills in man; or animals, like man, have a soul which perceives, understands, considers, and wills. The two souls are of the same nature; and, served by the same organs, they receive the same sensations. Would you, then, give to animals immaterial and immortal souls?' 'Certes,' replies our authority, Q.E.D.; but he confesses it is a mystery complicated and dark in every part.

The grand problem which he proceeds to solve by his experiments is, accordingly, to separate the intellectual faculties of dogs from the intellectual faculties of men, so as to demonstrate what it is that constitutes man, and what dog. It is said comparisons are odious; but if so, M. Leonard seems inclined to think that Poodle & Co. have the best right to complain; at any rate, that his system of education can produce more moral and well-conducted dogs than the most efficient university or ragged-school instruction can turn out equally meritorious human beings. It is plainly Pup *versus* Child—literally, Litter *versus* Family, let paterfamilias think what he will of it.

But when we go into details, we find that the quadruped test does not run upon all-fours throughout. Children, for instance, are taught in schools gregariously, and example and emulation are the leading sources of their acquisitions and progress. M. Leonard takes his individual pup at from six months to a year old, and begins with feeding, walking with, and attending to it; not permitting other pups to consort with, or other persons to interfere, so as to divert its attention from its original preceptor and course of lessons—this said attention being the first, chief, and moving principle on which everything else is founded. Having secured this point, he proceeds upwards to cultivate memory, the most abundant source of ideas in animals; and, as their sensibility is purely physical, and directed, through the senses, to exterior objects, the exercises prescribed are of a nature to develop impressions produced by punishments and rewards. The dog thus treated, he states, soon learns to know what is good for him, and what is bad; what course of conduct brings him pain, and what caresses or food. He remembers, and he judges and chooses between the alternatives —of which thousands of examples might be cited—and if, adds our author, he judges, it must follow that he reasons.

With regard to instinct, whether social as in man, or individual as in beast—according to Magendie—M. Leonard observes that in the latter, among the numerous phenomena dependent upon it, we see a double end: first, the conservation of the individual; and, secondly, the conservation of the species. By a careful and continued education, holding these ruling elements in view, and directing them as is required, the possibility of greatly extending the sphere of intellect is accomplished. It is well remarked that instinct in animals is much more developed than in civilised men, as the latter rely on intellect, which supersedes the use of the instinctive faculty; and, therefore, it is through reason that men acquire habits of instinct; and, *vice versâ*, animals, by having their instincts cultivated, acquire a higher degree of intellect or reason.

Having settled the philosophy of the case, the dogs most suitable for education are, as 'justified by experience,' divided into three classes, according to the conformation of their skull. In the first class are dogs with large foreheads, and a capacious brainpan, including spaniels, barbets, pointers, terriers, and setters, all of which have pendent ears. In the second class are greyhounds and mastiffs, endowed with less intelligence than the first, their faces long, their temples closer together, and their ears only semi-pendent; and the third comprehends pugs, and the many varieties of cur and mongrel, with circumscribed skulls, and the least intelligent of their species.

Taking one of the first class as a pupil, the teacher must arm himself with untiring patience, without which nothing can be done. He must then, as already stated, adopt means to obtain the prompt and fixed attention of the dog to his motions, gestures, looks, or voice, as he uses them to indicate the something which he desires to be performed, and which is made palpable to the sense of the animal. When he fails to comprehend, punishment ought to be moderate, but frequent, and administered on the instant, as, if any space of time intervenes, there can be no trace, and consequently no comprehension, of cause and effect. The dog is shewn what is wanted, and thus exercised till he understands and obeys orders, and then he is caressed or rewarded with a favourite morsel of food; and we are informed, that though there is a general carnivorous appetite, inclining to meat verging on putrefaction, a dainty veal cutlet is the epicure viand of the canine race, which they esteem as aldermen do turtle, country bumpkins bacon, and coal-heavers heavy wet.

Dogs are no philologists, and it is a great mistake to fancy, as some do, that they understand the meaning of words. All that is needful is that they should recognise in a sound a command to perform a certain act, and, to prevent misunderstanding, it is desirable that the words should be short, and not of a description to pun upon—for example, instead of the word *assis*, 'sit down,' which may be confounded with *ici*, 'come hither,' our astute instructor calls '*sur le cul*,' and upon his tail you see the obedient neophyte at once demurely seated, and no mistake, for thereby hangs a tale of the whip or birch-twigs. Of intonation, however, dogs are obviously sensible, and M. Leonard liberally finds an apology for English dogs, thought stupid in France, in consequence of their not perfectly comprehending the French accent. It might happen that Mr Grantley Berkeley's recent experience of the stupidity of French hounds might be occasioned by his faulty pronunciation of their tongue.

It is mere charlatanism in the showmen-jugglers who pretend that the dogs they choose for their tricks are more favoured by nature than others of their kind. They are usually rough spaniels (*caniches*), generally of a fair size, and having ears richly furnished with long and silky hair. In their exercises, they invariably have their heads lowered towards the ground, so that they appear to be considering the objects spread before them, whereas they are only attending to the mechanical signs to which their master has accustomed them. Taps on a snuff-box, or, better, the clink of a toothpick, or, better still, a clicking on the nails, are the means most commonly employed.

Irrespective of this particular breed, our author

Digitized by Google

selects from his first class of intellects, specimens of fine open countenance and handsome form; for dogs and *doguines* are not, in this respect, so vain of personal appearance as to be silly and affected, like human coxcombs and flirts. They are only the more sensible and instructible. Notions of beauty or of superior attractions do not turn their brain, and make them foolish in their bearing and behaviour. Indeed, no animal has any idea of grace, form, or size: a cur will bark at an elephant as pertinaciously as at a mouse; and a horse will as readily consort with a dustman's high-boned drudge, as with a duke's high-bred hunter. It is annoying to add M. Leonard's conviction that all animals fear man, and that all the stories of their attachment, having the semblance of moral action, are dressed-up fabrications or illusions. The dog of Montargis, and other similar sagacious celebrities, are but shams and impostors. He has proofs in abundance, and no end of experiments, to shew that the animal does not love his master; that he sees in him only an instrument of conservation; and if he attaches himself, it is but as the dog licking the hand about to strike him.

'The two dogs,' he says, 'which I submitted to examination by the *Instituts* of France and Belgium, and learned scientific societies of London, leaped, at my voice, from a high bridge into the river, one of them with a bit of bread in his mouth. Whilst they were swimming, I ordered the other to take it, and he did so in a moment, although I was at a considerable distance, and self-preservation in the stream must have had a powerful influence over their action.' This was certainly a striking example of obedience to command, as the result of instruction; and from what we witnessed of their 'talents,' as previously noticed, we could readily credit even more surprising evolutions of Braque and Phylax, such being the proper names of these most obedient quadruped servants. At a given order, they would come to be beaten, exhibiting at the same time signs of the utmost joy. M. Leonard called *de la gaieté* in a threatening tone, even accompanied by the lash, but nevertheless they leaped, barked, wagged their tails, pricked up their ears, and, in short, displayed every demonstration of pleasure. From such premises, he contends for the probability at least of *reflection*, as well as of *memory* and *understanding* in the animal, since, by means of a kind of formulary, he could cause them to execute what he desired, though the command involved the most opposite conduct. Thus, he would say: *Allez vous coucher*, and in an instant arrest their impulse and bring them to his feet by the contrary 'Come hither.' Or he would, in the same manner, and with the same effect, almost instantaneously give and reverse the orders 'Be gay' and 'Be sad;' or he would put a piece of bread before Braque, saying: 'That is for Phylax;' and *vice versâ*, a second bit before Phylax, with the remark that it was for Braque; and leaving them untouched during an indefinite time, the word 'Eat' (*mangez*) sent each to the morsel assigned to him, neither venturing to trespass on his neighbour's lot. This, M. Leonard observes, affords strong presumption of the intellectual faculty for which he has hazarded the term *reflection*, since, to a certain extent, it implies a combination of reasoning and comparison. We ought to state that Braque and Phylax were large handsome animals, white, with reddish-brown spots, and in shape resembling the Spanish pointer.

The well-educated dog is a wonderful physiognomist. The instinct of self-preservation, and the natural fear it inspires in man, are equally powerful in the animal, and he knows well how to read in your countenance all you approve. If he perceives in the movement of your brow the slightest indication of discontent, he is puzzled, bewildered, stupified. Raising your voice produces a like effect; and if shewn merely for the sake of teaching, it is expedient to add some gesture which brings to recollection a preceding infliction of which he has experience. When the animal has comprehended what you want, you ought to be careful not to distract his attention; and to evince your satisfaction, and reward by a dainty, his habit of observation, which gradually diminishes his sense of fear. As the animal, like the child, is fickle, jumping from one idea to another, and happy to deliver himself from the fatigue of any long-continued strain upon his spirits (*esprit*), it is absolutely necessary to correct this fault, which would otherwise compromise the success of the best means resorted to for his instruction. In pursuing the illustration of his subject, the author mentions some curious phenomena, not uninteresting to the student of natural history. For example, he states: 'In giving myself up to the education of my two dogs, I have made an important remark, which I will set down here. When I was occupied in instructing one of them—Braque, for example—the other, Phylax, who was left to himself during the time, was, notwithstanding, attentive, and appeared as if he took an interest in the lesson. When, afterwards, I undertook to teach him the matter I had been explaining to Braque, I found that he comprehended it far more readily and quickly. I fancied that I was the dupe of an illusion; but recommencing my course, I tried the experiment very many times, sometimes with Braque in the first instance, and sometimes with Phylax, but always with the same result. From this I conclude that animals are, like children, more apt to learn voluntarily what is taught to their companions, than what is directly impressed upon themselves. Thence we might believe that the instinct of imitation exists in the dog as in man, and is a useful auxiliary in the education of both; and perhaps,' he modestly adds, 'with the former as with ourselves, it may develop those potent contributors to success by giving birth to emulation and *amour propre*. In hazarding this supposition, however, I place limits on these precious qualities in animals as in all other intellectual faculties compared with those in man.' At all events, it evidently facilitates canine education to have two pupils at a time.

Although M. Leonard has defined the races among which the most intelligent or intellectual dogs are found, he allows that all are capable of some improvement, even the greyhound; respecting which he probably never heard the anecdote, that when the unfortunate Charles I. was asked which was the most pre-eminent of dog-kind, he replied the greyhound, for he has all the good-nature of the others without their fawning—a fine reproof to spaniel courtiers.

It is conceded by M. Leonard that the pretty lapdog breed of Charles II., as well as the mastiff, may be educated to a degree of intelligence which renders them very agreeable or useful—almost as much so as 'the spaniel with his eye so full of expression, or the setter, so animated in his looks and movements.' We would match the Scottish shepherd dog, in a lesser degree the English butcher-drover's uncouth-looking assistant, the cur in charge of goods on a cart in London streets, and the Skye terrier, against any of their congeners, however highly favoured by nature.

But the sagacity, as it is called, of the dog, whether instinctive or trained, has been so universally chronicled, and the tales of its wonderful manifestations so fully believed, that without denying the success of M. Leonard's curriculum, we are strongly disposed to take a more loving view of the social relations between the animal and man; resting principally, as they seem to do, on the faculties and dispositions of the former. From the days of the

Digitized by Google

scriptural Tobit to the present time, amid classic and religious miracles (from Ulysses to St Bernard), down even to the latest experiences of canine intrepidity, discernment, or affection, there is no end to the stories of the bravery, discrimination, and attachment to humanity of the dog. Was it not Argus, the dog of Ulysses—intelligent as if he had the thousand eyes of his unlucky name-father—that recognised his master on his arrival, after twenty years' absence, at Ithaca, when his fellow-creatures knew him not?

Poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends, even to his queen unknown.
* * * *
Forgot by all his own domestic crew,
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew.
* * * *
Him, when he saw, he rose and crawled to meet;
'Twas all he could, and fawned and kissed his feet,
Seized the dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died.

The St Bernard breed now patronised by Albert Smith, are, we are informed, taught how to set about their excavations in the snow; and the larger water-dogs, accustomed to drag substances from the water, will frequently, not always, include a drowning individual in their efforts to perform a usual service. M. Leonard taught his pupils to be constant in this respect, by practising them on rag-stuffed figures of men artificially convulsed, as if perishing. Of the depreciated greyhound we can vouch from personal knowledge that one stolen and carried off fifty miles in a covered cart, was no sooner liberated, than she bounded away at full speed, and in a very few hours was safe and sound at home.

But almost everybody has had, or has the familiar acquaintance of, dog-companionship, and been astonished by acts for which it was difficult, if not impossible, to account. 'Our philosopher of the objective school,' observes William Smith, the author of *Thorndale*, 'proceeding from the simpler to the more complex organisations, finds himself far advanced in the study of man, whilst as yet he is only studying the animal life around him. The unity of parts in each organic whole has struck him with admiration. In this unity or harmony of many parts lies the *oneness* of the creature. Wonderful is the dog that looks up at him with its manifest though limited intelligence. Eye and foot, nostril and throat, every limb and organ displays an admirable *consent*. He is *one*—this dog; one through the perfect harmony of powers and sensations, desire, and act. He sees you, he remembers you; he in some sort loves you; your presence, at least, gives him pleasure; he courts your caress; he has gentleness and joy, as well as anger and ferocity. He, too, perceives, remembers, and combines his memories, so as, in his limited sphere, to employ the knowledge of the past in the present emergency; but that the phrase would imply an imperfection—and he, too, is perfect in his kind—what is he less than an "arrested development" of man?'

After such descriptions as these, we may hope that it will be thought an abuse of language to speak of a ruined man having 'gone to the dogs,' or of throwing an impertinent fellow, or even physic, to the same animals, seeing that we are so nearly on an equality, and that they can find physic in the grass-field, if they need it, without a doctor. As for M. Leonard's educated specimens, we recollect playing a game at dominoes with Braque or Phylax—we forget which—his master having left the room, and what signals he might make through the wainscot being inaudible to us; but the result was, that our adversary would never permit us to put a wrong number down, and finally beat us with the apparent delight of a successful gambler!

The detail of the ways by which M. Leonard brought his pupils to such accomplishments would be uninteresting to the general reader, though some of them might probably be introduced with benefit into the training of sporting-dogs, against the cruelty of whose breaking-in, he earnestly protests, and insists on the greater perfection that could be attained by a milder mode of instruction. Yet a few of his leading rules may be noticed, and whoever likes to try the experiment, more or less completely, may witness the effect on pups of their own.

He never terrified them, especially at first, with severe punishments; on the contrary, he began with merely prohibitive displays or cracks of the whip—patience and moderation being his watchwords.

He taught them distinctly to understand their names, and pay instant attention when they were pronounced.

Rewards of caresses and meat, accompanied by words of approbation, were constantly given, as lessons were comprehended; and by degrees, only the words were retained to the entire satisfaction of dog and teacher.

Lessons were never prolonged so much as to partake of the nature of punishments, and excite lassitude and disgust.

Much depended on regular and judicious feeding. The devoted attachment of dogs to owners of the lower classes is ascribable to their frequent sharing of 'the bit and the buffet.' Even a Bill Sykes will have his faithful and ferocious associate, the ugliest of brutes, owing to this sort of treatment. At the same time, it is the brutal usage they receive from their masters, and which they endure out of their dread for them, that renders the bull-dog and other fierce crosses so savage towards strangers and all the rest of the world.

Leave to go out was requisite, and the open door and the word *liberty*, with perhaps a piece of meat thrown forth, were the signs of assent: obedience was the one thing insisted on. If it were required to teach the animal to abstain from the food, balls of the size of billiard-balls, with small spikes on their surface, were thrown at, or between the animals and the temptations, and by persevering in this line, accompanied by certain expressions, they were taught not to approach or touch meats even if left alone with them for whole nights. In issuing commands, they were ingeniously brought to attend to the terminations of the words, and not to the tone in which they were pronounced.

There are many other curious ruses and contrivances to facilitate the progress of instruction; but as we do not pretend to supply a *vade-mecum* for a complete learned education, we shall close with the author's aphorism, that 'Education forces Nature to correct itself.' Canine civilisation!

After dwelling on the value of a dog, well-taught in the degree according to the wish and pleasure of its teacher, M. Leonard draws the opposite picture of the effects of spoiling, and ignorance, and consequent disobedience, in a manner so thoroughly French, that we are tempted to copy it for the amusement of our readers.

'*Par exemple*,' he says, 'you enter the boudoir of a pretty lady, and lo! there is a villainous Shock that leaps from under the sofa, where he is keeping company with his mistress. He is not bigger than your two fists, and yet he makes more noise than the largest mastiff. He yelps at you with a sharp bark and hubbub, very disagreeable to the tympanum. "Be quiet, Bichon!" says his mistress, in a tone of voice which has nothing of the air of a command. Accordingly, Bichon takes good care not to obey. He yelps the louder. You advance into the apartment; you would pay your compliments to the fair dame;

Digitized by Google

you assume a gracious air; you throw your body into all the postures learned from your dancing-master. But Shock heeds not, and springs furiously at your legs; his noisy brawling preventing her from hearing your soothing phrases. Your gracious air is converted into a grimace, and you are obliged to stop short in the midst of your best bow! Madame laughs at your ridiculous figure. Bichon is encouraged; he shews his teeth; and if it happen that your tibiæ are not well guarded, beware: you are doomed to carry off the imprint of his jaws. The pain extracts an involuntary cry. It is then resolved to recall Bichon to order. Bichon retreats under the sofa, casting an angry look at you; he receives one of those little taps which are caresses. "You are a *méchant*, Bichon. What have you done to the gentleman? Hold! there is a bit of sugar for you; and, another time, don't begin such tricks. *Allons, Bibiche;* make your peace." With such an education,' observes our author severely, 'a dog cannot fail to be surly and mischievous, and occasion very unpleasant scenes; all which would be avoided if he were taught promptly to obey.' Perhaps we might for 'dog' read 'child!'

A NEW CALLING.

There are at least some novelists of our own day who possess a genuine right to their title, in having introduced a system of entertainment which would not a little have astonished their predecessors. Half a century ago, it was a subject for boasting to have read a recent book; until very lately, it was unusual for people out of literary circles to know a real live author even by sight. Now, not only have cheap editions brought the works of great living writers within the reach of everybody, but the great living writers themselves have been made cheap, and are introduced to the world in their own proper persons. There is no more marvelling now about what sort of being in the flesh may this or that rich spirit be who has dowered us with this or that immortal creation, because, if we choose, we can see him, body and breeches, once every week at least, and for the moderate charge of half-a-crown, hear him read one of his own productions. The thing will get so common soon, that there will be nothing to be said about it, nor is there novelty enough in the matter even now more than may suggest a few brief ideas.

Many of us, dead and alive, have at some time or other ardently longed to feast our eyes upon those whose writings have even whiled away a weary hour, or given to us a hearty laugh; and surely much more to look upon the thoughtful faces of those who have made us wiser and better, who have reached out to us 'the shining hand' to help us out of the slough of the world, or, at all events, to scatter flowers on the road. Now that we can do this, we may not perhaps appreciate the opportunity as we ought; and as it gets more common, we shall be doubtless less grateful still.

What would we not have given to have heard old Chaucer, 'the morning-star of song,' describe his own pilgrims on their road to Canterbury! or Spencer read to us his *Faery Queen*, which nobody (as a wicked critic has said) was ever known to read for himself from end to end! Yet a time would doubtless have come when we should have tired of both of them. How highly should we have prized an hour of the 'native wood-notes wild' of Shakspeare, warbled by 'Fancy's child' himself—a sight of that noble brow, of those eyes that saw into the hearts of all mankind! Yet, doubtless, Queen Elizabeth and court listened, if they did listen, to his 'dramatic readings' with much equanimity and a most aristocratic lack of enthusiasm. Think what a vision of transcendent glory must blind John Milton have presented, rapt in his heavenly dreams, and uttering aloud his own immortal inspirations! And yet to those charming short-hand writers, the Misses Milton, their task became soon prosaic enough. Would it not have been grand—we are descending, but we are yet a great way up, and in noble company—to have seen Samuel Johnson, massive, ungainly, but yet not without a certain majesty, rolling forth, *pleno ore*, his *Vanity of Human Wishes!* Pleasant to have sat beneath Dr Sterne, and listened to his wilful digressions, and watched his eyes sly-twinkling over his solemn *double entendres!* And better still, to have heard Fielding reading aloud, and relishing as he read, the woes of his own Partridge, the triumphs of his own spoiled favourite, Tom Jones! Our descendants, be sure, will envy us the having seen and heard the Fielding of to-day—the biographer of the Blifil of our own times, Mr Barnes Newcome the younger—at his lecturer's desk. Mrs Blimber would have died happy, she thought, could she but have seen Cicero in his retirement at Tusculum. How many of our children, nay, as we believe, of our great-great-grandchildren, will envy us the having seen and heard that man who gave us Mrs Blimber, and a hundred other ladies and gentlemen with whom we have a very real acquaintance; envy us, especially, the having witnessed his impersonation of Mrs Blimber's favourite, and the favourite of us all, little Paul Dombey! child, who more than all other fictitious children, has touched the universal heart of England. We ourselves remember travelling in a city cab to the Bank, in company with a director of the same, with an old London lawyer, and with a copy of that number of *Dombey and Son* that contains the account of the death of little Paul, which, as we read it aloud, drew tears from Pluto's eyes (and Plutus's), caused both the lawyer and the banker to weep. Over such a pair of unsympathising folks, in such a vehicle and on such an errand, sure never was the victory of genius more complete. Consider, then, how much greater must be her power when her rightful owner is wielding his own weapon in his own hand! Who can forbear to weep for Tiny Tim, when he himself who created Tiny Tim is weeping with us? Who but must despise, and yet must pity, the iron Scrouge, when he who drew him himself exhibits the portrait, and marks out so unerringly the cruel lines upon the brow, and the place where the lines are in mercy smoothed away! Hail to this new-born art, we say, and success to the beginners of it! What matters it, that a hundred imitators, miserables, whose stock-in-trade is, not ideas, but a couple of candles, and somebody else's book, have started up and overrun the land. For our parts, we only wish that the example of our novelists were followed by our poets, of which, as we understand, there is some likelihood; that they would lend the music of their voice, and the illustration of their inspired looks—as they were wont to do in the golden age—to their own verses; and that it might be permitted to us, for instance, to hear the deep-voiced laureate pour forth 'his hollow oes and aes' in his own *Mort d'Arthur*, like

> Noise of battle rolled
> Among the mountains by the winter sea.

Digitized by Google

BALLAD OF DARNICK TOWER.

THE correspondent of a Scotch newspaper lately brought forward the following little grotesque ballad, with an inquiry as to the authorship and the circumstances referred to:

The devil sat in Darnick Tower,
Out of a shot-hole keekit he;
He saw Jamie Leitch come ower the brig,
To storm his batterie.

Quoth he: 'Lang have I tarried here,
And thought for ever to remain,
Since I was driven frae Galashiels,
Which lang I 'd doomed to be my ain.

'But now farewell to Eildon Hills,
Farewell to Darnick Tower and tree,
For in the reach o' Jamie Leitch
There is nae dwelling-place for me.'

Wi' that the devil 's ta'en a flight,
And ower the Tweed essayed to flee;
But Jamie caught him by the rump,
And he has dippit Auld Clootie.

Darnick, it must be understood, is a little village about three miles from Galashiels, and an equal distance from Abbotsford, the poetical laird of which was extremely anxious to add it to his domains on account of the above-mentioned old tower. A gentleman sent the following answer to the inquiry in the newspaper: 'In those remote times, as we all know, when witchcraft and sorcery held possession of the minds of the people, it was customary, as in the case of Soulis, Michael Scott, and others, to attribute Satanic agency to men secluded in old towers, and possessed of more than ordinary energy and knowledge. The Heitons, lairds of Darnick (see *Tales of the Borders*, vol. vii.), were great fighters, as old Watt Scott knew to his cost. Their crest was a bull's head, armed, which, according to the custom of the times, was prominent on the keystone of the portal. The character of the old laird at the time of the ascendency of Angus was "deevilish" enough to make him a good representative of "Clootie;" and the horned head looking through a shot-hole would help the ballad-monger to his metaphor. As for "wee Jamie Leitch," he might be some noted borderer who had joined Hertford when he burned Darnick Tower in September 1545, and whom Heiton eyed with a true border feeling through a loophole—the act being very well represented by the head and horns of the crest on the walls.'

Now, the fact is, that the verses were written by a person recently living, and are simply a *jeu d'esprit* on a fellow-townsman of their author, who had adopted a habit of preaching in his native village, and who, not content with his mission in that home-field, was finally ambitious enough to extend his ministrations to the equally benighted hamlet of Darnick. We put it to our readers, Could there be a better example of the conjectural history indulged in by antiquaries where nothing is known, than the above answer to the newspaper inquiry?

David Thomson, the writer of the verses, has a place in Lockhart's *Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott*, as the person who always wrote the poetical invitations to 'the Sherra' to come to the Galashiels annual dinner. He was a cloth-manufacturer, a simple-hearted worthy man, with a great fund of natural humour, which doubtless Sir Walter failed not to appreciate. 'Hogg came to breakfast this morning,' says Scott in his diary, 12th December 1825, 'and brought for his companion the Galashiels bard, David Thomson, as to a meeting of *hus Tweeddale poets*.' The late Thomas Tegg, who was a relation of Thomson, was taken by him to Abbotsford, and introduced as the publisher of *Jokeby;* which the prudent bibliopole thought rather daring on his friend's part. However, Sir Walter merely remarked: 'The more jokes the better,' and gave him a very kind reception.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

Another progressive step towards the possibility of creating diamonds by a chemical process has been realised in the fact that sapphires have been so produced. M. Gaudin has communicated to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, a process for obtaining alumina—the clay which yields the new metal called aluminum—in transparent crystals, which therefore present the same chemical composition as the natural stone known under the name of sapphire. To obtain them, he lines a common crucible with a coating of lamp-black, and introduces into it equal proportions of alum and sulphate of potash, reduced to a powder and calcined. He then exposes it for fifteen minutes to the fire of a common forge. The crucible is then allowed to cool, and on breaking it, the surface of the lamp-black coating is found covered with numerous brilliant points, composed of sulphuret of potassium, enveloping the crystals of alumina obtained, or, in other words, real sapphires or corundum. The size of the crystals is large in proportion to the mass operated upon; those obtained by M. Gaudin are about a millimètre, or 3-100ths of an inch in diameter, and half a millimètre in height. They are so hard that they have been found to be preferable to rubies for the purposes of watch-making. It is thus that chemistry, by pursuing the recognised course of natural causes, will in its operation achieve similar results, and produce the diamond.—*Willis's Current Notes.*

THE PATH THROUGH THE CORN.

WAVY and bright in the summer air—
Like a quiet sea when the wind blows fair,
And its roughest breath has scarcely curled
The green highway to an unknown world—
Soft whispers passing from shore to shore,
Like a heart content—yet desiring more;
Who feels forlorn,
Wandering thus on the path through the corn?

A short space since, and the dead leaves lay
Corrupting under the hedgerow gray:
Nor hum of insect, nor voice of bird
O'er the desolate field was ever heard;
Only at eve the pallid snow
Blushed rose-red in the red sun-glow:
Till, one blest morn,
Shot up into life the young green corn.

Small and feeble, slender and pale,
It bent its head to the winter gale,
Hearkened the wren's soft note of cheer,
Scarcely believing spring was near;
Saw chestnuts bud out, and campions blow,
And daisies mimic the vanished snow,
Where it was born,
On either side of the path through the corn.

The corn—the corn—the beautiful corn,
Rising wonderful, morn by morn,
First, scarce as high as a fairy's wand,
Then, just in reach of a child's wee hand,
Then growing, growing—tall, green, and strong,
With the voice of the harvest in its song,
While in fond scorn
The lark out-carols the murmuring corn.

O strange, sweet path, formed day by day,
How, when, and wherefore—tongue cannot say,
No more than of life's strange paths we know
Whither they lead us, or why we go,
Or whether our eyes shall ever see
The wheat in the ear, or the fruit on the tree.
Yet—who is forlorn?
Heaven, that watered the furrows, will ripen the corn.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 236. SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

In a recent discussion on the subject, it was suggested as an argument in favour of a man's marrying his deceased wife's sister, that in such a case he would have but one mother-in-law. The general laugh which greeted this remark, proved how strong is the prejudice against that luckless relationship, upon which has been immemorially expended all the sarcasm of the keen-witted, all the pointless abuse of the dull.

Dare any bold writer, taking the injured and unpopular side, venture a few words in defence of the mother-in-law?

Unfortunate individual! the very name presents her, in her received character, to the mental eye. A lady, stout, loud-voiced, domineering; or thin, snappish, small, but fierce; prone to worrying and lamenting. Either so overpoweringly genteel and grand, that 'my son's wife,' poor little body, shrinks into a trembling nobody by her own fireside; or so vulgar, that 'my daughter's 'usband' finds it necessary politely to ignore her, as she does her h's and her grammar.

These two characters, slightly varied, constitute the prominent idea current of a mother-in-law. How it originated is difficult to account for; and why a lady, regarded as harmless enough until her children marry, should immediately after that event be at once elevated to such a painful pedestal of disagreeableness.

Books, perhaps, may be a little to blame for this, as in the matter of step-mothers—of whom we may have somewhat to say anon—and surely that author is to blame, who, by inventing an unpleasant generalised portrait, brings under opprobrium a whole class. Thus Thackeray may have done more harm than he was aware of to many a young couple who find 'the old people' rather trying, as old folks will be, by his admirably painted, horrible, but happily exceptional character of *Mrs Mackenzie*. He does not reflect that his sweet little silly *Rosie*, as well as the much injured wives among these indignant young couples, might in time have grown up to be themselves mothers-in-law.

But that is quite another affair. Mrs Henry, weeping angry tears over her little Harry, because the feeding and nurturing of that charming child has been impertinently interfered with by Henry's mother, never looks forward to a day when she herself might naturally feel some anxiety over the bringing up of Harry's eldest born. Mr Jones, beginning to fear that Mrs Jones's maternal parent haunts his house a good deal, and has far too strong an influence over dear Cecilia, never considers how highly indignant he should feel if Mrs Jones and himself were to be grudged hospitality by missy's future spouse—little, laughing, fondling missy, whom he somehow cannot bear to think of parting with, at any time, to any husband whatsoever; nay, is conscious that should the hour and the man ever arrive, papa's first impulse towards the hapless young gentleman would be a strong desire to kick him down stairs.

Thus, as the very foundation of a right judgment in this, as in most other questions, it is necessary to put one's self mentally on the obnoxious side.

Few will deny that the crisis in parenthood when its immediate duties are ceasing, and however sufficient its pleasures are to the elders, they are no longer so to the youngsters, already beginning to find the nest too small, to plume their wings, and desire to fly—must be a very trying time for all parents. Bitter exceedingly to the many whose wedlock has turned out less happy than it promised, and between whom the chief bond that remains is the children. Nor without its pain even to the most united couple, who, through all the full years of family cares and delights, have had resolution enough to anticipate the quiet empty years, when, all the young ones having gone away, they two must once more be content solely with one another. Happy indeed that father and mother whose conjugal love has so kept its prior place that they are not afraid even of this—the peaceful, shadowy time before they both pass away into the deeper peace of eternity.

Nevertheless, the first assumption of their new position is difficult. Young wives do not sufficiently consider how very hard it must be for a fond mother to lose, at once and for ever, her office as primary agent in her son's welfare, if not his happiness; to give him over to a young lady, whom perhaps she has seen very little of, and that little is not too satisfactory. For young people in love will be selfish and foolish, and neglectful of old ties in favour of the new; and almost every young man, prior to his marriage, contrives, without meaning it, to wound his own relations in a thousand insignificant things, every one of which is reflected back upon his unlucky betrothed, producing an involuntary jealousy, a tenaciousness about small slights, a cruel quick-sightedness over petty faults. All this is bitterly hard for the poor young stranger in the family; unless, having strength and self-control enough to remember that 'a good son makes a good husband,' she uses all her influence, even in courting-days, to keep him firm to his affection and duty. Also, her own claim being, although the higher and closer, the newer, the more

Digitized by Google

dearly she loves him, the more careful she will be, by no over-intrusion of rights sufficiently obvious, to jar against the rights or wound the feelings of others who love him—especially his mother, who has loved him all her life.

Surely this fact alone ought to make any young woman, generously and faithfully attached to her husband, feel a peculiar tenderness towards the woman who bore him, nursed him, cherished him—if a woman in any way tolerable or worthy of love. Even if not, her disagreeablenesses ought to be viewed more leniently than those of other people. She must have had so much to bear with—as the younger generation will find out when the third generation arrives. Nay, the common cares and sufferings of mere maternity might well be sufficient, in another mother's eyes, to constitute an unalienable claim of respect, due from herself towards 'grandmamma.'

'But,' says the incredulous reader, 'this is a purely ideal view of the subject. Practically, what can you do with the old lady who comes worrying you in your domestic affairs, criticising your housekeeping, dictating to you about the management of your nursery, finally cutting you to the heart by hinting that you don't take half care enough of "that poor dear fellow, who never looks so well as he did before he was married."'

Yes, poor dear girl! it must be owned you have a good deal to bear on your side also.

Daughters and sons-in-law being always expected to be perfect—the daughter or son by blood being of course naturally so in the parental eyes—causes of necessity a few painful disenchantments on the part of the mother-in-law. She forgets that she must take her share of the difficulties which are sure to arise, so long as human beings are a little less than angels, and earth is not a domestic paradise. She had best early reconcile herself to the truth—painful, yet just and natural—that she has no longer the first right to her child. When once a young pair are married, parents, as well as relatives and friends, *must* leave them to make the best of one another. They two are bound together indissolubly, and no interference of a third party can ever mend what is irremediable; while even in things remediable, any strong external influence is quite as likely to do harm as good.

A wife, be she ever so young, ignorant, or foolish, *must* be sole mistress in her husband's house, and not even her own parents or his have any business to interfere with her, more than by an occasional opinion, or a bit of affectionate counsel, which is often better not given till asked for.

And in the strangeness, the frequent solitude, the countless difficulties of newly married life, no doubt this advice would be eagerly sought for, had it not been overmuch intruded at first. A girl, taken out of her large, merry family, to spend long, lonely days in an unfamiliar house, be it ever so dear; or entering, inexperienced, upon all sorts of family cares, would frequently be thankful to her very heart for the wisdom and kindness of a new mother, if only the mother had early taken pains to win that confidence which, to be given, requires winning. For neither love nor trust comes by instinct; and in most of these connections by marriage, where the very fact of strangers being suddenly brought together, and desired to like one another, obstinately inclines them the other way—this love and trust, if long in coming, frequently never comes at all. Very civil may be the outward relations of the parties, but heart-warmth is not there. It is always 'my husband's family'—not '*my* family;' my 'daughter's husband,' or 'my son's wife'—never '*my* son' and '*my* daughter.' The loving patriarchal union, which both sides, elder and younger, ought at least to strive to attain, becomes first doubtful, then hopeless, then impossible.

One secret, original cause of this is, the faculty most people have of seeing their rights a great deal clearer than their duties. About these 'rights' there are always clouds rising; and one of the prominent causes of disunion is often that which ought to be the very bond of union—the grandchildren.

Now, if a woman has a right on earth, it certainly is to the management of her own children. She would not be half a woman if in that matter she submitted to anybody's advice or opinion contrary to her own; or if in all things concerning that undoubted possession, '*my* baby,' she were not as fierce as a tigress, and as hard as a rock. One could forgive her any rebellion or indignation at unwarrantable interference from her mother-in-law, or even her own mother. And with justice; for if she have any common sense at all, she may, with less experience, have as clear practical judgment as grandmamma, whose wisdom belongs to a past generation, and whose memory may not be quite accurate as to the times when she was young. Yet if the daughter-in-law has any right feeling, she will always listen patiently, and be grateful and yielding to the utmost of her power. Nay, there will spring up a new sympathy between her and the old lady, to whom every new baby-face may bring back a whole tide of long-slumbering recollections—children grown up and gone away, children undutiful or estranged—or, lastly, little children's graves. The most irritable and trying of mothers-in-law is a sight venerable and touching, as she sits with 'the baby' across her knees, gossiping about 'our children' of forty years ago.

But, speaking of rights, the wife has limits even to hers. Surely the 'primal elder curse' must rest upon the woman who voluntarily or thoughtlessly tries to sow division between her husband and his own flesh and blood—above all, between him and his mother. And putting aside the sin of it, what a poor, jealous coward must she be—how weak in her own love, how distrustful of his, who fears lest any influence under heaven—least of all those holy, natural ties which are formed by heaven—should come between her and the man who has chosen her for his wife—his very other self; and whom, if he be at all a good man, he never will think of comparing or making a rival with any other; because she is not another—she is himself.

On the other hand, a man who, however low in station or personally distasteful may be his wife's relations, tries to wean her from them, exacting for himself her sole and particular devotion, to the breaking of the secondary bonds, of which the higher bond ought to make both husband and wife only more tenacious and more tender—such a one is grievously to blame. People may laugh at, and sympathise with, the unfortunate victim of 'Mother-in-law Spike;' but he is certainly a more respectable personage than the 'gentleman' who, driving in his carriage with his wife and son, passes an old woman—the boy's grandmother, crawling wearily along the hot dusty road—passes her without recognition. Or the other gentleman—living respectably, even handsomely—who takes

Digitized by Google

a deal of benevolent pains to solicit among his friends and acquaintance votes for admission to an almshouse for—though he does not exactly call her so—'my wife's mother.'

It is a curious fact, subversive of the theories of novelists, that mothers-in-law of sons generally 'get on' with them far better than with their daughters-in-law. While it is no unfrequent thing to see instances of a man's being kindly, even affectionately attached to his wife's mother, and she to him—almost any of us could count on our fingers the cases we know where a daughter-in-law is really a daughter to her parents by marriage. Some cause for this is the difference of sex: no man and woman in any relation of life, except the conjugal one, being ever thrown together so wholly and so intimately as to discover one another's weak points in the manner women do. Consequently, one rarely hears of a lady being at daggers-drawing with her father-in-law. She is usually on the civilest, friendliest terms with him; and he often takes in her a pride and pleasure truly paternal. For truly, women who are charming to men are common enough: a far safer test of true beauty of character is it that a woman should be admired and loved *by women*. It would save half the family squabbles of a generation, if the young wives would bestow a modicum of the pains they once took to please their lovers, in trying to be attractive to their mothers-in-law.

But the husband himself has often much to answer for. When with the blindness and selfish pride of possession natural to a man—and a man in love—he brings his new idol into his old home, and expects all the family to fall down and worship her, why, they naturally object to so doing. They cannot be expected to see her with his eyes. They may think her a very nice girl, a very likeable girl, and if left alone would probably become extremely fond of her in time, in a rational way; but every instinctive obstinacy of human nature revolts from compelled adoration. Heaven forbid that a man should not love, honour, and cherish his own wife, and take her part against all assaulters, if needful, be they of his own flesh and blood; but one of the greatest injuries a man can possibly do his wife is to be always exacting for her more love than she has had time to win—always shewing her forth as a picture of perfection, while common eyes see her only as an ordinary woman, blest with the virtues and faults which women can so quickly detect in one another. The kindest, wisest, most dignified course for any young husband on bringing his wife home is to leave her there, trusting her to make her way, and take her own rightful position, by her own honourable deserts.

A man has ordinarily little time or inclination to quarrel with his mother-in-law. The thousand little irritations constantly occurring between women who do not suit one another, yet are trying hard to keep on good terms for appearance' or duty's sake, are ridiculous trifles which he cannot understand at all. Better he should not. Better the wife should keep her little troubles to herself, and be thankful that on his side he is well disposed to be tolerant towards grandmamma. Grandmamma, on her part, not unfrequently likes her son-in-law extremely, asks his advice, is proud of his success in life; and though thinking, of course, that he is not quite good enough for her darling child—as indeed the Angel Gabriel and the Admirable Crichton rolled into one scarcely would have been—still she has a very considerable amount of respect for him, and kindly feeling towards him.

If she has not, and shews her want of it, she is the unkindest, most dangerous mother that any married woman can be afflicted with. If by word or insinuation she tries to divide those whom God has joined together, if she is so mad as to believe she shall benefit her daughter by degrading her daughter's husband—truly this mother-in-law, cherishing a dislike upon unjust grounds, deserves any retribution that may reach her. Even for just cause, such an antipathy is a fatal thing.

And here we come to one of the most painful phases of this subject, one of the sharpest agonies that woman's nature can endure—that is, when a mother-in-law has to see her child, son or daughter, unworthily mated, forced to wear out life, to die a slow daily death, in the despair of that greatest curse upon earth, an ill-assorted marriage.

One can conceive, in such a case, the motherly heart being stung into direst hatred for the cause of such misery—nay, bursting at times into the rage of a wild beast compelled to witness the torture of its young. This mother-passion, as helpless as hopeless, must be, of its kind, distinct from any other human wretchedness; and under its goading almost any outbreak of indignation or abhorrence would be comprehensible—nay, pardonable. To have to sit still, and see a heartless woman tormenting the life out of one's own beloved son, for whom nothing was too noble and precious; or a brutal husband breaking the heart of a tender daughter, to whom, ere her marriage, no living creature ever said a harsh or unkind word—this must be terrible indeed to bear. And yet it has to be borne, again and again. God comfort these unhappy mothers-in-law! Their sufferings are sharp enough to make amends for the wickedness of a hundred *Mrs Mackenzies*.

Yet until the last limit, the only safe course for them is to endure, and help their children to endure. Cases do arise, and a wise legislature has lately provided for them, when righteousness itself demands the dissolution of an unrighteous marriage; when a man is justified before heaven and earth in putting away his wife; and the counsel, 'Let not the wife depart from her husband,' is rendered nugatory by circumstances which entail sacrifices greater than any woman has a right to make, even to her husband. Every one must have known such instances, where the law of divorce becomes as sacred and necessary as that of marriage. But such melancholy unions are, thank God, the exception, not the rule, in this our land, and form no justification for the machinations of bad mothers-in-law. Therefore let them, in all minor troubles, practise patience, courage, hope. If, according to the apostle, who wrote on the subject with that wide calm observation which sometimes seizes on a truth more clearly than does one-sided experience—the unbelieving husband may be converted by the believing wife, and *vice versâ*, who knows but that a harsh husband, a neglectful wife, may sometimes be won over to better things, by the quiet dignity, the forbearance, the unceasing loving-kindness, of a good, generous mother-in-law?

Let us take her in one last phase in her long life—it must have been a sufficiently long one—and these few words concerning her are ended.

There arrives ofttimes a season when the sharpest, most intolerable mother-in-law becomes harmless; when a chair by the fireside, or a bed-ridden station in some far-away room, constitutes the sole dominion from which she can exercise even the show of rule or interference. Thence, the only change probable or desirable will be to a narrower pillow, where the gray head is laid down in peace, and all the acerbities, infirmities, or fatuities of old age are buried tenderly out of sight, under the green turf that covers 'dear grandmamma.'

Then, and afterwards, blessed are those sons and daughters, by blood or marriage, who, during her lifetime, so acted towards her that her death lays upon them no burden of bitter remembrance. And

Digitized by Google

blessed is she who, living, lived so that her memory is hallowed by all her children alike, and who is remembered by them only as 'mother'—never, even in name, as 'mother-in-law.'

A TREE OF LIBERTY.

Guines is a dull town in the north of France, about seven miles from Calais; and needs much to enliven it. It was on a Sunday afternoon, in December 1848, that I ran into a small apartment, shouting out: 'Tom! my lad, let us off to Ardres. Come along. The elections are on to-day, I hear, and all goes in favour of Napoleon. Vive la République!'

France in 1848! What pleasing recollections, what happy thoughts crowd upon me whenever I revert to the days I passed in La Belle France throughout that memorable year. Happy, I say, for I was a Briton, though a young one—left without control for the first time in my life, with a moderate amount of pocket-money, and a good deal of assurance. I was about eighteen years of age—had blue eyes and a fair complexion; and having, from a lad, imbibed a certain taste for raw beef and porridge, was pretty muscular, and exceedingly fond of fun. It will, therefore, be seen at once, when I say that a kind papa had sent me to France to learn the language in a short time, and nothing but the language, that he couldn't have sent me to a better place. Young as I was, however, I was almost involuntarily driven into politics.

The Tom I addressed above, was an English youth of about my own age, but a great deal more bull-doggy, and a terrible cracker of cocoa-nuts, as he termed Frenchmen's heads: a friend after my own heart. He was in Guines to learn to *parlez-vous*. Arcades ambo! With him all went jollily. Beef-steaks and home were well-nigh forgotten—never repined after. Together we sung *Scots wha hae*, and *Old England shall weather the Storm*; and more than once have we silenced the cabaret chant of *Guerre aux Anglais* with a broadside of *Rule Britannia*, or *Tippitiwitchet*. Where Tom went, I went; what I did, Tom did, and, *entre nous*, for a long time very little progress was made in French.

Tom was delighted with my proposition, and it was agreed that we should call for old B——, to accompany us. Off we started, and upon crossing the Place, came as usual upon Henri, moustache, long sword, cornered hat, and all complete. He shewed his dirty teeth as usual—for he had vowed vengeance on us—like a vicious horse, such as not even a Rarey could tame. Henri was the commissary's head man, and an inveterate and undisguised hater of all and everything English, the folks of which nation he was continually looking up, and making them understand the true nature of a *procès-verbal*. His red moustache was so gummed and twisted, that it stuck out at right angles with his small turned-up nose, a distance of three inches on either side. He got up this forky appendage, he said, to keep in awe all *mauvais sujets*. A 'ha, ha, ha!' from Tom as he passed, annoyed him; and he twirled one end of his facial cross-bar, and looked from under his shaggy eyebrows, as much as to say: 'I'll nail you yet, my chicks.'

We found old B—— indulging in a cigar, and sipping strong coffee and cognac. 'Will you go Baron?' 'Ve! ve! Quite à votre service.'

Who was old B——? Now, I cannot tell you, nor could any one I ever met tell me. He couldn't, or wouldn't, tell himself. This is all I know: he was a pompous, jolly, crafty, good-tempered, very poor professor of ten languages, but teaching only one—his own—German, which I was told he couldn't spell. He *was*, however, a baron; he would always stick to that. It is very desirable I should dwell somewhat on the merits and demerits of old B——. My narrative requires it. Old B—— demands it.

He was a podgy, short-legged man, of about five-and-fifty, who got himself up for thirty or five-and-thirty, on Sundays and gala-days. He wore a wig, a broad-brimmed white hat, and a snuffy moustache; was very upright, and had all the appearance of a live baron, especially when supported by his gold eye-glass and immense diamond brooch, his tightly strapped blue inexpressibles of chess-board pattern, his small pointed-toed patent boots, and well-fitting swallow-tailed dress-coat of a greenish hue.

His appearance was certainly *distingué;* but the most curious thing was, no one ever remembered the baron to have been dressed differently. This had been his gala-dress from time immemorial—when in prosperous times he lost his thousands at *rouge et noir* in Paris; the garments, perhaps, he condescended to wear when he dined tête-à-tête with the President of the United States, and those in which the Patagonians, or some other onians of South America, desired to crown him their king. His coat, like himself, never grew threadbare, nor his yarns either. He had captivated an English countess, and often related, to our immense satisfaction, how in consequence he was forced to fly from England; he had drunk tea in China, and flirted with the maidens of Otaheite; in short, he was the wonder and delight of all who met him, and he *did* look a real baron, although his brilliants were paste, and he had been a valet. This singular old person, strange as it may appear, nearly brought me to the hulks. This was the way it happened.

Rapidly did we leave Guines, passing the English ironworks to our left, ascending the hill, flanked by its double row of trees, until we stood on memorable ground. We crossed the Field of the Cloth of Gold. I ventured to bring old B—— out on the subject, but the professor evaded my general question, and quietly answered that he didn't see anything about the scene that it should be christened by so fine a name. The baron seemed colder than usual. Tom tried politics, but it was of no use; I had to come back to the old subjects. Les jolis bleus yeux! Vive la bagatelle! The right chord was struck; the baron yarned and yarned away, and kept us in a roar, and on we went, determined to be jolly for that evening.

An hour's walk brought us within view of the ancient—once strongly fortified—pretty little town of Ardres, where many a battle had been fought, to be fought over and over again; and where we English made our last stand in France—to be eventually kicked out altogether. Now, a six-pounder would bring the whole place down. Yet there is the fosse, the portcullis, and long arched gateway with its ponderous doors and rusty irons: the fosse is dry, the walls are crumbling—all is decay.

There resides here one remarkable Englishman—remarkable, because he ought to have been hanged fifty years ago, and is himself of the same opinion. He is a wiry little man, upwards of a century old, and receives a pension from the French government for having sold Nelson in the Mediterranean. He was intrusted, it appears, with some important dispatches and other documents from Nelson, which he ran off with, and delivered into Bonaparte's hands. Exiled, a handsome pension ever since has been his reward. He was wont to allude strangely to the plunder of Malta. I once asked him how he felt, when he heard afterwards of the affair in Aboukir Bay. Tears started to his gray eyes, and a blush passed over his weather-beaten face. He invariably spoke well of old Albion, and I fancy there was a great longing within him to visit once again his native land. This old traitor lives at Ardres.

Digitized by Google

Through the famous long archway, we entered the town, and found all bustle and excitement. Flags were flying and drums tattooing. Some were discussing, under the influence of long pipes and shrugged-up shoulders, the glories of La Belle France; while others marched in a row, bawling out the Marseillaise. Cries of 'Vive Napoleon' resounded from the old ramparts. The town was full, gay, and happy.

'Suppose we seek Monsieur H——,' I said; 'we can then have a four game at billiards. He must have put up near at hand.'

'A la bonne heure,' rejoined the baron; 'I vill go hunt him out myself. I know vell he vill come.' Pointing to a particular house, he marched off in his usual dashing style, saying as he left us: 'You vill enter là, and vait for us. Au revoir!'

Through clouds of tobacco-smoke, innumerable dominoes and cards, and all kinds of noises and smells, we entered the café. The rapid clack of the billiard-balls was to be heard amid the incessant jingling of glasses and the clattering hubbub which Frenchmen alone can make. But now they had assembled to uphold the glorious privilege of wholesale liberty and universal suffrage. How, then, could there be less excitement? If a sinister-looking fellow had followed us from the time we first came into the town, and continued to track old B——'s steps from café to café in his search for H——, what of it? The baron was always an attraction. Monsieur H—— could not be found. 'N'importe! I vill take you a game,' said the baron, examining a cue. 'It is a good table. Allons!' We continued to play upwards of an hour. I made some excellent canons; but the baron was, beyond doubt, the great gun of the room. Tired of play, we sat down at a small side-table over our cigars and grog, and placidly examined the motley groups around us. This was enjoyment. *Vive la France.*

More than another hour had flown by when we thought of returning; but lo! what meant that eager gaze of the outdoor population? There was no necessity to think even, for a fellow in a blouse came quickly up and told us we were discovered, and must be off. Qu'est ce que c'est? Ha! we were detected and foiled. We were politicals—spies direct from Paris to tamper with the voters. Oui, il n'y connait personne. Ils viennent de Paris—oui.

The fact was—however incredible it may appear—the good people of Ardres had really and positively been led away, by the baron's distinguished manners and appearance, to imagine that we had come to their town to interfere with the voting.

Half-a-dozen fellows, armed with stout sticks, were deputed to shew us the way out, and give us a sound drubbing into the bargain.

Upon leaving the café, we were roughly collared. Here Tom floored his man; the baron remonstrated and the brooch sparkled: but it was of no avail: we were spies, and off we should pack.

They dragged us through the town, and with kicks and cuffs sent us flying homeward under a heavy volley of stones from all the gamins of the place.

O Liberty! Liberty! 'It's your absurdly *dégagé* manner that's done it all, baron,' I cried. 'But what shall we do?' again I shrieked, for I was in a towering passion, 'Fight? Nonsense. Pocket the affront? No—I will have revenge!'

'Revenge!' echoed Tom. 'I will punch the first Frenchman's head I come across; but, I say, that was a good un on Crapaud's figure-head. My knuckle's cut.'

'Parbleu, my pack is cut too. Diable, ve vill go to the préfet. Oh, my coat is ruined—my hat is smashed.' Thus lamented old B——

In quite a different spirit from that in which we had set out, we trudged homeward: I plotting vengeance—but what I didn't know; Tom intending to fight the first opportunity. The baron did nothing but eye his ruined coat and battered-in chapeau.

Upon entering Guines, old B—— parted hurriedly from us. Tom and I continued our way very dejectedly, and were crossing the Place, when, lo! vengeance was in my grasp; all, all was clear as noonday—we could shock the whole nation in its nicest point. My mind was relieved.

'Tom,' said I, with startling earnestness, looking him straight in the face, and clapping one hand on his shoulder, while with the other I pointed in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville—'Tom, we will cut down that tree of humbug.'

'Bravo, bravissimo!' shouted Tom.

'Hush!' I resumed. 'Come to my apartment to-morrow, and we will concoct our plans.'

'That tree is doomed. Bon soir.'

We met next evening, and, for the benefit of future historians, and guidance of all would-be plotters, I will explain how we purposed to carry out our desperate resolves.

'I have,' I began, 'thought over the whole matter, and see no great obstacle to the attainment of our wishes, provided we can overcome the first that presents itself. We must get a saw, and that so cleverly, that not a soul must even dream of such a thing. How is it to be done? Now, look ye here, Tom,' I continued: 'you know little W—— at the ironworks better than I; call upon him to-morrow—keep your eyes open for the tool-house—you will fall over abundance of saws there—unobserved, clap one up your back, button your coat, bid little W—— adieu, and hasten here to me.'

'Very pretty; to be nailed stealing a saw; no, no! hit upon something better than that.'

'Tom,' I answered quickly, 'I have pondered over the affair all night and to-day, and this is the only feasible plan I see; besides, if you are detected, it was a wager, you understand, and we must let our project fall to the ground.'

'Fall, yes; the tree must fall: all right—I'll get the saw.'

'Tom, you're a brick.'

Here, cigar in mouth, he threw himself into a chair, cocked his legs on the mantel-piece, and folded his arms, while I proceeded.

'The saw obtained, we must choose a dark night, and issue out of the house, about two o'clock, by the front-parlour window; for, by that time, we shall probably find Henri asleep.'

'Well,' rejoined my companion, 's'pose t'other—s'pose Henri finds us awake?—his carbine is loaded.'

'What, the white feather, Tom?'

'O dear, no; I should think not—go ahead: we shall only be shot down by Redspikes, or have a little quiet recreation for five or ten years in the hulks—capital opportunity to arrive at a thorough knowledge of the idioms of the language. I never shall speak French if I don't do something—so down with the humbugging tree, and the sooner the better.'

We settled upon the following Friday.

The inhabitants of Guines were justly proud of their emblem, as three attempts had been made, and had failed, to transplant a suitable poplar to its consecrated space on the Place, just before the Hôtel de Ville, before they possessed the 'largest and finest Tree of Liberty in the whole of France.' They dug about it and dunged it, placed a pretty tricolored painted wooden railing round its enclosure, and bid Henri guard it with his most zealous care, ay, with his life.

By Friday, it was known that Napoleon had gained the presidentship. Guines was said to have favoured Cavaignac.

'Tom, all right. Come along, are you ready? It

Digitized by Google

rains in torrents, and the wind is awfully high—so much the better? Yes—shut your door. Hush! hark! Tread gently down this corridor—mind that step: c'est le premier pas qui carte!'

I had brought Tom to my room, as arranged. As the clock struck two, we buttoned up our old coats to the neck, fastened thick towels round our heads, tied on our slippers, and glided softly down a short flight of stairs into the parlour, where the window was soon opened, and the green blinds outside thrown back.

With palpitating hearts, we looked out upon the darkness. What a night! The rain fell, and the wind howled fiercely through the deserted streets. The prospect was anything but inviting, and I must own I began to feel my courage oozing away like that of Bob Acres's, when Tom very cleverly dropped into the street below, and called on me to follow. In the open air my pluck revived, and we had taken only a few steps forward, when—bang, bang.

'What on earth is that row? It will rouse the whole place. It's only a loose half of the blind flapping against the wall. Quick, on to my back; you must close and tie it. Leave the window open.'

Again we stealthily glided away along the most secluded thoroughfares, now and then stopping to listen for an unwelcome footstep; but nothing was to be heard save the roaring wind and pelting rain. We reached the Place unmolested, and strained our eyes towards the Hôtel de Ville. We gained the door; another pause; good—Redspikes was asleep.

'To work.'

A few hasty strides brought us to the object of our vengeance. The saw is drawn, Tom's arm is stretched.

'*Diable!*' he whispered, 'I can't reach the tree. We are done—these cursed rails. Shall we get over?'

'No, escape were then impossible. By Liberty, we won't be done,' said I, placing my shoulder firmly against the fence-work. 'Now for your weight, Tom.' One, two, three. Ugh—crack went the wood-work; and in another minute we were in the enclosure, and hard at work.

Sawing to windward, we had wellnigh brought the monster low, when we heard footsteps approaching; and we had to lie down flat by the side of our victim till the unconscious individual had passed away. Soaked to the skin, we rose and resumed our task, and soon had the satisfaction to find the tree give. Another vigorous essay, and it cracked; then placing a round stone in the incision made by the saw, which opened wider and wider with every succeeding gust of wind, we prepared to leave the spot.

'Do you think she'll go?' said Tom.

'Depend on it, she'll go now with the first heavy squall; she'll go, but we'll wait the issue yonder at the corner. Sharp's the word. By Jove, she's off!'

I had barely uttered these words, when the ponderous tree fell with a roar, smashing through the fence-work that surrounded it. The noise was a fearful one to be heard in the middle of such a night. We had scarcely reached a sheltering position, a few yards off, when up flew a dozen windows, and out flew Henri, carbine in hand.

'Qui va là?' No reply.

He stood still a moment, then dropped his head as in the act of listening. We suffered an agonising suspense. Just then a door slammed violently in the opposite direction to where we lay ensconced, and off we bounded. We had escaped. It was the work of a few minutes only to regain the parlour, fasten up the blinds and window, and creep quietly into bed.

Next morning, the town was in an uproar. Telegraphs were at work—so was poor Henri. Louis Nap. was furious—so was poor Henri. The authorities had the impudence—sheer thoughtless impertinence—to interfere with my appetite for a whole month, by quartering a dozen blood-thirsty gendarmes in a court-yard right facing our *salle à manger*. But, however, in spite of awful moustache and Napoleonic messages; in spite of the tales of Cherie, the maid, who archly hinted at dirty marks on the window-sill; in spite of the model they got made from the foot-prints found in the enclosure; in spite of more than one hundred examinations before the préfet—all they proved was, that Henri had been fast asleep, and the saw 'used by an experienced hand.'

THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSEHOLD BOOK; OR, HOUSEKEEPING THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

HAVING catalogued the eatables of three hundred years ago, we now turn to the wines; the yearly order for which we find to be '10 tons, 2 hogsheads of Gascoigne wyne—namely, 3 tons of red wyne, 5 tons of clarett, and 2 tons, 2 hogsheads, of whyte wyne,' at L.4, 13s. 4d. the tun. The earl seems to have retained the tastes of his Norman ancestors for the fair wines of France; but we would fain have known whether generous port, then so little popular with the English, was ever admitted to his board, or whether sherry, immortalised by Shakspeare some half-century later under its other name of sack, had yet found its way into the cellars of Wresil; but on these points the *Household Book* is silent, nor is there mention made of any kind of spirits. Beer was the principal beverage of the household, and to discover the cheapest method of manufacturing it, seems to have cost the earl and his council some anxious days, if not sleepless nights, for we find the most minute calculations entered into on the subject.

We are able to collect from these pages the names of a large variety of birds, which, though now lightly esteemed, were, in those days, introduced as luxuries at the tables of the great; thus, it is thought good that sea-gulls be had for my lord's mess, and none other, if they be in season. Wypes (or lapwings), stints, redshanks, bitterns, curlews, with many more equally strange, or equally distasteful to us as articles of food, are mentioned with similar restrictions, and seem to have been placed side by side with partridges, pheasants, snipes, and wood-cocks; even larks are set down as a delicacy not to be unreservedly enjoyed. Swans and peacocks were in high favour, and a warrant, drawn up as formally as if it related to the conveyance of all the estates of all the Percies, authorises the bailiff of his lordship's manor of Leckingfield, to 'deliver to my well-beloved servants, Richard Gowge, comtroller of my household, and Gilbert Weddell, clarke of my kechinge, against the feaste of Christmas next coming, 20 cygnets,' &c.

We find in this list no mention of turkeys; but had it been drawn up a few years later, they would probably have held a prominent place, for Baker in his Chronicles says of the fifteenth year of this reign: 'It happened that many things were now newly brought into England, whereupon this rhyme was made:

> 'Turkies, carps, hops, piccarell, and beere,
> Came into England all in one yere.'

The *Household Book*, however, clearly proves this to be incorrect, so far as the articles of hops and beer were concerned.

Digitized by Google

Let us now take a momentary glance at the earl's breakfast-table, choosing for our visit a season when all good Catholics are supposed to eschew a too great attention to creature comforts; and, first, we miss the now almost indispensable luxuries of tea and coffee, for which, to modern tastes, the 'quart of beyre and the quart of wyne' are but rude substitutes; but there is the goodly loaf of trencher (brown) bread, the two manchets, made of delicate wheaten flour, 'the dysh of butter, and the pece of salt-fish, or dysh of buttered eggs,' the latter to be replaced on flesh-days by half a chine of mutton or a chine of beef boiled: no great stint after all!

My lord and lady's fast-day dinner consisted of several varieties of fish, such as 'turbot slyced or baked, a dysh of flounders, a dysh of fried smelts, with salmon, sprotts, and salt-fish, five manchetts, a pottell of beyre, and a pottell of wyne;' to this was added for them that had the 'revercion'—that is to say, those who waited and took the leavings—'three lofes of bred, and three pottells of beyre.'

It will be remarked that there is here no mention of vegetables: potatoes, peas and beans, were then unknown in England; but that others were at least occasionally introduced, may be gathered from a subsequent order, that 'from heretoforth there be no herbes bought, seeing that the cooks may have them anewe in my lord's garden;' and in the list of the servants we find a 'gardener for *setting of herbes*, cheppinge of knots, and sweepynge the garden cleane.'

Similar minute directions are given for the 'orderynge' of the boards of my lord's children and those of his various dependents; and we observe a gradual decrease in the scale of luxury as we approach the lower offices, the 'dyshe of fresh fish, and the dyshe of cod or lynge, with butter, bread, and beyre,' dealt out to the head servants, being exchanged in the latter case for a 'pece of salt-fish' only.

We have no bill of fare of any of the 'principal feasts;' but, from the variety of choice viands laid in for them, they seem to have been conducted on the most liberal and magnificent scale; indeed, no one who studies this *Household Book* can for a moment doubt that boundless hospitality reigned throughout the princely establishment of the Percy; but it is as a domestic economist we are now chiefly considering him; and of his pre-eminence in that character, almost every page furnishes many, and sometimes amusing examples: thus, we find him on one occasion, always of course with the help of 'his council,' taking a review of the operations of the past year, and gravely noting down such defects as the following, 'in order that the provision thereof be amendit yerely from henceforth:' 'That there be no white salt occupied in my lord's hous, without it be for the pantre, or for castynge upon meat or for seasonynge of meat; that, whereas mustarde hath been bought of the sauce-maker aforetime, that now it be made within my lord's hous, and that one be provided to be groom of the squellery that can make it; that there be no lambes bought when they be at the darrest, without it be for my lord's boorde, the chamberlayns meas, and the stewardes meas; and that whereas earthyn pots be bowghte, that ledder pots be bowghte for them for servynge for lyveries and meales in my lord's hous.'

These are a few of many equally important matters that engaged the attention of one who, in early life, had directed the movements of an army, and who had yet to stand side by side with his royal master on the memorable 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.'

In looking through these pages, we catch an occasional glimpse of some of the sports and diversions of the era to which they refer.

Shooting with the long-bow, once so much practised by the English both as a means of defence and a favourite exercise, seems about this time to have fallen into some disrepute; for, during the reign of Henry VIII., acts of parliament were passed, rendering it compulsory for every man under sixty, except spiritual men and justices, to have a bow and arrows constantly in his house, and also that every servant should possess a bow and four arrows, master providing the same, and stopping the purchase-money out of his wages. In spite, however, of these stringent laws, we find good old Latimer constrained a few years later to lift up his powerful voice in behalf of an act which he designates as 'God's instrument, whereby He hath given us many victories against our enemies,' and which, he moreover adds, is 'a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic.' But that the use of the long-bow, however unfashionable elsewhere, was still practised at Wresil, is evident from the sum 'payde yerely to my lord's bowyer for seyinge and dressynge all his lordship's bowes in the yoman of the bowes keeping from tyme to tyme, and also to the flecher for seyinge to all the shaif arrowes and all others—he to fynde,' it is added with characteristic precision, 'all feders, waxe, glewe, and silke.'

Christmas in the olden time was, as is well known, a season of almost unbounded mirth and hilarity: in the houses of the great especially, Folly, with his cap and bell, seemed for the moment to reign paramount; and we are not therefore surprised to find a *rewarde*, as it is here styled, given yearly to 'an Abbot of Misrewle:' this being doubtless, as the editor suggests, the same respectable personage who, after the Reformation, when the word abbot had acquired an ill sound, reappeared as the '*Lord* of Misrule,' to preside over the Christmas gambols in the houses of our chief nobility. A master of the revels was also appointed for 'overseeing and orderynge the plays, interludes, and dressynges that is played before my lord on the twelfth day after Christmas.'

The drama seems to have been the favourite amusement; and Scriptural subjects, not excepting those even which involve the deepest and most awful mysteries of the Christian faith, were chosen as vehicles for the display of dramatic action or pantomimic skill. The priests were not only the authors of these religious plays, but in most cases the actors also. We have already heard of my lord's clerical almoner distinguishing himself as a playwright, and we now find others of the same holy calling 'playing a play at Shrovetide,' and again 'playing the play of Resurrection upon Easter-day in the morning in my lord's chapell.'

Minstrels of various degrees of merit, dependent apparently upon the rank of their masters—for an 'erls mynstrelle,' we observe, was to receive more than a lord's—are noted down amongst the regular recipients of his lordship's bounty; in return for, or more probably in anticipation of which, some of their fraternity were always to be found playing at my lord's chamber-door, and those of his family and guests, as soon as day dawned on New Year's morning.

In the administration of his charities, the Earl of

Digitized by Google

Northumberland proved himself a good Catholic, for he lavished what must then have been considerable sums in gifts to the church; and though we, whose lot has fallen on more enlightened times, may feel inclined to smile at the misappropriation of some of them, we must not forget at the same time to do justice to the liberality of the hand that knew how to scatter its wealth in so many and such diverse directions.

The shrine of our Lady in the Whitefriars at Doncaster seems to have been particularly favoured by the earl, being mentioned here as his own foundation. Both it and the prior who presided over it enjoyed a large share of his patronage. But he also assisted in 'upholdynge the lytes of waxe which his lordship fyndeth burnynge yerely before our Lady of Walsingham, Sainte Margaret, in Lincolnshire, and the holy blood of Hailes'—this last being a pretended relic of the blood of our Saviour, brought from the Holy Land by the Earl of Cornwall in the reign of Henry III., and by him deposited in the monastery of Hailes in Gloucestershire.

Several very ancient, and, as we suppose, now obsolete popish ceremonies are here alluded to, amongst others that of 'creeping (to) the cross on Good Friday,' which act of corporeal debasement the good earl and countess and their children diligently performed.

On Maundy Thursday, the custom, still kept up by the sovereign, of relieving as many poor people as the benefactor is years old, was strictly observed in the castle of Wresil: gowns, shirts, wooden trenchers loaded with bread, 'eshen cups' filled with wine, leathern purses containing pence equal in number to the years attained by the donor, were freely dealt round. One of the items thus alluded to is curious:

'That my lord caus to be bowghte on Maundy Thursday 3¾ yards of brode violett clothe, for a gowne for his lordship to do service in, and to be furrede with blake lambe, which gowne my lord weareth all the tyme his lordship doeth service; and after he hath done his service, at his sayd Maundy, doth gyf to the poorest man that he fyndeth, as he thynketh among them all.'

On New Year's-day, there was a general interchange of gifts between the various members and inmates of the family; and rewards were dealt out to those of the domestics who were so fortunate as to be chosen to convey them; but the exact amount to be given to each was carefully written down; nothing was to be left to caprice, nothing to impulse:

'My lord *useth* and *accustometh* to gyf yerely to the servant of my lady, his daughter, the little Lady Margaret aforesaid, now a staid matron, and the wife of the Lord Clifford, if she be on New-year's Day with his lordship, and send him a New-year's gyft, 6s. 8d.'

The removal from place to place of a household such as that we have been describing must have been, under any circumstances, rather a serious affair; and considering that it was customary to remove a large portion, if not the whole, of the household furniture, we almost wonder that it could ever have been attempted more than once or twice in a lifetime. The usual mode of travelling for gentlemen was on horseback; while the ladies either rode on a pillion behind them, or singly on their own palfreys, which they exchanged, when fatigued, or in bad weather, for a covered litter. We find, however, several kinds of carriages mentioned, such as horse-litters, chairs, close 'carres,' chariots, and carts; but some of these bore small resemblance to the vehicles so named in the present day; the chariot, for instance, must have been a sort of wagon, as is evident from the load assigned to it in the general order for the removal of the family, and also from seven 'great trotting horses' being appointed to draw it, and a chariotman, on a smaller nag, to ride beside them. More than two horses had never yet been used for carriages, commonly so called; and it was reserved for the proud and luxurious George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, some fifty years later, to astonish the worthy citizens of London, by appearing in the streets in a coach drawn by six horses.

Still, whatever form it might assume, the chariot took precedence of all the other conveyances employed, and seems on these occasions to have been put to an unaccustomed use, for certain officers were charged 'yerely, before the remewval of my lord at Michaelmas, to see all the vestry stuf, and the wardrobe stuf, carried by my lord's own chariot to the place appointed; becaus my lord shall be put to no further charge of carridges than needeth, seeynge that the carridge, with my lord's own chariot, may save the same, and the stuf begone at least a fortnight before his remewval.'

If his lordship travelled unaccompanied by his family, six horses were required for himself and suite, as thus: 'A nagge for him to ryde upon; a second, to be led for him to change; a third, for the groom of the robes to ride afore with his maile; two others, for clothes-sacks, containing his lordship's bedde and body apparail; and, lastly, one for the groom of the livery to ride afore, with the shavinge basin and ewer.'

All hail to the days of railways, and carpet-bags of diminished state, but added comfort, when an overland journey to India occasions less trouble, and occupies not much more time than was once expended in a transit between London and York. Well, though, might the ex-coachman of a nobleman, transformed into his lodgekeeper, remark lately to a friend of ours, while deploring the loss of that golden harvest which had often deposited a sovereign in his pocket in return for washing a visitor's carriage: 'Why, bless you, sir, now-a-days the first lord in the land may walk in at that gate, with his bag and wrapper under his arm, and nobody know that he is a lord.' And what matter, say we:

> The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
> The man 's the gowd for a' that.

It must now suffice that we give a few more extracts, taken almost at random, further to illustrate the prudence and foresight by which the framers of this curious book were characterised, and first—

'It is ordayned that whoever stands charged with the expenses and keepynge of my lord's hous for the yere, shall at all such tymes as my lord doth excede in the fayre of his hous the ordinary service accustomed as appointed in his book of orders, as well at all feasts as in tymes that strangers cum, brynge my lord a bill of the names of such (articles) of flesh or fish which is expended above the ordinary fayre, and in what service it is expendit, that his lordship may dayly see at such tymes as strangers be with him, wherein he doth exceed the fayre ordinary of his hous.

'Item, that the clarkes of the kechinge shall after they make any bargaine for any manner of provision for keepynge of my lord's hous, that they make him privy thereto, afore the bargayne be concluded, to the intent that they may know whether his lordship agree to the said price or not.

'Item, that the clarke of the brevements (or registrar), by the advice of the comtrouller and head clarke of the kechinge, caus the catorer to go abroad in the country weekly for bying of stuf in such places as is thought it shall be *best cheap;* and to by it seldomest where my lord liveth, except it may be had as good cheap there as elsewhere.

'Item, it is thought good that all manner of wyldfowl be bought at the first hand, and a catorer to be appointed for the same, for it is thought that the

Digitized by Google

poultrers of Hemmingburgh and Clef hath taken great advantage of my lord yerely, of sellynge of cuneys and wyldfowl.'

But the Lord of Northumberland was not easily imposed upon, and we should think there was marvellously little danger of the evil befalling him which he thus guards against.

'That the clarke of the kechinge see that the service appointed in the booke of directions for the expenses of my lord's hous be observed and kept without imbridgement, to be examined every day what lacks thereof, to the intent that the officers shall not perluine it to their profit, if there be any, but that it remayne only to my lord's profit.'

The Lord of Wresil was not, it would appear, the only nobleman who, after distinguishing himself at the court and in the field, retired to his country-house, there to relax his energies by paying a minute attention to domestic affairs; for we find among the notes in the *Household Book*, an article entitled 'Lord Fairfax's orders for the servants of his household' after the civil wars. And at the risk of trying the patience of our readers, we must give two or three extracts from it, for the edification of modern housewives, no less than to shew the gradual progress of refinement as we approach nearer to our own times.

After appointing the servants to assemble by seven of the clock in the morning in the hall, he requires the 'clarke' of the kitchen to direct the cooks what shall be for breakfast for the ladies in their chambers, and likewise for the gentlemen in the hall or parlour, which must be served by eight o'clock, and not after.

Dinner was to be ready by eleven—quite an advance in civilisation this—and the great chamber being duly served, the steward and chaplain were to sit down in the hall, and call to them the gentlemen, if there were any unplaced above, and then the servants of the strangers, as *their masters be in degree;* and if any unworthy fellow do unmannerly sit himself down before his betters, they must take him up and place him lower! With a regard to appearances scarcely to be surpassed by the most aspiring of modern *parvenus*, it is next provided that 'the best fashioned and apparelled servants shall attend above the salt, the rest below;' and they are, moreover, instructed, that if one have occasion to speak to another about the service at table, let him whisper, 'for noyse is uncivil; and if any servant go forth of the chamber for anything, let him make haste, and see that no more than two be absent.

'For prevention of errands, let all sauces be ready at the door, for even a mess of mustard will take a man's attendance from the table; but, lest anything happen unexpectedly, let a boy stand within the chamber-door for errands.

'Let no man fill beyre or wyne but the cupboard-keeper, who must make choice of his glasses and cups for the company, and not fill them hand over head. He must also know which be for beyre, and which for wyne, for it were a foul thing to mix the two together.

'Let him which doth order the table be the last man in the room to see that nothing be left behinde that should be taken away.' And then his lordship thus concludes: 'Many things I cannot remember, which I refer to your good care; otherwise I should seem to write a book hereof.'

And now we, too, must take our leave of this curious memento of days long gone by: we have culled only a few of its more prominent passages, in presenting which to the readers, we have purposely passed over many equally or even more curious; the correct signification of which, from the obscurity of the diction and the obsolete customs referred to, seems to be difficult to come at. If we should have succeeded in affording half an hour's amusement to those who may not have leisure or opportunity to examine it for themselves, the time we have devoted to the study of the Northumberland *Household Book* will not have been spent in vain.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

THIRTY years ago, we remember Mr Cyrus Redding as a youngish man, of gentlemanly appearance and address, fond of society, and qualified by his manners and conversation to take a prominent part in it. This, together with his literary tastes and capabilities, is sufficient to account for the contents of the book before us; by which we find that the author, in his progress through life, mixed much with the world, and possessed opportunities of seeing a good deal both before and behind the curtain. The present result is more a book of personal anecdotes than an autobiography; and the public appear to have applauded his judgment in making it so, for already we have the second edition of the work.*

Our author tells us that he was dandled on the knee of Howard the philanthropist, and that he saw Lord North, although unable now to recollect either. John Wesley he both saw and heard in childhood. 'A servant taking me out to walk, I saw him in a black gown, his long white hair over his shoulders, as in his portraits, at which I stared as at something wonderful. Children were clambering on the timbers, close to where I stood. On a sudden, he stopped in his discourse, turned round towards them, and called out in a clear, loud tone: "Come down, you boys, or be quiet."' Another divine of eminence in America, called Murray, he likewise remembers; the same who received from his countrymen the sobriquet of Salvation Murray, to distinguish him from another of the same name styled Damnation Murray. Franklin preferred the doctrine of the former, remarking, that 'it was more natural than otherwise that God should reconcile a lapsed world to himself.'

When Mr Redding had seen, as he tells us, 'a score of summers,' he set out for London, and in due time —19 hours to 84 miles!—arrived at Bath, and found it realise the descriptions we read in obsolete novels. The pump-room was too small for the crowd of fashion, and almost every house exhibited a hatchment. Quin called Bath 'the finest place in the world for an old cock to go to roost in.' Its merits, however, were more various, for it was choked up by the *beau-monde*, who rushed thither to drink water and to dance, as well as to die.

'Among the distinguished individuals then in Bath, were William Pitt, and the overshadowed Lord Melville; the latter under the cloud of his impeachment. Pitt was rapidly sinking. The battle of Austerlitz, and defeat of the last coalition, pressed him to the earth. His desire was to be like his father, a great war-minister, without the experience and due appreciation of the difference of circumstances and times. His stamina were gone; Bath did him no good. Two or three bottles of wine a day ceased to stimulate, and he had constant recourse to large doses of laudanum.

'An official, in attendance at the House of Commons, used to be ready with a full beaker of port-wine when Pitt arrived. This he quaffed off nearly to the quantity of a pint before he entered. He would repeat the draught in the course of the evening. I have at this time a friend who knew the official, proud of relating the circumstance. The reaction of such a custom was inevitable. Care about self-esteem did not keep him politically honest. Did the consciousness of it lead him to wine, or was it

* *Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal, with Observations on Men and Things.* By Cyrus Redding. 3 volumes. London: Charles J. Skeet. 1858.

Digitized by Google

pure love of the beverage? Perhaps it was neither—a stimulant had become necessary to a feeble stomach. His father was fond of port wine, and took it despite the gout.

'The sight of Pitt's person was not calculated to strengthen his cause with his youthful advocate, for such I was then. His countenance, forbidding and arrogant, was repellent of affection, and not made to be loved, full of disdain, of self-will, and, as a whole, destitute of massiveness; his forehead alone was lofty and good. He walked with his nose elevated in the air; premature age was stamped upon his haggard features.... As I recollect, he seemed nearly as tall as myself—in flesh, the merest scarecrow, which, perhaps, made him seem taller than he really was, having, by the use of alcohol, attenuated the muscular fibre.'

It was later than this our author found Gravesend 'a miserable little place,' where he was charged five shillings for a biscuit and a glass of spirits and water. A companion, disapproving of the exorbitant profit, smashed stealthily half-a-dozen glasses on the sideboard.

Mr Redding's acquaintance with the author of *Lacon*, who is mentioned repeatedly throughout the book, commenced in this wise:

'I was sitting alone expecting a summons to dinner one day, when the door of the room opened, and, with little ceremony, a hard pallid-faced gentleman in black entered, and began:

"I have heard of you, sir; wished much to be acquainted; came from Tiverton; called to ask if you had seen one of my pamphlets," handing over one; "singular thing, sir."

"Pray, sir, whom have I the honour of addressing?"

"My name, sir, is the Reverend Caleb Colton, Cambridge Fellow, curate of Tiverton."

"Pray, sir, take a seat." Here commenced my acquaintance with that singular personage, the author of *Lacon*. A first-rate scholar and shrewd thinker; most superstitious about spiritual appearances. His pamphlet related to the Sampford ghost, and most extraordinary things he stated as facts, and verbally re-affirmed. He talked of the church, of Horace, of his own poetry, of which he had a lofty idea, and of Dr Johnson's opinion of spirits. In vain was dinner announced; he took no hint, and, being pleased with his conversation, I thought the best way was to ask him to take a share of what awaited myself. He jumped at the offer, and said it would prolong conversation. I remember there were ducks on the table, and that he dined off a very small portion of one of them. Of wine, no dean, "orthodox in port," could seem fonder in moderation. It was midnight before he departed. His conversation was scholastic and clever, mingled with the wonders of the ghost. He had sat up two nights, had found the bells of the house rung, had undone the wires, and still the mysterious sounds were heard. He had rushed with a light into the apartment, and counted five or six vibrations of a clapper while he looked on. He had listened to footsteps on the stairs, where nothing could be seen, and had been so convinced of supernatural agency, that he had made himself responsible for two hundred pounds, to be paid to the poor of the parish, if the thing should be proved an imposture. This was a great proof of his sincerity, as no man loved money more. It may be observed, that he was so credulous about ghosts, he would not walk home of an evening across his own churchyard, unless he was lighted by some one, and a little girl of ten years of age used to accompany him on such occasions, carrying a lantern. He gave me a pressing invitation to Tiverton, and quoted many lines from a poem he was composing, called *Hypocrisy*.

"Now," said he, "do you think any lines of Pope are more euphonical than these?"

'His conceit at first surprised me, but seeing his weak side, I flattered him.

"Really they are good, and very like"——

"There, sir, I think these will convince you I can write verses of some merit."

'His repetition was like a boy declaiming at a grammar-school; upon all other topics he was shrewd, informing, and agreeable. He laid bare a sophistry admirably, and when he felt he had succeeded, he indicated it by a peculiar twinkle from the corners of his cunning gray eyes, bespeaking his satisfaction. His cheek-bones were high, and his features denoted none of that intellectual power which he undoubtedly possessed, rather the result of labour than genius. He seemed in conversation as though his whole life had been devoted to controversial debate, and that he had employed all his time in detecting fallacies. His learning was great, his reading extensive, his memory retentive. He quoted from English, Greek, and Latin writers with great facility, when he wanted to illustrate any subject. His knowledge of the Scripture was apt and profound, yet he was careless in morals, selfish, reckless in conduct, and sceptical in his faith.'

Mr Redding was, of course, disappointed with the appearance of Madame de Staël; who, however, was 'not ugly, but simply uninteresting and ordinary in feature, and somewhat heavy and rather full in person.' The conversational talents of this remarkable woman are well known; but the practical distinction she drew between the English and German characters, in reply to a question of Mr Redding, is as acute and as true as anything of hers we have seen. 'Asking her what she thought of the Germans, she replied in some respects they were mystics, fond of the extravagant, because their rulers left them little else with which they could deal freely. They were not always exact reasoners, but that was an inconvenience under their circumstances which political amelioration would remove. They were baptised in theories, but might still put to shame the logical English, who spoke continually of Locke and reason, and obeyed custom. "You do not take the trouble to test the soundness of your customs. The Germans are only at liberty to dream, but cannot act on their dreams."

The conversation of Dr Wolcot at seventy-seven years of age was as racy as ever. As a physician, he seems to have been born a generation before his time. He outraged both the faculty and the people by permitting his fever patients to drink as much cold water as they pleased; he affronted and dismayed the apothecaries by analysing their medicines; and he said to Mr Redding with his heretical candour: 'A physician can do little more than watch nature; and if he sees her inclined to go right, give her a shove on the back.' When Wolcot was in Jamaica, the governor's sister asked him the news one morning, and he 'told her that a cherub had been caught up in the Blue Mountains, and brought into the town.

"What did they do with it, my dear doctor?"

"Put it in a cage with a parrot."

"And what then, doctor?"

"In the morning, the parrot had pecked out both its eyes."

"You don't say so!"'

Wolcot was the first patron of Opie, whom he brought forward in a very judicious manner. The young artist began with heads at 5s., which increased to 10s. 6d.; and on returning, after his first painting expedition, with twenty guineas in his possession, 'so wonderful was the sum in his unaccustomed eyes, that he first flung the money on the doctor's table in a sort of rapture, and then sweeping the coin all off upon the carpet, rolled himself over it, exclaiming: "Here I be rolling in gold!"'

Among Mr Redding's acquaintance was Catalani,

Digitized by Google

whom he found 'always the same elegant and amiable creature, with the same sweet simple smile, and modest manners.' Through another acquaintance, an old lady, less known, he heard of some of the celebrities of a former generation. '"Charles Churchill," she observed, "nobody could ever dream he was able to write such fine poetry, who knew him as well as I did. He was such a heavy, dull man, and had so little to say in company. He often dined with my father, and had a great name with the players." Wilkes, she told me, generally came to her father's house with Churchill, and had all the conversation, having something to say to everybody and about everything, but he was so ugly. . . . . I found that Mrs Kendal, for that was Miss Cotes's name by marriage, did not think much of her father's friend as a gentleman, though as a poet, the world, she said, was full of his praises.'

Among the originals in this amusing cabinet, not the least interesting is M. Mentelle, a French mathematician. He was a handsome man of four or five and thirty, who lived in a summer-house in a garden —a glazed room about ten feet square—which he occupied free of cost, giving a half-crown lesson once a week to supply himself with food: 'I entered his cell, occupied by himself and his books, nearly to repletion, together with a long box or chest, in which were several blankets, and across it a plank, on which he was sitting, his feet and legs in the box for the sake of warmth, his back against the wall which received the sashes on both sides, some of which had a pane or two fractured, and mended with paper, on which I observed closely written Greek characters. Before him was a tilted board, which served him for a table, and by the side of the box, an old arm-chair, on which several folio volumes lay open, one upon another. From the ceiling, suspended by a rusty wire, just over his primitive table, hung a piece of tin-plate bent into the form of a lamp, with a wick and oil in it. A small can stood in one corner, and in another, an earthen pitcher of water.' This gentleman conversed fluently in Greek, Latin, English, Italian, German, and Arabic; and read various other tongues, including Chinese. He had travelled on foot all over the continent. 'He was on intimate terms with the members of the French Institute, and the principal men of science in Paris; and a curious figure he cut walking with some of them arm in arm in a soiled flannel jacket and trousers, without stockings, through the fashionable Boulevards, as was often the case.' Mr Redding strongly advised the philosopher to abandon his cherished idea of coming to England, where poverty is only not as great a crime as robbery. 'Your innocent sleep by the wood-side would be deemed a crime. The *juge de paix* would send you to prison for that alone, and, if money were found upon you, it would aggravate the offence. He would ask why you did not get a bed, if you were an honest man. He would say you were a beggar, or were hunting game. Your knowledge, if displayed, would be treated as an aggravation of your offence, "for one who knew so much must be an idler, who would not work for his bread." Do not come to England unless you have money, and a good coat.'

Let us now call up Foscolo; for Mr Redding, with great good taste, concerns himself only with the dead. 'Foscolo lived at Moulsey, but had a lodging in Blenheim Street. There my introduction took place to this friend of Alfieri, well known as he was throughout Europe. Foscolo, at the moment I entered the room, was under the hands of his barber, lathered to the eyes. The lower part of his face looked like the wood-cut of a monkey I had in an edition of Gay's *Fables*, when I was a boy. The upper part was fine, a good forehead, fine large gray eyes, his brow expansive, scanty sandy-coloured hair, all, however, depreciated by the suds and napkin over his shoulders. He sputtered from his ample lips through the snowy froth: "Sit down, my good friend; I have heard of you —we will talk presently." His scraggy neck was bare, but amid all, his countenance was expressive of high genius. He was scrupulously neat in his person, and gentlemanly when he pleased. . . . . His temper was his great failing; and he would too often disregard the exact truth in the relation of a fact, and thus get into a dilemma, and to get out of it, shew his quickness of feeling. . . . . We used to play at chess together, when he would make a bad move, and flying into a passion with himself, tear off his hair by the handful. I therefore proposed that we should play no more, as it might lead to a personal quarrel. He said that he was sorry for it; he could not help quarrelling with himself, being so careless in his moves.' Here is a poetical portrait of Foscolo by himself:

A furrowed brow, intent and deep-sunk eyes,
Fair hair, lean cheeks, and mind and aspect bold!
The proud quick lip, where seldom smiles arise—
Bent head, and well-formed neck, breast rough and cold,
Limbs well composed; simple in dress, yet choice;
Swift or to move, act, think, or thought unfold.
Temperate, firm, kind, unused to flattering lies,
Adverse to the world, adverse to me of old;
Ofttimes alone and mournful, evermore
Most pensive, all unmoved by hope or fear;
By shame made timid, and by anger brave;
My subtle reason speaks: but ah! I rave—
'Twixt vice and virtue hardly know to steer—
Death may for me have fame and rest in store!

An amusing account is given of the indignation of a lady of the genus irritable, who was offered twelve guineas per sheet by the *New Monthly Magazine*, edited nominally by Thomas Campbell, but really by Mr Redding. 'To imagine that I should write on such terms,' wrote Miss Mitford, 'is ridiculous. I left off writing for the magazines generally because sixteen was not enough, and in my letter to Mr V—— was as clear as possible on the point: I especially said six guineas an article, long or short.' These were the palmy days of the monthly magazines. How much do they pay *now*? The annuals, too, we remember—at least the first-class annuals—did not count the pages at all: they paid fifteen guineas per prose article. The contributions to the *Book of Beauty* were on a different footing: they were a homage to the fair editress, Lady Blessington, whose female contributors usually received an ornamental pen, or some other article of trifling value, as a return of courtesy.

Mr Redding is not an out-and-out admirer of Lamb. 'Lamb's dislike of the country, born and bred in London as he was, seems rational enough; and from the same cause, his affection for ale and tobacco, attachments worthy of those who dislike flowers, kitchen-gardens, and love company, particularly low company. Lamb felt himself at home here. He owned, notwithstanding, that he had a delicacy towards sheep-stealing. Were not the Edinburgh Reviewers right—could such a man be a poet? His charming essays came from his own habitual feelings, and the peculiarities of his social habits, and were quaint, fruitful pictures of certain things allied with those habits. Poetry is a different matter, and more universal in its nature—at least, that poetry which confers a lasting reputation. A poet born, bred, educated, and continually resident in a great city, with none but urban associations, is like a stall-bred ox that never pastured. The map of Lamb's world, and that of his followers, extended from Hampstead to Camberwell, and from Brentford to Bow. They had heard, it was true, of other countries beyond those limits, which were the sojourn of the Troglodites, whose heads grew beneath their shoulders, for all they knew or cared about

Digitized by Google

them. Porter was their nectar; the tavern-board or the book-cleared table in chambers, the fresh lobster, and the toasted cheese at supper, a little discourse on their own theories, amid the incense of the Indian weed, and they were in their element. Lamb had not seen the "wide" world. He cherished his circumscription, and he was right if he liked it best. He was a kind relative, a good but peculiar man, but had no sympathetic rejoicings with wild wanderers. He was an original, radically of the city in his habits as well as literature. The Thames was his lake, not Bala or Derwentwater; the oozy beds of the coal-lighters on the fragrant borders of their opaque waters bathed his spirit. He loved the place of his nativity, and the streets and dwellings that he had known so long. The dinginess of Fleet Street and the Temple was his precious *verd antique*. All this was natural, nor am I aware that he ever upbraided or envied those who expatiated more at large. His "sect" died with him.'

If we had room, we should be glad to quote a scene between Campbell and Professor Wilson. The former was talking with warmth of the tyranny of the Czar Nicholas in tearing away Polish children from their families; and Wilson contending in grave badinage that it was all an error arising from mistranslation; that the young Poles were really young pigs.

But we must have done; and we give Mr Redding the last word: 'Horace Twiss, with his grave countenance, who should have been called single-speech, for he made but one good speech in parliament, was a sober and attentive man of business—his solemnity sometimes passing for extra wisdom. One day, going to see a friend in the Temple, I met him on the ground-floor. "Come with me," said he; "Twiss is rehearsing; don't make a noise." Horace had to be down at the house that evening. We peeped through the keyhole, hearing him in practice, and saw him address the tongs, placed upright against the bars, as "Mr Speaker;" but we could not hear all the oration. The honourable member preserved wondrous gravity, and the tongs falling, said to himself: "Ay, now the Speaker has left the chair." '

LURKING POISONS.

For years past we have been taking lessons in mistrust, and are more than half afraid of swallowing poison with our daily food. It would be well were we still more mistrustful, not only with respect to food, but to various other articles which are continually passing through our hands. Poison lurks in a thousand places and things where we do not expect to find it, and a very slight circumstance often suffices to transform what we deemed a trifle of no account, into a death-dealing agent. Even when fatal consequences actually ensue, they are frequently attributed to any cause rather than the right one, especially in cases where children are the sufferers.

It may not, perhaps, be amiss to instance a few such cases, and I do so with the view of putting persons on their guard, and inducing them to make themselves acquainted with the nature and properties of many dangerous things by which they are surrounded, and so prevent the repetition of accidents which are now, through ignorance, of frequent occurrence. Take, for example, the following:

Not many days ago, the wife of a well-to-do farmer with whom I am acquainted came to town on the market-day, leaving an infant of ten months old in the especial charge of her eldest daughter. Almost immediately after her departure, the child, a most engaging little girl, was taken suddenly ill. Violent attacks of vomiting, between which the child lay in a kind of death-like torpor, were the symptoms, and a tooth, which was just making its appearance, was blamed as the cause of her suffering. As, however, some time elapsed, and no perceptible improvement took place in the state of the little patient, the sister became alarmed, and despatched a servant to recall the mother. On her arrival, *she* also set down everything to the tooth, and but for the inquiries of a friend, to whom the circumstances of poor baby's illness were pathetically detailed, the aforesaid incisor would have borne the blame of having caused it.

The friend, however, could not divest herself of the idea that the child's sufferings were not the result of teething, but of some mineral poison that had been accidentally administered to it, particularly when informed, that after it had taken the breast, though the sickness was greater, the bad symptoms began to abate.

'Are you quite sure,' she asked, 'that your little one had eaten nothing injurious?'

'Quite sure,' replied the mother, almost indignant at the bare idea that her darling's sufferings had been caused by any carelessness or neglect on her part. 'Indeed,' she added, 'knowing she was *about* some teeth, I would not trust her to a servant, but fed her myself; and she was in no other hands except those of my daughter this morning.'

'Then had she no playthings near her?'

'Not any.'

'O no,' interposed the daughter; 'the only thing she touched was a piece of paper, and at first I thought it had made her sick, as she swallowed a bit of it, and sucked the colour off the remainder.'

The solution of the matter was now made perfectly plain. A few more questions proved the correctness of the visitor's suspicions. The paper alluded to was a large ticket of a brilliant and beautiful green colour, which had been taken off some article of clothing. Its gay hue and the glittering letters had attracted the child's attention; and the mother, never deeming such a trifle could contain anything injurious, unhesitatingly placed in the eagerly outstretched little palm a portion of a most deadly poison. Fortunately, the dose did not prove sufficient to destroy life, though it was quite strong enough to place it in jeopardy.

When paper-hangings were more expensive, and consequently less common than they are at present, the walls of two rooms in my father's house were washed with a green solution. Whenever these walls were swept, the person performing the operation was sure to complain of sickness, and an acid coppery taste in the mouth. This is easily accounted for, though I believe it occurred several times before any person attributed it to the real cause. Of course, the sweeping removed a portion of the colouring matter from the walls, in the form of a fine and subtle dust, which, being inhaled, produced slight symptoms of poisoning. Here, too, a child had nearly lost her life from repeatedly wetting her finger with saliva to rub the colouring matter off the wall.

Of a similarly injurious nature are the brilliant green-hued paper-hangings which have been so much in use of late. Only a few weeks ago, a medical man, writing to one of our leading journals, gave an account of his having suffered seriously from them. It appears from his statement, that being in the habit of spending a considerable portion of his time in a room hung with paper of the objectionable

Digitized by Google

hue, he became ill, but, removing to another apartment, he speedily recovered. Subsequently, returning to his old place and habits, the bad symptoms again appeared.

His suspicions were aroused; and certain chemical experiments proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that a highly poisonous matter had been extracted from the green-coloured paper, and transferred to his system, by inhalation, to an extent sufficient to bring on serious indisposition.

It seems, moreover, that in one of the continental cities, the police authorities have interfered, and actually rent paper-hangings of this particular colour from the walls, to prevent the dangerous results which might have otherwise ensued to those who occupied the apartment.

It was suggested, some time ago, that the gas contained in the air-balls which have lately been such favourite toys, might, under certain circumstances, render them anything but safe articles to place in the hands of the rising generation. But it seems that here again the actual loss of two lives has resulted from the use of poisonous colouring matters in their decoration.

The sufferers were the children of a man who manufactures these air-balls; and his whole family have suffered, more or less, by inhaling the poison. For my part, I honestly rejoice at the introduction of any new and attractive plaything, deeming it no light matter to furnish a child with a source of pleasure; but surely novelty is too dearly purchased at the cost of human life.

Again, it is quite possible that a sufficient amount of poison to affect the wearer may be rubbed off a dress. A few months ago, many of the young women employed in a great Parisian dress-making establishment became suddenly ill while at their work. They were making up a number of ball-dresses, of a peculiarly beautiful and novel shade of green, and the friction indispensably attendant on their labour, had displaced a portion of the colour, which they had inhaled.

A physician of eminence, who was consulted on the occasion, gave it as his opinion, that should these dresses be worn in a ball-room, a sufficient quantity of poison would be mingled with the atmosphere to produce most dangerous consequences to the company.

These are only a few out of numerous cases which present themselves as all springing from similar causes. But they are sufficient for my present purpose, since they give ample testimony of the harm which may result from ignorance in a very simple matter, and also furnish instances of the various forms under which *one* poison only may be presented to us without awakening suspicion.

Take the first case quoted. All persons who have anything to do with children, well know with what avidity the youngsters beg for pieces of coloured paper. They watch eagerly for the time when the last sheets of note-paper are taken from the cover, or the envelopes from the gay band which confines them, in order to appropriate these little works of art—for truly many of them may be called such—to the manufacture of sundry devices. And probably not one mother out of a hundred is conscious that a misapplication of some of these innocent-looking and much-coveted articles might cost a child's life.

We need only ascertain of what such colouring matters are composed to see clearly the cause of such disastrous effects. The majority of greens, in fact, all the most beautiful, are preparations of copper, the only mineral which produces that colour. In Ure's *Dictionary*, we find, under the head 'green paints,' a list of seven greens, nearly all of which are different preparations of copper. Scheele's green, and Schweinfurth green, the two most beautiful pigments of this hue, are both deadly poisons. The first is composed of oxide of copper, and arsenous acid, or white oxide of arsenic. Schweinfurth green, which is a still finer colour, contains the above-named ingredients, but in different proportions, and with acetic acid in addition. With regard to the first, Dr Ure tells us that it was detected, a few years before the publication of his work, as the colouring matter of some Parisian *bonbons*, by the *Conseil de Salubrité;* since which, the confectioners were prohibited from using it by the French government. More recently, I have myself read of a case where a child was poisoned through sucking the green colour off some twelfth-cake ornaments.

Now, where so large a proportion of the various shades of green are known to be formed by a mixture of some of the most powerfully poisonous substances, and since only persons possessing considerable chemical knowledge can distinguish those that are the least injurious, it is surely advisable to caution all who are not so well informed. Even when green is produced by a mixture of blue and yellow, Prussian blue, the one most commonly employed, is in itself slightly poisonous.

Before passing from the subject of colours, I will mention a few of the poisonous substances used in producing different shades for painting and dyeing. To attempt to give the exact composition of each colour, and the mode in which it is produced, would occupy too much time and space; as it is, I only intend to name a few, simply with a view to put persons on their guard against the misapplication of articles innocent enough in their proper places, and hurtful only when, as in the case quoted at the commencement of this little paper, they are placed in the hands of those who divert them from their original uses.

Among the colouring substances used by the manufacturers of paper-hangings and painted papers, are white-lead, chrome yellow—a preparation of lead—Prussian blue, blue verditer—a preparation of copper—and the greens already mentioned. The above-named are all poisonous; and when we consider the immense number of articles wrapped in these painted papers, no more need be said as to the necessity for great care in placing them in the hands of children, since any one knows that almost everything given to a child under two years of age is carried to the mouth. Even those of larger growth are apt to do the same thing; hence the danger above alluded to.

Probably, with respect to paper-hangings, much of the mischief might be obviated by using those which are glazed; or—as it rarely happens that the whole surface is so, the opposite effects produced by dead and bright shades being considered so desirable—they might be varnished after having been hung on the walls.

But green or other coloured articles are by no means the only ones against the improper use of which a caution is necessary. In looking through the columns of a newspaper, we frequently meet with paragraphs like the following: 'A poor woman, who died lately at Bratoft, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire, after a few days' illness, had incautiously applied some tallow from a candle to a scratch on her face. In a few hours after the application, her head and face became very painful, and previously to her dissolution, had swollen to a frightful extent—the consequence of some very poisonous ingredients used by chandlers for purifying tallow.' This was inserted in November 1851. In the following January, a similar case is quoted: 'A young man has died at Hull from putting tallow on a pimple on his face. The tallow contained arsenous acid, and verdigris had in consequence accumulated on the candlestick.'

Digitized by Google

Amongst the poorer classes of the community, tallow is a very favourite specific. As in the instances already mentioned, it is applied to scratches, pimples, cuts, and a hundred other trifling hurts. If a child is suffering from a cold in the head, a thousand to one but its nose will be tallowed before it goes to bed, while a tallow-plaster, applied to the chest, is considered the 'sovereign'st thing on earth' to relieve any oppression there, or difficulty of breathing. I once saw such an application made to a frightful burn on the breast of an infant. It produced no injurious effect, because it so happened that these candles did not contain the poisonous ingredient which is to be found in some, as all tallow is not exposed to the same bleaching process, some being simply whitened by age. Where, however, there is a quick sale, or an unusually large demand, certain substances are used to improve the colour which impart a poisonous quality.

Of course, only the initiated can tell which are harmless and which hurtful; hence the necessity for the disuse of tallow as a salve; for though I have mentioned the lower classes of the community as those who make the most frequent use of it, they by no means stand alone. It is an old-fashioned and very favourite remedy even with some middle-class folk, as I can avouch from my own actual knowledge; and those with whom it is not, may do good by warning others against it. It is horrid to think of the suffering which might have been entailed on the poor child to whose burned breast a tallow-plaster was applied, had it contained the poison so many candles do.

More recently than any of the above cases, two lives have been lost in consequence of the careless exposure of certain photographic chemicals of a deadly nature.

In the first case, a photographer had left a vessel containing a poisonous solution on the sill of a window opening into a neighbour's premises. The child of the latter drank the liquid, and died.

The second case is still more to be regretted, since the ease with which photographic chemicals may be procured, furnished the means of committing suicide to a girl of sixteen, who had been a couple of months in the service of the artist's mother. The unhappy young woman had deliberately carried a bottle of cyodide of potassium—a substance which, on solution in a pure liquid, becomes prussic acid—to her bedroom, mixed a portion with water, and drank it. The coroner before whom the inquiry respecting the cause of death was made, strongly condemned the indiscriminate sale of such deadly articles, and recommended the interference of the legislature to prevent it. I cannot too strongly impress on the minds of those who use such dangerous substances, that the greatest care ought to be taken to prevent their falling into inexperienced hands. Probably the amateur is less likely to err in this respect than the professional photographer, since the latter, from constantly having them in hand, is apt to forget they are anything but the tools of his trade.

To add to those instances would be easy; but I will mention only one more case of poisoning from the accidental misapplication of an article in daily use. A lady who was in the habit of using what is called 'almond flavour' for culinary purposes, incautiously left the bottle containing it within reach of a child, who, naturally supposing that what mamma put into her sweet-cakes must be good, seized the phial, drank the contents, and expired instantly, from an immensely powerful dose of hydrocyanic or prussic acid.

Any comment on the above cases is needless. They speak for themselves; and should the attention drawn to them here be the means of inducing persons to make themselves acquainted with the properties of the articles they use, and thus prevent their misapplication, the writer's purpose in collecting them will have been fulfilled.

CAMEL-EXPEDITIONS IN AMERICA.

Engrossed with matters of European concern, perhaps few among us are aware of the energetic efforts which the government of the United States has latterly been making to establish means of communication across the great wildernesses which stretch from the borders of the Mississippi to the new American settlements on the Pacific. These efforts remind us of the almost continuous series of expeditions to lay open the course of the Niger and obtain a knowledge of the interior of Africa. Beginning with Lewis and Clarke, there have been numberless expeditions in the far west, all more or less successful, one of the more adventurous and interesting of these journeys being that of Colonel Fremont, late candidate for the presidency, whose achievements in opening a way across the Rocky Mountains gained for him the appellation of the Path-finder.

In pursuing these long and hazardous explorations, two chief difficulties were to be encountered—collision with the tribes of Indians, and the unsuitableness of the ground for wheeled carriages. With their skill as strategists and marksmen, the Anglo-Americans could indeed beat off successive hosts of natives; and in point of fact, what with slaughter, natural decay, and diplomatic conciliation, the Indians are not now so formidable as they were even a few years ago. But the prodigious obstacles presented by nature still remain to be conquered—great trackless plains destitute of water, occasionally a broad river with shelving banks, rocky ravines, and lofty mountains. The transport of water in sufficient abundance for man and horse has, in particular, been found not more practicable than in the deserts of Arabia. Horses, bullocks, men, sunk under the privations to which the want of water exposed them; and nothing more dismal can be pictured than the track pursued by several of these expeditions—the route for a thousand miles shewing the bleaching bones of animals, along with the wreck of carriages and other objects which had to be abandoned by the daily diminishing force that still contrived to keep its face westward. At length it was proposed to try an expedition with the assistance of Camels, to be imported for the purpose from some place in Asia. The project, however, encountered the amount of doubt and opposition usually given to everything new and untried. It had been stated, on the authority of Father Huc, an old traveller in Tatary, that the camel cannot swim; and, strangely enough, no one could positively rebut the assertion. Now, if Father Huc was right, there was at once an end of the scheme for employing camels in America, whose deep and broad rivers must be crossed in the passage across the plains. After some little debate, it was resolved to import camels and make the trial; if they would swim—and, barring their obstinate tempers, why should they not?—the practicability of exploring in any direction was settled.

Who does not look with some interest on the discussion of this curious problem—now solved, as we shall proceed to relate?

Nearly a hundred camels and dromedaries were imported into the United States; their place of landing being Indianola, a port in Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico. Here, being turned loose for a time to recruit after the fatigues and discomforts of their long voyage, they got into good health, and were conducted to San Antonio, to be employed in the expedition of Lieutenant Beale and that of Captain Pope for sinking Artesian wells in the deserts intersected by the Rio Picos. According to the account given in a New York

Digitized by Google

newspaper,* which we chiefly draw on for what follows, Lieutenant Beale left San Antonio on the 25th of June, having selected for his expedition twenty-three camels and three dromedaries. The camels were laden with a large portion of the grain necessary for the teams of mules. Those of them which, in their native country, had been trained to this business, were found capable of carrying a thousand pounds-weight. The expedition took the route from San Antonio to El Paso, and thence up the Rio Grande to Albuquerque, at some distance west of which the new explorations were to begin. From San Antonio to Albuquerque, by this route, the distance is over a thousand miles, a large part of it through districts very scantily supplied with either grass or water. It was accomplished in forty-five days, the train moving at an average rate of four miles an hour, and the camels bearing the journey perfectly well. From Albuquerque the expedition marched to Zuñi, an outlying settlement of New Mexico. Lieutenant Beale left Zuñi on the 28th of August, having obtained an escort of troops from Fort Defiance, situate some ninety miles to the north in the country of the Navajos. His route lay nearly due west, along the 35th parallel of north latitude, and through a region hitherto almost unknown. As far as the Little Colorado, the road, though with volcanic ranges of mountains constantly in sight, some of them capped with snow, was comparatively level. There were abundant supplies of grass, with timber sufficient for fuel, and plenty of water. After crossing Little Colorado, which was followed for some days, and which has a wide and fertile bottom, with a fringe of cotton-wood along the banks, the expedition encountered the San Francisco mountain, having on its eastern slope great forests of pine, and on its western forests of cedar. From the western foot of this mountain the country grows more barren, till, near the banks of the Colorado, it becomes a desert, excepting the bottom lands, a few miles in extent. The river here was found to be from two or three hundred yards wide, flowing at the rate of three or four miles an hour, and with nineteen feet of water in the mid-channel. It was unobstructed by rocks, and was apparently navigable for large steamers. The inhabitants of an Indian village represented the river as maintaining the same character as at Fort Yuma, near its junction with the Gila.

Now it was to be proved whether the camel could swim—a test to which Lieutenant Beale had looked forward with not a little anxiety. Having reached the Colorado, he was determined to settle the question for himself. The first camel brought to the bank refused to enter the river; but another being brought down, to the great delight of the whole company, *it took the water freely, and swam boldly across.* The others, tied one behind the other in strings of five, were taken across in the same way. They not only swam with ease, but, in this particular as in others, they seemed to outdo the horses and mules. This seemed to be the only remaining test needed to establish the character of the camel as a beast of burden specially suited for those regions. Lieutenant Beale had started with the determination that the experiment should be no partial one, and he made it a point to subject his camels to trials which no other animal could stand. As to the result, he thus expresses himself:

'In all our lateral explorations they have carried water, sometimes for more than a week, for the mules used by the men—themselves never receiving even a bucketful to one of them; they have traversed patiently with heavy packs, on these explorations, countries covered with the sharpest volcanic rock, and yet their feet to this hour have evinced no symptom of tenderness or injury; with heavy packs they have crossed mountains, ascended and descended precipitous places where an unladen mule found it difficult to pass, even with the assistance of the rider dismounted, and carefully picking its way. I think it would be within bounds to say that, in these various lateral explorations, they have traversed nearly double the distance passed over by our mules and wagons.

'Leaving home with all the prejudice attaching to untried experiments, and with many in our camp opposed to their use, and looking forward confidently to their failure, I believe, at this time, I may speak for every man in our party, when I say there is not one of them who would not prefer the most indifferent of our camels to four of our best mules, and I look forward hopefully to the time when they will be in general use in all parts of our country.'

The country, for eighty miles west of the Colorado, continues a sandy desert, with but little water or grass. At that distance, the expedition struck the Mojave, which there began to have some water in its bed. Crossing the San Bernardino mountain by the Cajon Pass, they reached Los Angeles on the 20th of November. This route is far preferable in every respect to that by the Gila, hitherto followed. It is especially adapted for the sheep-trade—sheep being the chief staple of New Mexico—and is likely to lead to increased trade and intercourse between New Mexico and California.

What particularly adapts the camel for use in those regions is not merely its capacity to endure fatigue and long want of water, but the very coarse and scanty food with which it is content. Those animals eat as they go along anything of a vegetable nature they find in their path, bending their long necks and throwing their heads into every narrow crevice of the rocks where grows a cactus or a clump of grass, or cropping the leaves from the branches of trees without in the least slackening their progress. In this respect, as in many others, they have a great advantage over mules or horses, which require food as regularly as man himself.—According to still later accounts, the camels were realising the best expectations which had been formed respecting them; and we can fancy that their now thoroughly proved adaptability to exploratory purposes would suggest their being employed in expeditions to the interior of the Australian continent.

* *New York Tribune*, January 22, 1858.

TRADE IN DRINK.

The liquor-traffic-suppression law of America is proclaimed in this country to have been a failure—that is, impossible of observance, in any state where it has been tried. The reports to this effect are, however, premature; at least they do not comport well with some facts of recent occurrence. In the year 1856, two hundred women entered the liquor-stores of Rockport, Essex county, Massachusetts, and destroyed all the liquors they could find. One of the sufferers by this Jenny-Geddes movement sued Stephen Perkins and his wife, who were concerned in it, and the case was lately decided in the supreme court at Salem by Chief-justice Shaw. The defendants were absolved, on the ground that the law had declared liquors kept for sale to be a nuisance, and it was therefore lawful for any person or multitude of persons to destroy them, wherever found. A salute of ten guns was fired in honour of the decision, and many instances have since occurred both of public officers and private individuals walking into liquor-stores and deliberately smashing every vessel containing liquor which they could reach, of course without being liable to any action in consequence. In fact,

Digitized by Google

liquor for sale is now, in Massachusetts, a species of property for which the law affords no protection. The lowest 'loafer' on the streets may walk into the gayest liquor-palace, and do as he likes with it.

The observance and working out of law in America is more tinged with the Lynch principle of natural justice than it is in our old and long settled country. Hence we perhaps see in the above facts a procedure which would never be sanctioned in England. Yet we would not advise the liquor interest with us to be too confident of the future. Their enemies are a small body, but they are indefatigable in their efforts to direct indignation at the public-houses—and when we see such astounding mischiefs constantly flowing from that source, can we wonder at their success? To take an isolated example: There are 2239 public-houses in Liverpool, and the habits of the working-classes in that city are thus described by a missionary (Rev. J. A. Steinthal): 'Saving is an exceptional virtue among them. . . . . The great, the chief kind of wasteful expenditure is the money spent on drink. . . . . It is hardly possible to conceive the sums thus uselessly and foolishly spent. . . . . There is nothing which a man addicted to drink either reverences or fears. As long as the victim drinks, any attempt at moral or religious improvement is altogether hopeless. There is a general belief that intemperance is a very prevalent vice; I only wish it were more generally known how awful are its ravages, and that all persons would but see with their own eyes the ruin which it produces. I have seen fathers and mothers pledge their children's clothes for drink. . . . . Until the curse of drink is removed, I have no hope of the permanent improvement of the working-classes. It is sad indeed to watch the degrading and hardening influence of the desire for drink. I constantly hear of men turning their wives and children out of doors, to find refuge where they can for the night. I have seen the ruins of a man's furniture, which in drunken frenzy he had destroyed. I have seen the wife's spare garments scorched and burned by the folly of a man who wished to make his fire burn brightly. I have seen the awful horrors of delirium tremens, when a man was as effectually mad as if labouring under mental disease, which indeed, for the time, he was. It has been my lot, of late, to see the tears flow down many a mother's face, as she told me of her starving children, and yet I have known mothers spending their money at the public-house, wasting their husbands' hard-earned wages for that which is not bread. That which thus can deaden every natural affection, every appeal of duty, must be cast out from amongst us, if we are not to see greater degradations than we already deplore.'

In answer to the objection, you cannot make people sober by act of parliament, they affirm that to some extent you can. As is well known, a partially restrictive act has been in force in Scotland for some time past. The entire cases of drunken disorderliness reported by the police in the seventeen principal towns of Scotland during the three first years were 116,101, against 145,366 in the three preceding years; of such cases on Sunday there were 4299, as contrasted with 11,471.* Of there being a ratio, indeed, between the number of open public-houses and the amount of this appalling body-and-soul-destroying vice, we believe there can be no reasonable doubt.

How strange to contrast with the results of drunkenness in an industrious population the results of the providing of drink in certain cases. A recent lunacy-inquiry case reveals to us a capital in the brewing-trade advanced, in sixteen years, from L.200,000 to L.600,000, enabling the fortunate trader to purchase a royal residence, to hunt in splendid style in the Highlands, to keep racers, to marry a lady of noble family, and settle on her a jointure of L.15,000 a year! We suppose the enjoyers and partakers of these drink-made fortunes look on the money in Vespasian's spirit—*Non olet*. A touch of Chief-justice Shaw would, however, change their tune—and it may come!

* From a pamphlet recently published by Mr Duncan M'Laren, *The Rise and Progress of Whisky-drinking in Scotland*. Edinburgh: Oliphant.

INSTINCT.

Thou art not of my kind, nor knowest
What manner of a soul I bear,
Save by that instinct which thou shewest—
God's gift to thee, a jewel rare;
A charm by which to understand
The pitying touch of this weak hand.

Like some lost human sense, to thee
It teaches what man cannot teach,
Our common nature's mystery
That lies beyond his reason's reach:
Thy quick bright eyes—so meek, so true—
Can pierce my being through and through.

I do but look on thee, and lo!
Thou 'rt all one quiver of delight:
Thou seem'st, thus dancing to and fro,
Some beam of heaven's reflected light,
A flash of joy—a sportive ray,
To haunt and guide my darkened way.

What is thy need, O gentle friend!
That thou must watch me where I sit
Chasing vain shadows without end—
Nursing sick sorrow's fever fit?
Why whinest thou beside my door?
I did but cry: 'My heart is sore.'

Thou canst not heal it: go thy way.
Thou wilt not?—Nay, then rest thee here:
There's something in thy looks doth say
'To me thy chamber is not drear.'
Methinks thou 'rt sent—at last, though late,
To teach me how to 'stand and wait.'

I never owned thee; nay, nor fed,
Nor taught thee tricks as idlers do;
Yet constant to my side thou 'rt led,
Drawn by a chain that draweth few.
Writhe as I may, in thee I find
A patience passing human kind.

What if I smote thee?—Never wince!
I would not do myself that shame.
My soul is struck, poor friend; yet since
Revenge thou knowest not even by name,
I will go pray while strength is mine
For such a nature as is thine.

Say, did I smite, wouldst thou leap up
And touch my cheek with silent tongue?
Ay, thou wouldst drain the bitter cup,
Nor inly cry: 'My heart is stung,'
But melt my wrath with blithesome cheer,
Turning my passion to a tear.

I could not so: the more my need.
Heaven framed me with too keen a sense
Of wounds that rankle while they bleed,
And mine own helpless impotence
In this blank world that round me rolls,
Strewn with the wrecks of human souls.

Come! lay thy head upon my knee,
O gentle Teacher, wise as strong!
I'll bow me down, and learn of thee
To win by love that suffers long;
And find all rest beneath the sun
In the calm sense of duty done.

E. L. H.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 237. SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

CONTRARY TO THE CUSTOMS.

I AM, for my own part, an individual of Spartan virtue and the strictest morals. If I picked up a purse of money in the street to-morrow, I am almost certain that I should advertise it in the newspapers. If I took somebody else's portmanteau home with me in place of my own, I should at once propose to myself to return it to its original proprietor without any consideration respecting the relative value of the two.

Still, as the moral philosopher observed who ate the sucking-pig which was sent as a present to his friend, 'One must stop somewhere;' and there is a limit even to my notions of what should be expected of an honest man. I condemn but cannot help extenuating the conduct of that paterfamilias who, upon the troublesome question of allowance of luggage, describes his party as 'seven first-class passengers,' when three of the same are infants, and pay no fares. The poor fellow reasons (I hope and believe) somewhat after the following fashion: 'The railway authorities permit little children to travel free; that permission is absurd unless they permit their baggage to travel free also, these iron cots are their private property; my own portmanteau has been partially usurped by certain heterogeneous garments of ridiculously small dimensions; this bag, which I am always instructed to "see to," and carry in my hand so carefully, and which clinks as I move, as though there were something frangible in it, must certainly belong to them, and should be conveyed gratis. Moreover, I was not asked how many tickets I had procured, but how many persons were travelling with me.'

This last exculpation I consider to be a reprehensible quibble; but if paterfamilias sticks solely to his first notion of the semi-generous manner in which the railway authorities behave in regard to infants, and practically reforms their half-measures—in spite of themselves—by giving a whole effect to them—that man has then my sympathy, though not perhaps my admiration. I confess I am not able to look upon a public company as upon a private individual. I have not imagination enough—my weakness arises from that, I think—to identify a Board with a human Being. I cannot detect that feeling of shame within me when I mulct an association of directors, which I should entertain if I took an article of value, or indeed any article, out of the coat-pocket of a single member of that body. I smoke in contravention of by-laws. I give money to luggage-porters, with a tacit understanding that I shall in return for it enjoy certain immunities, in spite of the particular requests to the contrary that are addressed to me in print at every station, and of the 'Certain Dismissal' which is threatened so inexorably to the recipients.

With these little flaws in my otherwise immaculate moral character, it is not to be expected that I should entertain a servile respect for Her Majesty's Revenue laws; that I should religiously observe those Duties which are not so much natural as Customary. I do smuggle a little, when an opportunity offers itself, and that's the honest truth. In addition to the pecuniary saving, which is not inconsiderable in articles such as lace and tobacco, there is a considerable charm in defeating an organised system, in setting at nought a whole army of individuals that has been expressly levied for my discomfiture. Besides, if the worst comes to the worst, if a smuggler falls into the hands of a revenue-officer, he cannot be put to death, nor even transported for life: the risk of fine or imprisonment is of course considerable, but not more than sufficiently great to enhance the excitement. I had done a little in velvets, and made insignificant ventures of silk and jewellery more than once before I tried my first grand *coup* in laces, but I felt upon that occasion, I confess, excessively nervous.

It was autumn, and I was crossing the Channel to Dover amid a crowd of returning tourists, almost all of whom were dreadfully inconvenienced by a strong westerly wind. *Tot homines, tot sententiæ*, was never proved to be so false a proverb before. Numerous as the company was, it was all of one mind, or at least of one stomach; the deck, as a modern wit (who I wish was my friend) once observed, looked like some horrid picnic. It was terrible, as I stood at the bow, to see nothing else but the drooping hats and bonnets of my fellow-beings as the vessel dipped and rose—an endless game of pitch-and-toss, where nothing turned up but heads. One sea-green face, however, was visible, the property of a middle-aged lady of large dimensions, and it interested me very deeply. Those nervous eyes, that twitching mouth, that countenance vainly striving to look unconcerned, I recognised at once as belonging to the amateur female smuggler running her first cargo. She would have been ill, I could see, only she had too great a weight upon her mind to enjoy any such relaxation. She saw that I was looking fixedly at her, and a blush came over her face, at once 'making the green one red.' Yes, it was plain she smuggled; she was stouter than any woman of her general appearance had any right to be.

'Madam,' said I, approaching her by a series of gymnastic evolutions, which the unstable character of the plane whereon I moved compelled—'I see you

Digitized by Google

have no attendant; can I be of any service to you? I am an old sailor, and have, as you see, my sea-legs under me.'

The poor woman gazed on the limbs referred to with an unintelligent and frightened air; she had evidently never heard of 'sea-legs,' or else she had understood me to say that I had three legs, and she stared accordingly.

'I want nothing, sir, I thank you,' replied she feebly, 'unless you could put me on shore.'

'We shall be, my dear madam,' said I, taking out my watch, but keeping my eye steadily upon her—'we shall be in less than ten minutes at the Custom-house.'

A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—glanced over her countenance.

'You look very good-natured, sir,' stammered she. I bowed, and looked considerably more so, in order to invite her confidence. 'If I was to tell you a secret, which I find is too much for me to keep to myself, oh, would you hold it inviolable?'

'I know it, my dear madam—I know it already,' said I smiling; 'it is Lace, is it not?'

She uttered a little shriek, and—— Yes, she had got it there, among the crinoline. She thought it had been sticking out, you see, unknown to her.

'Oh, sir,' cried she, 'it is only ten pounds' worth: please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire.'

'My dear madam,' replied I, sternly but kindly, 'here is the pier, and the officer has fixed his eye upon us. I must do my duty.'

I rushed up the ladder like a lamp-lighter; I pointed that woman out to the legitimate authority: I accompanied her upon her way, in custody, to the searching-house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her, and I saw her fined and dismissed with ignominy. Then, having generously given up my emoluments as informer, to the subordinate officials, I hurried off in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. She did not receive me warmly, and for a long time, indeed, refused to hear a word that I had to say. At last I overcame her antipathy so far as to get her to look at a piece of point-lace of twice the value of that which had been so ruthlessly taken away from her. I then placed in her hand the amount of the fine in which she had been mulcted. Then I began my explanatory statement:

'You had ten pounds' worth of smuggled goods about your person, madam. *I* had nearly fifty times that amount. If you were alarmed for the possible consequences of your rashness, what, think you, must have been the state of *my* feelings upon my own account? I turned informer, madam, let me convince you, for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, for this sort of free-trading, and the officer would have found you out at all events, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, my dear madam? If you still feel aggrieved or injured by me in any manner, pray take more lace; here is lots of it.'

We parted the best of friends.

I had a second adventure, the other day, of a much less dangerous character, but which, as it happily illustrates my great natural ingenuity, I here take leave to add. Having come from the Mediterranean a few weeks ago to Southampton, I happened to be in possession of a couple of pounds of exceedingly fine cigars, adapted to my special taste, and which I was determined no custom-house fingers should meddle with. As soon as the vessel was brought alongside the quay, I left my cabin, and made my way to the movable gangway.

'Sir,' said the official at the deck end of it, with a malicious grin, 'I think I must trouble you to take off your hat.'

'To you?' cried I—'never! You are not Prince Albert in disguise, I suppose, nor the Bey of Tunis?'

'Come, come,' exclaimed the fellow—official persons, it may be here observed, have the greatest possible dislike to being rallied, or, as the vulgar have it, 'chaffed' by anybody—'none of your sauce; you take that hat off, or it will be the worse for you.'

'Which hat?' asked I innocently—'whose hat?'

'Yours,' replied he savagely—'yours. It's tipped up over your forehead in a way which convinces me that you have something in it.'

'My very dear sir,' answered I blandly, '*of course* I have something in it. I always carry my pocket-handkerchief there; and there's my head besides.'

This suspicious person telegraphed, nevertheless, to his confederate upon the shore, who seized upon me as I touched ground, and with the same ridiculous pertinacity, requested me to take my hat off.

'If you lay a finger on my hat,' cried I furiously, 'I'll first knock you down (I was six feet one without the hat, which was an exceedingly tall one), and then bring an action against you for an aggravated assault. I want to get into the town particularly; there are friends expecting me—female friends; I insist upon being let go.'

The cold-blooded official smiled grimly without reply, and took me to his superior, by whom the same demand was repeated. I said that, in courtesy, and not upon compulsion, I would touch my hat to him; but that I would not take it off without a warrant. Then I was marched away in custody of a sort of guard of honour to the office of the superintendent. That individual convinced me of his right to enforce this absurd request of taking off my hat; and under protest, and to oblige him, as being a very gentlemanly person, I did it. There was nothing in my hat, as I had affirmed from the very first, except my pocket-handkerchief. Officials never apologise; but I do hope that they felt they had wronged a fellow-creature by their cruel suspicions. I hastened back to the vessel, dived into my cabin, and presently reappeared with my tall hat tipped over my forehead more than ever.

'Would you like me to take my hat off?' inquired I of the first gangway-man. 'Would *you* like me to take my hat off?' asked I of the second. I demanded, in short, whether I should again bare my injured head, of every custom-house officer who had been superfluous about that ceremony before. But they all looked sheepish or annoyed, and replied that they had had quite enough of me and my hat already. It was therefore certainly not my fault, but their own, that my two pounds of special *Regalias*, which really were in my hat the second time, have not assisted, in their proper quota of some eighteen shillings, to swell the revenues of my native land.

DR MADDEN'S 'PHANTASMATA.'

Under this name, Dr Madden has given us a laborious, yet popular view of the various epidemic manias which raged in Europe during the middle ages, and particularly during the two excited centuries connected with the Reformation. It is a strange, wild subject, profoundly interesting as a chapter of the mental history of our race, affording many important warnings, and perhaps worthy of deeper philosophical consideration than it has ever yet received. Dr Madden treats it chiefly as a physician, tracing its connection with the more familiar forms of lunacy; yet, being also a *littérateur*, he has not neglected to present it in such a manner as to attract the ordinary reader.

In the first volume, and earlier half of the second,

Digitized by Google

the learned author treats of the belief in sorcery in ancient and modern times, and of the lamentable cruelties thence flowing; of a succession of epidemic manias connected with religion, which marked the time when the Catholic faith was in its highest vigour; and of the hallucinations which befell individuals of extraordinary piety during that epoch, as Jeanne d'Arc, St Theresa, &c. It fully appears that, when the public mind in any community is oppressed with calamity and physical terrors—as from pestilence, famine, or the convulsions of nature—it falls, as by a fixed law, into a condition in which it becomes capable of the wildest extravagances and follies. It is but necessary for one person or little group of persons to adopt some ridiculous course of behaviour—dancing, jumping, self-torturing—or to avow some monstrous belief, as that the doctors are poisoning the wells, or old women exercising witchcraft against their neighbours—in order to smit a large portion of the community with the same practice or creed. We have a remarkable, though isolated, example in the Barking Disease which broke out in a district of England in 1341. 'A certain wayfaring man,' says Camden, 'as he travelled the king's highway found a paire of gloves fit, as he thought, for his own turne, which, as he drew upon his hands, forthwith instead of a man's voice and speech, he kept a strange and mervaillous barking like unto a dogge: and from that present, the elder folke and full growen, yea, and women too throughout the same country, barked like big dogges, but the children and little ones waughed as small whelpes. The plague continued with some, eighteen days, with others, a whole moneth, and with some for two yeares. Yea this foresaid contagious maladie entered also into the neighbouring shires, and forced the people in like maner to barke.'

Conspicuous among the self-torturing manias was that which gave rise, in the fourteenth century, to the order of the *Flagellants* or Scourgers; for so we may date this mania in its full force, though it appears to have had temporary sway two centuries before, and even to have been known in the worship of pagan Rome. This order consisted chiefly of persons of the lowest class, who took upon themselves the repentance, or, rather, the penance of the people at large, and offered prayers for the averting of the great plagues that at that time ravaged Europe. These Flagellants marched in solemn procession, wearing mourning garments, and carrying 'triple scourges tied in three or four knots, in which points of iron were fixed.' In 1349, two hundred of them entered Strasburg, where above a thousand joined them; and thence, divided into two bands, some wandered north, some south. We have here two forms of mania combined—the migratory and the flagellatory. The subjects of this complicated malady, shewing insubordination to all authority, secular or spiritual, soon became obnoxious to the court of Rome, as well as to the petty princes of Italy and Germany. But it was by no means easy to put down the movement, which would die down for a time, only to break out again and again. Certain enthusiasts went so far as to frame a table of equivalents in stripes and sins, and a whole year's penance came to be estimated at 3000 lashes. A holy man, St Dominic Loricatus by name, attained to such proficiency, as to work off in six days, by the administration of 800,000 stripes, the penance of a whole century. His example was followed by devotees of both sexes. Indeed, 'in Portugal, the women had become so accustomed to this bloody and fanatical devotion, that they uttered reproachful cries, and heaped injuries on those who did not scourge themselves violently enough, according to their notions.' Nor was scourging the extent of the self-inflicted torture; the very rigid practised other mortifications—they went barefooted, carried crosses of enormous weight, some bore naked swords stuck in the flesh of the back and the arms, which, upon any unusually vehement movement, caused, of course, extensive and agonising wounds, of which many died. Flagellant processions, we read, continued in Lisbon down to 1820; nay, even so late as 1843, Dr Madden saw confraternities of penitents walking, attired as of old, and bearing crosses, but without the torturing scourges.

A still more appalling form of epidemic theomania displayed itself, about the middle of the sixteenth century, among the frenzied Anabaptists of Holland and Germany. The outline of their brutalities and barbarities being in some measure familiar to us all, we will not dwell upon them at any length. Suffice it to say that one of their leaders commanded men and women to lay aside and burn all their clothes as a burnt-offering, agreeable to the revealed will of Heaven; that a woman in Basle believing herself to have received a divine promise of having her life supported without food, tried the experiment, and died in ten days; that in St Gall a family, having passed two nights in visions and prophecies, one brother called another, whom he dearly loved, into the middle of the room, and in the presence of his parents, and with the perfect concurrence of the victim, struck off his head, in professed obedience to a heavenly command; that at Fulda a prophet having been re-baptised, announced his newly acquired power of walking on the water, and prepared to cross a river in the presence of assembled crowds. Such was the faith his pretensions inspired, that a mother ran forward to place her baby in his arms. We wish that some accounts had been handed down to us of the reaction felt when infant and theomaniac disappeared under the water.

Scarcely less terrible was the epidemic theomania that manifested itself among the French Huguenots in Dauphiné and Languedoc, in the reign of Louis XIV. They had been subjected to every species of oppression and cruelty; and as Calmeil, who has profoundly studied the question of popular frenzies, justly observes: 'Excess of suffering has a tendency to produce this form of mental malady.' The Protestants, tried, tortured to the utmost, without help or hope on earth, took refuge in their belief in supernatural assistance, and in that faith prepared to disperse and conquer, in their own way, the forces marshalled against them. On one occasion, the insane and unarmed multitude, being led on by a brother and sister—maniacs in the strictest sense of the word—against troops commanded by some of the bravest captains of the time, their method of warfare proved to be the blowing with all their might upon the enemy, and crying aloud: 'Tartara, Tartara!' firmly convinced that nothing more was necessary to their triumph! It is painful to read of three or four hundred of these poor lunatics falling on one day under the sword.

The theomania displayed in the Cevennes early in the eighteenth century was peculiarly prevalent amongst women and children. 'Thousands of women,' according to the Marquis of Guiscard, 'persisted in prophesying and singing, though they were hanged by hundreds.' 'I have seen amongst these people,' writes the Maréchal de Villars, 'things that I could never have believed, had they had not passed before my own eyes. Throughout an entire town, all the

Digitized by Google

women and girls, without any exception, trembled and prophesied publicly in the streets.'

A most remarkable outbreak of specific popular monomania was that of the Jansenist Convulsionaries, which began in 1730. A certain Deacon François Paris, having ended a life of self-denial and active beneficence, his tomb became the scene of reputed miraculous cures and convulsions. As usual, the greater number of persons who came to this tomb in the cemetery of St Médard, were people of weak constitutions, chiefly females, labouring under epilepsy, neuralgia, and hallucinations of various kinds. With regard to the marvellous cures that took place among them, Dr Douglas, the learned bishop of Salisbury, after careful investigation, pronounces that 'few matters of fact were ever confirmed by more unexceptionable testimony, performed, as they were, openly in the heart of one of the greatest cities in the universe, on persons whom everybody could see and examine, and of whose recovery every inhabitant of the city could satisfy himself, because they lived on the spot.'

Amongst the involuntary physical phenomena, we read of one woman repeatedly shot up into the air with great force, and tiring out numbers who successively undertook the charitable task of seeking to restrain her convulsive movements; of another, whose body was often turned round as if on a pivot; of a deaf and dumb girl who, after two visits to the tomb, and horrible convulsions undergone there, was found able to hear and speak, though without understanding the words addressed to or repeated by her. Nor were women the only ones involuntarily affected. We read of an incredulous secretary of state, M. Fontaine, being converted to Jansenism when at a large dinner-party, by feeling himself suddenly compelled to turn round and round on one foot with prodigious swiftness. These involuntary gyrations lasted upwards of an hour. As soon as they began, 'an instinct which he believed from above prompted him to ask for a book of prayer, and the one which first came to hand, and was accordingly given to him, turned out to be a volume of moral reflections by Father Quesnel.' Not the least part of the wonder was his power of reading this book aloud while turning round with 'dazzling rapidity.'

Poor M. Fontaine next became subject to ecstasies, trances, and visions; he practised and survived a total abstinence of eighteen days, during which he employed himself by day in manual labour, while he passed the night in prayer and in the recitation of psalms. No sooner had this unfortunate zealot partially recovered his health and strength, than he began to subject both to the still severer ordeal of a three-weeks' fast, at the end of which he was an apparently dying man. Nothing daunted, however, he had scarcely regained a measure of strength, when he put into execution his fast of forty days, during which, however, he drank freely.

The account of this Jansenist frenzy would be incomplete without some further notice of the convulsive phenomena to which the sufferers were subject. During these, there appears to have been no amount or variety of torture which was not loudly called for by the Convulsionaries, and abundantly inflicted by those who held it a sacred duty to obey their insane requirements. Montgéron computes that 4000 enthusiasts were employed to kick and strike the infirm as well as the multitude of young girls, who begged for their rudest blows. We read of one who hung herself up by the heels with her head down, and remained in that position three quarters of an hour; of another, who, after being struck on the head with one log, then with four logs, had her arms and legs violently pulled in different directions, which process lasted a long time, *because there were only six persons to pull;* of numbers of fair and delicate women who did not shrink from applying their lips to the foulest wounds, under the impulse of a morbid charity. This form of insanity, though in a great measure repressed by the royal order to close the cemetery of St Médard, issued in 1732, lasted, according to Hecker, till the year 1790, when France was on the eve of another and still more fearful development of popular frenzy. But this Jansenist outburst was the last great epidemic of convulsive *theomania.*

A large portion of Dr Madden's second volume is occupied with an account of the not less wild and strange demonstrations which were made in the French and German convents during the century of reaction which followed the Reformation. It was supposed that, under the influence of some person possessed of unholy powers, evil spirits entered into the nuns, who thenceforth shewed a frightful change of demeanour, falling into convulsions and agitations, in the course of which they flung themselves about in the most violent manner, foaming at the mouth, roaring like animals, speaking occasionally in what were thought unknown tongues, blaspheming, assuming attitudes grossly indecorous; sometimes falling down in a rigid and torpid state, in which they were found to be insensible to prickings and lacerations of the flesh; at other times, bounding into the air with a force that seemed to come from some source independent of the natural muscular power. Occasionally, they would throw themselves into the form of a bow, bending backward so as to rest the whole weight of the body on the forehead, while the rest was in the air, and in this uneasy posture they would remain a long time. A strange howling, like that of a dog, was sometimes heard to proceed from the chest. During the paroxysms, the victims expressed aversion for those prayers and rites of the church which, in sane moments, they regarded with veneration, and to which it might be said they had devoted their lives. The moment the fit was over, to the surprise of the bystanders, they would resume their usual calm demeanour, and walk away as totally unaffected by the frightful contortions, spasms, and ravings under which they had for hours been suffering. When once an affection of this kind appeared in one or two members of a community, it usually spread quickly amongst the rest, notwithstanding the wishes of the hitherto sane to avoid it. What is more remarkable, pious ecclesiastics of the highest repute for sanctity of life, who came to do their best as exorcists, were in frequent instances seized with the same disorder.

The statement made after recovery by Therese de Sylva, superioress of a Benedictine convent at Madrid which became affected with demonopathy in 1628, gives a good idea of how the so-called possession would commence. Two or three of the inmates had been exhibiting symptoms for some weeks, when the superioress began to feel internal movements of an extraordinary character. 'She prayed frequently and fervently to be delivered from this great evil. Eventually she prayed the prior, Father Garcia, to exorcise her. He refused to do so, and tried to convince her that all she recounted was the effect merely of imagination. She did all in her power to believe that it was so, but it was in vain. Eventually the prior put on his stole, and after many prayers, begged that God might be pleased to make it known to her if the demon had possessed her, or to cause those cruel sufferings she endured to cease. Long after he had commenced the exorcism, and while she felt altogether comforted and relieved, freed from all sufferings, she fell all at once into a kind of swoon and delirium,' which 'continued about three months,' during which she was impelled to do and say 'things of which she never had an idea in her life.'

A good example of the spread of the affection to an exorcist is furnished by the case of Father Surin, who

Digitized by Google

came in December 1634 to assist in expelling demons from the Ursuline nuns of Loudun. Before he had been at work more than a month, he was so far affected as to lose his speech. Then a demon, who possessed the face of the superioress, and spoke by her mouth, suddenly left her, and took possession of Surin, causing him to change colour, constricting his chest, and also depriving him of speech. Being exorcised out of the father, the demon returned to the body of the superioress; soon after, it came back to the father, who now began to suffer internal pains that caused him to twist his body like one afflicted with the cholic. Writing to a friend regarding his sufferings three months after, he tells how the demon passes from the possessed person into himself, throwing him down in convulsions which last for several hours. 'I cannot explain,' says he, 'what passes in me during this time, nor how that spirit unites itself to mine, still acting like another self, as if I had two souls, of which one is deptived of her body and of the use of her faculties, and holds herself apart, contemplating the actions of the soul which now occupies the body. The two spirits fight in the same field, which is the body, and the soul is, as it were, divided. On the one side, the soul is subject to diabolic influence, and on the other to her natural inclinations, or those which God gives. . . . . When, prompted by one of these devils, I wish to make the sign of the cross on my mouth, the other devil, with great rapidity, turns away my hand, and catches my finger with the teeth, to gnaw me with rage. . . . . The extremity in which I find myself is such, that I have scarcely one free faculty. When I wish to speak, my mouth is closed; at mass, I am suddenly stopped; at table, I cannot convey the morsel to my lips; at confession, I forget in a moment all my sins; and I feel that the devil comes and goes, as in his own house, within me. Directly I awake, he is with me at prayer; he deprives me of consciousness when he pleases; when my heart would expand itself in God, he fills it with rage; when I would watch, he sets me asleep; and he publicly by the mouth of the demoniac (the sister-prioress) boasts that he is my master.'

It was the afflictions of these nuns of Loudun that led to the celebrated prosecution of the obnoxious priest, Urbain Grandier. When this dismal case is treated among modern rational authors, it is customary to hold up the nuns as practising an imposition for the destruction of an innocent man; but the theory of a deliberate or systematic imposture on their part is precluded by the fact of the continuance of the same painful demonstrations for several years after Grandier's execution; and, moreover, the Loudun possessions are but one example of many in which there has been no such malignant object alleged. For anything that appears, the Loudun nuns were as much the victims of some influence beyond the control of their own better sense, as any others that gave similar manifestations. In our time, were such phenomena to present themselves, they would be treated as disease, and, instead of religious exorcisms, which seem only to have fed the malady, there would have been some strong alterative treatment of a purely physical kind. It may be suspected, however, that there was something more in these cases of so-called demonomania than what our orthodox medicine is willing to admit. The resemblance of many of the phenomena to those of mesmerism is extremely striking.

Our readers will understand that these are but glances at a series of strange and wild *historiettes*, which they will find in full and interesting detail in Dr Madden's book. We close the volumes of our learned author with thanks for his bringing so many curious matters into a regular and accessible form. With his theories regarding them, proceeding as these do on the narrow views of existing medical science, we cannot say we are satisfied. They all seem to us to rest on some assumption, and they certainly ignore whole classes of facts as well attested as any of the rest.

DOWN AT THE GRANGE.

I.

As soon as the few friends who visit this little vicarage of mine at Woodislee, for the first time, have done admiring its low white front, all garlanded with honeysuckle, and the wild growth of ivy overhead, I take them to the school-house, as a sight more pleasant still; quite as large, and twice as high it is, and built of rough-hewn stone, with a porch almost as big as the house itself, to shelter the children when they come too early for their school-time. The thymy smell of the moorland is borne to us as we approach, along with the murmur of their voices, making it seem doubly like the hum of bees; and the stock in its garden, and the sweetbrier that peers in at its open casements, make the air fragrant within. The school-rooms of both boys and girls are lofty and well ventilated, and however their young hearts may long to be up and away over the purple hill, there is, at least, no headache nor drowsiness to dull their little wits. In the winter-time, too, all is snug and warm, so that fewer small red noses, and a less universal infant snuffle, are perceptible in the school-house of Woodislee than in any similar place that I am acquainted with. The squire built it at his own expense, and the cottage of the master and his wife beside it likewise. Higher upon the moorland yet—a beacon to be seen from half-a-dozen counties, and a landmark for the ships that come up from the western world—stands the new church, and has stood there those ten years in despite of the four winds. Oh, pleasant sight upon a Sabbath morn, while the bells are still ringing their first peal, and along the winding sand-road come the good people up by twos and threes: the young men in their clean white smock-frocks, and the girls in gay apparel; the old men toiling slowly with hat in hand, their gray hairs lifted by the breeze, and their old dames resplendent in the scarlet cloaks they are so loathe to leave off wearing, though the summer is come; and all, as they stop to rest from time to time, turning to westward gladly for that glorious view. The glimmering towns, from which, too, comes a faint and far-off music; the teeming hedgerows, with the deep blood-red Devon lanes; the crystal river hiding from the sun in the cool copses; the sparkling sea, with its fair burdens mostly motionless, but on its verge a dim white speck that grows, and close in-shore (that was itself a speck when the bells rang for school an hour ago) a huge three-masted ship—an isle of snow, or a white cloud fresh fallen; and so with thankful hearts, I hope, for the fair world that has been given us to dwell in, we enter into church at Woodislee. Massive need its walls be, and the tall gray tower, straight and without flaw, when the fierce north-wester blows—and they are so. The good squire built this also—Mr Markham that is, who lives in the great house yonder with the gables, which is called the Grange.

When I first came to Woodislee, I came as curate, for the incumbent was near ninety years of age, and very infirm. I had a hundred pounds a year, and the little cottage that is now in ruins close by the old church, to live in, and never dreamed to have done better. That would have been enough and to spare, indeed—without my good wife here and the four little ones of course, who then were not in the question—for the place is not a dear one as to living. The Brent,

Digitized by Google

which you have seen, runs by our door, supplied me well with trout, and I was my own fishmonger. A knife and fork, too, were always laid for me at the squire's board; and on Sundays, without exception, I was there to use them. No mere bluff country magnate was Mr Markham:

> A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
> A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
> And pamphleteer on guano and on grain.

Or rather, he had all the qualities of such a man, and finer ones besides: a good scholar, an elegant musician, and a gentleman as I discovered at the first; who pleased my Oxonian fancy with his classics, and knew the literature of his own land also at least as well; who played on flute and violin divinely; and who, when lords and bishop and county families rayed round his table, remembered not the less—a virtue very rare in hosts—the curate of Woodislee. Of his real worth and goodness, I knew more as I knew him longer; his open hand, his kindly heart, are dear even to speak of. I bring one proof of them, not stronger than I could select from a crowd of others, nor better witnessed, although it affects myself. The Sunday after poor Mr Melville—the old incumbent—died, I was, as usual, at the Grange; and, as was natural, our talk fell upon his loss and on the future vicar.

'I have appointed one in my own mind,' said Mr Markham; 'and if he chooses to accept the living—as there is no reason whatever for delay—he will read himself in within the month or so: a young man not over-rich, who knows the people here, and is well liked by them.'

'I fear then, sir, he will not want a curate, since the parish is so small?'

'No; I fear not, Grantley. We shall be sorry to lose you, although we have seen so little of each other; but I will have you in my eye be sure, as will my wife, in whose way curacies come somehow more than they do in mine.' And so we parted for that time with a hearty hand-shake.

Ah, what a wife that Mrs Markham was! a fair blithe woman then, with auburn hair just dusted o'er with gold, and wearing her thirty summers like a flower. She, with her pleasant smile, was the fit messenger to tell me ere the month was up that I myself was the new vicar of Woodislee. She took as great delight to bring the news as I to hear it. 'The vicarage is yours,' said she; 'and may this please you, Mr Grantley, as it pleases us. It was not with my will that it was kept a secret from you for so long; but you know my husband loves his kindly joke.'

It was not likely after this that I should become less their friend; and indeed the Markhams and myself were for ever together. Both as clergyman and as familiar intimate, my intercourse grew very close with them indeed. I learned (with pains enough) even to join their little concerts in the hall; I read with them old plays in winter evenings; and the vicarage was almost less my home than was the Grange. I am not sure that they did not choose my wife for me, if so, I have the greatest gift of all to thank them for; and they stood both of them as sponsors to my eldest boy. About two years after I had been installed as vicar, I began to observe a great strangeness in Mrs Markham. She grew absent, started when addressed—especially if by her husband—wasted visibly, and lost in part her pleasant looks. The squire did not see this; she had always a smile to greet him with, however she might look to others; and would watch him sometimes, when he was not regarding her, with a concentration of affection in her gaze more intense than ever. Another change was this: the squire's fortune being very large, his wife had a most liberal allowance, and kept quite a little establishment of her own. Her charities, besides those that were in common with his, were extensive. When any persons needed help beyond that which I was justified in giving, I had been accustomed to apply to her as readily as to him; but now her alms at first diminished, and then altogether ceased. She parted, under some frivolous pretence, with her carriage and ponies, and, from being rather fastidious and choice in her attire, she came to dress with great simplicity, and almost ill; so that upon that point her husband rallied her. One night she was singing with us in the hall, as usual, a favourite Scotch song of his that she had sung a hundred times before, when her voice suddenly trembled, as though her heart was breaking, and she burst into a fit of tears. It was one of those exquisite melodies of Burns upon the domestic affections, and Markham spoke touchingly to me afterwards of that excessive fondness of his wife's for him which had so completely overmastered her. 'If I were to be taken from her,' said he, 'I do believe dearest Jane would die.'

Certainly, to watch her anticipating his slightest wish, and listening to his every word as though it were to be his last, it might well seem so. Upon my venturing to remark to him that she was generally in by no means good health, and not in her usual spirits, he thanked me, and was nervously alive to this at once; and thinking a little company might cheer her, he sent for his maiden sister from the north to spend some time with them—a quiet elderly lady, very excellent, but not in any way gifted as her brother and sister-in-law were. We two struck up an acquaintance very soon, and the squire was wont to make facetious allusions to it which would have been embarrassing from anybody else. She soon filled up, in some measure, that position of Lady Bountiful in the parish which Mrs Markham had abdicated—although I confess she somewhat lacked the gracefulness of her welldoing—and evidently to that lady's satisfaction. It left her more to herself, and at liberty to retire to her chamber or elsewhere, as had now become her favourite custom. This, combined with the other peculiarities in her conduct, although still veiled from her husband's notice, did not escape the quick womanly eye of Miss Markham.

'I cannot think,' said she, as we were taking a parochial walk together about three weeks after her arrival, 'what change has come over Jane. If we did not know herself and George to have been the most loving couple that ever breathed, I should be inclined to think her an unhappy wife; and if I were not thoroughly convinced of the badness of her late husband, that she was regretting his loss.'

I had never heard until that moment of Mrs Markham having been ever a widow, and I expressed my surprise strongly.

'Indeed?' said my companion. 'I had made certain that they had intrusted you with that revelation; but since you are aware of so much, you may now just as well know all.

II.

'Mrs Markham, whom, you perceive, even at this time, charming and almost perfect as she appears, to be extraordinarily sensitive and unsuspicious of evil, was, as Miss Jane Raby, romantic to the last degree. She eloped at school, at the age of seventeen, with an adventurer named Heathcote. I never saw him myself, but I have been told that he was in youth extremely handsome, and gifted with some attractive but superficial talents. After living together a short time in great unhappiness, so far as Jane was concerned, he deserted her, and sent her back to her friends. He did not appear again for years. He must have treated the poor girl very

Digitized by Google

brutally, to account for the horror and absolute loathing which she entertained for him. He knew that she did so, and used that knowledge for his own profit. He had openly boasted that "he had not married a milksop like her for nothing, but for her money;" and the moment which secured to her her property, the very day on which she came of age, brought this harpy to her side again. She bought him off with ransoms, then and at many other times, as the civilised nations in old time bought off the savage, and with the like result—he became more frequent and extravagant in his demands. When I say that he was a systematic gambler and a drunkard, I believe that I have mentioned only his lighter foibles. The relics of her original fortune only remained to her, when he required of her a blank check to be filled up at his own pleasure. This, backed by her paternal uncle, and sole relative, in whose house she was then residing, she steadily refused to give him; and Heathcote, uttering the most frightful threats, was obliged to content himself with a draft drawn by Mr Raby upon his own banker for a hundred pounds. He drew it merely to save his niece, who was in an agony of terror from her husband's violence, and to get the man out of the house as quickly as possible; but, as the matter turned out, this was the luckiest thing in the world. Heathcote altered the "one" upon the order to "five," and the number "100" to "500," and so got the check changed by the commission of a felony. The next time that this fellow came for his merciless tax—which was soon enough—Mr Raby had a policeman in waiting for him. "If," said that gentleman, "you ever again attempt to persecute my unhappy niece, I transport you for the term of your natural life. You may thank her alone that I suffer you to escape your just punishment this time. If it rested with me only—and luckily the proof of your penal crime does rest with me, and with no 'milksop'—you should be shipped off as soon as law could ship you." Heathcote hectored a good deal, and strove to obtain an interview with his poor wife; but Mr Raby was firm. He told him out one hundred five-pound notes, and enclosed them in a cover, whereupon he wrote his own name and address, to remind him of this compact, telling him that it was the last handwriting and the last shilling of his that he should see. The conditions of gift were, that the recipient should depart for Australia forthwith, and never set foot again in England. "The fellow five hundred, the forged check, sir, is in my own possession; and if I ever see your face again, shall be produced in a court of law"—which penalty the other, there being no help for it, agreed to. Heathcote's brutality must have been something excessive to have trodden all traces of love out of a heart like Jane's; but he had quite succeeded in so doing. Although she had not consented to her uncle's threat being held over him—and happy was it that it did not rest with her to use it—she could not but feel comfort from the event. Six months' experience of freedom did wonders in restoring her roses and lightening her heart of a sorrow that seemed likely to crush it altogether. She began to move about less like an automaton, to wear the smile of content, if not of merriment, and to be in some sort like the Jane Raby of five years before. Then came some news which made her serious and silent a while, but could scarce have made her sad: Heathcote was dead in the bush, slain by the hand of one of his own wicked companions. In a concealed pocket within his vest was found the roll of banknotes in their still unbroken cover. It had escaped the eyes of his murderer, or the passing by of some honest settlers had disturbed him in his unfinished search. They forwarded the parcel to Mr Raby, with a narration of these facts. A year after this event, it would have been impossible to recognise the spirit-bowed and fragile Mrs Heathcote in the by no means inconsolable widow which she had then become. Thanks to her brief matrimonial career, she was not rich, but beautiful and happy as you see her now, Mr Grantley, or rather as you did see her until within these few months. My brother married her with the full knowledge of her former life, and has never had a moment's cause, as he says himself, to regret his choice.'

This narration, which the kind-hearted but misdoubting little old maid made piquant with various garnishments of her own, in the way of flings at the foolishness of young girls, and the futility of early marriages, did not much enlighten me, as to what was ailing with poor Mrs Markham, although it increased my interest in her fortunes. Her conduct towards myself remained unaltered, or was marked by even greater communicativeness. She put to me several hypothetical cases of conscience, of which I could see no possible bearing on herself, and begged me, as a clergyman, to give her my best opinion on the subject. She told me that she had often bewailed the having no children, which she had once considered to be the sole blessing that had been denied her; but that now she thanked God she was childless. The horrible thought began to cross me that my dear benefactress and firm friend was going out of her mind; and that idea grew stronger, although Miss Markham shook her head at it, and hoped it might be no worse. She was as good a person as ever lived; but she had the weakness of her order, which somehow is always to think the worst that can be of all her sex. But when I had seen Mrs Markham come out of the firwood, under the sandcliff, a little after sunrise one morning, and she told me, pale as a spectre, and quivering in every limb, that she had only been to get an appetite for breakfast; when she asked me at another time for the loan of twenty pounds for a very pressing emergency, and begged me to keep it secret; and when I coupled with these things her piteous endeavours, so transparent to myself and her sister-in-law, to conceal her unhappy condition at all times—a mark most significant of an unsettled brain—I felt quite sure of my painful surmise being but too true. I was even debating how to break this horror to Mr Markham, that remedial measures might be resorted to before it was too late, when a circumstance occurred which changed my suspicions into a certainty even still more terrible.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

TAR.

No person of a meditative turn of mind can long remain a spectator of the improvements effected in almost every department of the manufacturing world, without being profoundly convinced of the immense strides which have of late years been made in the practical applications of chemistry.

Chemistry, to our forefathers, was a vague and speculative science, having no bearing, direct or indirect, upon any one of the arts or manufactures. The learned found, in its unmeaning nomenclature, a convenient shelter for their own ignorance on many points; and the unlearned looked upon it as far above their comprehension, and altogether void of useful or practical application. One or two great men, of whom Robert Boyle ought perhaps to be placed first, disgusted with the arbitrary rules which had been laid down by the chemists, founded, most of them, on the mere *ipse dixit* of men wholly unacquainted with the cause of any natural phenomena, attempted to overturn the more absurd parts of the so-called science; and their exertions met with a

Digitized by Google

good deal of success, and paved the way for great improvements.

At the present day, chemistry is *par excellence the* science having *utility* as its invariable result, and working hand in hand with nearly every art and manufacture. Yet it has not become a common, a simple, or an easy pursuit; it is perhaps as difficult, and even more so, to gain an intimate knowledge of modern, than it ever was of ancient chemistry. If it was troublesome to recollect the thousand and one peculiarities attributed of old to phlogiston—*caput mortuum, quinta essentia, terra vitrifiabilis,* and *terra fusibilis*—it is no less troublesome, at the present day, to recollect even the *names* of such substances as arseniomethylimylium, stibiotetramethylium, hydrargobenzamide, and trichloracetamide, although these latter words exactly express the composition of the bodies they index, and are the simplest which, compatible with correctness, can be put together.

Nothing will so clearly shew the advantage which has accrued to society generally by recent chemical investigation, on an examination into the manufacture of some article brought before us in everyday-life.

When, owing to some great convulsion of nature, a mighty forest, with trees of a magnitude unequalled in this post-diluvian world, with tangled thickets and waving fern beneath them, is buried hundreds of fathoms below the surface of the earth, and pressed down for centuries into the smallest possible compass by millions of tons of matter resting upon it, it might be supposed, that so far as the uses of mankind were concerned, a great and irreparable *loss* had been sustained. The noblest of those trees, if hewn down and exposed for a hundred years or less to the action of the atmosphere, would rot away, and be resolved into the simple forms of matter, by the union of which they were constituted. Then what will it be after fifty, sixty, or an indefinite number of centuries have rolled over the globe?

Certainly they would not be *lost*. Nature neither *wastes* nor *loses*. When those forests existed as forests in all their beauty, there was no hand upon the earth to hew them down, no inventive creature to make use of their productions. Nature acted like a frugal housewife; and just as Mrs Brown or Mrs White, finding in her garden the supply of gooseberries exceeding her present demand for that fruit, 'preserves' the surplus for winter use, in the form immediately recognised by the little Browns and Whites as 'jam,' nature preserved her vast and otherwise useless forests in great sunless, airless storehouses, in the solid crust of the earth; and now gives them up to her sons in the no less valuable form of coal.

From coal, man has obtained many things which he would have vainly sought for otherwise; and not least of these products, though, until lately, poked quite away in a corner, he has obtained *tar*.

Every reader is perfectly familiar with the colour, odour, and generally disagreeable nature of tar. We don't mean the rich, fragrant, foreign fluid, prepared from the roots and otherwise useless portions of resinous firs, and known as Stockholm tar; nor yet the purer extract furnished by the wood-vinegar or pyroligneous-acid-maker. These are tars, but they are not our tar: our tar is far more disagreeable than any other kind, and is usually called, in allusion to the source whence it is obtained, coal-tar.

Coal-tar is torn from the long embrace of its parent coal, at the period when that parent yields up to the service of man a no less cherished offspring, gas. As coal is heated in confined chambers, the carburetted hydrogen, for the production of which the operation is performed, is separated, and with it a quantity of the black treacley-looking fluid known as tar. This is collected in proper receptacles, and as it is of no use to the gas manufacturer, is sold to those whose special business is its preparation.

Until the last few years, the applications of coal-tar were very simple, and very limited: it was spread over a vast variety of substances which required its preserving influence to guard them from the weather; it was used as a rough varnish for gigantic ironwork; and it formed an important ingredient in various compositions used instead of stone for esplanade purposes.

Modern chemistry, however, attacking one by one the myriads of matters entering into the composition of this 'terrestrial ball,' one fine day seized hold of tar; and after torturing the poor fluid in a thousand different ways, examining and cross-examining it by its ministers, heat and cold, acids and alkalies, tests and reagents, pronounced it a very remarkable and highly complicated substance.

What is tar?

Tar is a union of a very considerable number of organic bodies, some being solid, and others fluid. It contains—if you desire a clear and satisfactory idea of its composition—ammonia, aniline, picoline, quinoline, pyridine, phenic acid, rosolic acid, brunolic acid, benzole, tolnole, cumole, cymole, naphthaline, paranaphthaline, chrysene, and pyrene. As each of these sixteen substances is individually more or less complicated, we are not, we think, wrong in saying that the fluid formed by their union is somewhat remarkable.

We wont go into the *chemical* nature of tar; we might say about every one of its constituents as much as would fill half-a-dozen columns of this *Journal*, and yet those constituents are as yet but very imperfectly understood. We prefer rather glancing at the actual serviceable products which have been obtained from coal-tar.

The apparently simple business of the tar-worker is to take his tar to pieces; not to separate it into all the various components we have enumerated, for that would be a very difficult, and perhaps useless proceeding, but to extract from it a number of vastly different bodies, which have been put to a variety of uses in the manufacturing world.

In nearly the whole of his operations, the simple agent used by the tar-worker is *heat*. It is one of the fundamental laws of chemistry, that every fluid at a certain temperature shall assume a gaseous form; the temperature at which such change takes place being entirely dependent upon the nature of the fluid operated upon. The highly complex body, tar, is therefore placed in certain large stills, each containing from 2000 to 3000 gallons; and heat being applied, the tar in time begins to boil; and each of its fluid constituents, which assumes the form of vapour at a different temperature from the others, separately makes its appearance at the end of the still-worm.

The first of these is a quantity of ammonia and other gases, all of which are collected in cold water, which soon becomes strongly impregnated with them, and is used for the preparation of a rough description of sulphate of ammonia, which finds a ready sale as an important ingredient in certain artificial manures.

As the heat is increased, an oily fluid comes over, technically called 'light oil,' which is carefully collected apart from the other products. When as much of this light oil has made its appearance as about equals in bulk one-twentieth of the tar originally put into the still, it ceases to be produced, and is succeeded by a dense dark-coloured fluid, with a peculiarly offensive odour, known as 'dead oil.' The dead oil comes over in much larger quantity than the light oil, equalling fully one-fifth of the tar. When the dead oil has ceased to run, the distiller knows it is of no use to keep the pot boiling any longer; the fire is therefore put out, a huge tap at

Digitized by Google

the bottom of the still is turned, and the thick black residuum, still fluid in its heated state, being neither more nor less than common pitch, is allowed to run along certain channels prepared for its transmission, into immense underground tanks in which it is stored.

By simple *boiling*, then, our manufacturer has split up his tar into four very different matters—pitch, dead oil, light oil, and ammoniacal liquor.

With the pitch he does very little. Shortly after running from the still, it is ladled out of the great tanks already mentioned into moulds formed of the halves of resin-casks, rubbed with chalk on the inside to prevent its adhering; and being sold in this state, it is used for a variety of well-known purposes.

The greater part of the dead oil, too, has no further process to undergo. The product is in reality a rough mineral creasote, and possesses in a high degree the antiseptic properties for which creasote is so celebrated. The dead oil is about the most important thing got out of the tar; thousands and thousands of gallons are every week sold to the different railway companies for the soaking of sleepers and other timber; for once well impregnated with the fluid, every description of wood may bid defiance to both wet and dry rot. A good deal of the oil is, however, used for a very different purpose. It is exceedingly inflammable, and contains a large amount of carbon; and these two peculiarities are taken advantage of by slowly burning it in curious little lamp-furnaces connected with vast brick flues; the smoke from the burning oil is rapidly deposited on the sides of these flues in a form which washerwomen would recognise as 'blacks;' and being periodically scraped off, it makes its appearance in the market as 'lampblack.'

The light oil is, however, a substance requiring a good deal more preparation, and serving a greater variety of purposes than any of the other products. Light oil is impure *coal naphtha;* and to free it from its impurities, especially those affecting its colour and smell, is the crowning object of the tar-distiller.

As it comes over, in the first instance, it is a dark-brown liquid, smelling most horribly. Being in this state all but useless, it is at once redistilled, and loses a large amount of smell and colour. It is now ordinary 'naphtha,' and used for a variety of purposes, but it still contains a large quantity of a peculiar greasy matter, called 'paranaphthaline,' from which no amount of distilling would entirely free it. To separate it from this paranaphthaline, therefore, it is mixed with 'oil of vitriol,' in an iron reservoir, and the acid and naphtha are thoroughly shaken and stirred together. For some little understood reason, the fatty paranaphthaline leaves the naphtha, and attaches itself to the acid, carrying along with it a vast amount of impurity, and leaving the naphtha in a very commendable state of cleanliness. As the oil of vitriol is nearly three times as heavy as the naphtha, directly the stirring and mixing process is at an end, the two bodies separate, and are drawn off from the reservoir into proper receptacles.

The naphtha is now either sold in its present condition, or again distilled. For the most particular purposes, indeed, it is distilled or rectified three times, the whole operation being conducted by the steam of boiling water; and the fluid is known to the trade as once, twice, or thrice *run* naphtha respectively.

Here the legitimate labours of the tar-distiller end. He has prepared from his black tar, pitch, creasote, lampblack, naphtha, and sulphate of ammonia. The first three are used, as we have already said, in their existing forms; while the fourth, the coal-naphtha, has yet to undergo a greater variety of changes, and to fulfil a larger number of offices, than all the other products put together.

In the state in which the naphtha leaves the tar-worker's yard, it is used extensively for illumination, for which it is eminently fitted by the immense amount of carbon it contains; and if the lamp employed in burning it be only so constructed as to allow of the actual *combustion* of this carbon, the light emitted is probably greater than that obtained from the same bulk of any other known substance. It is also a solvent of caoutchouc, gutta-percha, and other gums, and therefore much in request by the varnish-maker; whilst purified and deprived of its smell, by some secret method it becomes the benzine collas, extensively used as a valuable detergent of grease from wearing apparel, &c.

When coal-naphtha is submitted to the action of certain chemical bodies, totally different from itself in their nature, the most remarkable changes take place in it; certain of its principles unite with certain elements of the added body, and compounds are produced of the most unexpected nature.

Thus we have said that one of the constituents of tar is *benzole;* how, when the tar is distilled, and separated into the dead oil and the light oil, this body benzole suffers no alteration in its nature; its affinity for some of the other ingredients of the naphtha is so great, that simple heat is altogether insufficient to produce a disunion; and the consequence is, that the benzole *goes over* with the light oil, and continues to form part of it.

By using rather more energetic chemical means, however, the benzole may be separated from the naphtha, about a pint being obtained from two gallons. It makes its appearance as a heavy, oily substance, with very little smell, and a pungent taste. When this apparently useless fluid is mixed with nitric acid or aquafortis, a singular phenomenon occurs—the two substances, the benzole and the acid, unite, and produce what chemists call nitro-benzol, a fluid precisely resembling in smell and taste oil of bitter-almonds, and extensively used in various ways in place of the more expensive and poisonous substance which it represents.

Yet another strange transformation may be effected. *Phenic acid* we have enumerated as existing in tar; and phenic acid, like benzole, is not altered during the process of distillation, but passes over with the naphtha, and forms part of it. Phenic acid further resembles benzole in being of little use in its pure state. When, however, it is treated with nitric acid, already mentioned, and evaporated, long pale-yellow crystals, bright and clear, make their appearance, very beautiful to the eye, and intensely *bitter* to the tongue: these are crystals of carbazotic acid. Their colour has caused a solution of them to be extensively used in dyeing silk; their taste has made them serviceable in adulterating beer.

Using only the multiform processes placed at his command by modern chemistry, the investigator into such matters has gone on experimenting upon all the compounds of this curious body, tar, and has baptised with fearfully hard names the substances produced therefrom, until he has given us binitrobenzol, hydrobenzamide, bi-bromide of chlorabronaphtese, and a dozen other no less mystifying substances. Those above mentioned are, however, the principal ones which have yet been put to any practical use.

Who will despise the nauseous black coal-tar now? With substances obtained from it, we have rendered our timber impervious to rot, have painted our dwellings, paved our streets, made our varnishes and water-proof garments, taken grease from our Sunday clothes, manured our fields, dyed our silken fabrics, adulterated our beer, and flavoured our soaps, sweetmeats, and confectionary!

Who can tell what else we shall get from this queer stuff? Chemical research occupies a long time; and chemical experiments of any importance can be performed but by a few; hence many of the sixteen

Digitized by Google

constituents of tar have hitherto been little studied. When they yield up their secrets to the magic power of analysis, other bodies quite as useful and remarkable as those we have mentioned, and perhaps even more so, may be presented to us from that most prolific substance, coal-tar.

STOP THIEF!

In some parts of India, house-robberies are almost unknown; you may leave your doors open every night, and take no precaution, yet never be one whit the poorer; while in most of the cantonments of the upper provinces and other places, you will be robbed for certain, unless you have a regular night-guard, or keep a *chokeedar* or watchman. Your safety does not consist in the vigilance or prowess of this individual, but simply in the fact that thieves and chokeedars, if not, as some assert, one and the same individuals, have a mutual understanding with each other; and when you literally fulfil the proverb of 'Set a rogue to catch a rogue,' by retaining one of them as your servant, all the rest respect your property.

Long practice enables the chokeedar to sleep in almost any position; sitting, lying or standing, no matter how uneasy the posture or hard the resting-place, all come alike to him. He sleeps tranquilly in the verandah during the greater part of the night; occasionally he rouses himself, and stumps round the house, making a great show of vigilance, by clattering his stick, and uttering a peculiar sound, as if he was clearing his throat in a passion; but this is entirely to display his zeal for your benefit, not from any fears for your goods and chattels. Sometimes he will ask leave of absence for a day or two, and your property remains quite secure, though you need not be astonished if you hear that your chokeedarless neighbour has suffered considerably in the interim, and may form your own conjectures regarding the way in which your servant has employed his holiday.

Sometimes an individual was found hardy enough to refuse to pay this black-mail, and trust for security to a brace of pistols and a dog. But, sooner or later, the fine morning came on which he awoke to the consciousness that the rogues had outwitted him, and that all or some of his valuables were absent without leave. Pistols are easily tampered with; and though a good watch-dog is the best safeguard, the thieves generally manage to gain his confidence, and seduce his fidelity by gifts of sweet-meats and such-like dainties. If, as rarely happens, the road to the animal's affections did not lie through his stomach; if the dog was an honest dog, superior to bribery, and who refused to be influenced by such paltry considerations, the same appetising tit-bits presented the means of administering to him either a sleeping-potion or a permanent quietus.

But though robberies are common enough in cantonments, the camp is the great harvest-field for rogues. So many opportunities are afforded while marching, so many things left scattered about, and a tent is so much easier to enter than a bungalow, that a regiment or detachment seldom make a march of any length without suffering from their depredations; but how these opportunities occur, and how they are taken advantage of, may best be illustrated by giving the details of a few occurrences on the line of march.

In most native infantry messes, it is the custom, when beginning a march, to pack up all plate, glass, crockery, &c., only leaving out enough to serve up the eatables on. Every officer is expected to bring his own plate, spoons, forks, and chair. The general dinner-hour was just as it grew dusk, and at sunset each servant carried the requisites for his master to the mess-tent, and placed them in their allotted position. One evening, just before the first dinner-bugle sounded, a thief watched the opportunity of the mess-tent being empty, and coolly walked into it at the opposite side from the cook-house, where all the servants were congregated. He passed within two yards of a sentry in doing so, but no one hindered him, taking him for what he appeared, an officer's servant. He then went round the table, appropriating every silver article thereon, judiciously rejecting the plated ones; and having made all into a compact bundle, deposited them in the folds of his *dhotee* or waistcloth; then hearing a coming footstep, he emerged as deliberately as he entered. Fortunately it was the mess-bearer who entered; and he, comprehending the nature of the mischief by a glance at the despoiled table, did what natives invariably do under all circumstances of excitement, whether it be joy, sorrow, fear, surprise, or anger—namely, he made a great uproar. The rest of the servants joined in the chorus, like a pack of jackals when they discover a bone, and soon the camp resounded with the cry of 'Chor, chor!' (Thieves, thieves!)

The robber, with the missing articles in his substitute for breeches pockets, had by this time reached the outskirts of the camp, and had actually passed the line of picket-sentries, when the cries, of which he well knew the cause, struck upon his ears. Had he conducted the rest of his proceedings as deliberately as his former ones, the chances were ten to one he would have got clear off with his booty, to chuckle over the stupidity of the Feringhees and their followers; but conscience makes cowards of pagans as well as Christians. Anxious to gain the friendly shelter of the neighbouring jungle, he quickened his pace to a run, which attracted the attention of a *classie* (tent-pitcher), who was busily engaged in making tent-pegs from the wood of a babool tree (*Mimosa Arabica*), near the spot. Guessing at once that this was the individual who had caused such commotion in the camp, he applied the thick end of one of the tent-pegs to his pericranium with such emphasis, that the thief bit the dust. The shock loosened the bundle he had deposited in his dhotee, and out rolled spoons, forks, ladles, &c., in most admired disorder.

The sudden and unexpected appearance of these articles gave the classie ample proof of the nature of the crime which had been committed, and he stood over the culprit, brandishing the axe with which he had been pointing the tent-pins, and shouting for assistance, which speedily arrived, and the man was carried off to the quarter-guard. While on his way thither, one of the servants identified the clothes he wore as his own. They had been made up in a bundle along with some other articles which had been stolen some nights previously off his master's hackery. The culprit was tried by the civil powers, and rewarded for his misdeeds with twelve months on the roads.

At some halting-places, a most barbarous and nefarious practice prevailed of poisoning horses for the sake of the hide. The poison was made up in a ball of *goor* (coarse sugar), of which horses are very fond, and thrown into their grass whilst feeding at their pickets. The animal soon sickened; and when the troops marched off next morning, was left behind dead or dying, and the rascally *choomars* (leather-dressers) obtained what they wanted.

Cawnpore is celebrated for its manufacture of saddlery, harness, &c., in imitation of English articles of the same kind. They do not last long, and have a disagreeable smell; but being very cheap, meet with a ready sale. In consequence, leather is in great demand there, and the first halting-place, about seven miles north-west of the station, for a long time enjoyed

Digitized by Google

a most unenviable notoriety for poisoning horses. The practice has of late years been almost entirely discontinued, and was for a long time checked by the device of an officer, who, enraged at the loss of a favourite charger, determined to punish the authors of its death. He pretended to march off with his regiment, but returning by a circuitous route, he concealed himself with several men near where the body of his horse lay. In due time, the choomars thinking the coast clear, came to skin the dead animal, when the ambush set on them with sticks, and thrashed them till they were tired. They then, with the choomars' own knives, hacked the skin so as to render it useless; and before they had time to raise the neighbouring village, decamped to join their regiment, with the happy internal consciousness of men who had done a good action.

Every nation has its own code of morals, and its peculiar ideas on the subject of honesty. The Highland cateran was looked on as a gentleman, provided 'he never lifted less than a drove in his life.' We frequently see instances of men who consider imposition justifiable in matters of horseflesh, which they would repudiate in any other. The most lax notions of honesty are generally prevalent regarding the ownership of umbrellas and walking-sticks.

The natives of India have perhaps more strange notions on these subjects than any other people. A murder is not a murder if committed on behalf of their faith, or to protect the honour of their family. A lie is not a lie if told to a Christian on behalf of one of their own creed. Many vagabond good-for-naughts are highly respected, while honest tradesmen are looked down upon. A tailor is looked up to, while a shoemaker is despised. A man may become a beggar or a cow-herd without falling in public estimation; but he would be eternally disgraced if he carried a burden on his head, or took charge of swine or poultry. A Parsee will cheat and overreach you in the most unscrupulous manner, but nothing would induce him to give you a light for your cheroot. A sepoy that may be trusted with untold gold, will steal firewood and sugar-canes whenever and wherever he can lay hands on them. What is a virtue in one caste, is a crime in the eyes of another. But all classes agree in their universal hatred of the professed thief. Whenever one is caught, he is abused, reviled, and maltreated in every possible manner. If caught in the lines or camp of a regiment, every man, woman, or child belonging thereto considers it laudable to give him a box, blow, kick, cuff, pinch, or some similar demonstration of good-will. At Benares, several years ago, a thief caught in the lines of a native infantry regiment was actually pommelled to death in this manner; and the same thing very nearly occurred in my own regiment, when this *summum jus* had well-nigh proved the *summa injuria* to an innocent individual.

One night, while marching in the upper provinces, the mess *khansamah* was robbed in the most artistic manner. He occupied a small tent called a *shouldarry* on the right, immediately in rear of the grenadier company—the other occupants being his wife and two children. While all were fast asleep, some cunning rogue effected an entrance by cutting a slit in the side of the canvas, and not only stole a bag of cooking-utensils and some other small articles which lay scattered about, but also succeeded in removing the silver necklace and armlet of one of the children. How he was able to open the fastenings of these in the dark, seems almost incomprehensible, as the necklace required considerable pressure to unclasp it, and the armlet was fastened by a screw; but the probabilities are, that the thief had reconnoitred the localities by daylight, and, under pretence of playing with the children, had loosened the fastenings so as to render their removal easy. When the khansamah awoke to a consciousness of his loss, he fancied it had only just occurred, and that the thief had not had time to escape, although, from subsequent inquiries, it seems most probable that he had got clear off some time previously.

He accordingly shouted 'Chor, Chor!' until the entire camp was astir. 'Where is he? In which direction?'

'Gone to the right,' was the reply; and a number of sepoys and camp-followers started off in the direction indicated.

Foremost of all was an unlucky *gareewan* (hackery-driver), who, in his zeal to capture the robber, kept ahead of all the others. This gave him the appearance of running away and being pursued by the others, so, as he rushed past the picket-sentry, the latter tripped him up, and he fell heavily to the ground.

Before he had time to rise, he was assailed by a number of the pursuers, who, without further preamble, began to execute summary justice on the supposed robber. In vain he protested his innocence, and declared he was no thief. His cries were unheeded, probably unheard in the burst of clamour and execration which surrounded him. He probably would have fared even worse, but the patrol coming up, rescued him, and carried off the poor wretch bleeding, and almost senseless, to the quarter-guard, where the truth soon became manifest, and apologies were tendered to the gareewan for the ill usage he had suffered. The men afterwards made him some small present by subscription, and the *bunneeahs* put him on the free-list of their shops for as much grain as he could eat till the end of the march, which proved a more satisfactory balm to his wounded feelings than any expressions of regret could have done; and the poor fellow seemed as if he would not mind taking another thrashing to get into such good quarters again.

While my regiment was stationed at Meerut, I took the opportunity of parades and drills being excused in consequence of the inspection of another regiment quartered there, to give myself and my horse some exercise. It was a cold bracing December morning, for there is such a thing as cold weather in the North-west Provinces, and though the thermometer seldom falls below forty-three degrees, it appears quite cold to those who for eight months in the year are accustomed to double that temperature. There is something peculiarly refreshing and invigorating in such mornings; the energies which have been dormant during months of lassitude and inaction, appear to awake with redoubled vigour after their long repose, and men and animals seem to feel the effect equally. My horse and myself being of the same opinion, indulged each other's inclinations. Going along at a slapping pace, we soon left cantonments far behind us. Proceeding in this way, I overtook Swanton, one of our married captains, who said he was going out to meet Dod and his wife, whom he expected to rejoin from leave that day, and take up their quarters with him until they had time to get a bungalow for themselves, and asked me to join him. Adolphus Dod was our senior lieutenant, and had for many years held the situation of interpreter and quarter-master. A brevet-captain and regimental subaltern of eighteen years' standing, the slowness of promotion had given him an excuse for grumbling, which he improved on all occasions. He was a steady, conscientious officer, and excellent linguist; and his long service, and intimate acquaintance with the language and habits of the men, gave him a good deal of influence with them and the commanding officer. Being of an unsociable, and close, almost penurious disposition, he was not much of a favourite with the intermediate ranks; and we did not scruple to amuse ourselves at the expense of his

Digitized by Google

foibles. He had an idea that the gentility of a name should be admeasured by its length, and that its brevity was a symptom of plebeian extraction; he was therefore as much ashamed of his patronymic as he was proud of his Christian name. We youngsters used to irritate him exceedingly by writing chits and letters to him on any and every occasion, superscribed with his rank, titles, and prenomen, in as large characters as our space admitted, and his cognomen as minute as our penmanship could effect, without being illegible. The direction usually ran thus: 'Lieutenant and Brevet-captain, Interpreter and Quarter-master Adolphus Dod.'

A gracious response was seldom accorded to these missives; but as the contents were always strictly polite, there was nothing to lay hold of, and Dod chafed not the less because he chafed in silence. Not wishing to lose his staff allowances, he had not taken leave for many years; but during the previous rains he had suffered so severely from intermittent fever, that the doctors, much against his will, sent him to Simla for three months, where he soon recovered. There is no occupation to be found by the sojourners at that sanatorium to consume their spare time, except love-making and gambling. Too prudent to indulge in the latter, he fell a victim to the former, and surrendered his liberty to a young lady of the florid and globular style of beauty, whose appearance suggested to every reflective mind the idea of a milk-pail. Perhaps, as people always fancy their opposites, he loved her for the contrast she presented to his own tall raw-boned person, from which the sun seemed to have dried every ounce of superfluous flesh, making him a perfect cab-horse beauty, all bone and sinew. At any rate, he made her Mrs Adolphus Dod, and proceeded with his bride to rejoin the ——; and it was for the purpose of meeting them and receiving the stranger with due honour, that Swanton and I were cantering along the northern road from Meerut.

After proceeding a little distance, we saw some one riding towards us, whom I took for a very seedy-looking sepoy on horseback, and would have passed on without pulling up; but Swanton recognising Dod's splendid gray charger, exclaimed: 'By Jove, that's Selim, and Dod himself on his back; but did you ever see such a scarecrow? The man must be mad to go about masquerading in such a trim this chilly morning.' The figure which now presented itself to us was attired in a sepoy's red coatee and pantaloons, which had evidently been made for a very small man, whilst the wearer was six feet two with his boots off. Consequently, the trousers did not go down low enough to hide the want of stockings, or come up high enough to get within hail of the waist of his scanty coat.

To fill up the intervening hiatus, he had tied one of the servant's cummerbunds round his waist, the variegated ends of which hung down in front apron-fashion, where, to say the truth, they were much needed. The coat, which could not be induced to meet within several inches, was fastened in front with bits of string, and the narrowness of its back gave him the appearance of a person in a strait-waistcoat. Round his neck, in lieu of neckcloth, were the voluminous folds of his sycc's *pugree* (turban), once a bright rose colour, but now shewing signs of long and hard service, in many a greasy mark and unctuous stain. On his head was a hat, we had often seen him wear under happier circumstances; it was a white felt, something between a steeple-crown and wide-awake—on the elegant and unique appearance of which Dod used to pride himself; but now its glory was departed: it was saturated with some dark fluid; the leaf hung down limp and crumpled, and the crown was bulged into the shape of the crater of a volcano. His sallow face looked blue; his teeth chattered; and his bare feet, thrust into yellow native slippers, shivered in the stirrups from cold. He appeared so crest-fallen and miserable, that we endeavoured to suppress our laughter; but when he proceeded to recount his sorrows, the whole affair, and the narrator in particular, looked so absurd, that human gravity could stand it no longer, and we laughed long and loudly, to his infinite disgust. Dod's account was so unconnected and mixed up with various unparliamentary expressions, that I must give a version of his story in my own words. It appears he had two tents; one for sleeping in, the other for use during the day. The latter was always sent on overnight, so as to be ready pitched on their arrival at the next encamping-ground. He had with him the usual number of servants, and a guard of a *naik* and four sepoys, for the protection of his baggage. After dinner the previous evening, the large tent had been struck as usual, and sent on ahead, along with all their baggage and wearing apparel, except the garments they were to wear next morning. The naik and three men of the guard also went on, leaving one sepoy behind in charge of the smaller tent. Early rising and long marches produce sound slumbers; and whilst Captain and Mrs Dod, with the few servants left behind, were far away in the land of dreams, some reckless rogue managed to effect an entrance into their tent, and made a clean sweep of its contents. When Dod arose at daybreak, he groped about for his nether garments, but not being able to lay his hands on them, called for a light. When it came, the appalling truth, in all its naked horror, burst on his benumbed senses. Every individual article of wearing apparel, masculine and feminine, had been carried off; nothing had escaped the fangs of the harpies except the lady's riding-hat, a very spicy affair, with a drooping feather, but rather unsuited to her present *toilette de nuit*. Poor Dod was cleaned out; and he at length bethought himself of the sepoy's coat and pantaloons, which he proceeded to don, while his wife, wrapped in blankets like an Indian squaw, buried herself in the depths of her *palkee;* and they set out on their march until we met them, as above described.

We turned our horses' heads to accompany Dod back to cantonments, who, being shy of making so extraordinary an appearance in public, proposed that we should go round to avoid the main thoroughfare. Swanton assented, but I thought there was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes as he did so. We accordingly turned aside from the road, crossed a plain, then through several lanes, and into a large mango tope. As we passed through this, the pace became a sharp gallop, and we emerged on the brigade parade-ground, where the 76th native infantry were being reviewed. Dod tried to pull up, but Selim was not to be outstripped by his neighbours, and never stopped till he arrived at the saluting-flag, amidst a group of carriages and equestrians, just as the 76th advanced to the general salute. All eyes were turned on the grotesque figure of our companion, whose countenance, now inflamed with rage and shame, made his other charms more conspicuous. He seemed doubtful for some time whether to knock down Swanton or make a bolt for it, but finally chose the latter, and rode off amid roars of laughter.

How different a reception was this from what Dod had pictured to himself. He had intended making a triumphal entry, a kind of matrimonial ovation; but here was he the laughing-stock of half the station; whilst his lovely bride was ignominiously compelled to hide her confusion, and conceal her scanty drapery, in the deepest recesses of a palanquin.

Within a year after this, Dod was promoted, and

Digitized by Google

left the regiment for an appointment on the general staff, to his great delight, for he never got over his discomfiture on this occasion, or forgave Swanton for the trick he had played him.

SHALL WE *MAKE* THEM 'COME IN?'

In Scotland, where Burns is read as well as sung, and where stately hospitals stand frequent monuments of the desire of a nation to learn as well as to teach, the difficulties which obstruct the education of the poor in England can be scarcely estimated. Not only are the hands of the legislature hampered by innumerable sectarian animosities whenever it attempts to deal with the question, but the people themselves are in most cases far from anxious for this boon of Universal Instruction to be granted. That, in the agricultural districts, the Employers—such is their wisdom—are often avowedly indisposed to allow their work-people 'to be made dissatisfied with their condition in life, by book-learning,' is true enough; but in the manufacturing counties it is the Employed, the Hands, who are found to have even a stronger objection of their own to the schoolmaster in any shape being sent among their children.

Yet, it is not too much to say, that, next to sanitary measures, next to the absolute necessity of improving the dwellings of the poor, this education of the mass of the people is the most pressing need of our social system. The machinery which is already working to that end is, indeed, of trifling power in comparison with the work required of it; but even if it were of ten times the force, the raw material, the to-be-instructed, would not be forthcoming any the more. Even as it is, the supply of schools, in many places, exceeds the demand; let church schools, dissenting schools, secular schools, what schools you will, be multiplied to any extent, and still we shall find, as we find now, that *the children don't attend them.* Even if the political zealots should agree—of which there is no reasonable hope—to sink their differences in the common good, and the political economists should waive their objections to a comprehensive scheme of government education, the scheme, nevertheless, would fail as matters stand, inasmuch as those whose good it contemplated would not accept the benefit. They might have the fruit of the tree of knowledge brought to them, but they would still decline to eat.

Such being the state of the case, a pamphlet bearing this title, *A Plan by which the Education of the People may be secured without State Interference or Compulsory Rating, and in Strict Accordance with the Principles of Civil and Religious Liberty,** seems attractive enough; and its contents, we are bound to say, without pledging ourselves to all the author's sentiments, are scarcely less fair-seeming than the outside.

One point which Mr Wrigley—who is himself a manufacturer employing a vast number of work-people—insists upon mainly, and the one which seems to us also to need to be particularly urged, is this, that the interests of parents and child are, in the case of the poor, directly opposite and inimical to one another. You cannot persuade the father that that which takes money out of his own pocket, or which at least prevents money from getting into it, is for the good of his offspring. Even if the infant be sent to school at all, it is taken away to make money as soon as it can possibly earn any; and this so universally, that the average time that children in a manufacturing district remain at school is—according to the Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners—*less than a twelvemonth.* The smallest gain to be made out of a child's labour is found sufficient to tempt the selfish parent to take away from it all the advantages of education. We are far from being so pharisaical as to expect, where there is an absolute necessity for more money, any great moral sacrifice of this kind on the part of the poor; and we are only referring to well-to-do work-people in ordinarily good times, or, in other words, to the majority of the manufacturing classes. Even in districts where the wages average only 12s. a week, 'the working-man,' says one of the Reports, 'not unfrequently spends one-sixth of that sum per week in beer and tobacco;' and when the wages are higher, the waste is found to be proportionally far greater. Mr Watkins, a school-inspector for York, Durham, and Northumberland, in 1850, estimates the yearly cost of elementary education at from 14s. to 16s. a year, or 4d. a week at most.

Surely where wages are good, this would not be a very severe exaction; and where they are bad, the pamphlet proposes a special plan for gratuitous instruction. But in the first and general case, how is the workman to be induced to save the necessary 4d. for this purpose?

'I earnestly plead,' says Mr Watkins, after describing the causes which take ninety-five poor children out of a hundred away from school before they can possibly be benefited, 'for the solemn voice of the law protecting the child from parent and employer alike.'

The intelligent writer whose letters, signed 'A Nottinghamshire Clergyman,' we are familiar with in the columns of the *Times*, expresses himself thus: 'In my own parish, where we have a trained master, there are but three months in the year when there is any tolerable attendance. With the opening of spring, every child in the parish is called away to bean-dropping; that over, the school begins to fill, when, in a few weeks, it is again nearly drained by the osier-peeling; then comes weeding, hay-making, harvest, and finally hop-picking, so that until November comes round again, we have no certain or regular attendance of scholars, and the main body have had time to forget all they have learned. Nothing better illustrates this than the fact, that in one school in this district, with a hundred and forty scholars on its books, there were but five children last year for whom the capitation grant could be claimed; and in another of seventy, but two. *No increase in either the quantity or the quality of the education offered, will in any degree meet this evil, which proceeds from want of appetite, or rather from the greedy appetite for money.*' And he concludes with this remarkable statement: 'The only effectual remedy now, or at least the only one that can produce any speedy effect, is to make *education in some shape or degree compulsory.*'

These views, Mr Wrigley, who is a political economist and a radical, and not at all the sort of person to interfere with the civil and religious liberty of any man, most readily endorses. 'It is,' says he, 'the right of the child to be educated for its own benefit; and if, for the interest of society, it is necessary that it should be so educated, a clear right of interference is established in both cases.' Physical health in children is already insisted upon by the law in the case of vaccination, and why should not mental health be equally cared for? Among other propositions of which we have not here space to treat, but which seem to us to deal thoroughly with every branch of the subject, Mr Wrigley has this principal one: 'That, in order to secure the co-operation of all who are interested in the employment of infant labour, it is necessary to prohibit the employment of every child under a certain age, say eight to ten years; and that after that period, it shall only be employed *on the production of a certificate granted by a public officer after examination,* shewing that it has arrived at a certain standard of elementary education; and that a breach of this regulation shall subject both

* Manchester: Johnson & Rawson.

Digitized by Google

parent and employer to certain legal penalties.' This elementary education is to be given in the manner most pleasing to the parent; and upon this subject, after anticipating various other objections, he has the following: 'If there be one thing more than another that distinguishes this plan from all others, it is that it *secures* that which they are all aiming at, but fail to accomplish, whilst it successfully avoids the religious difficulty by which they are obstructed. It offers every facility for religious education, when it is desired, and at the same time preserves religious freedom untouched. The difficulty from the first has always been that the country would not sanction any scheme of general education of a merely secular character, and hence it became clearly impossible for the government to initiate any plan so as to meet the sectarian scruples of every denomination.'

The pamphlet, indeed, is full of interesting and suggestive matter, and its propositions are the more striking, that they emanate, as we see, from Manchester, where any unnecessary interference of the government is not apt to be popular.

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

I THINK I must have been born with a travelling mania, for, from my earliest childhood, travelling has been my delight; and destiny has so far seconded my desire, that I have been a traveller from my cradle. With pleasure I commenced a journey, with pleasure pursued it, and usually with pleasure ended it. I was never sea-sick, never land-sick, and, in my earlier travels, never home-sick, for all I loved were with me. The proverb says, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' and I am not in a position to deny its truth; but the traveller lays up a rich store of thoughts and memories that will gladden more than gold the evening of his days, and before his mind's-eye there moves an ever-changing diorama, bringing back to him the bright scenes of his youth with a vividness that gilds the gray hairs of his age.

My first travelling adventure of any consequence was in South Africa—and it now stands before me as distinctly as if it was but twelve days instead of twelve long years since I dwelt in the lighthouse-looking fort, perched on a rocky promontory overlooking the surging green sea of the Fish River bush, from which my red-coated companions and I kept close watch for the Caffres, who never came within sight of our telescopes. What a dreary and monotonous life I found it, despite the beautiful scenery that surrounded us, and the occasional *commandoes* on which we were sent out; and when, at the end of three months, I received orders to take command of another officer's detachment, at a post nearer to the frontier, how rejoiced I was, for I trusted that there a more soldierly life was in store for me, and I knew that, at all events, I should have the pleasant excitement of a journey.

There were two routes by which I might reach Fort Nash, the more circuitous of which was a wagon-track, while the shorter one was practicable only for horses; despatching my baggage and servant by the former, I set out myself on the latter, attended by a mounted rifleman, in the double capacity of escort and guide. And a tight Cossack-looking fellow was Steermann Draghooner, in his green jacket and leather trousers, with his rifle slung by his side, despite his Hollandish appellation and the flat Hottentot features, half hidden beneath the peak of his shako. There was infinite intelligence and good-humour gleaming in his rat-like eyes, and the white teeth that shone forth from beneath his woolly moustache. Yet once or twice I could not help smiling at the idea of this being my protector, as I looked back at the little fellow, perched, monkey-like, on the back of his large steed, following me so gravely down the steep rugged path leading to the nearest *drift*, or ford, across the Fish River. But as a guide he was invaluable, for I knew not a single foot of the way; and therefore, as soon as we reached the bank of the river, our positions changed, and Draghooner, putting spurs to his horse, trotted on in advance.

Before us glided the river, filling almost to the brim its canal-like bed, for there had recently been rain among the mountains; while the rapidly rising tide was still further increasing its volume. Crossing the river obliquely, there was a line of broken water, rising occasionally into surges, which burst with a hoarse murmur, and lost themselves in the whirling eddies the opposing currents caused to froth immediately above. This line of breakers covered a ridge of rock, shelving irregularly on the lower side, and precipitous on the upper, its summit being our path across the river; a sufficiently perilous one at any time, for it is only during very low tides that the eye of the steed or his rider can see where the foot of the former is to be placed; but now, rendered infinitely more hazardous by the unusual depth of the stream and its increased velocity.

But with his usual quiet aspect, the Hottentot brought his horse to the brink, and the animal stepped into the water with a readiness which must have been the result of experience; for my own English-bred horse at first refused to follow his example, rearing and curvetting on the bank, as if resolved not to wet a fetlock. At length, considerable coaxing, and the sight of the troop-horse far in advance, induced him to enter, when he went picking his way cautiously along his unseen path, as if he knew the truth —that a single false step would send him over the ledge among the gurgling eddies which wreathed themselves almost within reach of my hand. But he betrayed no further repugnance to the foaming waters, save now and then a snort when they surged up unpleasantly near his nose.

I had advanced nearly to the middle of the river, and had reached a part where the breakers were becoming larger, when a loud snort or puff, apparently close at hand, startled me, and sent my horse plunging almost over the ridge. I looked hastily round, but nothing was to be observed except what appeared to be an old shapeless boat, turned bottom up, coming floating down with the stream. Could that sound, I thought, be the smothered cry of some unfortunate being drowning beneath the overturned boat? and I spurred on my horse, hoping I might be in time to aid a fellow-creature perishing so near.

Another moment, and the old boat reached the ridge, and immediately, to my astonishment, began to rise above it, higher and higher, until there stood out in contrast with the snowy foam a huge black head, garnished with two gleaming tusks. Both horse and rider stood still and silent with amazement, as next came forth the shoulders, and then the body and rock-like legs of an enormous hippopotamus, down whose wrinkled sides the slimy mud, which the water had diluted without being able to wash off, rolled in inky rivulets, while the huge creature puffed and panted as if wearied by the effort he had made.

I felt more astonished than alarmed at the sight of my new neighbour, for I knew that a meeting with a hippopotamus is rarely dangerous, if he is not meddled with; and I confidently expected he would shortly continue his route down the river. But, to my great discomfiture, he turned sharply to the right-about, so as to face me, and commenced his rolling march towards the shore along the very path in which I stood. My horse started back, neighing in affright, and became nearly unmanageable, while onward the monster came, splashing recklessly among the breakers.

Digitized by Google

Had I been on dry land, or in smooth water, I would have turned round, and fled without striking a blow in my own defence. As it was, I dared not venture on such a step, lest my horse should stumble and be swept down the river, with whose course and dangers I was unacquainted. The only plan, therefore, left me was to retire before the intruder as I would from the presence of royalty—that is, backward; and a very difficult matter I found it, for my horse was trembling with fear and anger, as he gazed with starting eyeballs on the immense creature before him, and restive at being forced backward along a path the dangers of which he knew, but could not see, and of which I myself could only guess the direction by the line of foam stretching before me.

Meanwhile, the new-comer, rolling lazily along, drew every moment nearer, yet still appeared unconscious of our presence, unless I was correct in fancying that there was a wicked gleam twinkling in his small sunken eye. How much force that thought added to the desire already boiling within me, to discharge my pistol into that sole vulnerable spot! But prudence deterred me, by reminding me how small was my chance of slaying my adversary compared with that of enraging him; and so, with the best grace I could, I retreated along the path I had found so difficult when advancing. But oh! when we reached the shallow water, and turning off, were able to dash along the bank, how wild a neigh of joy burst from my horse's lips—if ever there was an equine 'huzza,' it was that!

When my steed's mad gambols were over, and I had space to look round me, there was the hippopotamus rolling slowly after us. But he soon turned off towards the river, and let himself luxuriously down into a huge mud-pond among the sedge, breathing forth his satisfaction in loud grunts, that sent the birds fluttering off from the neighbouring trees.

Having seen the enemy thus safely disposed of, I returned to the drift, on the further bank of which Steermann Draghooner was standing in evident astonishment, and once more essayed to cross the ridge. But scarcely had my horse entered the water, when I found the tide was now nearly full, and that he was compelled to swim. However, the animal's blood was up, and he made no difficulty, but breasted the rushing waters gallantly, cutting his way through them with the boldness and grace of a water-dog. It was well he possessed the energy and courage, for, as we got further into the stream, I perceived that, no longer opposed by the tide, the swollen current was running rapidly, and that we were unable to hold our way. Further and further down it swept us, despite my good steed's efforts and the encouraging cries of Steermann; and though we gradually neared the other bank, I began to think the passage of the Fish River would prove a more serious matter than I had anticipated, for the grassy bank was beginning to be checkered by patches of impervious jungle, which I feared would shortly prevail. But I need not have troubled myself; for the next minute my horse threw back his head, striking me on the forehead, and sending me reeling from the saddle.

When I recovered recollection, I was lying on the grass a little below the drift, and the first object which met my eyes was the dripping form of Steermann Draghooner bending anxiously over me. My gallant little escort! he had thrown himself into the water, and at the risk of his own life saved mine. Brave-hearted Hottentot! how little he made of the deed, and how little he comprehended my gratitude, or the reason that made me thenceforth his fast friend. Meantime, left to himself, my horse had scrambled to land, and now stood with drooping head awaiting my recovery. But it was more than an hour ere I was fit for the wearying walk up the steep hill which bounded the Fish River valley on the Caffreland side, where the rocks and stumps obliged us to lead our horses.

At length the ascent was achieved, and gladly we vaulted on our steeds to refresh our spirits by a canter over the level prairie, and make up in some measure for lost time. On we went, laughing to see the wondrous bounds of the springboks, or Cape antelopes, and the ungainly carriage of the ostriches, as they sped along in mortal terror at our appearance. At length some dark specks became visible at a distance on the plateau, but were soon lost again among the groups of trees that dotted the plain like islands in a grassy sea. I inquired of my companion whether they were hartbeests or gnus—two animals I had never seen.

'Dem Caffre, sur,' replied Steermann, drawing near; 'and dey got no pass.'

'How do you know?' I asked.

''Cos dey hide. Ah, de black tief come for plenty troobles,' ejaculated my escort, shaking his head with an air of experience.

Having no opinion to give, I held my peace, and rode quickly on, directing my course close by the green isles where the black specks had taken shelter, mentally resolving to inquire into the truth of the Hottentot's suspicions. As I drew near the groups of trees, the light feathery foliage of the acacias that composed them forbade the thought that they could conceal a Bushman, far less a party of stalwart Caffres. At last I approached one which the thickly clothed branches of the laurel and the wild plum rendered nearly impervious. Here, if anywhere, were the fugitives; and cantering round to the opposite side, followed by Steermann, I came on a party of four coal-black Caffres, crouched beneath the trees, each with his bundle of assagais laid close by his side.

Calling Draghooner forward, through his interpretation I demanded to see the pass by which alone a Caffre was entitled to enter the territory between the Fish River and the Keiskamma, and then only unarmed. My trusty attendant had divined rightly, for there was no pass forthcoming, and the clumsy excuse they made of having lost it on the way, was too palpable; so, assuming an air of official dignity, I reproved them for being found in the neutral territory without a proper authority, and commanded them to return at once into Caffreland. But even while speaking, there came over me a sense of the ludicrous, in the idea that I with but the two rifle barrels of my escort at command—for my gun had been lost in the river, and my pistols wetted completely—should thus defy men, who had each, lying by their right hands, the price of five lives. Fortunately, the Caffres did not view the affair in the same light, but with an affectation of great humility, they gathered up their weapons and karosses, and departed across the flat, comforting themselves, probably, with the reflection, that any other moonless night would serve their turn as well.

Having arranged this business, I was at liberty to pursue my journey, though the tall grass among which we had now entered, reaching sometimes to our horses' knees, at others nearly to our own, was a great impediment to our progress. Owing to this, together with the long delay at the drift, night fell while we were still many miles from Fort Nash; the road was bad, too, and there was no moon, so we had nothing for it but to unsaddle beneath the nearest acacia patch. This necessity in so delicious a climate we should have regarded as no great hardship, had we only been provided with supper; but though many a buck and hare had crossed our path that day, we had been in too great haste to draw trigger at them: so our repast consisted only of a few biscuits and the contents of my hunting-flask.

Digitized by Google

But short-commons and fatigue appeared to have no effect on the spirits and energies of Steermann Draghooner, who bustled about as if all the duties of an establishment devolved on him—knee-haltering the horses, and turning them off to feed—gathering sticks and making a fire on a spot he had previously denuded of the tall, dry prairie-grass that covered the whole region—searching about to discover whether any birds or hares resided in our neighbourhood, or any ostrich-eggs had been deposited about; and though all his quests were fruitless, still, not losing heart, but whistling, as with a wisp of grass he rubbed down the horses before he tied them to a tree, to insure their being forthcoming in the morning. Long after fatigue and my river-adventure had made me glad to roll myself in my cloak, and making a pillow of my saddle, stretch myself on the soft, dry grass, I could see his dark form sitting in the fire-light; and every now and then, as I stirred in my sleep, the tones of his low, sweet voice, as he sang the long-drawn cadences of Dutch hymns, echoed in my ear.

At length the Southern Cross had mounted high into the heavens, the fire died out, and Steermann, wrapping himself in his cloak, lay down beside it. We must have slept for hours, when I was suddenly awakened by the loud neighing and stamping of the horses, and then I became conscious of a suffocating sensation, as though the sirocco were blowing over me, and covering me with its burning sand, and an impetuous rushing sound seemed filling my ears.

I sat up instantly, but the oppressive heat was still around me, and louder than ever was that strange sound, while the whole atmosphere seemed filled with a lurid glare. Calling on Steermann, I sprang to my feet, and looking round me, saw that we were enclosed by a wall of fire. On every side were long forked tongues of flame leaping up wildly into the air, or springing on the scattered acacia-trees, and wreathing them with their fearful beauty for a few moments, till they fell into the blazing sea below; for like billows of fire did the conflagration rage, rolling along with almost incredible speed, as the dry prairie-grass yielded quickly to its influence; while, above all, the deep, hoarse voice of the furious element rose in triumph.

Thus surrounded, my companion and I stood beneath the trees beside our struggling horses, while the hot thick smoke that now began to roll in volumes over us, oppressed our breathing, and confused our scarcely awakened senses; while the burning belt drew rapidly closer. It was a fearful moment, and we gazed on the scene around us in silent horror. Heaven grant that when death really comes, he may not come in that guise. Suddenly the Hottentot beside me cried in a sharp, bitter tone:

'Dem rascal Caffre, dey fire de grass all round—hope roast us like buck!'

'Then we can do nothing?' I said, roused from my bewilderment.

'Noting, sur; only die,' was the desponding reply. 'We got no wings to fly, and would need jump higher than springbok to jump dat fire. Oh, it hard to die while Caffre laugh!' he added bitterly. 'If me could only catch him!' and he raised his rifle menacingly, the next moment to throw it down in despair; then going over to his horse, he took his head silently between his hands, and leaned his own face upon it. The horse ceased its restless stamping: they were friends, that horse and man, and it seemed as if the fond caress brought comfort to the hearts of both.

But it is not in the nature of an Englishman to yield his life without a struggle to save it. I looked round. The onward roll of the fiery waves made the view a narrow one: I glanced at the trees above our heads, but the sight of one blazing not far distant reminded me that they too would share the general destruction. Then I thought of the grass: could we not tear away sufficient—for men work hard when the wage is life—to permit us to stand in safety, though the flames raged around us? I made the attempt, but the strong wiry grass resisted; I only cut my hands. How bitterly, now when too late, I repented our want of caution in passing the night where there was no water; but our horses had drank half an hour before we stopped, and it was some distance to the next *vly*, or pond.

In such times, much both of thought and action is crowded into a short space. It was not more than ten minutes since I awoke, and already the flames had approached so near that I could feel their burning breath upon my cheek. It seemed as if the martyr's fate was close upon us, without the martyr's holy motive to bear us up. I felt I had not nerve to watch that fiery death advancing upon us fathom by fathom; I could better meet it in the bustle and hurry of action; and calling to Steermann to follow my example, I sprang on my horse's back, and putting spurs to his sides, galloped him madly at the flames.

On we went, through a body of living fire that rent our skins and burned our hair and clothes; on through a plain of burning stubble, that burned our horses' feet; on, with a speed greater than that of the fleetest racer, while our blazing garments flew on the wind behind us; on, on, until at length we reached water. And only they who have passed through a like fiery ordeal can tell with what delight both men and horses cast themselves into the cool element.

At last day broke, and, remounting our suffering horses, we rode on to Fort Nash, where we arrived so burned, blackened, and haggard, that none could recognise us; and it was many weeks ere any of us, biped or quadruped, recovered the effects of that momentous ride through fire and water.

ON THE PATH.

On the path toiling, I thought not of toil;
Troubles might meet us, I did not recoil;
Sunshine above us, but in our hearts more,
Rich in bright hopefulness, outwardly poor:
'Twas thus we started, thy hand clasping mine,
Thou my love owning, my faith built on thine.

'On the path,' saidst thou, 'together we 'll keep,
Though it be thorny, love, though it be steep.
Alone one might falter, but we hand in hand
Strength each from each, love, can ever command.'
Yet I—the weaker—have held to the track,
Singly have reached the goal; thou hast turned back.

On the path, sadly and lonely I sped,
Silently, tearlessly, buried my dead;
One by one buried them out of my sight,
Deep in the heart that, near thee, was so light.
Hope with its blossoms all withered and shed,
Love, Faith, and Fellowship—these were my dead!

On the path still, but my toil is nigh done;
I 've but to enter the home I have won.
Home!—what a word! but the name is too sweet
When the heart rests not, and the tired feet,
As o'er the threshold they wearily tread,
Raise by their echo the ghosts of the dead.

From the path stepping, too clearly I see
Not what is present, but what was to be:
From the dark grave where I laid them to rest,
The Love and the Faith that were dearest and best,
Like phantoms arise which the tomb cannot keep,
And I lose them anew, having leisure to weep.

RUTH BUCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 238. SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

A WEEK AMONG THE HEBRIDES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

EIGHTY-FIVE years ago, when Johnson, in following out a long-cherished wish, set forth on his famed journey to the Hebrides, his friends thought he was undertaking an exceedingly distant and dangerous expedition; and Boswell, his companion, on whose 'gaiety of conversation and civility of manners, he relied for counteracting the inconveniences of travel,' has told us that on his mentioning to Voltaire his design of visiting the Western Isles, the philosopher of Ferney looked as if he had 'talked of going to the north pole.' Nor were these apprehensions ill founded. Not to speak of the ordinary difficulties of land-travelling in Scotland in 1773, the islands, stretching at lesser or greater distances along its western coast, were reached only by small boats, requiring no little skill in management, or by casual sailing-vessels, by which the very limited trade of the islanders was conducted.

Now, what a change! Railways on land, and steam-vessels on the seas, have worked such wonders, that a journey which was terrifying eighty to ninety years ago, and even much later, can now be performed with perfect ease, expedition, and certainty. What occupied Johnson about two months, may now be performed in about ten days. What he actually saw in the Hebrides during three weeks, may now be seen, and to infinitely greater purpose, in three or four days, while, in point of cost, the comparison is equally in favour of the present modes of conveyance.

Accustomed, once a year, to make a run for a few weeks on the continent, I resolved that this summer I should confine myself to the attractive scenery of the Hebridean isles; and others, I doubt not, may be similarly influenced. The recent regulations and troubles about passports—things disgusting to an Englishman at the best—have set us all to consider whether, within the compass of the British Isles, there are not scenes as picturesque as the Rhine, as grand as the Swiss mountains, and in all respects as interesting, in a social point of view, as anything presented in continental travel. I am at all events hopeful that some little account of what I saw and heard of in a short excursion among the Hebrides, may draw the attention of tourists to a line of route as remarkable for striking scenery as for the comfort and security with which it may be pursued. To give some assurance on these latter points, let me endeavour, in the first place, to describe what may be called the *mécanique* of travel to and from the Western Isles.

Boswell and Johnson, it will be recollected, took a tedious and painful route through a mountainous region from Inverness by Glenelg to Skye, which was the first island they touched at, by crossing a ferry in an open boat. Modern tourists have a choice of two principal routes—one by railway to Inverness, and thence along the Caledonian Canal, at the western extremity of which steamers are ready to take them to the islands; the other by the Clyde, the islands, and the Caledonian Canal, being just a reversal of the preceding. The plan we should recommend to tourists from London and the central parts of England, is to proceed by railway direct to Glasgow; there, going on board one of Hutcheson's steam-boats, they have no further trouble, being conveyed in a series of elegant floating hotels for hundreds of miles, stopping here and there every night to sleep at nicely furnished inns on the islands or mainland. This being done as far as wished, the tourist may finish off with the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, taking, if he pleases, some picturesque side-routes on the way home by Edinburgh. With Glasgow and the Clyde, the stranger cannot fail to be astonished—a great, populous, and prosperous city, the creation almost of the last seventy or eighty years, and a great navigable estuary made by enterprise and industry out of a very ordinary river, which was not long ago only fit to bear boats and gabbards, and now carries to the ocean large American steamers. Among the marvels accomplished by the people of Glasgow, none is more surprising than their steam-boat system. It was the Clyde on which the first steam-vessel was attempted in Great Britain; and since 1812, when Henry Bell made this memorable experiment, the Clyde has kept the lead both as to building and running steamers. Favoured by the profusion of these handy vessels, Glasgow may be said to have dispersed itself along the shores of the Clyde and its lochs nearly as far as the ocean. Stretching along the lower slopes of the hills, nestling in nooks, and perched on craggy eminences, are seen an endless variety of cottages, villas, and castles, the summer or permanent residences of a wealthy and comfort-loving mercantile community. From point to point, at which commodious piers have been thrown out, steamers may be seen plying at all hours of the day; so that, according to pleasure, you may travel about agreeably on the water from place to place—now running up a Highland loch, environed by rugged mountains, next skirting along a villa-ornamented shore—and so seeing and enjoying a vast deal in a day at a most insignificant outlay. Of course, this immensely convenient system of steaming attained comparative perfection on the Clyde before it was

Digitized by Google

extended to the western islands; and but for the enterprise of one individual, to whom the world owes something, it would in all probability not have yet gone that length—at least to an extent worth speaking of. I allude to David Hutcheson, one of the remarkable men of his time, who lives to enjoy the reputation of having opened up the Hebrides to a course of modern improvement. Mr Hutcheson's life, like that of Bianconi in Ireland, shews in a particular manner what one thoughtful and energetic man may do to advance the interests of his country. A notice of his projects embraces little else than an account of the existing Hebridean organisation of steamers.

Beginning his commercial life about forty years ago as a junior clerk to one of the earlier steam-boat companies on the Clyde, Mr Hutcheson was afterwards for many years connected with the firm of J. and G. Burns, a large shipping concern in Glasgow and Liverpool, and principal proprietors of the Cunard ocean steamers. Among other places on the coast, Messrs Burns sent steamers to the Western Isles; but this branch of their trade, it seems, did not pay, and was willingly resigned to David Hutcheson, who had formed his own opinions on the subject. With an enthusiastic, and we should almost say a poetic, admiration of the West Highlands and Islands, and desirous not only to make tourists acquainted with their scenery, but to develop the resources of their immeasurable solitudes, he entertained the notion, that by giving large and finely appointed steamers, and doing everything on a liberal scale, the intercourse with the Hebrides might be established on a solid and prosperous basis. Animated with this idea, he began his operations about 1851, assisted by his brother, Mr Alexander Hutcheson; and latterly, the firm of Hutcheson and Company has included Mr D. Macbrayne, a nephew of the Messrs Burns.

Passing over Mr Hutcheson's initiatory attempt to establish an enlarged traffic between Glasgow and the Highlands, we come to what more immediately concerns tourists—the present arrangement of his steam-boats, which is in peculiar adaptation to the nature of the waters to be traversed. Looking at a map of Scotland, we see that the long peninsula terminating in the Mull of Cantire cuts off the lower part of the Clyde from any ready access to the western coast, but that to accommodate the transit of small vessels, the Crinan Canal has been formed across the neck of the peninsula—this very useful canal, about nine miles in length, commencing on the east at a place called Ardrishaig on Loch Fyne. Carrying the eye northward on the map, we perceive that, having got into the western sea and as far as the top of the Linnhe Loch, a transit can be made by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness. Now, independently of sea-going vessels to go round the Mull, here are several kinds of vessels in requisition to sustain the intercourse of a line of route which is awkwardly broken into distinct parts. All, however, is provided for. The Hutchesons possess altogether twelve vessels of different classes, consuming in the aggregate per annum 24,000 tons of coal, which for convenience are placed in dépôts at various leading ports.

To begin with the largest in this effective fleet, we have the *Clansman* and *Stork*. These are strongly built for sea, broad in the beam, and with powerful engines —that of the *Stork* having a power of 220 horses. Both are fitted for carrying goods and passengers; and as a night has to be passed on board, they can each make up fifty sleeping-berths in separate cabins and on sofas. One of them leaving Glasgow every Monday and Thursday, proceeds round the Mull of Cantire, calls at Oban, Tobermory, Portree, and other places, their regular destination being Stornoway in the distant Lewis. They, however, make more extended calls beyond Stornoway; as, for example, Lochinver on the mainland, a favourite residence of the Duke of Sutherland and family, likewise Ullapool, and Gairloch in the western part of Ross-shire. Over this wide range they ply unitedly from March till November, and one alone plies once a week in winter. Twice a year, for the special accommodation of herring-fishers, they go round the north of Scotland to Thurso. Unless one were to visit the strangely indented west coast and islands, he could scarcely realise the importance of these voyages of the *Clansman* and *Stork*, which, after passing Islay and Jura, pursue first a sinuous course through the Sound of Mull; then rounding the extremity of Ardnamurchan, enter that narrow and intricate channel between the mainland and Skye called the Sound of Sleat; lastly issuing into the more open Minch, they take a route direct for Stornoway—throughout their long and devious course among the islands, landing and taking in passengers and goods, and, as it were, sowing the seeds of civilisation and prosperity in places which, but for their periodical visits, would be as difficult to reach as if situated in another hemisphere.

The next class of vessels to which we may draw attention, are those steamers of handsome structure, sharp in the bows, and of light draught of water, which are designed exclusively for passengers on the route from Glasgow by Ardrishaig and the canals to Inverness. This continuous line, as already mentioned, is effected in several stages. The first part of the journey is performed from Glasgow to Ardrishaig by means of the *Iona*, a vessel which I should imagine to be unmatched for its elegance and speed. Built in 1855 by J. & G. Thomson, of Glasgow, at a cost of L.10,000, this beautifully moulded steam-boat, measuring 234 feet in length, with 21 feet breadth of beam, draws only 4½ feet of water, along the surface of which it skims with a rapidity of nearly nineteen miles per hour. As to its remarkable speed, of which I can speak from some experience, it is said that it has more than once run between the Cloch and Cumbrae light-houses on the Clyde, a distance of fifteen miles and two-thirds, in 47½ minutes; and it may be doubted if a like velocity has been attained by any steamer of its dimensions in Europe. With the rate of speed reached by American river-steamers, it is unnecessary to make any comparison; for where the safety of lives is of no importance, and disaster incurs no obloquy, vessels can be urged to a degree of velocity alike excessive and dangerous.

The *Iona* is propelled by two oscillating engines, one working on each side of a fixed exhausting cylinder—an arrangement which secures a certain ease of motion; and this latter quality is further promoted by the use of patent feathering floats on the paddles—that is to say, each float, after making its propulsive stroke, rises slopingly and with the least possible resistance from the water. The smoothness of action, along with a certain saving in force effected by this peculiar process, would render its adoption very desirable for ocean-steamers, but for the risk of derangement. The feathering requires a good deal of mechanism intermixed with the floats, and were any part to break while a vessel was far at sea, the result might be serious; whereas an accident occurring on the Clyde or west coast could be easily remedied. Strength and security are matters of prime consideration in building British sea-going steamers; speed and easiness of action being properly of secondary importance.

In point of interior fittings, the *Iona* is likewise entitled to be called a crack boat. The long open deck is furnished with an abundance of cushioned forms and chairs, and the saloon is decorated in a style of great comfort and elegance—ranges of sofa-seats covered with red pile velvet, long mahogany tables, mirrors and gilding, along with appointments

Digitized by Google

in the steward's department as good as at any first-rate hotel. A health-seeker and *gourmet* might do worse than to live for a week or two in the *Iona*, travelling daily up and down the Clyde, inhaling draughts of fresh air, seeing beautiful scenery, feasting on salmon so fresh as still to retain its creamy curd, and on herrings caught only an hour or two ago in Loch Fyne—herrings *par excellence*, for in comparison all other creatures of this species are next to worthless. I may here add once for all, that not only in the *Iona*, but in all Hutcheson's vessels, particular attention is paid to the alimentary departments. These, indeed, are conducted by the respective stewards on their own account, but according to certain terms as to quality and charge; and the good principle is followed of allowing no gratuities to be asked or taken by any one whatever. The usual charge is 2s. for breakfast, and 2s. 6d. for dinner; at each meal, besides the ordinary fishy delicacies, there being a profusion of dishes, and water with ice. Lest any one should be impatient for an *Iona* breakfast, I should explain that it is not served till a few minutes past nine o'clock, when the vessel has taken on board passengers at Greenock. Starting on its trip from the Broomielaw at seven, passengers have two hours to grow hungry, which they never fail to do; and the sight of Dumbarton Castle in the foreground, with Greenock in the distance, is for the most part looked for with an interest unconnected with the history of these places. Those who do not choose to encounter this salutary hungering process, start by rail an hour later from Glasgow, and come on board at Greenock just as the steward's lads are carrying the hot dishes from the cooking-house to the saloon.

On board and breakfasted, the tourist complacently lounges on the deck, either skimming the morning's news in the *North British Daily Mail*, which he buys from a boy with a basket of books and papers, or gazing delightedly on the ever-shifting outlines of the Argyleshire hills. Touching at Dunoon and Inellan —populous villa-towns of yesterday—next, running into Rothesay in Bute, celebrated for the amenity of its climate, and then proceeding through the narrow zigzag channel known as the Kyles of Bute, the vessel at last reaches Loch Fyne. Up this arm of the sea it goes, detaching at Tarbert a boat-load of passengers, who design to cross the peninsula in order to reach Islay by means of a separate steamer; and at a distance of about twenty miles from the mouth of the loch it arrives at Ardrishaig—a village consisting of a few houses and a hotel. Here, about one o'clock, all quit the *Iona*, and walking one or two hundred yards, they get to the banks of the canal, where lies a pretty track-boat called the *Sunbeam*, which the Hutchesons keep for the convenience of their passengers. Drawn by three horses at a smart trot, the *Sunbeam*, with its load of passengers and luggage, glides smoothly and silently along the canal, that winds among craggy knolls, overhung with hazels, ferns, and wild flowering plants, and offering at various points glimpses of residences of Highland gentry; the more imposing of these seats being the princely mansion of Portalloch, which is said to have cost as much as L.100,000. As the *Sunbeam* is necessarily detained at the several locks, the time spent in the transit is fully two hours. If the weather be fine, many prefer walking a few miles. On arriving at the western extremity of the canal, we have before us an inlet of the sea, with a pier, at which lies hissing the *Mountaineer*—a steamer bearing a close resemblance to the *Iona*; its only difference being that it is not quite so long, and is otherwise better adapted to pass through the seas which surge along the western coasts. The transference of passengers and baggage to the *Mountaineer* occupies but a few minutes. As regards their luggage, about which tourists are usually somewhat nervous, they may keep themselves quite at ease, for at each end of the canal it is shifted in attendant carts and trucks by properly appointed servants of the company; everything, including boats, carts, men, and horses, forming part of an apparatus which has for its exclusive object the forwarding of passengers with the smallest degree of anxiety or trouble to themselves. For those who may prefer riding from end to end of the canal, there are always Highland cars, open and covered, in attendance for hire at Ardrishaig. Matters are so arranged that passengers brought by the *Sunbeam* from the west find the *Iona* on their arrival, and ordinarily, therefore, on the small quay of Ardrishaig there are for a few minutes two contending floods of people—one streaming out of, and the other into, the *Iona*. It is further arranged that that very important affair, dinner, takes place in the *Iona* while passing homeward down the comparatively tranquil waters of Loch Fyne, and in the *Mountaineer* while proceeding up the Sound, which is bounded by the islands of Scarba and Linga on the west, and Luing and Shuna on the east.

By the time that dinner is over, the lofty peaks of Jura are sinking in the horizon; the *Mountaineer* is now ploughing her way past Seil, on the right; and on the left, are seen towering the gigantic mountains of Mull, one of the largest of the Hebridean isles. Holding on with an inclination towards the east, the vessel nimbly passes into a narrow sound, bounded on the west by the rugged but green island of Kerrera; at length, about five o'clock, it steams into the beautiful land-locked bay of Oban; and the traveller has reached what is yet only a pretty village of good white-washed houses, but which, from its favourable position and mild climate, must eventually become the metropolis of the west Highlands and Islands.

Oban, of which more shall be said afterwards, is a favourite centre-point for tourists, who wish to make a trip in any direction—to the islands of Iona and Staffa on the west, Skye and Lewis on the north, Inverness on the east, and also in an easterly direction, the vale of Glencoe, Loch Awe, and a number of other places celebrated for their singularly grand scenery, as well as their connection with the stirring events of history and tradition.

After calling at Oban, the *Mountaineer* proceeds up the Linnhe Loch, by Fort-William, to Corpach, where it arrives the same evening. Passengers immediately transfer themselves to a spacious omnibus, luggage is put into two vans, and the whole, in less than half-an-hour, reach Banavie, where they remain for the night. Tourists to whom time is of importance, or who habitually rush past everything, as if that which was worth seeing is still somewhere further on, place themselves next morning in one of Hutcheson's vessels, kept for the passage of the Caledonian Canal, and so at once get forward to Inverness in the afternoon of the same day. Others, more considerate, make a short stay at Banavie or Fort-William, to visit, if not to ascend, Ben Nevis, to see the ruins of Inverlochy Castle, to visit the parallel roads of Glenroy, or to make a trip of a few miles along the banks of Locheil to Glenfinnan, where the unfortunate Charles Stuart first planted his standard in 1745.

Reverting to Oban as a general rendezvous for tourists planning Hebridean excursions, it needs to be explained that to afford scope for sight-seers the Hutchesons station here a third vessel of their swift class, the *Pioneer*, which on certain days proceeds to the highly interesting islands of Iona and Staffa, and on others to Loch Leven—a branch jutting inland from the Linnhe Loch—at the upper extremity of which vehicles are in attendance for a trip to Glencoe. Curiosity being there satisfied, tourists

Digitized by Google

may return by the same vessel to Oban, or choosing not to be in a hurry, they can stay at the hotel at Balahulish, and be taken up by the *Mountaineer* next day, on its way to Fort-William and Corpach. Let it further be remembered that, if after excursioning among the Hebrides, one wishes to return direct through the Highlands to Loch Lomond, and adjacent districts, he has a stage-coach from Oban quite at his service.

Having expatiated at such length on Hutcheson's system of tourist-steamers, it seems only necessary to add, that as these beautiful vessels are employed chiefly in summer, his organisation is completed by the running of two steam-vessels of lesser size, the *Cygnet* and *Lapwing*, which go through the canals and ply with goods and passengers to and from Inverness during the whole year. They are a smart and well-found craft, with comfortable sleeping-berths; they touch at Oban and other places, and by their agency a constant intercourse is kept up with Glasgow and the northern parts of Scotland. We do not need to particularise the more circumscribed steam-system of the Hutchesons in connection with Inverary; it will be of greater public interest to state that, by their means generally, in co-operation with other causes of improvement, an extraordinary impetus has lately been given to the establishment of new mail-routes, light-houses, buoys, and beacons; the plantation of villas along the shores of the Highlands, and, above all, the extension of hotel accommodation for tourists.

A resident in the south, who probably pictures the Highlands as little better than an unmitigated wilderness, can hardly by any force of description be brought to understand that at Dunkeld, Inverness, and Oban, he will find hotels about as extensive and magnificent as those at Euston Square and Paddington—very much better than the generality of hotels in the heart of the metropolis. The Caledonian Hotel at Oban, which has lately undergone considerable enlargement, contains a hundred bedrooms, the equipments in which are all of first-rate quality; the saloon has dining accommodation for upwards of sixty guests; so that the other day, when I formed one of thirty-eight at the table-d'hôte—dinner faultless—this large and elegant apartment seemed to be half empty, though, as the season advances, it will soon be filled with strangers from all parts of the world. The *Times* (of the preceding day), without which an Englishman does not well make out existence, was lying on one of the side-tables. This is but a type, however, of many Highland hotels; and, in point of fact, anything shabby will no longer do. Where Johnson and Boswell were fain to sleep on a couch of heather, and eat oat-cakes, you will find handsomely built inns, furnished with all the appliances of civilised life. At the Trosachs on Loch Katrine; at Tarbert, Inversnaid, and Inverarnan on Loch Lomond; at Arrochar on Loch Long; at Inverary on Loch Fyne; at Balahulish; and at Brodick in Arran, travellers will find capital hotels, where they may agreeably spend a few days, and drive about in a very luxurious sort of way. Tourists on the grand route by the Caledonian Canal—the greatest work of its kind in Britain, and which should by all means be included in a northern trip—have an opportunity, as already hinted, of ruralising pleasantly at Banavie. There are here two hotels, an old and new one, under the same management, which make up unitedly sixty-two beds; and an addition is now making to the new house, which, we understand, will raise the number to eighty beds. The new house—an aspiring mansion in the Italian style—was built a few years ago, at a cost of several thousand pounds, by Cameron of Locheil. And who is the enterprising lessee of this hotel-villa but our Napoleon of Highland steamers—David Hutcheson—who thus insures, through a sub-tenant, Mr John Mackenzie, the best accommodation to his Hebridean passengers.

If any one be disposed to accept our advice on the subject of Scottish tours, we should repeat the counsel, not to hurry too quickly over the very interesting stretch of sea and land between Glasgow and Inverness. Don't push on as if between death and life. Do the thing deliberately and satisfactorily; stopping a day or two here and there; making little side-trips to see deep mountain gorges, strange geological formations, scenes of deep historic interest, and waterfalls which we can assure Londoners will be found somewhat more effective than that at Shanklin Chine. With Hutcheson's steamers, with boats and light Highland cars, which can be hired on every desirable occasion, and hotels with which even the most fastidious can find no reasonable fault, what can be more exhilarating—what, to many, more new in physical and social aspect—than a well-arranged excursion in the West Highlands and Hebrides.

W. C.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

The theatrical world, considered more particularly as a branch of that literary and artistic 'Bohemia' which has recently attracted public attention, is in all probability a *terra incognita* to the majority of our readers. Next door to the theatre, however—'next door' to every temple of the drama we know—is invariably a public-house, where we can at any time see the world in question, a world embracing managers and actors, and their satellites and hangers-on in general, but more particularly made up of lessees, shareholders, renters, acting-managers, stage-managers, prompters, leading men, leading ladies, heavy ladies and heavy men, singing chambermaids, juvenile tragedians of both sexes, first old men, first and second light and low comedians, walking gentlemen, respectable utility gentlemen, character actors, eccentric men, copyists, scene-painters, clowns and pantomimists, leaders of the band, *répétiteurs*, fiddlers and other musicians, wardrobe-keepers, theatrical tailors, dressers, dancers, chorusers, ballet-masters, ballet-girls, master and working carpenters, gas engineers, property-masters, property-men, cleaners, stage footmen, supernumeraries, box book-keepers, money and check takers, and nondescripts of all kinds (including the watchful mammas of the afore-mentioned leading ladies and singing chambermaids), the more particular designation of whom can only be known by an inspection of the treasury books—the treasury being a place certain to receive a visit at least once a week from the whole corps of theatrical hangers-on, the dramatic playwright himself not excepted. In addition to these, we have a countless number of danglers after actresses, admirers of actors, adapters of plays, theatrical critics, garrulous old playgoers, whose great point is the *début* of Mrs Siddons; stage-mad people, whose ambition is to talk theatrical slang and give imitations of Kean; a small poet or two, a few painters, and three or four budding authors, who have always a manuscript tragedy in their pocket. These varied elements, properly mixed together, like the brandy and water they consume, make up, as the old poet says, 'a mad world, my masters.' Next door to the theatre, then, at the actors' house of call, we might see representatives of this motley crew, and from their conversation gather an idea of their world. We say *might* do so, if we would; but, fortunately, we are not compelled either to endure the smoky atmosphere peculiar to the actors' house of call, or submit to suffocation from the fumes of the hot spirits and water which are there the fashion. Lend us your eyes, kind reader, and look upon this broad sheet with us, and we will put you on another

Digitized by Google

and a better plan for your explorations of this mimic kingdom and its painted inhabitants. Our advice to persons wishing to view the theatrical world is to study the *Era* newspaper.

The most correct idea of the theatrical world, and its appurtenances of men and things, is undoubtedly to be obtained from that world's own oracle and friend, the *Era*, which is, to those engaged in the theatrical profession, what *Bell's Life* is to the members of the sporting world. In the *Era* we find the week's theatrical affairs detailed at full length. No matter what branch of the profession we desire to scan, in that paper we find the necessary particulars—all that is known about theatres, opera-houses, singing-saloons, tea-gardens, circuses, and exhibitions in general is chronicled, from the announcement 'to proprietors of first-class concert-halls, gardens, &c.,' of the disengagement of that eminent nigger, Herr Guildenstern, 'the great original performer on ten tambourines at one time,' to the astounding intelligence that Mr Waverley Mortimer Blank, 'the renowned tragedian,' is again, and for the third time, re-engaged at the Theatre Royal, Slashington. We can see also, in the news-columns, that the walking gentleman, who was advertising his services in the number of a fortnight ago, has been engaged at the theatre of Bagot-on-Shipston, where, we are informed, he has made a favourable impression on the Bagotonians; but we regret to find that 'the heavy man,' whose wife is useful in the 'singing chambermaids' (their joint terms being very moderate), is still out of employment. Poor gentleman! perhaps he is too heavy for the present state of theatricals, which are indeed tending decidedly to a lighter style than has marked their progress of late years.

There is no want connected with the profession that cannot be supplied by the advertising columns. As an example of what is done, let us take the case of the aspirant to stage-honours. He will find from an advertisement that he can be 'practically instructed and completed for the theatrical profession,' by a gentleman who for twenty years has been 'manager, author, and actor of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, Lyceum, Strand, Adelphi, Olympic, and Surrey Theatres.' Or if the aspirant be a lady, here is her chance: 'Miss Charming has returned to London for the season. She is prepared to resume dramatic instruction to ladies, and undertakes soon to render them competent to fill situations. Terms moderate. It is desired to form a company for the provinces, to commence about September, and those who evince aptness will be engaged.' Supposing the stage-struck hero to have undergone the necessary cramming as to the 'business' of the boards—that he has been taught how to kneel to a lady, how to cross from P.S. to O.P., and further, that the gentleman of twenty years' standing has given him hints on the expression of stage passions—that 'madness opens the eyes to a frightful wildness, rolls them hastily and wildly from object to object, distorts every feature, and appears all agitation; the voice sometimes loud, and sometimes plaintive, accompanied with tears;' or that 'affectation displays itself in a thousand different gestures, motions, airs, and looks, according to the character,' &c. Supposing the curriculum of practical instruction to have been achieved, the next business is to procure a wardrobe, and an—engagement. We presume, of course, that the tyro, ere reaching this stage of his career, has like all other novices, laid in a large share of burnt corks, so useful in the fabrication of stage-beards, eyebrows, &c., and also a few hares' feet for the due distribution of the rouge and pearl powder, so essential to what is called 'the make-up' of all kinds of stage-heroes. The wardrobe is easily managed, especially in London, and we presume it to be from the great metropolis our Novice is setting out. Let us suppose, also, that he has already applied to the theatrical agents, in order to have his name placed on the roll of actors wanting an engagement. If his instructor has not himself introduced his pupil to one, he finds the address of several in the *Era*. Having 'stumped up' what the agent will facetiously designate 'the needful'—about half-a-guinea, more or less—his name will then be entered on the books, and an engagement ought to follow in due time. The agent of course inquires carefully as to his 'props'—that is, his properties, in the shape of dresses, swords, &c.; and finding that the youth is unprovided in those indispensable articles of dress which all actors are expected to find for their own use—as boots, collars, tights, shape-hats, swords, &c.—the agent pretends to glance at the *Era*, and then starting up from his chair, he hauls off the youngster, exclaiming rapidly: 'It's all right, my boy; come along with me to Sam Days; he's advertising again, and I'll get him to do it at a moderate figure for you;' and so the business of costume gets settled; and of course, as the agent is Days's friend, it is but right for him to pocket a trifle of 10 per cent. or so on the transaction.

At this stage of the affair, we may almost hail our youth as a member of the theatrical world; he has now the *entrée* at the agent's chambers—agents' chambers are usually to be found in a public-house—and that gentleman very condescendingly partakes of the Novice's beer, and tells him stale anecdotes of the players in return. In due time, the promised engagement comes on the *tapis;* some Saturday morning, just as the Novice is getting restive, the *Era* announces that 'Mr De Courcy Smythe intends visiting London, for the purpose of making arrangements for his ensuing seasons at the Theatre Royal, Slopperton, and the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Swindleham; and will be prepared to treat with acknowledged stars and professional talent, for the regular company, on and after the 20th instant: all applications to contain a stamped envelope for reply, and to be addressed to L. Suckem, at the Sword and Tights, Wych Street, Drury Lane.' The moment Novice reads this, he is off to Suckem's, at full speed, and insists upon that gentleman procuring him an immediate engagement in Smythe's company. As Suckem does not see his way to any more plunder, in the shape of beer or additional goes of brandy and water, he reluctantly complies; and in the course of a few days, Novice finds himself in the green-room of the Theatre Royal, Slopperton, an undoubted member of the 'profession,' and certain to have his goings and comings duly chronicled in the *Era*, for the edification of the public in general, and the theatrical world in particular.

There now opens to the greedy eye of Mr Novice that inner theatrical arcanum, veiled from the common gaze by the impenetrable green curtain; and for the first time he sees the mass of people connected with the theatre, of which he is but a unit, all in motion like the heavenly bodies circling round a common centre—that centre being Algernon De Courcy Smythe, the sun of the theatrical world of Slopperton. We will not attempt to describe 'Smythe's lot,' as Suckem calls them. They are sufficiently seedy in their apparel, and starved-looking in their appearance, to indicate at once their profession. Our aspirant soon finds out how much of tinsel and paint is lavished upon all things behind the scenes; he also finds how unreal the talk is of the mimes; how much each is for himself, and how little he cares for his neighbour, except when he wishes to borrow his best pair of tights. He listens

Digitized by Google

respectfully, while the heavy woman retails her titbits of scandal about the singing chambermaid; or, by winks and nods, insinuates that the low comedian's wife was seen, upon a late occasion, in suspicious proximity to a pawnbroker's office; how beautifully, too, she throws out a little innuendo about the leading lady's *penchant* for brandy and water; and, finally, after settling these small matters, observe with what an air she manages to borrow five shillings from the edified Novice. Out of doors—in the tavern frequented by the company—our young actor, not having much study to get through, mixes in the outer theatrical world, and has already even a hanger-on or two wholly to himself, simply because he belongs to a place that has such an undefined charm about it as to command a larger amount of attention than almost any other world, whether of science or art. There is centered in the theatre so much that is novel or wonderful, that even the utility actors of a fourth-rate town command their little circle of followers. In high life, does not the *Court Circular* chronicle the exits and entrances of the great heroes and heroines of the lyric drama? Does not my Lord Fitzkernel get the programme of the opera season sent down to him by special train the moment it can be had—damp as it is—from the printing-office? Of course he does; and there are a score of other noblemen who are equally ardent; and if our aristocracy do this, is it any wonder that Tom, Dick, or Harry, follow suit, and like to know all they can about what is doing behind the scenes of the Theatre Royal, Slopperton?

But time flies, and the Theatre Royal, Slopperton, after languishing for a few weeks, and entertaining but scanty audiences, abruptly closes its doors; the manager, as the low comedian says—accompanying the information with a wink of the eye and a twist of the tongue—is 'nowhere;' and the company, left without salary and with no prospect of immediate engagement, make the best of their way to the nearest harbour of refuge. But our Novice needs not be discouraged yet; he will frequently have to encounter such mishaps; they are a part of the system. But how is it, we are asked, that the Theatre Royal, Slopperton, is obliged to shut its doors? Slopperton is a large manufacturing town with an intelligent population, fond of theatrical entertainments; and, in former times, when its population was much smaller than it is now, it gave to London some of its greatest actors. It was one of the nurseries for the London stage. Kemble, Kean, Munden, Dowton, O'Neil, Liston, Mathews, Bannister, Incledon, and a dozen others equally celebrated, trod the Slopperton stage on their way to London. We cannot tell, but so it is: the class who now attempt the reanimation of our provincial theatres are, with some few exceptions, mere parodists on the players of the past.

We may now, leaving our friend to find out a new field for the exercise of his histrionic talents, just glance at the country theatre. It is generally a dim dirty house, with a repellent poverty-stricken air, and situated in some hidden corner of the town, which only the most determined perseverance will enable one to find out. You pay your half-crown, and enter. At once you are unfavourably struck with the dismal appearance of the place. The old tattered seats, damp and mouldy, the old torn green curtain, that never will come down straight, the old scenery bare and worn out, the old battered drinking flagons and other 'properties,' that have been shewn at innumerable banquets presided over by innumerable Macbeths, are all characteristic of the place. Year after year are represented the same old stock-plays—*George Barnwell*, or, it may be, *Castle Spectre*, with the everlasting farce of *Fortune's Frolic, or the Ploughman turned Lord*. There is no thought of attracting the refined and elegant, nor even of interesting the intelligent mechanic; no idea is entertained of keeping pace with the advancing spirit of the age. In fact, the provincial theatre fell fast asleep fully forty years ago, and has not yet awakened. But if the country theatre is bad, the country manager is a great deal worse. In nine cases out of ten, he is a mere adventurer, with little or no education, low-bred and vulgar, with bullying manners, and a tendency to oblivion in all pecuniary transactions. We don't allude to the managers of first or second class provincial theatres, who are most of them respectable men. The specimen we select takes a country theatre as 'a spec,' goes to some dramatic agent, such as Suckem, and so collects a company. He hires a wardrobe from some Jew costumier, and by hook or crook gets himself and his company forwarded to the scene of operation. For the first week all goes well, the company obtaining the whole amount of their salaries. 'Business,' as it is called, continues brisk, perhaps even for a fortnight, and then a dismal change comes o'er the spirit of the scene. Some fine evening, it gets whispered about that the manager is 'nowhere;' and early next morning, the leading lady, who is inclined to be stout, has the misfortune to be caught stuck fast in the rather narrow window of her apartment on the ground-floor—a predicament she has got into through a vain attempt to escape the just demands of her landlady. Her 'properties'—consisting of five silk stockings, a pair of black velvet shoes, one and a half pair of white satin slippers, a much-used suit of silk fleshings, one sandal, four skirts, an old red silk train and a tinsel crown, with a box of worn gloves and a white muslin robe—have been previously spirited away by the leading lady's mamma, who travels with her. The low comedian of the company, who travels only with a pair of tights and a few wigs, has been more lucky; he never takes his 'props,' as he calls the articles in question, to his lodgings, but always leaves them next door to the theatre in case of accident. After the escapade of the leading lady, a miserable attempt is made by the company, as a republic, to keep the place open for a night or two; but the mysterious disappearance of the wardrobe creates a difficulty which no amount of ingenuity can overcome; in addition to that, the printer (a green hand, newly arrived in the place) is wondering who he is to look to for payment of his bill; while to crown all, the landlord has taken possession of the key of the theatre, glad to get quit of the vagabonds without any rent, and the place is peremptorily closed. So ends a season which is the exact counterpart of many more, and thus runs the theatrical world its exciting round.

We can assure our readers that the picture we have painted of the unscrupulous manager who takes a theatre as a 'spec,' and the dire consequences which follow, is not over-coloured. As a companion portrait, we present that of an honest manager struggling with adversity—it is painted by himself, and no touch from our pen could make it more graphic. As will be seen, it takes the shape of an address to his audience at the end of a disastrous season:

After the usual thanks to the 'ladies and gentlemen' for their presence, he proceeds: 'At the conclusion, however, of a season which is well known to be about the worst there has ever been in this town, you will not expect anything very cheerful of me, especially when I tell you that I am very ill, that my wife is worse, and that we are both weighed down with turmoil, anxiety, and disappointment. I commenced my unfortunate season with an opera company for a fortnight, which was very unsuccessful. I then commenced with the dramatic company, which was still worse. . . . . Finding everything going the wrong way, I strenuously endeavoured to procure the visits of some first-class

Digitized by Google

"stars." One, however, was in America, another settled for the time in London, and a third did not think this town would pay him—and those who did come, soon found such was the truth. With such stars as I could get, our receipts never exceeded £5, 1s., and were as low as £2, 17s. My friends, however, assured me that if I could weather the storm till Christmas, and then get up a pantomime, I might be sure of a reward at last. I tried the experiment; produced one—with much difficulty—that I believe gave general satisfaction; but, alas! although there were one or two fair houses, the receipts fell during the *first* week of its run to L.4, 13s., and during the *second* to L.3, 1s. 6d. I unfortunately entered into a contract to pay the enormous rental of L.225 for the season, of which—notwithstanding the bad business and general depressions—L.175 has been paid. (Cheers.) Finding it impossible to pay the last instalment, I made an appeal to the proprietors, and assured them that the L.60 I paid down was sunk, that what money I brought with me was gone, what I had raised was spent, and what I had borrowed was unpaid—that having lost my all, my wife being so situated as to be compelled to give up her professional duties—with an anticipated increase to my family—my season at an end here, and nothing settled for the future elsewhere, I must throw myself upon their consideration, and—a good rental having been already realised—hope for a release. To all this I received no answer, but a brief inquiry about what *security* I could give for the balance. I replied that I had exhausted every resource, and could pay no more; but that I was anxious to do all an honest man could do—that there was a great holiday coming on the occasion of the Princess Royal's marriage, and I would get up a strong entertainment, and they might *put their own men at the doors and take the receipts.* (Cheers and cries of "Bravo.") Now, ladies and gentlemen, I know that not one man in twenty would have made such an offer, and I ask you if mortal man could do more? ("No, no.") Well, to that proposition I could obtain no answer; but all at once, while I was expecting one, I found the *bailiffs* in the theatre. But I had acted according to a hint I had received, very carefully removing all my best things, and safely disposing of my wife's dresses, upon the value of which I had heard certain parties had been calculating; so when the bailiffs came in, they found little more than would pay for the distraint. (Tremendous cheering, and cries of "Bravo," and hisses from the proprietors.) It is to that fact, ladies and gentlemen, that I am enabled to appear before you this evening. I was therefore placed in a position to treat; but no thanks to the proprietors if I am not now obliged to leave the town without one article of wardrobe, consequently, unable to take any other theatre, or even an engagement in one—for the wardrobe is to an actor what tools are to mechanics—and as the result, in a short time, perhaps, to find my children wanting bread.'

As is the country theatre, so, generally speaking, are country actors. The damp and mould of the one, with its ragged seats and tattered scenery, are but representatives of the muddled brain and seedy habiliments of the other. One cause of their decline is, that, in the present day, they can have no hope of 'a career.' The two great theatres of the metropolis are closed to the British drama: the one is a temple for foreign music and dancing; in the other, horsemanship, tumbling, antipodean feats, Tom Thumbs, and performing elephants, have taken the places of Munden, Dowton, Kean, and Mathews; in other places the sublimity of the tragic scene has been usurped by the red-hot bombast of melodrama; and the fine old comedy of other days has been banished to make room for the 'screaming' farce and the extravaganza. If we are so fortunate as to have even one great man to play a hero, he is surrounded by a mob of nobodies—ill-trained, and worse dressed, having no fitness for their profession whatever, except their consummate impudence. A shadow, in fact, has fallen upon the stage; and at present we have few players worthy of the name. The great ones of former days, and the best of their offshoots, are dead, and their memories are all that is left to us, for nobody has caught their mantles.

London, however, is still regarded as the common centre of the profession. Country managers—of whom there is about one hundred, not including the directors of the few strolling companies still extant—always resort to the great metropolis to gather together their little band, and pay their annual round of visits to such of the theatres of London as have an open door, and play in the national tongue; at the present time, there are about twenty of these, of various kinds and ranks. The country manager, and also the respectable country actor, have both of them a great liking for London. There they can enjoy a peep of that greater theatrical world of which their little town is but the miniature. The respectable provincial manager has usually the *entrée* to the best of the London houses, because most of the London managers being actors, he receives an annual visit from them, in their capacity of 'stars,' and so keeps up a friendly acquaintance. He thus gets wonderful peeps into the inner circle of some of our London houses, and obtains ideas as to how all the different 'oracles' are worked which help to oil the machinery of a London theatre. He sees the great man in his 'sanctum;' finds out the true relation between the London dramatic author and the critic of the daily paper, and sometimes stares to find them one and indivisible. Most of our play and farce writers are 'on the press;' and a shrewd manager takes care to select his authors accordingly, knowing that they form a clique, of which each member is bound to puff the other's production, because all in their turn need a similar favour. Still, however, the production of the new farce requires tact and 'management;' and there are numerous interviews between the author (translator, ought we not rather to say?) and manager, before matters get finally arranged, and the puff preliminary is sent out. Outsiders rarely get a piece accepted; but when they do, what a gantlet of criticism they have to run!

The country manager of the old school—Mr Placide, we will call him—not being engaged to dine either with Mr Buskin or Mr Roscius, his two most profitable stars, both of whom are managers of London theatres, steps down to Wych Street to the Sword and Tights, to enjoy a quiet pipe before the parlour fills with its wonted company. The organ of the profession, which he finds lying on the table, opens up a new world to him: he recollects the time, not many years ago, when the drama had no such expositor; and he is more than astonished, as he glances over the advertising columns, at the wonders with which it is filled, never having known before that there were so many kinds of public amusements competing for patronage. What particularly strikes Mr Placide is the manner in which the actors and actresses of the present day advertise and puff themselves, and how men, who are but fourth-rate actors in a second-rate London theatre, pretend that they are stars of the first magnitude in the provinces. Then in every second advertisement he comes on the word 'professional,' and determines to hate it, because it is a new word to him. He likes better the old word comedian or actor: 'professional' includes, he thinks, all sorts of horrors, such as niggers, bounding brothers, anti-podeanists, and equestrian troupes.

Digitized by Google

'Ay, ay,' says Placide to himself over his pipe, 'no wonder we managers can't make our salt now, with such entertainments surrounding us on all sides. Here is no end of concerts and exhibitions, where the public not only get amusement, but beer as well. What theatre, I should like to know, can stand against beer? Or, if we can beat the beer, by means of either Buskin or Roscius, can we stand up against the performing monkeys who are starring all the year round at the theatre; or, suppose we can even do that, how about the niggers in the concert-halls? A new Shakspeare could have no chance against the niggers—that he couldn't. Then, again, here in London we have the squalling Italians: there's Tamberlik going to get a cool thousand a month; there's a palace been run up for them in five months' time. Who would run up a palace in five months for the British drama, I should like to know?' And Mr Placide having vented these opinions quietly to himself, replenishes his tumbler, and re-adjusts his pipe, and has what he calls 'another go in at the paper.' But we need not follow him further. Suffice it to say, that he cannot tolerate the modern system of advertising at all. 'Only to think,' says he, 'that men have such impudence—men I would not give fifteen shillings a week to! Advertising; ay, it may be all very well for Mr Smythe—*I* can't afford it. Here is the thing for me;' and Mr Placide runs over the advertisement of the 'Inauguration of the Burial Ground of the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick-fund Association.' 'Ay, the grave will have us all at last; I'm glad to see that there is sense enough left in our actors to provide for this last scene of all. Truly doth Shakspeare say:

> Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more; it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.'

And with these axioms of the great bard, we humbly take our leave of both the country manager and the THEATRICAL WORLD.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DISCOVERY.

IT is always difficult to shake off ancient prejudices. Without a struggle, the truth of no new theory has ever yet prevailed against the errors of long-received opinion; for the latter is strong at once in all the strength of its own prescription, and in all the weakness incident to the novelty of its assailant. Of this truth one striking instance familiar to our readers occurs in the history of the Struggles of Vaccination.* Another instance, more striking still, presents itself in the story of that Great Discovery from which the birth of modern physiology must be dated.

The history of the discovery of the circulation of the blood, which M. Flourens has a well-established claim to have told for the first time with scientific accuracy,† extends, from Galen to Harvey, over a period of more than fourteen centuries. It may be difficult, but it will not, I think, be impossible so to strip it of its technicalities as to make the story not only intelligible, but interesting to the least scientific reader.

The arteries which, during life, as we now know, are distended with blood, are found, after death, to be not only in a great measure emptied of that fluid, but to contain air in considerable volumes. Reasoning from these facts, the physiologists who preceded Galen, and especially Erasistratus and his school, maintained the theory that, like the windpipe, the arteries were simply air-passages, the air which penetrated to the lungs by the trachea being conveyed by the venous (or, as we should call it, the pulmonary) artery to the left cavity, or ventricle of the heart, and thence by the aorta, or great arterial trunk, and its innumerable ramifications, to every part of the system. From the functions thus hypothetically ascribed to them, the arteries derived the name they still retain (from Greek, *aer*, the air, and *terein*, to preserve, as a a pipe preserves the breath).

With this theory, Galen was so little satisfied, that, while yet a young man, he set himself first to investigate, and then to overthrow it. He proved, by a series of experiments on the living body, that the arteries during life contained blood, but did not contain air; he shewed that the air which entered the lungs by inspiration did not penetrate beyond their air-cells; and he even ascertained that in some essential property the arterial differed from the venous blood. But here this great physiologist stopped. He had made, indeed, a great stride in advance of Erasistratus; but he had not, from his necessarily limited knowledge of anatomy, the means of determining the real nature of the respiratory functions. He believed that the office of the air was simply to cool and refresh the blood; nor was it fairly ascertained until some years after the death of Haller, whose opinion coincided with Galen's, that the lungs, and not the heart, are, in truth, the centre of animal heat.

The service, then, which Galen rendered to physiology, was to establish beyond a doubt that air did *not* pass *en masse* into every part of the body—that it did *not* distend the arteries, nor cause the pulse to beat. His discovery that arterial differed from venous blood in some essential property, he accounted for by a theory which subsisted—so enduring was his authority—until the middle of the sixteenth century. The veins as well as the arteries—so ran the new hypothesis—were necessary to supply the system with blood. But the blood of the latter had its origin in the left ventricle of the heart, and therefore, as the more spirituous, nourished only the more refined and delicate organs, such as the lungs. The blood of the former, which issued from the right ventricle, nourished the more gross and solid organs, such as the liver. But the venous blood, without an infusion of the spirit of the arterial, would not always be able to perform its functions. The wall, or *septum*, therefore, which separates the two ventricles, must be so perforated as to permit the inferior fluid to be easily and uniformly supplied with a portion of the ethereal properties of the superior. I have already said that it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that this error was corrected and exposed by Vesalius, 'the father of modern anatomy.'

But here, in his turn, Vesalius stopped. The discovery of the pulmonary circulation was reserved for a man who had devoted his energies not to anatomy but to controversial theology, and whose name has, by a terrible and melancholy event, been inseparably associated with that of John Calvin—Michael Servetus.

Here, however, it may be necessary to remind the reader, that in all the higher classes of animals there is a double circulation, the one wholly distinct from the other. The first is that which, under the name of the *pulmonary* circulation, transmits the blood through the lungs for the purpose of its being exposed to the influence of the air in respiration. The second is that which, under the name of the *systemic* circulation, distributes it, after having been so exposed, throughout the body.

Servetus, like Vaselius, denied *in limine* the truth of Galen's hypothesis, that a spirituous influence of

* See *Journal*, vol. vi., p. 16, and vol. viii., p. 263.

† *Histoire de la Découverte de la Circulation du Sang.* Par P. Flourens, Membre de l'Académie Française, et Secrétaire Perpetuel de l'Académie des Sciences (Institut de France), Professeur au Musée d'Histoire Naturelle de Paris, &c. Deuxième Edition. Paris. 1857.

Digitized by Google

some kind is transmitted from the left to the right ventricle through perforations in the septum. But he so far agreed with him as to admit, first, that there was an essential difference between the venous and arterial blood, and, secondly, that by reason of the *spirit* it contained, the latter was fitted to perform a functional part in the finer processes of the system for which the former was utterly unfit. But here again the two hypotheses clashed. The air we inspire, Servetus argued, has nothing at all to do with the refrigeration of the blood—nay, it is the very *spirit* which Galen pointed to as distinguishing the arterial from the venous fluid; for the venous artery* conveys the blood from the right cavity of the heart to the lungs; there the artery divides itself into a multitude of smaller vessels, which again unite to form the pulmonary vein; and by the pulmonary vein the blood is transmitted to the left cavity of the heart. 'It is during its passage from the one system of vessels to the other that the blood comes in contact with the air, assumes a scarlet colour, and is purged of its impurities, which are expelled by expiration.'

It was reserved for modern chemistry to demonstrate the nature of the chemical change which the air undergoes from its contact with the blood in the lungs. It was reserved for Harvey to discover that the blood is transmitted through the artery and pulmonary veins, not in small quantities, but in torrents. Otherwise, Servetus's exposition of the pulmonary circulation, when divested of its metaphysical entanglements, is clear and satisfactory. The difference of the two circulating fluids was pointed out. The unity of the circulating current yet remained to be demonstrated.

Servetus fell a victim to Calvin's intolerance. His treatise *Of the Restoration of Christianity*, which contained his discovery, and of which only a few charred fragments remain in the Imperial Library of France, was burned with him, and the discovery itself was for a time lost. At length, about six years after his untimely end, Realdus Columbus, a professor of Padua, then the most celebrated school of anatomy in Europe, arrived by an independent process at the same results, and began to teach the doctrine of pulmonary circulation exactly as Servetus had laid it down. He was followed at Pisa by the celebrated botanist, Cesalpinus, who was the first to introduce into anatomical nomenclature the now familiar phrase of the 'circulation of the blood.'

Amongst the most distinguished of Vaselius's pupils was that Fabricius d'Aquapendente, who during fifty years filled the chair of anatomy at Padua, and contributed more perhaps than any other person to the scientific reputation of the school. In 1574, he discovered the valves of the veins and the mechanism which permitted circulation, and thus made another important step towards a knowledge of its true theory. 'But he did more than this; for Harvey was his pupil; and it was under his instructions that the mind of the young Englishman became stored with that knowledge, and was trained in those habits of reflection, which enabled him, some years afterwards, to arrive at results so important not only to science, but to the welfare of mankind.'

Fabricius survived his great discovery five-and-forty years; and it may well seem strange that he should have gone down to the grave without having seen its full significance. This was seen by Harvey, and by Harvey alone, of all the anatomists of that age; and in 1618,† the very year of Fabricius's death, he first proclaimed the great truth to the world from his professorial chair.

'I remember,' says Robert Boyle, 'that when I asked our great Harvey, in the only discourse I had with him, which was but a little while before he died, what were the things which induced him to think of a circulation of the blood, he answered me, that when he took notice that the valves in the veins of so many parts of the body were so placed that they gave free passage to the blood towards the heart, but opposed the passage of the venal blood the contrary way, he was invited to think that so provident a cause as nature had not placed so many valves without design; and no design seemed more probable than that, since the blood could not well, because of the interposing valves, be sent by the veins to the limbs, it should be sent through the arteries, and return through the veins, whose valves did not oppose its course that way.'

In 1628, Harvey published his famous *Discourse on the Motion of the Heart and Blood*, which forms the basis of modern physiology. From a passage in this great work, it would clearly appear that its author fully anticipated the rancorous opposition which the startling novelty of his discovery excited. It was assailed at once by men of science, and by men of letters. By the former, the great anatomist was stigmatised as an impostor; by the latter, as a daw in borrowed plumes. By the vulgar at home he was held, says Aubrey, to be crack-brained; and, as he tells us himself, of all his proselytes amongst the faculty, not one exceeded the age of forty. On the continent, his assailants were numerous, powerful, and uncompromising. The opposition of the Paduan anatomists may have been in some degree influenced by jealousy of their ancient pupil; that of the medical faculty at Paris arose exclusively from what M. Flourens calls 'their ridiculous infatuation' for Galen. Still, the doctrine was early taught in the Jardin du Roi by Durozer, and by Dionis, the first surgeon of that age. 'If M. Durozer,' says Guy Patin, in one of his amusing letters, 'knew nothing more than how to lie and the circulation of the blood, his knowledge would be limited to two things, of which I hate the one and despise the other. Let him come to me, and I will teach him a better way to a good medical practice than this pretended circulation'—to Patin, whose practice was limited to bleeding and the administering of senna! 'We save more patients with a good lancet and senna, than were ever saved by the Arabian physicians with all their sirups and opiates.'

In France, however, as M. Flourens remarks, 'this folly was confined to the faculty; it did not belong to the nation. Molière ridiculed Guy Patin,* and Boileau ridiculed the faculty, and Descartes, the greatest genius of the age, proclaimed his belief in the circulation.'

Dr William Hunter has said that, after the discovery of the valves of the veins, the remaining step towards the discovery of the circulation might easily have been made by any person of common sense. It is remarkable that the simplicity of great discoveries should always be made to derogate from the genius of those who make them. Now, Aquapendente was surely a person not devoid of common sense, and yet even *he* failed, as we have seen, to perceive the true bearings of his own discovery. 'He said, indeed,' as Mr Lewes has remarked, 'that the purpose of the valves was to prevent the accumulation of blood in the lower parts of the body!' Nor would it be a hard task to prove, in spite of De Blainville's insinuations to the contrary,† that, even as a *possible* process, the true theory

* The *vena arteriosa*, or pulmonary artery, it may be as well to remind the reader, is so called because, although it has the structure of an artery, it contains venous blood.

† Dr Willis, in his *Life of Harvey*, published by the Sydenham Society, antedates this event three years, without assigning any reason for so doing.

* Guy Patin is the Diafoirus of *L'Ecole des Médecins*.

† *Histoire des Sciences de l'Organisation*, vol. ii. p. 227.

Digitized by Google

of the circulation was suspected by no European anatomist during the time which elapsed between 1574 and 1618, except by Harvey—who, as even Hunter admits, was at work for many years 'upon the use of the heart and the vascular system in animals.' Any attempt, therefore, to rob our countryman of the glory of his great discovery 'must be silenced by a decisive verdict.'

'Perhaps,' said Sir Humphry Davy, in reply to some one who was remarking on the value of his discoveries in the decomposition of the earths and alkalies—'perhaps you give me more credit than I am entitled to. Others discovered the voltaic battery; the time had arrived when it was to be applied to the purposes of chemistry; and it was into my hands that it first fell.' Something like this, perhaps, may be said of the discovery whose history we have been considering. A little earlier, and it could not have been made; a little later, and it would have been made by some one else. With the old dogma of a perforated septum unexploded, the discovery of the venous valves would have attracted no attention; and before the discovery of the venous valves, the idea of a double circulation would have been laughed at. Step by step in this wonderful story we mount, from Erasistratus to Galen, from Galen to Vesalius, from Vesalius to Servetus and Columbus, from them to Aquapendente, and from Aquapendente to Harvey, who, gifted with a more comprehensive genius than any of his contemporaries, took advantage of the labours of his predecessors, traced analogies which had been overlooked, laid bare the fundamental organism of the higher animal economy, and demonstrated the laws by which it is regulated.

DOWN AT THE GRANGE.

III.

It was on a Tuesday, in the midsummer, and the squire was gone to a meeting, likely to be a stormy one, upon education, at the neighbouring town; Miss Markham, ever desirous of a little shopping, had accompanied him, and I had intended to have done so likewise, had not the illness of a parishioner suddenly prevented it. His case requiring certain aliments which were not within the scope of our resources at the vicarage, I walked down to the Grange, according to custom, to request that they might be sent to the sick man's cottage. Mrs Markham was not within; but the beauty of the afternoon enticed me upon the terrace, the extremity of which communicated with the walled garden. The gate was always kept locked, I knew, and only the squire and the head-gardener had the keys of it. Sauntering slowly along upon the turf, and drinking in the prospect dreamily, I had reached the extremity of the walk, and was about to turn, when I heard the whispering of voices. I could not see who the persons were, for they were behind the wall in the garden close below me; they had no business there, I knew, and had probably come after some very choice melons of the squire's. I made no scruple, therefore, of listening; but after the first few words, I felt as though I would have given both my ears rather than have done so.

'I tell you, Jane, that now or never is the time. There is a heap of money in his desk to-day which will go to the bank to-morrow. Markham is away at Ruffham, and it will not kill him when he comes to find it gone.'

'Never!' said a clear full voice which I knew to be Mrs Markham's. 'I will die first. I will go away with you yourself, before I would rob my husband.'

'Your husband?' said the other with a sneer. 'Pooh, pooh! you need not be so squeamish for a few pounds, since you are in for so many pennies already. Why, you've made free of hundreds'——

'Not a shilling,' she interrupted vehemently—'not one single shilling have you touched of his. My own luxuries, my comforts, the wants of God's own poor, have gone to support your profligacy; but not one farthing of *his*, Heaven knows.'

'Jane,' said the ruffian slowly, 'take you good heed to what I say: I'll blow upon you, and tell all to his face. I'll carry you off, I swear it, before his very eyes. What you have known of me hitherto is nothing to what you shall know of me when you and I come to live together again.' I seemed to see and feel through the wall itself the shudder that ran through that poor lady's frame at these words. If I had thought the worst of her, instead of being assured, as I then was, that her wicked husband Heathcote was indeed alive, and persecuting her with a power more terrible than ever, my heart would not have bled for her less painfully, my indignation against him would not have risen higher; but as it was, my teeth were grinding in my wrath, and my stick was furiously gripped, as though it were a sword. Silently, like a thief in the night, I stole down to the wall, and setting my feet in some convenient crevices, peered cautiously above it. Both, luckily, had their faces turned away from me; but I could see, even on the man's back, scoundrel and coward written. His poor wife's wrongs and goodness, and all that I had heard of his brutality, swept over me in a sea of indignation. Oh, for one quarter of an hour of my college-days, before I had put on that ecclesiastical garb! Oh, to have given him ever so brief an example of that 'one, two,' which I remember to have had some skill in, in the bygone time. My years and profession, indeed, were already so far forgotten, that I rather wished he might just have laid his hand upon her in his rage. My stick was an ashen one, and would not have broken for some time, I think. He wanted to do it, I could see by his twitching fingers: the bowed and trembling, but still graceful figure; the appealing sobs, of which I could only guess the meaning; the young life withered and struck down in its joy by his cruel threats and presence—they moved him not one jot. I dared not trust myself to look any longer, but resumed my station at the foot of the wall. After a storm of menaces, met by almost hysteric expostulations that grew feebler every moment, I heard him say: 'You know where I am to be found, woman; and if what I demand does not come to my hand within the next eight-and-forty hours, I come to this house as surely as you are my wife, and claim you.' I heard a fall upon the ground, and knew that his poor victim had fainted; but I waited until the wretch—who heeded her no more than if she were a log—had left the garden and plunged swiftly into the copse that fringed its northern side. I ran in then at the open door, lifted Mrs Markham from the path, and revived her at the spring that flowed hard by. She was afraid, on coming to herself, to look up at me, taking me for Heathcote; but I told her how I had walked in, seeing the gate open, and expecting to find her gardening, and how I feared the heat had been too much for her. She was ice-cold, poor thing; but she murmured: 'Yes, the heat, it was the heat,' as I supported her homewards up the hill. I got away immediately, and pretending a telegraphic message, packed up a little carpet-bag, drove down to the railway station at full speed, and arrived in time for the up express, as I had hoped.

IV.

On the next Wednesday at noon I was back again, and at once took my way down to the Grange. Mrs Markham had been very ill, I heard, and was now no better; the squire was even then at her bedside. I sent for him upon the plea of very urgent business, and he came down into the library at once. If I had

Digitized by Google

not been in his own house, and expecting to meet no other but himself, I should not have known him. His eyes were swollen and dull, his gait tottering, and his features white and drawn like the face of a dead man. She had told him all at last; his first and only love, his true devoted wife, the partner of six happy, happiest years, was to be torn from him by another, and doomed to a life of misery.

'Grantley,' said he, in a hollow unnatural tone, 'I have that to tell which will wring your heart, I know —it has already broken mine.' He had fallen into a chair, like one whose limbs refused to sustain him, and the tears coursed down his cheeks unchecked and unconcealed.

'Markham,' said I, 'I know all—everything—more, I think, than you can tell me. Your agony is not for yourself, but for your—for her, I am well assured. She shall not be dragged away. Be comforted. He shall never touch a hair of her head.'

His despairing eyes turned towards me not without a touch of hope. I was about to speak further, when the front-door bell rang gently.

'The man is come,' groaned the poor squire, as if inexorable fate had laid its very hand upon his shoulder.

'Shew him in,' said I to the servant, for his master seemed to have lost all power of speech. For my part, I drew a hopeful augury from that delicate bell-ringing: a ruffian that had nothing to fear would have pulled with both his hands.

Heathcote slouched in with an insolent air, half sneak, half bully.

'I don't want the parson to hear what I have got to say to you,' were his first words.

Mr Markham, who kept his back turned towards him, waved his hand to me in sign that I should speak for him.

'You may say whatever you will,' said I quietly. 'I am aware of the object of your coming: you want to extort the money from this gentleman, which you tried to persuade another to steal from his own desk.'

'Oh, she told, did she?' said the villain, with a diabolical smile. 'It will be the worse for her, presently, that's all.'

'No, sir, she did not, if you mean your wife, Mrs Heathcote. Ay, sir,' added I, as he started back, 'we are aware of all that and very much more. You were overheard in the garden. There is more than one thing known, *witnessed*, Henry Heathcote, of your old doings, which you are not aware of.'

I saw him turn as pale as the poor squire himself. 'Whether or no,' said he after a little, 'I shall have the money or I shall have my wife—who has committed bigamy—whichever that gentleman there pleases.'

'That gentleman,' said I, as I observed Mr Markham was about to speak, 'is not to be intimidated month after month, as Mrs Heathcote was, into supplying your bottomless purse. Nay, sir, your oath is not to be trusted; I hold in my hand a warrant for your apprehension, procured yesterday from Hampshire by Mr Raby, upon a charge of forgery, the proof of which I have now with me. The consequences are upon your own head, remember, and when you leave this house, it will be for a jail.'

'I was quite prepared for this, sir,' said the ruffian, with a look of indescribable malice. 'Mrs Markham that was, will, however, accompany me to prison. Fine food for the scandal of the county that will be; and a good convict's wife she will make to me in my banishment without doubt.'

Mr Markham writhed like one in torture upon his chair. We were indeed in the man's power, as he said, and my journey into Hampshire had been but of small service. One desperate course, however, which had been suggested by Mr Raby, was left to me, and I tried it. 'Miserable man,' said I sternly, 'do you then dare to force us to extremities; you scoff at banishment, but what say you to the gallows? you'—I strode up to the trembling wretch, and laying my hand upon his shoulder, whispered aloud—'you murderer!'

The sweat stood out upon his pallid brow, his knees smote together, and his hair seemed absolutely to bristle up, so abject was his terror. 'Mercy, mercy! I never found the notes,' he murmured. 'No,' said I; 'but here is the packet'—and I produced it—'and red with the blood that still cries out against you!' At the sight of this frightful evidence, the coward knelt upon the floor and covered his face with his hands.

'Rise, wretch—go!' thundered the squire, who had risen up like a man returned to life from the grave. 'Here is money, the sum that you demanded—take it. If ever again these eyes of mine light on you, as sure as there is a sun in heaven, I hang you.'

The cast-down, half-paralysed figure of Mr Markham seemed to dilate as he said these words; he looked like some incarnate Nemesis denouncing a certain vengeance upon the creature at his feet. It gathered itself up like a stricken hound, seized the proffered notes without daring to look up into the donor's face, and rushing out of the door and from the house, as though the executioner was even then upon his heels, sped away under the flaming eye of noon from Woodislee, for ever.

V.

Mr Raby's guess had been a true one. The pocket of Heathcote had been picked by one of his wicked companions in the bush, and he had murdered the thief for the purpose of recovering the packet, in which hope he had been foiled. This having been found upon the body, had been judged conclusive to identify it with his own remains; and for these so many years he had not dared to shew himself in civilised parts to gainsay it, but had lived the marauding life of a bushranger. Tired of this, and having by a successful pillage obtained enough money for his transit homewards, he had ventured back to England. Finding his unfortunate wife well married and in such great happiness, his hatred of her was redoubled, and his determination strengthened to persecute her further at all hazards. The poor lady had never before had strength of mind to reveal his extortions, nor the horrid truth of his being still in existence; and now her confession, and the certainty of having to leave her beloved Markham for this dreadful husband, had brought her into the most dangerous state. She had prayed for death more fervently than any dying man for life; when, therefore, the squire had carried up to her the result of my interview with Heathcote—for he did not needlessly distress her with the account of his new atrocity, and of the means whereby he had finally got rid of him—she was almost beside herself with joy. Her gratitude towards me was without bounds, and as she strove to raise her attenuated form from her couch to receive and thank me, tears choked her utterance. The squire was but little more composed. With their mutual confidence, which had been but this once broken, quite restored, and their very life-blood, as it seemed, set once more flowing in their veins, it fell to me to wake them from their dream of new-found happiness, by reminding them of the real position in which they stood. The reaction from the extremity of despair to the certainty of safety, had been too great to admit of any thoughts save those of unalloyed content. Good and Christian man as the squire was, the circumstance of Mrs Markham being still the lawful wife of Heathcote —whatever that man's character might be—and

Digitized by Google

therefore making her continuance at the Grange impossible, had never once occurred to him. The man having been thoroughly got rid of, and all idea of personal annoyance at an end, Mr Markham had dissociated her in his mind from all relations with her first husband at once. The poor lady must have indeed thought often of her sad case, but had put it from her, probably, as something too horrible to be dealt with justly; nevertheless, she was the first to see the rightness of the path, which it was my duty as a clergyman to point out to both of them. If ever there was a case wherein spirit and letter seemed at war; if ever one wherein an innocent error seemed to be more tarribly avenged than crime itself, I acknowledged that it was this of theirs. My heart was wrung for them to its core, but I had no glimmer of doubt as to what was necessary for them to do. Tenderly, but firmly, I put it before them; and before I had done, Mrs Markham sighed to me that it was enough. 'I go,' said she, 'dearest George, at once, while I have still strength to travel.'

'The vicarage, madam, is of course your home as long as you please.'

'I thank you, dear Mr Grantley, but I leave Woodislee,' said she, 'as far behind as possible this very night.'

'And I,' chimed in the good little old maid, whom we had almost forgotten, she had been so silent a spectator—'and I with you, sister Jane, to the end of the world, if you will. She is my care, George, from henceforth, for I have wronged her in my heart.'

The squire's grief was terrible to witness; but he made no opposition. Miss Markham had a small estate in a distant county, to which it was arranged that the two ladies should immediately remove. Boxes were hurriedly packed, the travelling-chariot ordered to the door; and after such a leave-taking as I trust does not often fall to the lot of mortals, the invalid was lifted in, in a fainting state, and borne away swiftly into the night. Darkly, indeed, it fell upon the Grange, where the widower was left mourning for the wife that was yet alive. Weeks and months passed by, but he would not be comforted. The sketch-book on the table, the piano in the hall, the flowers that her graceful hands had tended in and about the house, the garden wherein she had loved to busy herself, her favourite walks, the very prospect which her soul had so delighted in, were robbed of all their charms for him at once. Tears instead of smiles sprang forth at the sight of them, horror was born of them in place of joy—skeletons of their former selves wherefrom the glory had departed, and into which the life was no more breathed. As kind and as good as ever, his cheerfulness seemed quite to have forsaken him, and he was growing old at heart and gray on head apace. Mrs Heathcote—for she had reassumed her former name—never wrote one line to him, nor he to her; but his sister corresponded with the squire daily, and to receive those letters and to talk with me and others who had known her of his departed wife was his sole pleasure.

It was some two years after the separation of Mr and Mrs Markham, that I exchanged my vicarage at Woodislee for the summer months, on account of the sickliness of my eldest child, for a parish on the seacoast, and with much difficulty, I got the squire to accompany us. The novelty of the mode of life and scene were somewhat benefiting him, and long excursions on the water affording him most amusement, I persuaded him to take them continually. One evening, while he was thus employed, I was suddenly sent for to the beach, to see what could be done for a poor fellow who had fallen off the cliff. He was, the messenger told me as we hurried along, a well-known accomplice of the smugglers infesting that part of the coast, and had met with this accident, it was supposed, while signalling to some of them the approach of a revenue cutter. A little crowd had gathered round him on the shore, but not evincing that sympathy which is usually felt among the poor in places of that sort for victims to the excise-laws; they had, however, furnished him with a mattress, and were giving him water. He was speechless, and scarcely sensible, they said; but a glance at his terrified eyes as I came up convinced me to the contrary. Mangled as he was about the head, and altered by what appeared to me to be the certain approach of death, I recognised the wretched Heathcote at once. He was borne, by my directions, to the nearest cottage, and a man on horseback despatched for medical help, although I saw it could be of little avail. I remained by his bedside all through that night, and it was a fearful one. When the doctor told him that, without doubt, he was a dying man, I thought it would have killed him on the instant. 'I have done everything that is horrible, and nothing good my whole life long,' he said. I gave him such comfort as I could with truth afford him, and urged him to penitence and prayer. His murder, his felony, and whatsoever other crimes he may have committed, did not seem to oppress him so heavily as his treatment of his poor wife. 'An angel, an angel,' he repeated constantly, 'and I was a fiend to her. Markham, Markham, he will make her happy yet. Poor Jane!' 'Poor Jane!' were his last words. When, after his burial, I told the squire this, he was affected to tears. 'My hatred of that man,' said he, 'has stood between me and heaven, I believe; but I forgive him all.'

In twelve months' time from that forgiveness, he stood within this church upon the hill at Woodislee, and was married afresh unto Jane Heathcote by me. It was a happier day than any of us had hoped to see at the Grange again; the only person who shed a single tear was dear little Miss Markham, but that is her way of expressing intense satisfaction. Not a villager was there who did not rejoice in their joy, from the ancient clerk of eighty years, who kissed the bride's hand at the door, to the little school-children who scattered flowers before her feet. There is very little else to tell. Besides, see, there comes toddling up to us a little fellow before whom nothing further must be said; a pleasant-looking, handsome lad with the smile—the old smile that is worn again now—of his mother. Once upon a time, I remember, she said that she was happy not to have him; but they were both glad at the Grange, too, I think, to welcome the young squire.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MEDICAL WOMEN.

In a recent number of our *Journal*, we took occasion to make further known the very interesting history of the education of Dr Elizabeth Blackwell of New York; the first woman, or certainly the first Englishwoman, who has become a regular diplomaed physician. Such trials and difficulties as that lady had to go through and overcome are now happily at an end for all others of her sex who contemplate making themselves useful to humanity as healers of disease.

A female medical college—of the sort which Dr Blackwell in 1849 trusted to see instituted 'in course of time'—has been established at Philadelphia for some seven years, and we hold in our hand the valedictory address to its students of Ann Preston, M.D., Professor of Physiology and Hygiene.

This seems to us to be a prudent as well as an eloquent composition. There is no indignant declamation about women's wrongs or alleged intellectual inferiority, and no ambitious exultation at the idea of

Digitized by Google

'medical men' being supplanted by medical women. The sphere of the new practitioners is declared to be mainly confined to the sufferers among their own sex, who 'are especially the victims of a wrong hygienic condition, and need medical advisers with whom they can commune freely,' and by whom they can be physiologically instructed. In the *Appeal of the Corporators* of the college, affixed to the valedictory address, this point is also judiciously urged:

'They consider that woman, as a wife and mother, pre-eminently *needs* a clear understanding of the functions of the human body and the means of preserving health; and that high-toned and intelligent female physicians, from their relations to their sex, must be most important instrumentalities in imparting such knowledge, where it is most needed and will do the most good.

'It is well known that there is a vast amount of suffering among women, which is left without relief, from the shrinking delicacy of its victims, and it is therefore a demand of humanity that women should be put in possession of the requisite knowledge to administer the required treatment in such cases.'

Indeed, among the more liberal of the faculty here in England, we have often heard it admitted that women would be, for many reasons, far fitter medical attendants upon their own sex than men; 'but,' add these ungallant sons of Æsculapius, 'though we believe they have nerve and intelligence in plenty, we fear their *crotchets:* we scarcely ever knew a woman of mind without some twist in it.'

Dr Ann Preston, however, affords an example of one who has either been born without the twist, or whose professional education has enabled her considerably to rectify it; she gives satisfactory evidence, too, upon another matter, concerning which the ladies have been much maligned.

'Notwithstanding the common reproach that women are ungenerous to women, and that they exhibit pettiness in transactions of business, I am glad to be able to tell you that in my intercourse with them I have found, with few exceptions, the reverse to be true: nobleness, generosity, and sympathy all unhoped for, have been largely manifested, and my professional experience has deepened my respect and regard for woman and for humanity.

'Ladies, if you prove yourselves capable and worthy, as we believe you will, society is ready to receive you; on every side the demand for your services is becoming more imperative.

'But you must not expect a lucrative practice to spring up in a day. Solid superstructures are the work of time; and slowly, carefully, woman also must work her way, building up the reputation which is her professional capital.'

The opposition which these female practitioners have had to encounter has, of course, been very considerable; and even now the professor warns her class of the unacknowledged, or but half-acknowledged, position which they must needs occupy. 'That sympathy and assistance from older members of the fraternity, which the inexperienced practitioner so much needs, will indeed be given you by many of the wise and good: even now, numbers of those who are recognised as standing among the highest in the profession will meet you freely in consultation; but still we cannot ignore the fact that, as a body, physicians have not yet welcomed woman into their ranks as a needful or desirable auxiliary.'

The whole cost for two or more courses of lectures and for graduation at this Philadelphia college is only 175 dollars. And for the encouragement of those whose means will not allow of the usual expenditure, six students will be admitted annually on the payment of twenty dollars per session, exclusive of the matriculation, demonstrator's, and graduation fees. A department of remunerative and virtuous activity is indeed thus opened, with very moderate outlay, to females. And we cordially agree with Professor Ann Preston, M.D., that those women who shew themselves competent for the medical profession, deserve without doubt to succeed in it. 'Fitness and capability will indicate themselves against the world: they are God's endorsement of the rightfulness of any position.'

EXORCISM OF THE SMOKE FIEND.

An act is to come into force next month for the final putting-down of smoke in factories. It becomes of course a point of wisdom with factory proprietors to prepare for a change which it will no longer be possible to avert; for, though their reluctance to make the required alterations has heretofore baffled local acts and local authorities, we apprehend that this will no longer be possible with a general act, any more than it was with the proprietors of the Thames steamers four years ago—all of which are now smokeless, much to the comfort of the public. We have no doubt that the old proverb, 'where there is a will there is a way,' will receive fresh illustration on this occasion. The old objections as to impossibility of preventing smoke in engine-furnaces without diminishing power, can no longer hold, after what we have seen on the Thames, and what we see in many furnaces on land—our own, for example, where *for nine years past* there has been no smoke whatever, excepting for a few minutes each time the fire is put on after an interval of work, and this without any detriment to the efficiency of the machinery. Our plan, thus proved so effectual, and by which *ten per cent. of fuel is saved*, is Jeukes's patent (revolving bars for slow feeding); but there are many other effective plans, some of them perhaps even simpler,* and it is likewise ascertained that, with 'ample boiler-power, good draught, and a regulated and moderate admission of air into the furnace,' there can be no offensive amount of smoke. There will, therefore, be no valid excuse for breach of the law. Its violators must be held as making plain confession that they refuse to take a little trouble and incur a little expense to save the public from this intolerable nuisance; and they will stand the consequences.

We most earnestly hope that there will be no slackness on any hand in carrying out the behests of the act. The physical annoyance sought to be put down is 'gross, open, palpable,' leaving no excuse for neglect of remedial measures; but it requires only a little reflection to see that there are also moral and social consequences of smoke, and these of no light importance. In large towns much exposed to smoke—Manchester and Liverpool form marked examples—we everywhere see a tendency of the upper class of people to live in places by themselves out of town, the main purpose of the movement being to get pure air. That the smoke is the main grievance sought to be avoided, becomes evident when we view the case of a city like Edinburgh, not much polluted by smoke, where we find no similar tendency. There, the people really live in town. Now, when families are thus dispersed, and for any intercourse a large space has to be traversed, it becomes impossible to have an easy and inexpensive style of entertainment: hence an encouragement to ultra-luxurious habits—itself a great evil. The worse evil, however, is, that the cultivated and intelligent classes are wholly separated after four or five o'clock every day from the mass of their fellow-citizens, who, thus deserted,

* The system of revolving bars necessitates the use of a kind of coal which does not form large *scoriæ* (clinkers), as these make a choke at what is called 'the bridge.' Where the suitable coal cannot be got at a moderate price, it will of course become necessary to resort to some other plan.

Digitized by Google

seek amusements and indulge in tastes of their own, wholly free of the moral element which an upper class can impart. A separation of *sympathies* also becomes unavoidable, and thus it may be that revolutions are partly prepared for even by so apparently insignificant an agent as—*smoke*. If this fiend, then, can be effectually put down in our large industrial cities, we conceive that an improvement is effected, not merely in our daily physical experiences, but in our social and political estate.

DAS SECHSE LÄUTEN, OR THE SIX O'CLOCK BELL.

In the present age, when practical usefulness and scientific inventions are driving poetry and imagination from the field, the old customs and festivals of former ages are rapidly disappearing. We are not amongst those who desire to mourn over the departure of 'the good old times.' If, with the sports and pastimes of former days, something of light-hearted mirth and fun has passed away from this worky-day world of ours, we believe it is only the shadow we have lost, and that the substance still remains; we believe that with fewer stated periods for festal enjoyment, man is a happier, nobler being than in the days of tourneys and morris-dancings, of May-poles and mummings. But we would not have the memory of these things die; they are interesting as signs of the times; and indications of national manners, customs, and feelings, deserve a place more important than is usually assigned them in the pages of history. These fêtes, which melt under the progress of civilisation like snow before the mid-day sun, still linger in some parts of Europe, and are cherished by the inhabitants of certain districts or towns with fond reverence. One of these national festivals which prevails still at Zurich, is curious and interesting enough to merit especial notice. It is called 'Das Sechse Läuten, or the Six o'clock Bell.' This custom has existed from time immemorial, and its origin remains a matter of dispute.

Those who refer its commencement to a historical event, tell of a time when Zurich, having expelled from its councils certain men obnoxious to the state, was threatened with an attack from these malcontents, who incited the neighbouring Counts of Hapsburg and Toggenburg to join them in their treacherous design. The plot was defeated by the penetration of the boatman employed to ferry them across the Limmat, who, detecting in their words and gestures something which savoured of treason to his beloved city, contrived to sink the boat, and bury the conspirators in the waters. Meantime, a boy who had been concealed behind a large stove, had overheard words which betrayed the treacherous plan, and conveyed intelligence of it to the burgomaster; the great bell of the church tolled an alarm, and quickly the inhabitants flew to arms: those conspirators who had escaped drowning were met by men prepared for their reception, and speedily put to the sword. A walled-up door was formerly shewn in the church, as a memento of the bloody night, through which some traitors attempted in vain to force a passage to stop the ringing of the bell. This account of the origin of the Sechse Läuten is accepted by many, who affirm that on the anniversary of that day of deliverance, a kind of carnival was held in the town.

Another version, and one more consistent, we believe, with probability, is, that it was a festival in honour of the approach of spring. When the sun begins to rise higher and higher in the heavens, and the winter is retiring before his warm and life-giving beams, then the people rejoice with great joy; and on the first Monday after the spring equinox, the fête is held. On this day, the bell of the principal church begins to toll at six o'clock P.M., and continues its evening chiming until the autumnal equinox returns. Those alone who know what a winter amidst snowy mountains is, can comprehend the joy of the Swiss peasants when the days begin to lengthen, and the sun penetrates for a few more hours daily the deep recesses of the valleys. Nature, which has so long presented one monotonous and dreary aspect, puts forth new signs of life; green leaves appear, and tiny flowers peep above the snow; the meadows look fresh, and the birds begin their sweet spring songs; the snow yields its place to verdure; and the brooks, forced from their icy fetters, dance as if from joy. Then the human heart rejoices too; the intercourse between the mountain hamlets and the towns, so long suspended by snow-drifts, is resumed; and man once more meets his fellow-man in the market-place or in the church. Surely it is a season for joy and thanksgiving; and as a celebration of this return of life and gladness, we are inclined to regard the Sechse Läuten.

It is impossible to fix any date to the commencement of this festival; it seems to have been held annually, and reminds us strongly of the ancient German festivities with which the return of spring was hailed—remnants of which may still be found in the Steiermark, Silesia, and Bohemia, &c. Here, as there, the fir-tree—usually associated with Christmas in other parts of Germany—plays a conspicuous part: it is decorated with garlands and bright ribbons, and carried through the town by girls dressed in white.

The Zurich records furnish accounts of the various modes in which the Sechse Läuten has been celebrated. The ceremonies observed were in some points always the same, but additions and variations were made each year, which prevented monotony. The Zünfte or guilds of the different trades undertook the chief management. The freemen or livery of each guild assembled in their respective halls to share the mid-day and evening meals; the rooms were ornamented with boughs, garlands, and streamers; and as the six o'clock evening-bell tolled its first note of welcome to the spring, the halls, brilliantly illuminated within and without, resounded with shouts and toasts, songs and speeches. Processions were formed, and one particular hall having been selected as the place of rendezvous, the guilds assembled there. A silver goblet, chosen from the plate-chest of the corporation, was borne by the leaders in the procession, filled with sparkling wine, and quaffed in sign of the amity and harmony existing amongst the trades.

While these processions and festivities were enacted, the hills around the town were blazing with huge bonfires, in one of which an effigy of Winter was burnt. The figure represented a decrepit old man, with hoary hair, and a long snowy beard, enveloped in warm wrappings. It was borne about the town amidst universal derision and contempt; and finally, suspended over an enormous fire, it was consumed, while the people shouted for joy, and piled fresh straw and fagots on the flame, until not a vestige was left of poor old Winter but a heap of burnt-out ashes.

These are the usual ceremonies of the fête which are always observed, while each year some new sport is invented, adding fresh interest to the scene. These often take their rise in political events, local reforms, or social changes. The custom had fallen somewhat into disrepute, when, in 1819 A.D., it was revived with fresh vigour; and from this time it seems to have flourished in unbroken prosperity. Sometimes one guild took the lead, sometimes another; the processions were ordered with much care and forethought; beautiful coloured lamps were borne by the members of the corporations, on which were painted their arms and the insignia of their

Digitized by Google

trade; banners were embroidered, the halls beautifully decorated, scenic representations given of historical events, the costumes for which were carefully prepared; declamations and speeches both grave and gay were held, and imagination tasked each year to produce some novelty. While the citizens were thus busy in their guilds, the people caught the spirit, and added their part to the gaieties of the scene. Early in the morning, boats, adorned with flags, and steamers filled with peasants from the neighbourhood, arrived, all in gala costume, and the streets swarmed with festive groups.

In 1830, for the first time, processions passed through the streets in broad daylight, with bands of music, all who joined in them being attired in the costumes of the olden times. In 1838, the guild of the smiths undertook to solemnise a political change which had taken place in the canton, in which a young Zurich had been actively engaged in destroying old customs; in grief for these innovations, the guilds, headed by the smiths, bore their colours in funeral-procession to an elevated spot above the town, and buried them beneath a group of lime-trees.

We shall endeavour to give a more detailed account of two of these singular festivals, each of which was characterised by peculiar and interesting ceremonies. On one occasion, after a very severe winter, during which great hardships had been endured by the Swiss people, there seemed an unusually eager desire to make the Sechse Läuten brilliant and imposing. As the spring broke with its promise of warmer days, and relief from the pressure of want, the joy of the people was unbounded; a general enthusiasm pervaded all parties: crowds filled the streets; and beggar and burgher, peasant and townsman, joined heart and soul in the rejoicings and festivities.

By noon, the burghers, in their plain but honourable craftsman-dresses, were seen hastening to meet their brethren at the well-furnished tables in their halls. After the dinner was ended, it had been arranged that the visits to the different guilds should then be paid, rather than defer them until the evening. The processions were marshalled accordingly. First came the butchers, in the full costume of their trade, attended by their apprentices, dressed as maidens; twenty-five of these bold butchers' boys bore on their shoulders a gigantic sausage, measuring fifty feet in length, and containing three hundredweight of the best pork, veal, and beef; across its aldermanic proportions lay two huge knives and forks, which subsequently served in the carving and distributing slices among the people. Next came the fishermen and boatmen, carrying on a large pole a fish of enormous dimensions; this proved to be a sham specimen of the finny tribes, which, when ripped up, showered abroad a quantity of perches and smaller fry, composed of sugar and sweetmeats. Amongst the bakers, a prize had been offered for the best and largest loaf; and in their procession, these prize-loaves were placed on gaily decorated carts, bearing other specimens of the skill of the Zurich bakers. The largest of these loaves was two feet wide, and ten feet long, and weighed 260 pounds. These guilds were succeeded by others too numerous to be mentioned particularly, each one bearing specimens of their particular trade —in wine, cheese, tobacco, and other wares. Before each division, a silver vessel was borne, filled to the brim with sparkling wine. About five o'clock, all the processions, after parading the town, formed into one line, and proceeded to the Baugarten—a kind of park on the shores of the lake. Here the sausage was cut up and, with the other good things, dispensed among the admiring crowds; and soon the bell was heard pealing forth its solemn tones, calling on all to join in one song of universal thanksgiving. As the evening advanced, and the shadows deepened into night, fires blazed from the hills, fireworks shot their brilliant lights of varied tint high into the air, and the quiet stars shone brightly down on the scene—all lay reflected in the tranquil waters of the lake. Night deepened, the fires were burned out, the rockets were spent, the lamps dimly flickered, the crowds returned to their various homes; another winter had been dismissed into the abyss of time, and a new summer was opening on the joyous and grateful people.

The next Sechse Läuten we propose to describe was celebrated in 1856. Expectation had been highly raised: it was noised abroad that preparations were being made on a scale of magnificence unequalled in former years. On the morning of the 7th of April, the city began to fill; steam-vessels from all parts of the lake arrived, bringing crowds of passengers; gay motley groups of peasants in their pretty picturesque costumes, ladies in fashionable attire; officers, priests, people of all ranks and ages. Hundreds of little boats covered the waters, and train after train brought new multitudes of eager spectators by the railway. This new means of conveyance, but recently established in the country, tempted thousands from all parts of Switzerland, so that Zurich had never before seen her streets so densely crowded.

Hitherto, these annual festivals had been peculiarly local in their character; this year, for the first time, they assumed a cosmopolitan form. The march of civilisation was felt even in the remote cantons of the republic; the spirit of innovation—that restless sprite whose influence no nation can resist—asserted her right to share in the Sechse Läuten of Zurich. The guilds, inspired by one idea, agreed to unite in carrying it out in the best manner possible, and the result surpassed all expectation. Zurich was to be regarded as the centre-point of all the railways in the world; trains were supposed to arrive from all the four quarters of the globe, bearing deputations from all nations and peoples, who subsequently forming into processions, paraded the streets. Switzerland, with the strong prejudices peculiar to her national character, had long opposed the introduction of railways: at length one or two lines had been constructed, and the wild whistle of the locomotive, the whizzing and hissing of the steam, were heard resounding amidst her mountains and valleys, disturbing their peaceful tranquillity, yet bearing in their train blessings undreamed of by the alarmed inhabitants. It was a happy thought to mark this epoch; to bring before the Swiss people thus assembled from all parts the advantages which intercourse with other countries would bring their own, and, in sport, present them with pictures suggestive of so much future benefit.

The hour appointed for the opening of the festivities approached; every window and balcony was filled; the streets and roofs of the houses presented a dense mass of heads; the guild-halls gay with banners; music sounding everywhere; and all was gaiety and expectation. Suddenly the sound as of a rushing wind was heard; smoke curled in dense clouds from the chimney, the whistle shrieks, and the huge engine appears in sight, the *Miracula Spectacula*, covered with the flags of the federal states. Eight carriages followed in its rear: the northern and north-eastern trains; the eastern and south-eastern; the southern and south-western; the western and north-western, bringing people from every country lying between the poles and the equator. Soon the streets were alive with the various groups which these trains had conveyed.

To describe the scenes which now followed each other in quick succession would be impossible; every moment brought a new party under notice, all mingling in seeming confusion, yet each retaining its individuality. In the northern car arrived groups in

Digitized by Google

full costume from the Black Forest, from Saxony and Mecklenburg, &c.; here was seen a wedding-party from the rich Altenburgher peasantry, with gaily dressed maidens and gallants on horseback; there, a gala-coach filled with Hamburg merchants and brokers, with a shipful of Vierländern (the people who live in the neighbourhood of Hamburg). These were followed by Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians; and bringing up the whole, Mr and Mrs Esquimaux were seen, seated in a fur-covered sledge drawn by six panting dogs. The north-eastern division sent forth vine-growers from the districts of the grape; a gay summer-party from Munich; carriages, laden some with nobles, some with peasants, from Bohemia; Berlin with her Kladderadatsch (the 'Punch' of Germany), guarded by a policeman in Prussian uniform; Polish droschkies, accompanied by noblemen on horseback. Then came the Emperor of all the Russias, surrounded by his staff and guard of honour, Cossacks and Bazouks; while a huge Russian carriage filled with nobles, a cart with serfs, brought up the rear. From the arctic regions there were Tongenese and Finlanders with their reindeer sledges, and the whole summer establishment of a Kamschatka family. Amongst the eastern companies were seen the brave lads and lasses of the Tyrol and Steiermark, with Viennese citizens in gay attire; a marriage-party from Appenzell and St Gall; proud Hungarian magnates in their splendid gala costume, on horseback; horse and cattle dealers from the Carpathians, and in their suite a troop of dark-eyed gipsies. The east sent forth her fair Circassians, Tatars on foot and horseback, with wandering families in tented wagons; even the Celestial Empire deigned to furnish representatives for this great world's assembly. A Chinese fair was arranged, and a mandarin in solemn state was borne in rich eastern litter; and a Japanese general followed, attended by the clang of martial music. New elements came to the fête with the southern train—Italian serenades and carnival antics, bright eyes glancing, and soft mandolines keeping time to merry dancing feet; English tourists in Italy, brigands and Swiss guards; a strain of delicious church-music, wafted, one knew not how, from Rome; peasants from the Campagna in all the glowing colours of the rainbow; pifferari, friars, and monks; lazzaroni and Neapolitan fishermen, Calabrians and Corsicans. The new civilisation of the south-east, headed by the Sultan Abdul Meschid, seated in a carriage surrounded by his new Christian allies; fair creatures from the harem, for this day unveiled, and exposing their charms to vulgar eyes; deputies from the Suez Canal commission, marching under a huge umbrella borne by Egyptian attendants; grotesque Bashi-bazouks, Greeks, pious pilgrims to the shrine of Mecca, Bedouins of the desert—all following in the sultan's train. Then came the dreamy fire-worshipper, the follower of Zoroaster; the Indian nabob in his palanquin; a carriage filled with colonists from Sydney; and Lola Montes, with her graceful arts and wiles, taming the savages of New Holland. Africa, too, sent Arabs from Sahara, Algerine pirates, and the dark negro from Nubia, with Caffres and Hottentots from the south. Then came the aborigines from New Zealand and South-sea Islands, tattooed and draped in feathers. In the south-western division came Savoyard boys, with marmots, and organs, and plaster-casts; a bridal-party from the south of France; muleteers and herdsmen from the Sierra Nevada, smugglers from the Spanish coasts, and piccadors ready equipped for the bull-fight. The Spanish islands were represented by slave-drivers and planters, and his serene majesty Soulouque from Hayti, attended with his dusky suite; merchants from Buenos Ayres; and giants from Patagonia.

The birth of a young heir to the French imperial crown was marked by a stork bearing a child in its bill, while market-women (dames de la halle) brought gifts to grace the event; Paris sent her grisettes and students, soldiers and civilians; and the peace congress—at that time sitting in Paris—was duly represented; the four great western powers solemnly seated in an open carriage, with Prussia and Piedmont standing as footmen behind, and Elihu Burritt and Cobden sitting on the box attired like Mercuries, each bearing a palm-branch, the accompanying servants dressed in green, the livery of hope. In the western train was Barnum, with his wondrous shows; while Mexicans and Red Indians closed the procession. England came in the north-western division, with her weavers and colliers; the queen and prince-consort in an open carriage; milors and miladys, boxers and engineers; a faithful impersonation of John Bull accompanied by Punch; while Irish beggars and Scotch *sans culottes* brought up the rear. The processions took more than four hours to pass through the streets of Zurich. The whole was closed by an enormous cosmopolitan omnibus, and a peace-battery, from which genii fired amongst the people rounds of shot, consisting of little rolls of bread. The evening's amusements were terminated, as usual, by corporation visits to the various guild-halls; toasts were drunk, speeches made; and thus ended the curious and interesting festival of the Sechse Läuten of 1856.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

All shimmering in the morning shine,
And diamonded with dew,
And quivering with the scented wind
That thrills its green heart through—
The little field, the smiling field
With all its flowers a-blowing,
How happy looks the golden field
The day before the mowing!

All still 'neath the departing light,
Twilight—though void of stars,
Save where, low westering, Venus sinks
From the red eye of Mars;
How peaceful sleeps the silent field,
With all its beauties glowing,
Half stirring—like a child in dreams—
The night before the mowing.

Sharp steel, inevitable hand,
Cut keen—cut kind! Our field
We know full well must be laid low
Before it fragrance yield.
Plenty, and mirth, and honest gain
Its blameless death bestowing—
And yet we weep, and yet we weep,
The night before the mowing!

THE QUESTION BETWEEN THE FARMERS AND BIRDS.

The truth seems to be this: during the spring, birds do great good by killing insects on which they feed themselves and their young; but when the corn is ripe in the ear, and ready to shed out, the crowds of birds which flutter about on the tops of the stalks are said to beat out the grain in large quantities, which falls on the ground, and is wasted. Young birds should be killed down before harvest; there will generally be enough left to breed in the spring. Something analogous may be said as to rabbits. They do very little harm, if any, except when the corn begins to form its stalk, and when the green crops, as peas, tares, &c., begin to start; then they do considerable damage. They should therefore be killed down during winter, a few only being left to breed. —*Correspondent of Notes and Queries.*

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 239. SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

LETTERS.

THERE are few things by which the flight of time is more sensibly measured than by the difference of feeling with which at various periods of our lives we indite or receive Letters. In the dawn of life, indeed, as at its close, we have the greatest unwillingness to set pen to paper at all; but the causes of the disinclination are quite different. In those very early times, we are not perhaps confident about our *p*s and *q*s; whether our *l*s should have a loop in them, or whether the personal pronoun should be a little *i* or a big one. Our spelling is entirely phonetic; and maybe we are not unconscious of our want of ear even for the attainment of *that* accomplishment; while, in addition, we are sure to have some misunderstanding with our own middle finger, which the writing-master requires us to straighten, and which Nature as imperatively demands shall be kept bent. Unhappy epoch of pothooks and hangers, how well do we remember it! when we could not persuade our teacher that a child could possibly be near-sighted, and 'Sit up, sir! *will* you sit up, sir?' sounded so implacably in our ears. How nose and chin followed closely that serious pen of ours in all its rounded turns and exquisite up-strokes! How our lips, through a sense of the overwhelming importance of the task, formed themselves into the shape for whistling—when whistling, goodness knows, was far from our thoughts—as it delicately dotted the *i*s! How our whole face accompanied its horizontal movements, when it crossed—not the Rubicon, but—the Tees! Still, what we had to write, we wrote willingly enough; albeit, for the above reasons, and because composition itself was not at that time a very easy matter, our epistles were not of the longest; the paper superficies they covered was indeed considerable, but they did not in those early school-days contain much epistolary matter:

'MY DEAR MA—I am very well so is bob all our tin is gone, a cake would not be unexceptable we dont get enough to eat dear Ma indeed. Love to Pa and Nero who i hope is looked after.—Your dutiful and affectionate son, JEMMY.'

We always accomplished that 'dutiful and affectionate' without mistake, on account of our having to send off a 'holiday letter' at the conclusion of every half-year, which ended with those adjectives. Doctor Whackem himself set the copy of this for the whole school, and looked over our shoulders with painful frequency during the epistolary process. What a number of fine sheets, with lines so carefully ruled for us, did we spoil with blots and errors; and what a hypocritical piece of composition it was when all was done, and how it smelled of india-rubber where they had tried to erase the pencil-marks!

'MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA—I am very well and happy here, for Minerva Hall is indeed a home to us; but I shall of course be very delighted to see you again. This is to inform you that the holidays begin upon the Friday after next, when Doctor Whackem will give out the prizes in the schoolroom at half-past one, D.V. The Earl of Reddiforaniman has consented, with his usual urbanity, to take the chair. I hope I shall please you, my dear parents, by getting a prize. Doctor and Mrs Whackem desire me to give you their kind compliments; and believe me to be your dutiful and affectionate son, JAMES GOODCHILD.'

It was a pleasure to write even such an epistle as that in those times, because of the holidays it heralded.

Then the Letters we *received* at school, how unexceptionably welcome they were to us, especially if they weighed somewhat heavier than usual, and cunningly and safely imbedded in the sealing-wax there was found the desired half-sovereign; or if they conveyed tidings of 'a parcel'—expression delightful in its very vagueness—already despatched to 'my dearest Jemmy' by the carrier, the contents of which were to be equally divided with our brother Bob. Alas! what memories the sight of one of those letters would awaken now; what regrets! what tears! We sometimes grudged poor Bob that equal share of his; we were glad when there were pots of gooseberry-jam sent—Bob didn't like gooseberries—and on all occasions drove too hard a bargain with him, he being the youngest. He never grew to manhood and to 'Robert,' but lived and died; and will be ever known among the rest of us—who are thinning by this time sadly—as our boy-brother, 'Bob.' There were no such associations about those school-letters then.

In our adolescence, letter-writing was even a blyther matter still. There was then never any necessity compelling us to it. Out of the abundance of our heart, the pen indited. Our honest thoughts, fresher far than afterwards—and not less true, perhaps, though somewhat crude—flowed from us without effort and without fear. What aspirations had we at that epoch, which—to our present shame, be it confessed—our cheeks would burn with self-contempt to hear now uttered by the friend to whom we wrote them; and he again had the like radiant visions, and laid before our sympathising eyes his own fond dreams of life. What vigour, what elasticity, what overflow of genial humour one must have then possessed to have filled whole pages *gratis!*

Digitized by Google

Now, unless compelled by direst need, we never catch ourselves leaning over foolscap, except for a consideration.

Love-letters — what a splendid occupation the writing of those was wont to be! How pleasant to issue from our mental mint a thousand honeyed synonyms for the Beloved Object! How we lingered over each soft expression, toying with it tenderly as though it were itself the half-angelic being to whom it was addressed!

She is sixteen stone by this time, and her (second) husband's name is Potts, a drysalter; but that dread future was, in mercy, unrevealed to us at one-and-twenty.

Jones was in love with her also; and I have got one or two of his letters now, which the dear girl let me have at that time, in the strictest confidence.

What an unsuspecting, generous, impulsive, affectionate young fellow he must have been! (I hope Jones has not got any of mine, composed about the same epoch). Wizened, bloodless, grasping little money-seeker that he is, how *could* he have ever concocted such epistles! I can't fancy him inditing anything beyond 'Received yours of the 24th instant,' and 'I am, gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant;' by which he means their commercial rival, and most uncompromising foe.

I wonder whether it would be possible for a man to write a *bonâ fide* love-letter to a wife; I mean, of course, to his own wife, for in the case of another's (we have heard) the thing is practicable, and even easy enough. One couldn't have the face to call her an angel, although one might wish her in heaven; and as to her being addressed as a fairy—think of Belinda Potts, and a fairy of sixteen stone! The handwriting of dearest Belinda resembled a slanting shower of summer-rain; and when it was crossed, as it very often was, by another slanting shower, it was rather difficult to decipher. I think, however, that only enhanced the interest of her delicious meaning, which came out, when it did come, all the fresher, like a flower from the mist. I could detect her long-looked-for communications by more than one organ of sense before they left the postman's hand; their envelopes being pink, and redolent of patchouli. That was how I discovered that Belinda was corresponding with young Hitchins, as well as with myself and Jones. Hitchins was her first husband, and ran away with her from her paternal roof. I should like to see any unassisted individual attempting to run away with the present Mrs Potts.

When Cupid has once departed, taking with him the golden pen and the red (heart's blood) ink, there is no more joy in Letters. They henceforth become a matter of business only and of compulsion. We strive to trick the post-office by making a single stamp do double duty, and, on the other hand, grudge bitterly having to pay the least over-weight in the communications of our friends.

In our married and settled condition the postman becomes to us a daily nuisance. He brings earnest manuscripts from our wife's brother, who is in want of a hundred and fifty pounds for a special purpose, after which, he says, he will be an honour to the family; affectionate notes from our mother-in-law, who is looking forward to spending three or four months with her dearest Jemima, and her James, who seems like her very own blood; circulars from charitable societies, who 'make no apology for appealing to our sense of Christian duty' (there are no such satirists as your philanthropic people). Worst of all—because reminding us in the cruelest possible manner of the genial past—college bills for wine, cigars, or other vanity we had fondly deemed to have been paid for years ago.

Then, as we grow to be more and more of a *paterfamilias*, more and more bills; we groan in spirit as our delighted daughters hasten at that dread 'rat-tat' (rustling those expensive morning-dresses of theirs), to open the letter-box. What contents they bring us, to spoil our matutinal meal, and to impair a digestion which is already in the most artificial state imaginable!

Here they are. Bill, Bill, Business, Circular (social), Circular (religious), Death (Poor Smith gone; our own age, too, within six months or so, and similar habit of body; horrible!), Bill, Bill ('I wish, Jemima,' tossing it over to the wife of our bosom, 'you would dress the girls more like young people of moderate means, and less like balloons; I won't pay for such foolery, that's flat), Mother-in-law ('Here's your mother coming *again*; let *her* pay for them'), Business, Brother-in-law, Bills.

Alas, this laughing mask of ours conceals a sad countenance. The satirist of our own day who calls old letters the best satires in the world speaks a frightful truth. Unlock the old chest full of them, the old drawer, or the old desk, and cast your eye over the yellowing rubbish it contains. Open the worn covers, superscribed in the forgotten handwritings, and read the once welcome words spoken by hearts that have long been changed: your mistress's, 'she that married the nabob, and for whom you now care no more than for Queen Elizabeth;' or your beloved sister's—ah, 'how you clung to one another until you quarrelled about the twenty-pound legacy!' This humour of the modern humorist is terribly grim!

A genius, of our own day likewise, but of a very different kind, has written something worthier than this upon the subject of Old Letters—'of those fallen leaves which keep their green (he calls them), the noble letters of the dead.' He shews himself sitting alone in his chamber at late eve, when the rest of the house have retired, and when, without, 'the white kine glimmer, and the trees lay their dark arms about the field,' reading aloud the old letters of his dead friend: when, strangely on the silence broke the silent-speaking words, and strange was Love's dumb cry, defying Change to test his worth; and strangely spoke the faith, the vigour, bold to dwell on doubts that drive the coward back, and keen, through wordy snares, to track Suggestion to her inmost cell; and word by word, and line by line, the dead man touched him from the past, and flashed his living soul on his—— Thus he held awful converse, till the doubtful dusk revealed the knolls once more, where, couched at ease, the white kine glimmered, and the trees laid their dark arms about the field: till, sucked from out the distant gloom, a breeze began to tremble o'er the large leaves of the sycamore, and fluctuate all the still perfume; and gathering freshlier overhead, rocked the full foliaged elms, and swung the heavy-folded rose, and flung the lilies to and fro, and said, 'the dawn, the dawn,' and

Digitized by Google

died away; and East and West, without a breath, mixed their dim lights like Life and Death, to broaden into boundless day.

A WEEK AMONG THE HEBRIDES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IMAGINE a pretty little town of white-washed houses stretching like a semicircle round the head of a bay with a sunny western exposure—a background of irregular protuberances rather than hills, which terminate on the right in the woody heights and picturesque ruined castle of Dunnolly, and on the left by a similar piece of rugged scenery, amidst which, among embowering trees, are placed two or three villas: then, imagine that the bay is bounded so completely in front by a green and pastoral island, as to seem enclosed by the land, and you may have some notion of Oban—an object so calm, so pretty, so uncongenial on these wild and secluded shores, that at first sight it occasions an emotion of surprise. A little inquiry makes the stranger aware that Oban, like many other towns in the Highlands, is a modern Scoto-Saxon settlement, founded for the purpose of improving the country; and that latterly, very much through the efficacy of Hutcheson's steamers, it has undergone considerable extension. Tasteful villas are perching themselves about on the rocky knolls behind the town; branches of banks and other commercial undertakings are being established; and hotel and lodging-house accommodation is recently much enlarged. Already, I have spoken of the Caledonian Hotel as a high-class establishment; but there are some other good hotels for tourists: I am, in short, told that the town can accommodate five hundred strangers, and that, by casual visitors alone, as much as L.10,000 is spent annually in the place.*

Two objects of much antiquarian interest in the immediate neighbourhood, the ruined castles of Dunnolly and Dunstaffnage, usually attract the notice of visitors. By the politeness of the proprietor of Dunnolly, the small party of excursionists of whom I formed one, were permitted to visit the ruins, which, clothed in ivy of the brightest green, and placed on the summit of a huge rock overlooking the sea, form a beautiful and imposing feature in the landscape. Dunstaffnage Castle—gray, massive, and of greater historical interest than Dunnolly—is situated at the distance of three miles from Oban; and being shewn by a resident keeper, it can be seen at all times with no more trouble than a short walk or ride. No stranger should omit visiting Dunstaffnage, for independently of its connection with events during the old Scottish monarchy, and its being the original repository of the famed Stone of Destiny, now forming part of the coronation-chair in Westminster Abbey — the scenery around, a happy blending of sea, rocks, islands, and lofty mountains, of which Ben Cruachan is the most conspicuous, cannot fail to evoke the most pleasing emotions.

It is time, however, to be getting on. While I have been talking in a very rambling way about how tourists are to transfer themselves to Oban, and of some things that are to be seen there, the *Mountaineer*, distinguishable, like all other of the Hutcheson boats, by its red funnels, is hissing and snorting at the pier like an impatient Highlander, and threatening to break away and be off on what was intended to be a special cruise among the islands. It is a summer morning in the end of June, and our party, seven in number, having hastened from the hotel, are now on board; the hissing ceases, the paddles begin to rumble, and in five minutes we are steaming at the rate of nearly eighteen miles an hour down the Sound of Kerrera. It was a very joyous-looking day, bright patches of sunshine interspersed with deep shadows on the hills of Lorn; the air crisp and dry; and the sea in a tolerably well-disposed mood.

Our first destination, of course, was Iona, 'that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion.' To reach this classic spot, steamers proceed from Oban according to wind and tide, either round the north or south side of Mull: if by the northern route, Staffa is first visited; if by the southern, Iona—the usual practice, we believe, being to go one way and return another; by which means the tourist circumnavigates Mull, and has an opportunity of seeing, close inshore, various lofty and jagged precipices, and several ruined castles standing in desert loneliness on half-insulated peaks over the white foam which dashes on the iron-bound coast, while far above and beyond these objects he will have a view of huge, misty-topped mountain masses, one of which, the giant of a particular group, attains the height of 3000 feet. The voyage to Iona, by the shortest or southerly passage, ordinarily occupies about four, but on the present occasion, it was effected in three, hours. We left Oban at seven, and at ten were in the Sound, a mile in width, which has the Ross of Mull on the east, and Iona on the west—the isles of Colonsay and Jura being seen far away in the south. At this point, the territory of Mull sinks into tameness, and offers some scope for cultivation, with space on the level shore for a village, whence there is a boat-ferry to Iona, which, at a glance, we perceive to possess the same unpicturesque features as the opposite coast.

Running up within a hundred yards of the island, a boat is seen to put off, manned by two or three natives, the leader of the crew being Alexander Macdonald, an intelligent and obliging Highlander, who speaks English, and acts as guide and interpreter to strangers. Approaching the shore, which is covered with big boulders partially overgrown with sea-ware, and over which, on landing, we pick our way to the dry sward beyond, we perceive that, in the present day, the island of Columba is a simple pastoral bit of land, rising in the middle to a height of two or three hundred feet, and with a slope towards the sea, on which is concentrated within a space of a hundred yards all that is interesting to visitors. But, then, such interest! Standing right in front of this gentle slope we have, first, close on the shore, a row of low huts covered with thatch, a species of roof not seemingly able to encounter of itself the gusts occasionally blowing from Mull, since it is enshrouded in a netting of straw-ropes, held down by big stones, in a manner rather threatening to the heads of the Celtic children, who are sprawling about in their little kilts before the smoky doorways of the clachan. It is proper to understand that this collection of some forty hovels is called, in Gaelic, Baile Mor, or the Great Town. I have no doubt that it is considered by the natives a very fine city, more especially as it possesses a slated house at the south end, where refreshments of a simple kind are dispensed. Baile Mor contains no inn, nor are any spirituous liquors sold within it, on which account it requires no policeman or magistrate. Considering its size, it is well off for churches. At a

* Parties under any difficulties respecting their movements, may apply to Mr M'Arthur, agent at Oban for Hutcheson's steamers. His office is on the quay, and he will be found an obliging and useful adviser.

Digitized by Google

little distance, on a rocky point of the shore, stands a newly built Free Church; and scattered about behind the village are an Established Church, a parish schoolhouse, and manses for each of the two ministers. These last-mentioned buildings, which are of respectable dimensions, are, I believe, the only dwellings in which lodgings may be obtained by persons who desire to make a deliberate inspection of the island and its curiosities.

Let us have a look, however brief, at what distinguishes this otherwise uninteresting island. Partly behind the row of thatched huts, and partly a little to the north, amidst enclosures of low stone dikes, are a series of ruins in three detached groups, to which we gain access by a rude kind of pathway, environed by the patches of potatoes and corn of the humble villagers. Guided by Macdonald, we do not reach the ruins in the order of their antiquity, but according as they happen to lie. The more southerly group reached first in the series, is a nunnery, of which the chapel, with walls tolerably entire, is the principal remnant. This monastic establishment for females is said to have been founded in the early part of the thirteenth century, a date almost indicated by its finely rounded Saxon arches. Within and around it are some flat tombstones commemorative of prioresses and ladies of rank who were here interred. On one, considerably mutilated, the sculptured figures are exceedingly fine, representing the last prioress; her head supported by angels, and the figure of a little dog on each side—indicating, possibly, that she had been attached to these animals. The date of her death is 1543. Turning round an angle of the building after examining these relics, there stood before us, ranged demurely along a wall, about a dozen little girls, each holding in her hand a small plate of pebbles and shells, which were silently offered for our inspection and purchase. There was something affecting in the attempt of these poorly clad, but clean and orderly children, to pick up a few pence in exchange for the only articles they could find for sale, the coloured stones—bits of serpentine, quartz, and feldspar—which had been worn by the attrition of ages on the shore of the adjacent seas. We selected and purchased some of these tiny fragments; but on giving a shilling to be divided among the party, we were disconcerted to find that the girls did not understand a word of English—a circumstance not very flattering, I must needs think, to those who charge themselves with their education. Luckily, Alexander Macdonald made them all happy, by translating and explaining our intention. Strangely enough, it is alleged that the custom of offering pebbles and shells for sale dates uninterruptedly from the period when pilgrims to the shrine of Columba piously bore away relics of the saintly island; morsels of serpentine, in particular, being prized for the purpose of being set in rings, which possessed a certain protective virtue against divers accidents and misfortunes. Wordsworth, it will be recollected, alludes in one of his sonnets to the pebble-sellers of Iona:

> How sad a welcome! To each voyager
> Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
> Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
> Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
> Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.

The next group of ruins to which we are admitted is that of St Oran's Chapel, being apparently a sepulchral chapel in the midst of the burying-ground, which had received the remains of Irish, Scottish, and Norwegian kings for several hundred years, besides those of abbots, bishops, chiefs, and others who had deemed it an honour to be entombed in what, during the middle ages, was one of the most noted resorts of learning and piety in Western Europe. Several rows of flat tombstones, sculptured and in good preservation considering the usage they have received from iconoclasts and fanatical relic-hunters, are pointed out by the guide; the whole being of a durable species of mica slate, but gray, and partially covered with vegetation. Eight hundred years ago, this spot of earth received the mortal remains of Duncan—an historical event of which Shakspeare, with his usual tact, makes proper use:

> *Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body?
> *Macduff.* Carried to Colme's-kill,
> The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
> And guardian of their bones.

The various names given to Iona can hardly fail to perplex a number of tourists. On the tombstones, it is uniformly called by a word formed of the single letter I or Y—pronounced *E*. Colme's-kill, sometimes written Icolmkill, signifies the cell of Colme. Latinised according to the medieval usage, Colme becomes Columba, and I is euphonised into Iona. The real name of the island, therefore, is I, or, in pronunciation, E. While so called, it became in 563 the chosen residence of a handful of Irish missionaries, who, under the charge of Colme, their gifted superior, introduced the knowledge of Christianity into Scotland. Of St Colme, or Columba, however, the island cannot with certainty shew any trace. The early and simple edifices of the apostolic band were merged in edifices of a more aspiring kind, which sprung up under the ritual of the Church of Rome. The nunnery, as already seen, is a comparatively modern erection, and so is the third or last group of buildings to which we are conducted, consisting of the cathedral, which latterly became the seat of the bishops of the Isles. This edifice is the most imposing of all the ruins. Its tall square tower, seen at the distance of several miles, rises from the centre of a cruciform structure, of different ages—to the older Saxon arches there being added the pointed Norman, along with decorations of a still later period. It will be for ever matter of regret that the rage for indiscriminate destruction which marked the Reformation in Scotland, should have been carried the length of pulling in pieces all that was artistically beautiful, all that was consecrated by learning and religion in Iona. Buildings were destroyed, clergy and educators chased away, piles of documents of vast historical value dispersed, and the island allowed to lapse into barbaric rudeness; the only parties benefited, as was usual in such cases, being those singularly disinterested personages who accepted from the crown gifts of the varied patrimony of the colony of Columba. After much dilapidation, some care has been taken by the proprietor, in conjunction with the Iona Club, to secure the ruins from utter demolition; nevertheless, it is painful to say that the whole place is kept in a shabby, ill-assorted condition, and if something be not done to secure by masonry several finely groined vaults, damp and decay will speedily lay them prostrate. Both in going to and walking about the ruins of the cathedral, the visitor sees several upright crosses, consisting of slabs of sculptured slate; such being everything that remains of some hundreds of similar elegant objects with which the island was at one time adorned.

Once more on board, the *Mountaineer* steamed rapidly out of the Sound of Iona, with her bows pointed in a northerly direction to Staffa, which was seen right ahead, at the distance of six or seven miles; the view towards the east disclosing Ulva, with the small island of Gometra, at the opening of a bay on the coast of Mull. As Ulva, like Staffa, is a basaltic formation, we now may be said to have got into an archipelago of a very remarkable kind,

Digitized by Google

geologically; it being far from improbable that the whole is but part of a range which comprehends the Giants' Causeway. Perhaps nothing more strikingly marks the low state of public intelligence which prevailed eighty to ninety years ago respecting the Western Islands, than the fact that Staffa was then unknown as an object of scientific interest. Pennant, who made his journey in 1772, did not land on the islet; he only speaks of seeing it at a short distance. Sir Joseph Banks visited it a month afterwards; spent two days on it, having brought a tent for the purpose; and he was really the first man of science who became acquainted with its wonders. Before either Pennant or Sir Joseph had made any public statement of their discoveries, Johnson and Boswell visited the Hebrides; and, strange to say, they knew nothing, and were told nothing, of either Staffa or Ulva. Boswell observes that when about to quit Col, 'they were informed that there was nothing worthy of observation in Ulva;' and so they took boat to the small island of Inchkenneth, on their way to Mull. It may be doubted whether these wandering philosophers would have cared much for seeing Staffa, even if they had heard of its natural marvels. Johnson had no regard for scenery, however grand; he liked to go from one private house to another, conversing about social and political questions; while, in his peregrinations generally, he was at the mercy of any one who had a boat, and would, as circumstances served, generously send him on from island to island. However this may be, the fact is certain, that not till 1774 did the world know anything of Staffa, of which Sir Joseph Banks, in a burst of enthusiasm, says, 'compared to this, what are the cathedrals or the palaces built by men?—mere models or playthings, imitations as diminutive as his works will always be when compared to those of nature.'

Staffa makes no great appearance from the sea. It is only when we get near it that the grandeur of its character becomes apparent. Ordinarily, boatmen with boats from Ulva are in attendance to land passengers from the steamer. When the sea is calm, they conduct their boats to the inner extremity of Fingal's Cave, which penetrates a high precipitous cliff with a southern exposure. On the occasion of our visit, the sea was too turbulent to admit of our taking this liberty. A boat from the steamer landed us on a lower part of the rocky shore near what is called the Clamshell Cave; and thence we climbed to the grassy surface of the island. We were enabled to make this ascent by means partly of a wooden flight of steps, that forms one of several appliances with which Mr Hutcheson has provided the island for the convenience of passengers by his steamers. To leave nothing in this respect undone, he has leased the island, and sublet it at a loss for feeding sheep, of which we saw a few browsing about. The surface is irregular, shelving generally down in a northerly direction with a kind of ravine in the centre. The only appearance of a human habitation is the open ruin of a hut on the higher grounds; and besides its sheep, the only inhabitants of the island are various kinds of seafowl, which are seen in myriads, hovering and screaming in front of the precipitous headlands. To have a view of Fingal's Cave, the party walked along the tops of a lower range of basaltic columns—not very even footing—which skirts the shore on the east, and in a scrambling fashion got safely round to the cavern. The description of this wondrous recess—70 feet in height and 230 feet inwards—has been so often given, that it would here be superfluous to offer any account of it. By means of a rope, held by iron bolts to the rock, visitors with nerve to do so, may walk on the slippery tops of columns some way within the cavern, about half-way from the water to the roof. None of us tried this hazardous experiment. The crested billows rolled angrily inward, dashing themselves on the irregular sides, and surging up in masses of foam on the further end of the gulf. The Queen, on her visit to Staffa a few years ago, was so fortunate as to be favoured with that degree of calmness in the ocean which enabled her to be rowed in a boat to the innermost recesses of the cave, a feat in which her Majesty shewed her usual intrepidity.

For the sake of science as well as art, it is to be regretted that there are no means of making a protracted stay in Staffa. During the necessarily short time allowed to tourists, they can just see that the whole island is a mass of basalt, broken irregularly into columns, perpendicular and sloping, some large and some small, some entire, and others which, being broken off midway, offer a convenient footing to visitors in their rambles about the shores. A regular inquirer into basaltic phenomena would, however, need to extend his investigations far beyond Staffa. Besides the curious formations of Ulva, there will be found fantastic groupings of columns on the coast of Mull, Skye, and Eig; those in the latter island being of magnificent dimensions, towering as they do to the height of thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea.

From Staffa, the *Mountaineer*, still early in the day, steamed her course northward; passing on the left Tiree and Col, and on the right Ardnamurchan, a bold headland, the most westerly point of the mainland. We then proceeded towards the Sound of Sleat, leaving on the left the conspicuous islands of Muck and Eig, and more distantly the island of Rum. Entering Sleat Sound, we had on the right successively the districts of Moidart, Morrer, and Knoydart—all bold, rocky, and with huge hills forming extensive pasturages; the coast being indented at several places with long withdrawing lochs, of which Loch Nevish seemed to be the most extended. On the opposite or northern side of the Sound was that part of Skye called the Point of Sleat, near which, amidst plantations, stands Armadale Castle, the seat of Lord Macdonald, the principal proprietor in the island. Although passing quickly up the Sound, we could see that on each side beyond the sphere of his lordship's grounds, the slopes of the hills were dotted over with the diminutive thatched huts of that aboriginal race of crofters whose miserable existence is an anomaly in the middle of the nineteenth century.

In the afternoon, a drizzle came on, the mists settled down on the summits of the hills, from which and other appearances, it was judged prudent to cast anchor for the night in the small and well-sheltered bay of Eillan-Oronsay, in Loch-na-dall. Here the *Mountaineer*, accordingly, came to a pause about a hundred yards from the shore. The idea of lodgings for the night at a small inn was suggested, but overruled. The steward had provided bedding for the sofas in the saloon, and could accommodate us all nicely; so there was no further trouble on that score. It was proposed that after dinner a good deal should be done in the way of fishing over the side of the vessel, with lines provided for the purpose at Oban. But, here, again, anticipations expired in talk. The evening was pronounced rather moist for any amusement of this sort, and lighted candles and whist for a time banished the notion that we were moored within hail of a state of social life which had not been seen in England since before the landing of Julius Cæsar. A long day's exposure to the air made us all sleep soundly. On retiring, if such a phrase may be employed under the circumstances, a law was passed enjoining heavy penalties on snoring, a crime which, as it turned out to the credit of the whole party, no one was even in the most distant manner charged with.

Next morning, betimes, all were alert. At seven, up anchor, steam let on, and off we were again in

Digitized by Google

continuation of our cruise. A council being called, it was resolved to proceed first up Loch Hourn, an arm of the sea projected eastward into Inverness-shire from the Sound of Sleat, and which is bounded on the north by Glenelg, and on the south by Knoydart. Loch Hourn is so rarely visited, that to nearly all on board the excursion was perfectly new; nor probably would it have been quite safe, if we had not had the good-fortune to have with us a retired veteran in Hebridean navigation—Captain M'Killop, who, it may be noted, was the conductor of her Majesty when visiting the Western Isles.

On entering Loch Hourn, which varies from a mile to less in breadth, we are struck by the picturesque mountain masses, here swelling into rounded pastoral hills, and there rising into lofty jagged peaks, from which, down precipitous gullies, dash long foaming cataracts that, from their whiteness, resemble at a distance streams of milk, while around the more elevated hill-tops, at the height of a thousand feet, play the morning vapours not yet dispersed by the sun. On the lower braes, browse flocks of Cheviot sheep; and these, with the figures of shepherds and their dogs, not less than the absence of smoky huts, plainly tell us that Knoydart has passed into the hands of an improving low-country landlord. The scenery, interspersed with natural oak and hazel, continues beautiful as far as the steamer can advance. At a turn of the loch, a boat having been sent ashore to a village for a native pilot, the vessel securely passed into an inner reach of the loch, up which it proceeded to nearly its furthest limits. Here, on the south side, the party landed, and, favoured by a bridle-path, which, by and by, widened to a sufficient breadth for carriages, we walked several miles to the pass into Glen Quoich, a gorge in the mountains environed with huge isolated rocks and boulders strewed about in all the rude grandeur of nature. Retracing our way, and again on shipboard, the vessel proceeded by Glenelg Bay into Loch Alsh, and then struck up Loch Duich, the mountain scenery at the upper extremity of which transcended, as we thought, even that of Loch Hourn. At the entrance to Loch Duich, situated on a rocky knoll on the beach, are the ruins of Eillan-Donan Castle, an ancient seat of the Mackenzies, 'high chiefs of Kintail.' On the same side of the loch, in Loch Alsh, are seen various modern improvements, including the mansion and new inn of Balmacarra.

About this spot, the channel between Skye and the mainland makes a sudden turn, and the steamer shortly passing through the strait of Kyle Akin, where there is a ferry, enters a wider Sound, and for our gratification turns to the right up Loch Carron. The scenery on this loch, which is about twenty miles long, is no doubt fine, exhibiting here and there along the shore good specimens of raised beaches; but we are by this time not a little spoiled for sights; after Hourn and Duich, nothing of the loch nature will pass muster; and returning to the more open Sound, we hasten on to Portree in Skye, where we are to pass the night. This part of the voyage was made by first touching at Broadford, where there is an inn, and then, after rounding the north of Scalpa, proceeding past Raasay, on the shore of which island stands Raasay House, a handsome modern mansion—an improvement on that in which Johnson was hospitably entertained; the estate having passed from the hands of the Macleods into the possession of Mr G. Rainey, by whom great changes for the better have been effected.*

The harbour of Portree, so completely environed by jutting high grounds as to afford the best shelter to vessels, received ours for the night, and all went ashore to Ross's Hotel, a house offering good and extensive accommodation. Portree—a name signifying King's Port, being so called from a visit of James V. of Scotland, on one of his western excursions—is a substantial little town occupying the brow of a high ground overlooking the harbour. The place was thrown somewhat into commotion with the unexpected visit of the *Mountaineer*, but the inhabitants gradually subsided into tranquillity, and unmolested we rambled about the neighbourhood in search of anything to look at. The only objects which attracted us were a recently erected octagonal tower, on a conspicuous height, hastening to ruin from sheer neglect, and on some low grounds a parcel of those dismal straw-covered biggings of which we had seen distant specimens on the coast of the island. Aided by an interpreter, a gentleman and I ventured on paying our respects to the inmates—but such a scene of dirt and poverty presented itself as filled us with horror and compassion. Bare stone walls, rafters overhead glittering with soot, and on which a few fowls were perched, the smoke of a peat-fire in the middle of the floor, finding its way out by a hole in the roof, window-holes, and door; the sty-like beds, straw and dingy blankets huddled in confusion; the clay floor and ragged yet healthy-looking children. In only one of the houses was English spoken. And how do these wretched people live? Small patches of ground under crop, but ill cultivated, and shewing about as many weeds as stalks of corn or potatoes, are their principal reliance, along with fishing or executing any odd jobs that come in the way. In one of the huts, on looking into a gloomy recess separated from the rest of the apartment by a few ill-put-together boards, we saw a man lying ill—a sad spectacle of human desolation. The only house in which there was an effort at cleanliness was that in which English was spoken. The inmates here appeared to labour under the like desperate poverty; yet there was an air of the most pious resignation to what was probably felt as a dispensation of the Divine will. I could almost wish that habitual grumblers about trifles had been with us on this occasion. On one side of the peat-fire, which, as usual, was in the middle of the floor, sat an aged and lame man, the father of the family; on another side was the old mother, carding wool; while on a kind of cushion on the ground, with legs drawn up and helpless from rheumatism, was placed their daughter, who, according to her own account, had been so afflicted for the space of ten years. Administering on our departure some slight gratuity to this unfortunate being, the melancholy consideration was forced upon us that the old crofting system, which is throughout signalised by this depressed and hopeless kind of existence, is totally wrong, and should be obliterated at every available opportunity. Situated as they are, the poor people of whom we had a specimen, can neither do any good for themselves nor in any sense benefit mankind, and but for what to many may seem a certain degree of harshness, they would absorb in the form of poor-rates more than all the rental of the land. The common sense of the country, I should think, must come to this conclusion

* It will be recollected that Johnson and Boswell went in an open boat, manned by four stout rowers, from Corriachatachin, near Broadford, to Raasay, the doctor, as Boswell says, sitting high in the stern, 'like a magnificent Triton.' Malcolm Macleod, one of the Raasay family, celebrated in the year 1745-6, acted as pilot, and sung a Gaelic song, which was chorused by the boatmen. 'We sailed,' adds Boswell, 'along the coast of Scalpa, a rugged island, about four miles in length. Dr Johnson proposed that he and I should buy it, and found a good school, and an episcopal church (Malcolm said he would come to it), and have a printing-press, where he would print all the Erse that could be found.' With such lively chat, did they try to mitigate the terrors of what seems to have been a very boisterous sail of several hours. In the present day, one of Hutcheson's steamers would have carried the party from Broadford to Raasay in an hour, as easily as an omnibus would take them from Charing Cross to St Paul's.

Digitized by Google

at last. Cruel as it may appear, there is nothing for the poorer inhabitants of Skye, and some other portions of the Highlands and Islands, but emigration. It is true, an outcry has been raised against expatriating an old race, for the sake of depasturing their lands with sheep for a southern market; but let any one visit the smoky hovels which are scattered along so many damp and unreclaimed hillsides, and see how utterly hopeless is the condition of their inhabitants—their very contentment being not less an evil than the language which cuts them off from any chance of intercourse with the busy world beyond—and seeing all this, say whether the removal of this Celtic population to scenes calculated to evoke their latent energies would not manifestly be a blessing.

Having caught a few glimpses of the Storr, the Cuchullin Hills, and some other striking features in the scenery of Skye, we returned with the *Mountaineer* to Oban.

In this voyage homewards, the vessel, after passing Ardnamurchan, proceeded down the Sound of Mull, by adopting which we were afforded an opportunity of calling at Tobermory, a neatly built modern town within a sheltered bay on the north-eastern shore of Mull. On the opposite and equally bold coast of Morven, a part of the mainland adjoining Ardnamurchan, we observed in succession, placed on craggy steeps overhanging the sea, the ruins of three old castles—Mingarry, Aros, and Ardtornish; this last the scene of the opening passages in Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, having been the residence of the proud chieftain of Lorn, whose

> Turrets' airy head,
> Slender and steep, and battled round,
> Overlooked dark Mull! thy mighty Sound,
> Where thwarting tides, with mingled roar,
> Part thy swarth hills from Morven's shore.

On the point of Mull, at the entrance to the Sound, are the remains of another of these strongholds, Duart Castle, an ancient residence of the chief of the Macleans. On the point of Lismore, a long green island which we skirt on the route to Oban, is seen another picturesque ruin. Associating these old Hebridean fortlets, places of importance in their time, with Dunnolly and Dunstaffnage, Dunvegan in Skye, and other remains of a similar nature—all admirable studies for the landscape painter—along with the still more touching ruins of Iona, the conviction arises in the mind that here, in this western region washed by the waters of the Atlantic, and in ages long past, there existed a state of refinement, which receives little notice in the page of ordinary history—in fact, we see what till this day is so very limitedly known in the eastern and more populous districts of Scotland, that the sight for the first time, not only of these decaying remains of art, but of the grand and more imperishable features in nature, comes upon one with something like the effect of a revelation.

A special object with us in returning to Oban, was to visit the sinuosities of the Linnhe Loch as far as Locheil and the entrance to the Caledonian Canal; and this was pleasantly accomplished by the *Mountaineer* in the space of a single day. What tourists have an opportunity of seeing in this accessible quarter, has been already hinted at—Glencoe, the scene of the unprovoked and horrid massacre of the Macdonalds in February 1692, being alike for its historical interest and sublime physical features, a spot pre-eminently deserving of a visit.

An impression left on the mind by a Hebridean excursion is, that the world generally is as little aware of the deeply interesting character of the scenery of the western islands and coasts, as of the comparative ease and inexpensiveness with which a pretty lengthened tour, by means of Hutcheson's boats and other appliances, can now be effected. Another thing which, being pressed on our notice, affords no little satisfaction: I allude to the obvious improvement of the country, mainly, as we learn, through the transfer of property to men of capital and enlarged intelligence, from England or the Lowlands of Scotland. In sailing about, you can always see at a glance, by the erection of substantial villas and farmhouses, the clearing and draining of fields, the growth of plantations, and the building of piers and wharfs, that energetic Anglo-Saxon minds are busily at work; and that at no distant day, by the gradual thinning of the numbers of the aborigines, the state of the Highlands and Islands will be entirely changed, of course vastly for the better. It is very pleasing to know that the progress of improvement is found to be compatible with the preservation of much that is picturesque and admirable in Highland costume and character; and perhaps I do not exaggerate in saying, that many of the new English proprietors are in this respect, by adoption, more patriotically Highland than the Highlanders, and possess as keen an appreciation of the matchless scenery to which they have migrated as the Celt of twenty generations.

W. C.

A SCREW OF TOBACCO.

Amidst the whirlwind of the late tobacco controversy, any statement irrespective of party, illustrative of that unfortunate narcotic, would have been listened to by either side with impatience. Now that the storm has somewhat abated, all the smokers who are likely to be convinced at all having given in their adhesion to moral and medical authorities, and the rest being beyond the power of eloquence—a brief narration, having tobacco for its subject, may perhaps be borne. Being merely annals and impartial history, we say, the author of that celebrated tract, entitled *The Pipesmoker's Fate, or the End of a Cigar*, may appreciate the information we have to give him, equally with the wretch who may read it with a Havanna in his mouth.

We are tobacco-merchants ourselves, and therefore open to the charge of prejudice if we took it in hand to give our own account of this matter; and we have accordingly selected the most sagacious-looking of the very oldest bundle of cigars we have in our possession, and requested him to narrate to the public his own story:

My ancestors first visited this country under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh; they were at that time foreigners, nor, indeed, are any of the thousands of us born and reared here, acknowledged to be sons of the soil up to this present writing. By a pleasant fiction of the tobacco-dealers, readily entered into by their agreeable patrons, we are supposed to be indigenous only to alien climes. As a matter of fact, we flourish almost everywhere. The American branch of our family is supposed to be the best—a word which signifies in that country, as in this, the richest. In Virginia, we are the *crême de la crême*, the weed of weeds. Next to that favoured region, perhaps Kentucky is entitled to make her proud boast of us. From Maryland we come with light bright faces, and are exceedingly esteemed in this country. Those of us who belong to South America differ much from their northern brethren. Brazil tobacco is a very short scrappy-looking leaf of the family tree, and is covered with the sands of the plains. That of Columbia is more tolerable, and of a fair complexion. German tobacco is a poor relation whom we are loath to own, with a most prolific growth—which poor relations always have—of dark-coloured leaves with little flavour. Havanna is unquestionably our ancestral seat;

Digitized by Google

the heads of our family there reside, respected and esteemed, and emitting a most agreeable odour. Yara, an independent member of our race, with a dry—almost sarcastic—amontillado kind of disposition, has also his admirers. In Turkey, we are very bright coloured and sweet tasted, without having, however, much strength in us. Latakia is an especially aristocratic, enervated, listless species of this description. Greek, Hungarian, and Chinese tobacco assimilate to the Turkish. In Java, we are said to be 'of volcanic growth and gutta-percha flavour;' an evidently malignant and exaggerated definition, invented, as is most probable, by a detected cabbage; in Holland, we are very respectable; but all these latter branches of us can be purchased in the London markets at from 3d. to 7d. a pound.

The great object of the manufacturer of tobacco is to make a mixture of us that will stick together, and absorb as much water as possible without our getting absolutely mouldy and fermenting—through sheer sulkiness and indignation, and when all bounds of endurance are passed. One species of us, cut by itself, is too strong; another is too mild: one will break to pieces in cutting; another bears to be pulled about in all directions. Different proportions of us are used in different seasons, in summer, in autumn, in winter. The quantity of water each kind of us will imbibe is calculated to a drop, and its increased weight known to a fraction; the profit is confined to one or two per cent. At first, a moderate quantity of water was applied to moisten us; *now*, the demand for cheapness, and the increased competition, compel us to derive one-third (nearly) of our total weight from moisture, and drive us, as it were, to drink, whether we will or no. The ancients may have had perhaps a higher moral standard for their commercial transactions; the moderns must needs have a sliding-scale of principle, it seems, unless they would visit Basinghall Street, and we suffer from the times. The genuine Yankee tobacco wont take much water; but the German—poor stuff enough in its natural state, without any Anglo-Saxon blood in him—soaks like a sponge: these two, therefore, are mixed together, and other growths are added of all kinds. Next to making us heavy, the great object is to render us 'fleecy,' so as to be held up in a large piece of several pounds-weight together; for the retail shopkeepers will not buy us when we are 'short,' as it is called, for then being weighed and sold out in small quantities, but too much of us becomes dirt and dust. The object of the importer is of course to get a perfectly dry leaf, so that the enormous tax upon us may be levied independently of any weight of moisture. He buys us from samples drawn at the Custom-house, and very queer stuff we look when he takes us for the first time out of our bales. These bales, by the by, are generally made of the hides of the animals of the Pampas, and are sold, on account of their enormous strength, to oyster-dredgers. We resemble, on our first release, shut up fans, of the colour and texture of dried haddocks; we are then called 'hands,' on account of our possessing five leaves, or fingers, upon each stem; but so brittle are we, that we can't bear even shaking.

We suffer ourselves, however, to be softened by steam, and in the thus warmed state, become perfectly pliable and supple. Our backbones, or stalks, are then extracted; we are next mixed together in great cakes, squeezed in hydraulic presses until rendered solid, and then subjected to an improved chaff-cutter, which chips us, with the perfectest regularity and dispatch, to any degree of fineness. When cut, we are passed through a steam-chamber, which expands us a good deal, then—having been shaken about on a heated copper, and all objectionable foreign substances being removed—we remain cooling in little mole-hills for twelve hours or so, and are then ready for sale. Our leaf, cut without the central stalk, is called Shag tobacco; when cut with it, Bird'seye. Different prices are caused by certain varieties, in colour and flavour; and to produce these, we have to be sorted, out of an original imported case.

Cigars are made from different kinds of tobacco: Havanna, Cuban, Yara, Columbian, and German are most generally used. Each cigar consists of three parts; the interior is composed of what is called 'fillers,' with scraps of leaf of every sort and kind: this is surrounded by a tolerably large piece, which is yet not good enough to form the outside 'wrapper:' and this last, selected for its beauty of appearance and smoothness, is the mummy cloth which encloses the whole. There is great difficulty in getting leaf to 'dress itself' well enough for this purpose; it is apt to look shabby and torn, and scarcely decent. German leaf makes the neatest and cheapest wrapper. Both the inside and outside of a cigar are of course made of materials varying as their price. A cigar that sells at threepence, is made of Havanna inside and out; one at twopence, of Cuban inside, and German out; one at a penny, of German inside and out; or, as some assert, of straw inside, and cabbage out; but that has nothing to do with *us*.

When we are rolled into cigars, we have more aliases bestowed upon us than pickpockets; 'a great deal of water, and a great many names,' as the wags say. Your twopenny cigar, for instance, is *Woodville*, alias *Haydee*, alias *Cubana*, alias *Tragancia*, alias *Marina*, and is a scamp of the deepest dye. Names mean absolutely nothing. Boxes, brands, and labels are all imitated, or made up by the junior clerks out of the Spanish dictionary.

Foreign cigars are rarely met with in any quantity, the price being so very great that dealers scarcely care to keep them. They pay nine shillings a pound duty, and cannot be sold under fourpence each. They are superior to those of home-make in appearance, in consequence of having been made up soft, and dried gradually upon their voyage from the Havanna; the material also being in that country of comparatively little value, only the best parts are used. Otherwise there is no reason why they should be better than the best English cigars made from the best foreign leaf. The foreign cigars are packed in hexagonal bundles of one hundred each. Manilla cheroots have been analysed by an eminent chemist, and proved to contain no opium—which has been the heinous offence hitherto laid to their charge—and they are clearly of a more rational form than the cigar. The point of the latter is made with considerable trouble, only to be bitten off and thrown away. Cheroots would be made of as good a material as are cigars, were there as great a demand for them. The cigar-*makers* turn out three or four hundred daily, and earn from one to two guineas a week. While they work at their desks—in the large establishments, to the number of thirty or forty in a room—one of them, whose work is of course done for him, is often accustomed to read aloud to the rest. The employment of these human rollers is an easy, ladylike one enough, and might be practised instead of *potichomanie*. Every fragment of us saved is applied to some purpose. Our stalks are made into Scotch snuff, the Irishwoman's 'soft roe' ground up very fine, sifted and scented (or not) with different mixtures. Rappee snuff is our leaf powdered to a gunpowder grain—sifted, and wetted, and scented with otto of roses. Roll-tobacco, used for 'plugging,' is made of the richest Virginian, spun into different thicknesses, and pressed for months. There are far worse things done with us in some places than those I have here described; there is quite a Borgia system of poisoning administered to the British public, under pretence of

Digitized by Google

the pipe of peace. I am myself, however, in a respectable house. I am bound round with a spangled ribbon, like those worn by Spanish dancers, in company with ninety-eight of my fellows. The name that I at present enjoy is that of an *Imperial Lopez Regalia;* but to-morrow I may be a *Nicholas*, and the next day an *Omar Pacha*. Tobacco for pipes comes to the consumer, as I have said, with but small profit to the dealer, but the cigar must be paid for—as that cadet of our family, Snuff, would say, 'through the nose.'

But, alas, alas, I am in the hands of a purchaser; it is well that my story is told; for my existence will be but for a few minutes longer, and then my ashes will be scattered on the winds!

THE FALSE DREAM.

Some time after Louis XVIII. was restored to the throne of his ancestors, when the last of the emigrants had returned and set themselves up in the dilapidated *hôtels* of Paris and the still more ruinous châteaux of the country, with a large display of old crests and titles, and a great diminution of ancient state and style; when the Faubourg St Germain and its adherents firmly believed that the Bourbons were never more to be rooted up, but the régime would go on from one generation of Louises and Charleses to another, always maintaining etiquette and keeping down the people—the entire house of Courtois was thrown into confusion by two young persons, who insisted on getting married.

The house of Courtois belonged to the noblesse of Brittany. It was very numerous and very poor, with the exception of its venerated chief, a marquis of seventy-three, who had come back in the time of the Emperor, recovered all his own estates and part of somebody else's, married in regular succession three handsome dowries, wore crape for the ladies who accompanied them, and was now a widower with no children. The marquis kept fast hold of all that came into his hands, and gave laws to the whole of his kindred. They knew he would die some day; and as most of their prospects depended on his testament, there was not a more absolute monarch in ancient or modern history. They managed their houses, they educated their children, they were married, and, it was said, born according to his commands. The number of the families that existed on the hope of his demise, and obtained consideration from their neighbours and credit from their tradesmen in consequence, may be imagined, from the popular assertion, that there was not a town or village in France destitute of a Courtois. Every one of them enjoyed a pedigree reaching from the first crusade; but, for the sake of ancient blood, it is to be lamented that not only fortune, but nature herself, had behaved in anything but a liberal manner to that noble house. It was a fact not less generally recognised than their numbers, that all the sons were stupid, and all the daughters plain; and the disposal of either was always a difficult business. The disturbing young persons above mentioned were striking exceptions to this family rule. Silvestre had been born at Bordeaux, and Adelise at Avignon. They were both orphans. Their relationship was that of cousins thirteen times removed. The gentleman's estate consisted of a ruinous building, half farmhouse and half château, which one of his ancestors had built for a hunting-lodge in Bas Brétagne; but the surrounding domain had diminished to some mètres of garden-ground: and the lady's dowry was limited to a pearl necklace and certain trimmings of old lace bequeathed to her by her grandmother. The whole house of Courtois had, nevertheless, formed high expectations of their future. Silvestre had taken so many honours at college, that his granduncle, who was confessor to one of the Duchess de Berri's maids, promised to get something done for him if he went into the church; and Adelise came from the convent of St Clair such a pretty, graceful girl, that her cousin, the count's widow, who wanted somebody to enliven her large dreary hôtel in the Faubourg, and cheer up her very small parties, said she would introduce her to good society. Who knew but the girl might make a brilliant match, and the marquis might give her a dowry?

If there was ever the slightest probability of the latter event, it was rendered null and void by an unlucky meeting at mass in the Madeleine, where Silvestre saw Adelise, and Adelise saw Silvestre. Both remembered that they were relations. An acquaintance and a love-making followed; and then, in spite of all good advices and every manner of warning, the pair would make a match of it. Of course the marquis was consulted by a family deputation, for he lived in strict retirement, at least from his relatives, though his house was never empty of company and cards. His decision was given in the course of a fortnight: that the young unmanageables should be married with all convenient speed, supplied with two cheap suits each, and sent to live at their ancestors' hunting-lodge in Brittany. These orders were carried into immediate execution. The lovers promised to pray for the marquis all their days, and went rejoicing, with the two cheap suits, to lead a life of Arcadian simplicity and unalloyed happiness, under the administration of old Jacquette, who had been Silvestre's nurse, and stewardess of the château and garden-ground, ever since he grew too tall for her management.

Their appointed residence was situated in a wild and solitary dell about a league from the village of St Amand. The country round was half marsh and half moorland; it had once been a forest, and in some spots there was still underwood enough for the wolf and wild-cat to bring up their families. The house had been a low square fabric, with four turrets; these were gone, and so was part of the roof. There were just four rooms habitable on the ground-floor, and only two of them furnished, with chattels which Jacquette had inherited from her grandmother; but the arms of Courtois were still discoverable over its moss-grown entrance. There was a tradition that a robber had been hanged there by one of its ancient lords; so the whole country was proud of the place, and called it the Château St Amand. St Amand itself was one of the poorest and oldest-fashioned villages in all Brittany. Under the roofs of its timber cottages, the cows and the sheep, the hens and the family, all lived sociably together. They ground corn there with a handmill, and believed that the oxen talked to each other every Christmas-eve. No physician or notary had ever looked for practice there; no government had ever thought it worth while to appoint a *préfet* or postmaster in that village. All its public affairs were managed by Father Martin; he had said mass in St Amand for thirty years, and so many changes of governors had occurred in that time, that the good man could never distinctly make out who had last come back to the Tuileries; but nobody had ever known him to forget a fraction of his own dues. Under such temporal and spiritual direction, a Breton village might do very well without physician or notary, postmaster or préfet; but it could never do without a wise woman; and that important office was, by common consent, assigned to the stewardess of the château. Noboby knew her age; the more her hair grizzled, the more carefully did Jacquette cover

Digitized by Google

it with the red handkerchief which formed her only head-dress. Sun and wind had brought a naturally dark complexion to the identical tint of the russet woollen gown she wore invariably week-days and Sundays. Jacquette's costume was not *recherché*, nor her beauty striking; but she was a short, robust, muscular woman, very active, very thrifty, generally good-humoured, and always proud of herself and her mansion. In one of its furnished rooms she had lived with her cow for the last ten years, keeping the other, which contained the flower of her grandmother's legacy, religiously shut up against the coming of the young master; for it was her conviction that, when Silvestre made his fortune, or a great match in Paris, he would retire to his family seat and live like a Courtois. In the meantime, Jacquette looked after her one cow and bit of garden-ground as the only estate she had to manage; and never were cow and garden turned to greater advantage. The good woman was accustomed to boast that she grew the strongest garlic, and made the hardest cheese, in the commune. Certain it was that on the cow and garden she lived, and contrived to save something—how much, no man was permitted to know—and that mystery, as usual, added importance to the subject. But though deeply respected on this account, Jacquette was still more venerated by the villagers for a faculty she had of dreaming. It was asserted even by Father Martin, that no event, public or private, had ever fallen out in the land, without information of its coming being conveyed to her somewhere between the setting and rising of the sun. The number of births, deaths, and marriages she had thus foretold, would have astonished anybody but a Bas Bretagne. The loss of cattle and sheep, the falling of old houses, and the occurrence of thunder-storms, had been made known to her without measure. The young people of St Amand were accustomed to consult her regarding the prosperity of their love-affairs, the old about the probabilities of their harvests; and Father Martin himself held conferences with her in hard winters touching his Christmas dues.

To this gifted woman, her cow, her garden, and her two furnished rooms in that crumbling old house, came the newly married pair. Of all the relations, Jacquette had been most disappointed and indignant at the match, particularly, it was thought, because she had received false information on the subject in some of her dreams, and predicted a charming bride and a surprising dowry for Silvestre. The honest woman scolded them to the whole village till they arrived; then she did her best to make them welcome: opened the state-apartment, turned the cow into an empty one, worked early and late to make things go far enough for three, taught them all she knew of gardening and cow-management, and kept a sharp eye on their conduct, for Jacquette knew they were but foolish young people. Count nor seigneur had resided in that neighbourhood for three hundred years; the villagers had, in consequence, an immense respect for nobility; and, as the young strangers were of the house of Courtois, did not wear sabots, and enjoyed the protection of Jacquette, they were received with uncommon reverence at the church and market of St Amand. It was not a gay life or a very promising one, but Silvestre and Adelise were in those years when prospects are of little account, and in that state of mind which makes people everything to each other. The young man had not been long enough in view of having something done for him, to miss that outlook and all its accompaniments. The girl had seen just sufficient of her cousin's good society to know that it regarded her as a young person brought home from the convent to be disposed of if possible. They had been poor and despised in Paris, it was better to be poor and reverenced in Brittany; so they lived contentedly under Jacquette's government, shared her labours and her fare, and repeated to each other all the verses they could remember about the happiness of a quiet country-life, far from the cares of courts and the sins of cities.

Things had proceeded in this fashion for about six months at the château St Amand. By good-luck, no more of its roof had fallen in, nor had the cracks in its walls grown much wider, and there was every probability of its holding out for the rest of that season, as the winter storms were almost over and Easter at hand; yet her cow and two old hens, accustomed as they were to the good woman's eccentricities, must have been astonished one Saturday morning, for Jacquette got up sighing and groaning, as if not only her own days, but those of the château had been numbered. The young people were not permitted to know it, but they could not help seeing that there was something wrong: she groaned over her spinning-wheel, she grieved to her garden spade, she paused in frying an omelet to cross herself devoutly, and admonished them to go and say their prayers. More amazed than edified by these signs of affliction, they naturally began to fear that Jacquette's senses were giving her the slip; but, after mass next day, when they stayed to see the dance on the village-green, the secret was revealed to her Sunday visitor. It has been stated on good authority that there is no such thing in France as a woman without a lover. The stewardess of the château, accordingly, had one: the widow Renée's son, commonly known in the village as Lazy Jules, had paid his respects to her every Sunday evening, through shower and shine, for the last five years, and been hospitably treated to the hard cheese and the strong garlic. For the latter delicacy Lazy Jules had a special preference; but, on this eventful evening, instead of producing the consumables as usual after the first salutations, Jacquette seated herself on the opposite bench, crossed her arms, and gave a deep groan.

'What is the matter?' said Lazy Jules.

'Don't ask me,' said Jacquette; 'I would not tell it for all the world; but I suppose I must to you, Jules. Listen then, but you won't speak of it—no, not to Father Martin himself. I had such a dream on Saturday morning, just before the cock crew. Jules, I can't make it out; but I never had such sorrow in my sleep. I thought that Father Martin had come here early in the morning—though, good man, he never gets up too soon—and brought, oh, such bad news to my young master and mistress. What it was, I cannot remember, nor make out at all; but I woke with the tears in my eyes and the grief in my heart, and I know there is some great evil hanging over them. Maybe, it 's my own going home, Jules. I have led a good life and a hard one, and should not care much for myself. Nobody would miss me, I suppose,' and she glanced at Lazy Jules inquiringly. 'But these young people, what would become of them without a caretaker?'

On which grievous consideration, Jacquette began to cry. Lazy Jules assured her she was good for forty years to come, seriously recommended her to trust in Providence, and finding that the cheese and garlic were not forthcoming, he soon after took his leave.

Jules had been for some time contemplating the propriety of breaking off his suit. A suspicion had crossed both him and his mother that Jacquette's savings might not be as considerable as they had been led to imagine; and now that such shadows of coming evil had fallen on her sleep, his resolution was taken, never to be found another Sunday at the château. In the succeeding week, his spare hours—and they were always numerous with that young man—were spent in imparting to the whole neighbourhood

Digitized by Google

the tale which was not to be communicated even to Father Martin himself; and before the next Sunday, all St Amand were waiting for the château to be blown down or burned, in fulfilment of Jacquette's dream, and were also aware that Lazy Jules had determined to visit there no more. Of course, the state of the public mind at length reached the ears of the wise woman; and what she said on the occasion concerning Jules, his mother, his family, and his ancestors, need not be recorded here, for Jacquette's tongue was none of the smoothest when she had cause of wrath; but the scold was not fairly over till about three weeks after, when she was roused one morning in the early gray by a loud knocking at the outer door. The good woman's heart died within her as Father Martin presented himself; but the priest's countenance was full of joy and triumph.

'Wake up your young master and mistress,' he said, 'for I have brought news they will dance to hear, in spite of all your dreams. The old Marquis of Courtois is dead, and has left all his fortune to them.'

Father Martin never made a joke about money; it was too sacred in his eyes. Jacquette knew that; and scarcely was his tale told, till she was at the bedside of the sleeping pair, vigorously shaking them both, and crying: 'Get up, get up; you'll lie no more in my old grandmother's bed, nor eat garden-herbs; there's silks and satins, horses and carriages for you; you'll go to mass with two footmen behind, and be called my lord and my lady.'

After this rousing, it was some time before the young people could understand that Jacquette's senses had not departed, and that the legacy for which the whole house of Courtois had done suit and service before they were born, was actually their own. The old marquis had died at last, and whether to disappoint all his relations, amiable man, or to enrich the only promising members of the family, he had previously made his will in favour of Silvestre and Adelise, constituting them joint-heirs of all his possessions except the title, which descended to his heir-at-law, a lieutenant in the African Chasseurs, whom the noble marquis had cordially hated. The rage and disgust of his numerous relatives when this testament was made public, may be imagined. They unanimously refused to attend any mass said for the soul of the deceased, and it was debated among the pillars of the house in Paris, whether or not a commission of lunacy should not be had recourse to. Equally high rose the tide of public feeling at St Amand. It was feared that the widow Renée and her son would drown themselves on the first announcement of the event; but they only set off for Upper Brétagne. Jacquette utterly lost her repute for dreaming from that day; nobody would believe in any subsequent revelation she might get in her sleep; but the honest soul thanked God and all the saints; and it was glorious to hear her dilate on the new roof, the four turrets, and the general plastering the château would get when her young master and mistress came back from Paris in full possession of their great fortune, to keep their family coach, and buy up the whole country, with the right of hunting boars and hanging robbers, like their noble ancestors in the good old times.

To Paris her young master and mistress went in pursuit of their legacy. They had left that centre of civilisation under the cloud of a penniless marriage—they returned to it people of mark and consideration, protected by notaries, and envied by all their relations. As the commission of lunacy was not likely to be got, the latter transferred to them the homage they had been so long accustomed to pay the departed marquis. Once established in his hôtel, friends and advisers multiplied around them, every one endeavouring to make those young people so fresh from the country sensible of wants and requisites becoming their new position. What the granduncle and cousin of former days did or proposed to do, history does not inform us; but Silvestre and Adelise were introduced to fashion, to elegance, and to society with the celerity known only to the happy possessors of large fortunes. German barons, Italian counts, and Russian princes came and did them honour. Madame learned the value of diamonds, Monsieur the use of cards. They forgot all the verses about country-life; they did not like to hear Bas Brétagne mentioned, lest the château and Jacquette might come to people's knowledge, and it would have been an unpardonable offence to suppose that they had ever been out of Paris.

These were not the only changes their good-fortune wrought on the young Courtois. At the particular suggestion of their evil genius, the marquis had so made his will that it was impossible to say where their individual rights terminated, or what was the boundary of each legatee. They would not have disputed for mere bank-paper or acres; but there was a latent love of power and command in both characters, which had not been visible in the young man for whom something was to be done: in the girl brought home from the convent, or in the pair who married for love without a sou, and lived and gardened with Jacquette in the ruined château. Scarcely had the novelty of being in Paris and having money worn off, when questions regarding privileges and proprietorship began to arise. The joint legacy made them separate interests. First came debates, and then quarrels. The husband found out his authority, the wife her munitions of war. Both parties got lawyers and friends. Within a year after their happy accession, they were holding rival state and receptions in the marquis's great house. Adelise was flirting desperately with a Russian prince of the true Tatar type, by way of avenging her wrongs; and Silvestre was paying court to a terribly rouged duchess of sixty-five. There were temporary reconciliations, and still fiercer quarrels. There were family councils, and suits in law-courts; and at length, all Paris talked of the trial of a lady, young and beautiful, rich and nobly born, but accused of poisoning her husband—it was said to frustrate his design of shutting her up in a lunatic asylum.

Jacquette had gardened and spun, and looked after her cow almost two summers; every evening and morning walking up to the rising ground above the village, in hopes of seeing her young master and mistress return with the family coach and other requisites for putting on the new roof and four turrets. Letters never came or went from St Amand. Jacquette knew no surer method of getting intelligence of her young people than a journey to Paris. It was a long way, and made a sad inroad on her savings; but she reached the great city just in time to hear that Madame Courtois had escaped the guillotine—her sentence being commuted, in consideration of the above-mentioned set-off, to twenty years' imprisonment. Sad of heart, and sorely disappointed, the faithful stewardess returned home. She never told the story to anybody but Father Martin; and in process of time, it seemed to have slipped out of her own mind, for as the roof crumbled away, and the walls grew more crazy, she was accustomed to wonder to the good villagers who looked in upon her and her respected mansion, why the young people did not come back and begin the repairs. Latterly, as revolutions multiplied in the land, and even the Bas Bretons began to talk politics, she was heard to say that things would never be right in France till the château got its new roof and four turrets; but the predictions of her later years had no weight with the people of St Amand, for they

Digitized by Google

remembered that a great fortune had come to Jacquette's young master and mistress, in spite of her false dream.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

To say that hot weather has been the chief subject talked about, that it has taken the vivacity out of all other topics, except, perhaps, the noisomeness of the Thames, is to begin with a truism. As usual in extraordinary cases, Mr Glaisher and his brother meteorologists have been trying to find a parallel season, and they have had to go back forty years. Such extreme heat before mid-summer is indeed a rare phenomenon. As a consequence, rains almost tropical in character have fallen. In one of the storms, three inches of rain fell at Birmingham within three hours, and one half of the quantity in twenty minutes. Hence we of the temperate zone have seen somewhat of the effects of great heat and moisture peculiar to the torrid zone.

The functionaries of the British Association have issued a very good-natured circular, to announce the meeting at Leeds for September next—22d to 29th—and to invite many, both Britons and foreigners, to the gathering, assuring them of amusement and comfort, as well as science. They promise a sight of manufactures, of interesting natural scenery, caverns, cascades, and so forth, attractive alike to the geologist and artist. If the invitation had only promised, besides, an entire absence of smoke, it would have been perfect.

With a view to foster their art, the Photographic Society are organising a scheme for the exchange of photographs among their members.—Photography is now brought into play for one of our social usages; and people who make morning-calls, instead of leaving a card with their name, will henceforth leave a card on which their own portrait has been photographed in miniature. Likenesses instead of names; the notion is a good one; but will the select few who indulge in the luxury have a fresh portrait taken every year to insure a faithful likeness?

According to official returns, the quantity of paper charged with duty in this country in 1857 was 187,414,667 pounds, shewing a decrease from the former year. This falling off, it is said, would not have taken place but for the injurious and unfair operation of the paper-duty. Were this duty taken off, we should see a rapid development of ingenuity in the art of paper-making—materials which cannot now be worked up at a profit would then come into use, and many a languishing mill would revive into busy life. The government is not prepared to remove the tax; but the House of Commons have resolved that the duty on paper is 'impolitic,' so we may hope that in the course of next session the obnoxious impost will be repealed.

Mr Carrington of Redhill Observatory has drawn up a set of instructions for the guidance of astronomers who may travel to South America to observe the forthcoming eclipse of the sun. It has been suggested, that while one party observes on the east coast, and another on the west, a third should take observations from one of the elevations of the Andes, between the two.—We hear that the United States government, now that the delusion about 'British outrages' has died away, intend to equip an expedition to follow up the discoveries made by the late Dr Kane within the Arctic Circle.—News from the Niger expedition reports that Dr Baikie was at Rabba in good health and condition.—We have another instance of the intelligence of the New Zealanders in the establishment of the *Port Nicholson Messenger*, a newspaper printed in the native language for the benefit of the natives. Communications from natives in their own vernacular are frequent; and considering the advances they have made in other ways, we shall not be surprised to hear before long of Maori editors, printers, compositors, and publishers.—At Cape Town, a new building has been erected for a library and museum; which affords satisfactory evidence that money-making does not, as has been said, engross the whole attention of our brethren on the other side of the globe.

In a communication to the Statistical Society on Public Works in India, Colonel Sykes rectifies certain popular misconceptions, and shews that much more has been done than is commonly supposed. Nearly nine thousand miles of road have been made in the Punjaub states—the countries on both sides of the Indus—in Hazara—the Peshawar Valley, since 1853. A considerable portion is, of course, roughish in quality; but a rough road is better than none, and improvements are continuous and systematic. The Grand Trunk-road from Calcutta to Delhi, 837 miles, is as good as any turnpike-road in England, and cost L.489,100. The Great Deccan Road from Mirzapoor to Nagpoor is 400 miles in length, and the road from Bombay to Agra, 785 miles. Four steamers and four flats ply on the Ganges, and on the Indus ten of each. A line of what are called steam-trains is to be established on the river, to run between the terminus of the Sind railway at Kotree, and Moultan, the terminus of the Punjaub railway, each train to be capable of carrying a thousand men, or a proportionate burden of merchandise. The whole outlay for public works in 1854–55 was L.2,280,000. Irrigation works are in progress; and where these are introduced, the land is fertilised, and the wealth of the empire increased. The Ganges Canal is to yield L.145,000 a year of revenue. The value of water is great in a country where little or no rain falls for eight months of the year; but, as Colonel Sykes observes, it is not all land that will bear a water-rate, and 'it is, moreover, quite a mistake to suppose that the bulk of the population in India lives upon rice, which, from requiring a water-supply, has its cost so much enhanced above that of the plentiful panicums and sorghums: as a general food, the consumption of rice is only general in the low districts of Bengal, Orissa, Madras, and Malabar.'

The carrying out of public works in India is a very different thing from what it is in this country, where all means and appliances are abundant. There the chief-engineer must be ready with manual labour as well as mental labour; 'his resources are chiefly in himself, for he must be not only the designer of the works, but the head-mason, the head-carpenter, the head brick and lime-burner; in fact, the man of all detail, and of all general design.'

The Acclimation Society of Paris, having obtained a grant of fifteen hectares of land in the Bois de Boulogne, are about to establish a garden for the better carrying out of their various operations, which are 'to acclimatise, multiply, and distribute animal and vegetable species, either useful or agreeable.' With this resource the Society will be able to accomplish more than heretofore. As we have shewn from time to time, they have already done great things: they have introduced the yak, with its wool, into France; a new species of yam, as a substitute for the potato; potatoes fresh from South America, to renovate the worn-out stocks of Europe; the sweet sorgho, in the culture of which Southern Europe will become a sugar-producing country; the silkworm of the castor-oil plant—*Palma Christi*, and with such success, that the worm is now in its twenty-first brood, and is accustomed to feed on the leaves of the teasel; moreover, by careful management, the hatching

Digitized by Google

of the eggs is made to time with the growth of the teasel leaves. This is a remarkable result, as the silkworm in question is a native of Algeria, where the warm temperature is earlier than in France. Aided by French missionaries in different parts of the world, the Society have nearly succeeded in propagating the oak-silkworm in the open air, in countries where the climate is dry. And they have recently received plants of the *Loza*, a species of buckthorn, which produces Chinese green, or green indigo, as it is sometimes called; which plants, it is said, will bear the winter of Paris. Other facts might be enumerated; but in these the Society fully demonstrate their claim to consideration.

This Chinese green will become a valuable addition to industrial resources, particularly for dyers. M. Rondot has written a book about it, entitled *Notice du Vert de Chine*, giving a clear history of that remarkable product and its properties. The book contains specimens of calico and silk dyed with the 'green,' and engravings of two plants, *Rhamnus utilis*, and *Rhamnus chlorophorus*, from which it is derived. These plants are new to European cultivators; they are, however, allies of the *Rhamnus theezans*, which has long been known as a tree from which the poorest class of Chinese pluck the leaves to use as a substitute for tea. The colour of the dyed silk is remarkably bright, a blue green, one of that class of colours which increase in brilliance in the light. It contains, in fact, some immediate principle which can only be developed by light, and it is a nice task for chemists to discover what this is. Persoz says that light will have to be more and more regarded as an industrial agent; and of the Chinese green he remarks that it is *sui generis*, containing neither yellow nor blue. By experiments made at Lyon, it appears that six species of the European *Rhamnus* will yield a green dye: all the others are to be tried.

Natural history has been somewhat popularised of late, and now another contrivance for promoting the study is put forward in the Butterfly Vivarium. Youthful students will doubtless derive as much pleasure and amusement from butterflies and moths as from fishes and water-snails. We have heard, too, of a Bryarium—a glass-case for mosses—a description of which was communicated a short time since by the Rev. H. Higgins to the Linnæan Society. He fits the case with shelves, and keeps the plants in pots in proper soil, and waters them when needful by means of a syringe. Some of the pots require to be placed in trays of water. In this way a large collection of mosses may be grown; and a little experience shews which kinds thrive best. Mr Higgins finds some species of *Bryum* very successful, and mentions the *Fissidentæ* as 'gems for cultivation.'

A botanical subject reminds us that a veteran botanist, Mr Robert Brown, died last month, at the age of eighty-five. He was in many respects a remarkable man. As keeper of the Botanical Department in the British Museum, he continued his duties there within a few weeks of his decease, retaining his usual clearness of mind and cautiousness of expression; and his sight was so good that he never wore spectacles. In him we have lost a link with the men of science of the past generation—John Edward Smith, the founder of the Linnæan Society, Banks, Solander, Davy, and others.

Mr Sclater has read a paper before the Linnæan, in which he attempts to systematise a part of natural history in a way that will interest naturalists. Among the facts which he brings forward, he states that there are in the globe 7500 species of birds, and 6000 square miles of the globe's surface to each species.

The fourth volume of General Sabine's translation of Humboldt's *Cosmos* is published, or rather the first part of the fourth volume, containing, however, 699 pages. It treats of the 'organic and inorganic domain;' coming down from the sidereal universe, where we can use only our eye, to the earth, which we can examine and experiment on by our other senses and other means, and in which we are more interested. It sums up what is known of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism; of the density and ellipticity of the earth; of certain volcanic phenomena of the aurora; and all with the same masterly insight and power of generalisation as in the former volumes.

Apropos of volcanic phenomena, Sir Charles Lyell has read a paper before the Royal Society on lavas and the formation of Etna. His recent visits to Sicily and Naples, and persevering and laborious investigations while on the spot, have led him to conclusions opposed to those of Von Buch and Elie de Beaumont, who hold that volcanic craters are the result of upheaval. Sir Charles attributes them rather to the repeated outpourings of molten material which have built them up, so to speak, on the outside. With this the question is raised, and now geologists of both schools have only to argue it out to a true conclusion. Meanwhile, Vesuvius is pouring out new floods of lava, repeating phenomena which they may witness with their own eyes, and inform themselves by actual operations. Sir C. Lyell expresses surprise that so little should be known of the last eruption of Etna, 1854–55, and so little notice taken of it, considering its magnitude—the greatest for centuries. Where, on his former visit, he had seen verdant glens and forests, now all is obliterated, and for many a league the eye views nothing but ridges of black lava.

Some curious experiments have lately been made, shewing the effects of electricity on thin jets of water. If an electriser be held near a jet which forms a sheaf-like stream on passing through an orifice, the dispersion ceases, and it becomes a single thread of water; but if the electriser be brought yet nearer, then the drops are reproduced. Again, hold an electrised stick of sealing-wax at the top of a small column of water, and the cylindrical form will be unbroken; but shift the electriser to the base, and the brush forms at once at the top of the jet.—Mr Faraday shews that if a ball be placed on a flat metallic plate connected with a Grove's battery, it (the ball) sends off a stream of sparks as soon as the current is established, and runs rapidly around the plate.—De la Rive, in a letter to Mr Faraday, explains a method by which he produces an artificial aurora. Into a glass balloon, he introduces one end of a bar of soft iron, fitted with the necessary connections; he exhausts the air, and sends in a very small quantity of vapour of alcohol, ether, or turpentine, and then making a communication with a Ruhmkorff's coil, he gets an aurora on and around the end of the rod, which throws off luminous coruscations and rotates quickly. The direction of the rotation may be changed at pleasure. But for surprising effects produced by electrical discharges in a vacuum, Mr Gassiot's experiments, shewn before the Royal Society, excel all other. He produces quivering bands of light of surpassing beauty; and to demonstrate what further can be accomplished, he is making glass tubes for the vacuums of dimensions far exceeding any hitherto attempted for the same purpose. Out of all this it is thought we shall arrive at some positive conclusions concerning the phenomena of the aurora, besides other manifestations of electricity.

As regards a useful practical application of electricity, we hear that a manufacturing chemist in France, taking advantage of the sulphates thrown down by a battery in action, has produced 130,000 kilogrammes of 'metallic white,' fit for house-painters, since 1853.

Advances have been made in the physiological

Digitized by Google

applications: Mittdelsdorff of Breslau heats wires to a white heat by means of a battery, and uses them for cauterising interior surfaces, or to cut off tumours. The advantage is said to be great, because the wire can be applied to the part affected before heating, and that the heat, though intense, can be withdrawn as instantaneously as it is produced, and the patient is spared the alarm of seeing a red-hot wire brought near his face, breast, &c.—The *Nuovo Cimento* contains an account of experiments by Count Linati on that interesting subject—the reinvigoration of nervous energy by electricity. He brings a current from a Daniell's battery to bear at the same time on the dorsal and the epigastric regions of his patients for two or three hours at a sitting; and, after several sittings, he finds that the circulation is increased in activity by about one-seventh, with a more energetic pulse; that the respiratory function is augmented in a similar degree, as also that of the stomach and intestines, while the repairing power of assimilation is sensibly facilitated.

A frog poisoned with *curare*, that South American poison, exhibits curious results: the nerve will not contract on the application of electricity—shews, indeed, not the slightest sign of sensibility; but if the muscle is touched with the wires, it contracts strongly, and preserves the contractile power longer than if unpoisoned. Cold has the effect of diminishing the rapidity of a current of electricity through a nerve; a fact from which operators may take a hint. M. Duchenne of Boulogne—on whom a decoration was lately conferred by a decree published in the *Moniteur*—turning these and other conclusions to account, has demonstrated, and with marked success, the therapeutic effects of electricity. He owes much of his success to the means by which he localises his applications. He makes use of three terms in his process—namely, electrisation, galvanisation, and Faradisation; the last, which is induced electricity, is the best agent in muscular electrisation, especially when required to be long continued, and is, as M. Duchenne avers, *the* medical electricity *par excellence*. By dint of experiment, he has determined the proper dose for the respective nerves and muscles, an essential consideration, seeing that an overdose involves danger, and the patient might find himself fixed with a contraction, or deformity, greater than that he wished to cure. Some of M. Duchenne's cures are astonishing; by persevering in his electric applications, he has restored paralysed and contracted limbs to their natural condition, inducing the power of voluntary motion; and when that is once achieved, even in a small degree, he leaves it to the will to finish the work. His electric moxa is described as more severe than the actual application of fire.

Mr Gant, of the Royal Free Hospital, has published an inquiry on the *Evil Results of Overfeeding Cattle*, the main point of which is, that meat forced and formed unnaturally is unwholesome; hence disturbance or loss of health in those who eat thereof. Cattle, sheep, and pigs, are now fed up to a size quite disproportionate to their age, or rather to their youth, that prizes may be won at cattle-shows. The heart and lungs are in consequence made to work at high-pressure; these organs thereby become diseased, and with them the whole carcass. Mr Gant tested his conclusions by following the unwieldy creatures from the show to the slaughter-house, by observing what there took place, and by examination of the meat after it was cut up. Among the overfed animals, he mentions the Prince Consort's pigs as distressingly fat and heavy. These evils have been complained of before; but the answer is, that by overfeeding a few, you improve the whole breed of cattle, and so supply the market with better meat. However, seeing that Messrs Lawes and Gilbert have written a paper on the feeding of cattle, and presented it to the Royal Society, we may hope ere long to be in the possession of sound, practical conclusions on the subject.

M. Gobley has made a careful analysis of snails, to determine anew the constituents of which those slow animals are formed, with a view to ascertain whether they really do contain a cure for thoracic affections. His conclusions negative the belief that the carbonate of lime acts on the tubercle; there is nothing, he says, 'which makes it possible to consider the constituents as exerting any specific action in maladies of the chest.'

PRECEDENCE IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

Having given a view of housekeeping three hundred years ago, we readily embrace an opportunity that now presents itself of saying a word on the table observances of the time, as regards precedence. A rare black-letter book, to be found among Bishop More's valuable collection in the Cambridge University Library, and entitled *The Boke of Kervynge* [Carving], W. de Worde, 1506–8, affords us an interesting insight into the table etiquette of our ancestors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It gives us also an additional proof of the fallacy of the prevalent opinion as to the simple and patriarchal habits of our forefathers of 'the good old times.' In point of fact, society was hampered with absurd conventionalities and cumbersome ceremonials, which only ceased to be in vogue with the reigns of the latter Stuarts.

These relics of a quasi-obsolete feudalism, as regards the table arrangements, were still fully practised in the households of Elizabeth and the first James. We read that fully half an hour was occupied, after the table had been laid for the royal repast, in entries and exits of court officials, ushers, marshals, chamberlains, and married and single ladies of honour, who each made a prostration or genuflection in turn on entering or retiring, either to imaginary majesty, which was not then present, or literally to the bread or the salt, &c., as was then, it seems, their duty.

The present article treats of that portion of the *Boke of Kervynge*—a species of servant's manual of the time—which details the duties of the marshal and usher in a nobleman's house, and consequently combines the etiquette of precedence, as it then existed. It even gives us a tabular list of titles, ranks, and offices, which cannot but be found interesting.

Shenstone, a keen observer of the human mind, says, that there are no persons so punctilious as to preservation of rank, as those who have no rank at all, while the querulous assumption of the *parvenu* is proverbial; and when we recollect that nobility in Europe, as an institution, certainly dates no further back than the eleventh century, we can easily account for the tenacity with which the notables of the land at the feudal period held to their aristocratic position, and the importance they assigned to its different phases and gradations.

In our own day, the exclusive order has been well ventilated; but we rather believe that the most *incroyable* member of the 'Upper Ten Thousand' would be surprised to hear, that in the fifteenth century a duke might not 'kepe the hall, but suche estatte by themselfe in chambere or in pavilyon'—that is, that he could not eat in the public room, but only in private with his own rank.

There are a few more things fully as interesting in the following extracts:

'The marshall and ye usher must knowe al the

Digitized by Google

estattes of ye lande, and ye highe estatte of ye kinge withe ye bloude ryall, the estatte of a kinge, of a kinge's son, a prynce, of a duke, of a marques, of an erle, of a bysshop, of a vysecounte, of a beron, of ye three chiefe judges, of a mayer of London, of a knighte batchelour, of a knighte, deane, of ye archdeackon, Master of ye Rolles, of ye other judges and ye Barons of Cheker, of ye mayre of Calice [query, Calais], of a doctour devine, of a doctour of bothe ye lawes, of hym that hathe beene mayer of London and sargeaunte of ye lawes. The estatte of a maister of the Chauncerie (and othere worshypefull prechers), and clerkes that be graduable, and al othere order of chast persons and prestes, worshypfull marchauntes and gentlemen—all these last may set at the squiers tabell.'

It must have been something to have had 'esquire' tacked to one's name in those days. However, could the editor of the quaint old *Boke of Kervynge* be brought to life, and could he stop one of our modern postmen, he would be as much astounded as scandalised. But to proceed:

'Marques, erles, bysshops, and vyscountes—al these may set togethere at a messe.

'And beron, and mayer of London, and three chiefe judges, and ye Spekere of ye parlyment—all these may set, but onlie two or three at a messe.

'And al other estattes may set, or three or foure at a messe.

'Also, ye marshalle must onderstand and knowe well of the bloude royall—for some lorde is of the bloude ryall, and peradventure of smal livelyhood. And some pore knighte is forsoothe wedded unto a ladye of ryall bloude; but she shall kepe the estatte of lordes bloude, and therefor ye ryall bloude shall have ye reverence as before have I sayde.

'Also, a marshalle must take grete hede of ye byrthe, and next of ye lyne of ye bloude ryall.

'Also, must he take hede of the king his officers—of the chauncelor, steuard, chamberlan, tresurere, and comptrouller.

'Also, ye marshalle must take hede onto al straungers, and put them onto worshyppe and reverance, for minde; and if that they do have goode cheare, it is much to your soverayne his honnour. Also ye marshalle must take goode hede if that the kinge do sende your soverayne anie message; and if that he sende a knighte, receave him lyke to a beron; and if that he do sende but a yeoman, see ye receave him lyke a squier; and if he sende but a groome, receave ye him lyke a yeoman.

'Also marke, it is no rebuke even unto a knighte, that ye set a groome of ye kinge's at his tabell.

'Thus endeth the Boke of Servyce and Carvynge and Servinge, and al mannere of offyces [in his kinde] onto a prynce, or anie otter [other] estatte, and al ye feestes in ye yeares.'

It is amusing to remark, that all throughout this rare old tract, each servant—as in this case the usher or marshal, in our day known as groom of the chambers—invariably styles his employer his 'sovereign.' The master may be a nobleman, however, as this quaint relic of the past sets forth on its title-page that its information is intended 'for the servyce of a prynce or anie otter estatte.' In those days, dukes, marquises, and earls were called 'princes.' This *brevet* arrangement of titles of nobility was prevalent, indeed, for at least two centuries later; and we find that the profligate Buckingham is addressed, in one of the servile and fulsome dedications of the period, as 'The most High and Puissant *Prince*, the most Exalted and Noble Duke of Buckingham,' &c.

That portion of the above extracts which speaks of some 'pore knighte' married to a lady of the 'ryall bloude,' throws us back to the stormy period when faction, violence, or intrigue having disposed of British kings in the very summary way peculiar to our early history, set up new occupants of the throne, whose families, and even distant connections, must have been often surprised to have suddenly found themselves included in the 'ryall bloud.' The marshals and ushers' of those days would have found such changes particularly perplexing to them occasionally, in the exercise of their somewhat onerous and responsible vocations.

STORY OF A RURAL NATURALIST.

The following truthful narrative exhibits, we think, a degree of devotion in the pursuit of science under difficulties which has rarely been paralleled.

There lives at present in Banff a journeyman shoemaker named Thomas Edwards. Ever since he can remember, Mr Edwards has had a strong predilection for pursuits connected with natural history; more especially, he has devoted himself to making a collection of the land-animals of the district around Banff, as well as the productions of the neighbouring sea. In making this collection, he was engaged for eleven years. During five particular summers—between 1840 and 1846—when he was from about twenty-five to thirty years of age, Edwards generally passed only part of two nights each week in his own house—namely, from a little before twelve on Saturday night till late on Sunday morning; and again on Sabbath evening till near dawn on Monday morning. But even this latter portion of the night he frequently passed dozing in a chair, or lying across his bed, having previously donned his working-clothes, so as to be prepared to start with the first peep of day. All this time Edwards was working from six in the morning till between eight and nine at night; his wages, with which he maintained a wife and a family of five daughters, being about twelve shillings a week. The other nights of the week, unless a storm prevented him, he spent out of doors in the woods with his gun, or by the sea-shore, or wherever he expected to find what he was in search of; but regularly he was at home for his work by six in the morning.

He used to sleep an hour or so during the darkest part of the night, wherever he found himself; if the rain was heavy, if possible under a tree, or such-like accommodation; if not, he did without shelter at all. By persevering thus, he made a collection numbering two thousand specimens. These, on certain fair-days, he used to arrange in the town-hall—filling three sides—and expose for a small charge. Sometimes he made a pound or two this way. Unfortunately, he was advised, some years ago, to try an exhibition in Aberdeen. He paid a pound a week as rent for a shop in Union Street, and advertised liberally. The consequences were to him ruinous. In six weeks he was hopelessly in debt. A party of equestrians arrived in the town, and, to use Edwards's own words, 'a few came to him after the performance, and said the birds were nearly as good as the horses'—not so the mass. He commenced by charging sixpence, and ended by admitting visitors for a penny; but all was in vain.

Not having the means to pay the charges he had incurred, he advertised his collection for sale, and, after considerable negotiation, got L.20 for it. This sum cleared him of Aberdeen, and brought him back to Banff, a sadder, if not a wiser man. For a while he was sorely discouraged; but, by and by, his old tastes returned, and although pursued now with moderated zeal—for exposure has not strengthened his constitution—Tom has again begun to collect specimens, has been appointed keeper of the local museum, which he has aided in bringing to high order, and, with two or three able coadjutors, is

Digitized by Google

again eagerly employed in illustrating the natural history of Banff.

While still a journeyman shoemaker, he corresponds, on his favourite subject, with several magazines, as the *Naturalist* and the *Zoologist*, and his services are recognised by Mr Spence Bate and Mr C. W. Peach, well known for their zeal in natural history.

RAREY ANTICIPATED.

Dr Casaubon, in his work, entitled *Of Credulity and Incredulity in Things Natural, Civil, and Divine*, printed in the year 1668, speaks of one John Young, a 'horse-courser,' as follows:

'Whilst we were above, in the best room I had, and the servants in the kitchin by the fire; my son—the only I then had, or since have had; some twelve or thirteen years of age—comes in with his mastiff, which he was very fond of, as the mastiff was of him. John Young, to make himself and the company sport: "What will you say, sir," saith he, "if I make your dog, without touching of him, lie down, that he shall not stir?" Or to that effect. My son—for it was a mastiff of great strength and courage, which he was not a little proud of—defied him. He presently to pipe, and the mastiff, at a distance, to reel; which, when the boy saw, astonished and amazed, he began to cry out. But the man, fearing some disturbance in the house, changed his tune, or forbare further piping, I know not which, and the dog suddenly became as well and as vigorous as before. Of this I knew nothing, till the company was gone. Then a maid of the house observing that I much wondered at it, and wished I had seen it—"O master," said she, "do you wonder at it? This man doth it familiarly, and more than that, the fiercest horse or bull that is, if he speak but a word or two in their ears, they become presently tame, so that they may be led with a string; and he doth use to ride them in the sight of all people."'

Dr Casaubon hears also, upon good authority, that 'this man was once in company, and being in the mood, or to that effect, began to brag what he could do to any dog, were he never so great or so fierce. It happened that a tanner, who had a very fierce mastiff, who all the day was kept in chains or musled, was in the company, who presently—not without an oath, perchance, it is too usual; good laws against it, and well executed, would well become a Christian commonwealth—offered to lay with him ten pounds he could not do it to the said dog—that was, without any force or use of hands to lay him flat upon the ground, take him into his arms, and to lay him upon a table. Young happened to be so well furnished at that time, that he presently pulled out of his pocket—I think I was told—ten pounds. The tanner accepts; the money on both sides laid into the hands of some one of the company, and the time set. At which time, to the no small admiration, certainly, of them that had not seen it before, but to the great astonishment, and greater indignation of him that had laid the wager, with a little piping the party did punctually perform what he had undertaken. But instead of the ten pounds he expected, being paid only with oaths and execrations, as a devil, a magician.'

Our author himself never sees any of these wonders performed, but he appears to be well convinced of them, and he is greatly impressed with Mr John Young's own manner, who, 'earnestly looking upon him, begins a discourse, how that all creatures were made by God for the use of man, and to be subject unto him; and that if men did use their power rightly, any man might do what he did.'

COLOUR OF WINE.

The colour of wine is owing to the following causes: If the skins of the grapes, or marc, are entirely excluded from the fermenting vat, a white wine is always obtained, the juice of almost all grapes, black and red, as well as green, being colourless. Champagne is made from a red grape, so deep in colour as to approach to black; and sherry is made from a mixture of white and coloured grapes. The colour of red wine is derived from permitting the wine to ferment in contact with some of the marc, the colouring matter of the grape residing altogether in the skin, with the exception of the grape called tintilla, from which tent-wine is made, in which the juice is coloured. This colouring principle is soluble in alcohol; therefore, when the alcohol is developed by the fermentative process, the must becomes coloured in consequence of the action of the spirit upon the marc. The wine is also more deeply coloured from a higher degree of pressure given to the husks of the grapes. The colour of red wine varies from a light pink to a deep purple tint, approaching to black; the clarets hold the intermediate rank between these two extremes. Dr Henderson observes that 'on exposing red wine in bottles to the action of the sun's rays, the colouring matter is separated in large flakes without altering the flavour of the wine. The colour derived from the skins of the grapes alone is not generally very deep; the high-coloured wines of France and Portugal are often rendered so by colouring ingredients, particularly by mixture with an intensely deep red wine, called *vino tinto*, and sometimes by elderberries and colouring drugs.'—*Housewife's Reason Why.*

CUCKOO.

The moon is but a crescent white,
Toward the setting of the sun;
Through the throbbing of the night
Comes a mellow monotone:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

You may take a crimson cloud,
Bind it with a golden band,
All its richness were a shroud
To this o'er the meadow-land:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

Glory, might, and mystery,
Beauty, wonder, and unrest,
The whole soul of melody,
In a rolling note exprest:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

Gleby fields it overfloats,
Like a tidal wave upbent,
Over wheat and yellow oats,
In the valley falling spent:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

It will touch the soul to tears,
List'ning in the falling dew:
All the sadness of the years
Cometh rushing over you:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

Things of beauty and delight
You have dreamed of, overjoyed,
Will loom out as though you might
Reach and clasp them through the void:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

It will touch from summer woods
Joyous heart or wo-begone;
Melteth music for all moods
From the rapture floating on:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

Balmy airs of autumn nights,
Any charm or spell that is,
Windy whispers on the heights
Know no magic like to this:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

Spherèd notes of starry belts
In its airy net are knit;
All the heart of nature melts
On the twilight out of it:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

T. A.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 240. SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

FEATHERED MINNESINGERS.

THERE are two things for which I have a passion—wild-birds and wild-flowers; by which avowal let me not be understood to mean that I am insensible to the delicious aroma of conservatories, or the gorgeous bloom of parterres; much less that I have any rooted affection for the harpy-eagle, or entertain a special predilection for the serpent-eater. But I fear I must confess that I prefer a harebell to a cactus, and speedwell and forget-me-not to calceolarias; and no rajah lory or scarlet macaw need attempt to make up to me for the little wildlings that, 'whether heard or not,' sing by myriads in the hedgerows, hiding in the scented clumps of the milky hawthorn, or shaking free its ruddy berries from the new-fallen snow. Since the days when I gravely followed sparrows in my pinafore, with a handful of salt, the victim of an infamous nursery fraud relative to a caudal application thereof, I have been a devout bird-worshipper, loving with my whole heart, though perfectly innocent of scientific mysteries. My ornithological conclusions at that time, however, were chiefly derived from the curious antediluvian specimens indigenous to a Noah's Ark, and the sparrow-stalking alluded to took place in one of those small mural enclosures which go in cities by the name of gardens.

The dove was my undoubted favourite, secretly, I believe, owing to its prerogative of olive-branch; and after this, my affections wavered between two chrome-yellow canaries and a very remarkable pure scarlet species—name unknown. There was no robin that at all came up to my preconceived ideas, formed upon the dear old ballad that has immortalised the bonny bird—no modern version, plastered with prosy incident, or hammered out into smooth and polished rhymes, till its pathos and its raciness are lost, but the real lilting lines that are so inexpressibly sweet and touching. Children who have read the original, scoff at *Babes in the Wood* in prose. I suppose I may have been six years old, and the book has long been dust; but do I not remember the thin octavo, precious as an Elzevir, with its limp, shining cover of paly green, and leaves of burnished satin; the clear type, speaking from the glossy page; the soft wood-cuts, infrequent, perhaps, but each one honoured with a separate leaf, and its own excerpted legend, and carefully protected from the ravages of the unwary by a dainty film of pink paper! We are not so prodigal of margin and letter-press now.

The *Death and Burial of Cock Robin*, a legend of a very different stamp, unveiled new marvels of bird-lore, infusing martial ardour by the very abruptness of its initial question and answer, and the haught apparitions of the audacious criminal, bow and arrow in hand, on the title-page. The catechetical plan of this startling drama is highly original, and the excited spectator is introduced to a wide field of ornithological inquiry, not to mention the edifying episodes of the fish and the beetle, and the rather anomalous introduction of the bull as bell-ringer. How the fish obtained possession of that most terrene-looking dish, used to be to me a serious mystery, rousing painful misgivings as to the individual honesty of the benevolent blood-catcher, and involving deep speculations on the subject of fish-potteries and their possible connection with potted fish. The beetle's undertaking capacities were more admissible; but I always considered the owl's feat of sextonship as the *ne plus ultra* of legerdemain. Why the lark so strenuously insisted on the obsequies taking place by daylight, I never could understand, since she made it a point of honour that she was to carry a torch on the occasion; but I rather contemptuously concluded that she must have been afraid of ghosts, and suffered the matter to drop. Of course, I had not the remotest suspicion of any base, underhand doings between rhyme and reason. But all honour to these good old nursery classics! I would give a whole wagon-load of modern importations for *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *Cinderella*, *Cock Robin*, and the *History of an Apple-pie*—which last, by the way, forms the most admirable system of baby mnemonics, and whose most illogical sequences I now gratefully acknowledge, for they taught me the alphabet.

'One swallow does not make a summer,' says the ancient adage; and yet when we see the beautiful darting creature careering swiftly in the pale April skies, we are apt to ignore the wary old saw, though the hedges are sprouting very timidly, and the morning primroses are still cold with frost, and the hoary dew lies white upon the dead beech-leaves till the sun is hot, and hardly a tree but the larch and the sycamore is green, and the snow-clouds are perhaps hovering ominously upon the sky-line. We cannot, it is true, take up the full burden of the quaint old English song—

> Summer is ycomen in,
> Loud sing cucku;
> Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
> And springeth the weed new;

but there rise to our lips the words of a yet older refrain, that 'the winter is past, and the time of the singing of birds is come.' We must, indeed, make up our minds to wait for the halcyon days when the life of the little lovers is nothing but a gush of song;

Digitized by Google

when, from dawn to twilight, the ear vainly listens for a break or a hush in the 'fast thick warble;' but even now, many a winged minnesinger is piping music by snatches; and the faithful triad of voices that cheered the long, lonely winter, is already merged in a fuller chorus: the brave sweet robin, the daisy of birds; the little wren, chirping softly by her 'ain fireside,' as she looked out at the drifting snow; and the stormcock, or missel-thrush, whose cheery whistle was heard among the loud bleak winds that swept howling through the rowan-trees, and stripped the branches of their scarlet fruit.

The robin and the wren are among the sacred birds of England. This is the odd chant current among the peasantry of Warwickshire, who make their children learn it with all reverence:

> The robin and the wren
> Are God Almighty's cock and hen;
> The martin and the swallow
> Are God Almighty's bow and arrow.

This feeling with regard to the redbreast is perhaps connected with the pretty legend—one of those harmless and suggestive superstitions which extend to certain of the dumb creation an indirect interest in the higher mysteries of the universe; and which, scattered among the more questionable traditions of the Romish Church, certainly tended to humanise the masses, by bringing all things that had life within the limit of a catholic blessing, and casting over the birds and the flowers the beautiful shadow of Christianity. As in the German myth of the crossbill, a place is claimed for the robin among the Josephs and the Magdalenes, who were not contented with standing 'afar off' the day that the sun was darkened. It is said the fearless little mourner flew straight against the heart that had just been pierced by the soldier's spear, and was bidden to wear his ruddy plumes for ever.

Of course, robin is a favourite with the poets. Thomson draws him tapping at the frosty window, and boldly picking up his morning crumbs; Keats hears him 'whistling from a garden croft,' when the swallows are gathering in the autumn skies; Gray's robin 'builds and warbles' among the churchyard violets; Wordsworth's chases the crimson butterfly; Collins pictures him still at his legendary toil, heaping up moss and flowers in the warm summer evenings; and Cowper, wandering through the silent, leafless woods, hears no sound among the powdery trees except the loosened icicle that drops in the winter noon into the rustling leaves at his feet, and the short, broken song of the robin, perched in a gleam of frosty sunshine among the rimy branches. The affectionate and confiding nature of this little bird wins him a way everywhere. He is capable of strong personal attachment; and one of his most winning attributes is a strange *rapport*, which he has not seldom evinced towards the sick and the infirm. Wordsworth has a pretty sonnet to a wild redbreast that pecked confidingly from his lips in Rydal woods; and he tells of another which took up his nightly abode in the chamber of one entirely confined to a sick-bed. Roosting there upon a picture-nail, he constituted himself the delegate of the countless warblers from whose songs she was shut out; and his cheery matins broke forth with the returning dawn, sweet and clear as if he was nestled beneath the stars in the whispering greenwood. We knew a robin which displayed a similar instinct, emboldened, it would seem, by the presence of sickness; and which in the fresh summer mornings would enter unbidden at the open window, take his welcome for granted, fly without the smallest fear upon the bed, and take his breakfast under the very eye of the invalid. The robin builds a neat and unpretending nest, rather brown than green, and generally contrived so as to elude observation. An anecdote is preserved of one who made a little autumn eyry in the shrouds of the war-ship which was building at Chatham to commemorate the victory of Trafalgar. The work was suffered to proceed unmolested, and the little patriot actually laid the first of six eggs on the 21st of October, the anniversary of the battle—quite unmoved by the presence of the hundred guns, whose sleeping thunder was destined to waken across the sea the name of England and the memory of Nelson.

But 'the wren, the wren, the king of all birds,' bears off the palm in nest-making. Fabulists say that she alone of the whole feathered race had patience to conclude her studies in architecture; and she certainly presents the most finished specimen of patience and perseverance. The tiny moss-house, roofed over from the rain, appears hardly large enough to accommodate the diminutive owner; yet it affords a cradle to near a score of wrenlets; and as during the leafy summer the wren alone can fulfil literally the pretty line of the American poet,

> The little bird sits at his *door* in the sun;

so in the darker days, when the infant brood is fledged, and the leaves are blown from the shivering boughs, the parent bird returns with faithful love to its summer home, and, hidden in its mossy porch, flings out its music, a viewless minstrel, to the wintry winds.

Nor is the wren without his proper legends. Both in Ireland and in Germany, the story goes how he crept unperceived on to the outstretched wings of the eagle, when the birds were flying high for a kingdom; how he was borne aloft by an impetus quite independent of his own volition; and how the astute little politician was thus enabled to outsoar his magnificent rival, and had the crown-royal set upon his head by the universal suffrage of the over-reached spectators. Paddy, however, has private reasons of his own for paying homage to his little majesty, who is said, during the commotions of one of the civil wars, to have awakened a sleeping sentinel by tapping thrice with his beak upon an adjacent drum, and by this timely admonition, to have saved a party of royalists from impending destruction. The Munster boys still drink to his health and happiness on St Stephen's Day, and think him worthy of being ranked with the geese of the Capitol: and so he is.

But the gem of our British birds is the regulus, or golden-crested wren. This fairy 'kinglet'—as he is sometimes called—is not more than three inches long in his feathers: but this is only the full-dress standard; for those who have studied him *in puris naturalibus*, aver that his actual longitude is somewhere about an inch. He flits with his tiny queen among the great oaks and elms, like an autumn leaf, or a swallow-tailed butterfly; and here, with a slender cordage of moss and down, they sling their nest, something in sailor-fashion, from a bough, and bring out a numerous progeny of crested atoms—more like bees than birds—to swing in turn upon the swaying branches, and creep among the sunny leaves.

Lower down, upon the same tree, fixed, perhaps, in some young bough that has sprouted from a bole in the elm, or hidden in the brier-rose that is twining round the roots of the oak, is the beautiful nest of the chaffinch. No one who has not seen a spink's nest, knows what a bird can do. The delicate cup, crusted with lichens, might have been turned on a potter's wheel. It resembles an exquisite bowl of frosted silver, within which lie the fawn-coloured eggs, flecked with irregular purple stains. The chaffinch, like the West Indian humming-bird, makes use of the cobweb in its architecture; for it is with the silken thread of the spider that it stitches the mossy thatch to its fibrous walls. It commonly shuns the larger forest trees,

Digitized by Google

and chooses a box, a juniper, or an apple-tree in the garden, a furze-bush or a bramble by the roadside, to shelter the callow nestlings that come blind and helpless from the shell. This bird does not sing in winter, for its voice breaks entirely, and nothing is left of its summer melody but a shrill cry of terror or defiance. Yet it does not leave its familiar haunts; and its well-known form may still be seen, with wings of ashy blue, and a breast paler than the robin's, as it detects with quick and sparkling eye a worm or a barley-corn in the brown stubble-field; or roots out with its azure bill the soft golden heart of the scarlet dog-hip. In Thuringia, that ancient home of the troubadours, the chaffinch is so highly esteemed, that a large price may be obtained for one by those who make merchandise of the 'feathered minnesingers;' but in some of the continental countries, this lovely little bird is the victim of a barbarism so cruel and dastardly as almost to exceed belief. With the avowed purpose of *improving* the wild forest music that it has of nature's gift, its hazel eyes are burned and seared away with red-hot iron, and it is condemned to beat its pretty wings for ever in a wooden cage some few inches square. Here, in its blind and hopeless captivity, it sings, and sings, as if it was mad with joy; its wild glad music bursting in piteous frenzy up the warm sunbeams that creep through the grating of its narrow prison, past the mute, merciful sky, till it rings in the ears of Him who, amid the loud harpings of heaven, hears the young ravens cry; and who, throned among worshipping angels, numbers the sparrows as they fall.

Honourable mention must be made of the goldfinch, the most beautiful of all the *Fringillidæ*, and called, from the perfect finish of its small but exquisite nest, the 'Arachne of the grove.' This gentle and lady-like bird is extremely sociable in its disposition, ready not only to be at peace with all the world, but even to attach itself to a cage-life with happy docility. It has not the slightest objection to practise under a singing-master, and can soon be taught to echo in its soft flute-like tones the louder strains of a professional wood-lark or canary. But fascinating as the little creature may be in his *civilised* state, go with old Chaucer into the Saxon fairyland; and with feet crushing the glittering dew, seek him out among the broad branches of the hushed, sunshiny trees, the charm, the silence, the freshness of that golden summer morning, which, caught by a sunbeam, lives for ever in that ancient heliograph, *The Floure and the Leafe*:

> And as I stode, and cast aside mine eye,
> I was ware of the fairist medler tre
> That ever yet in all my life I se,
> As full of blossomis as it might be;
> Therein a goldfinch leping pretily,
> Fro bough to bough, and, as him list, he ete
> Here and there of buddis and flouris swete.
>
> And at the last the bird began to sing
> (When he had etin what he etin wold),
> So passing swetely, that, by many fold,
> It was more pleasaunt than I couth devise.

And again, at evening:

> The goldfinch, eke, that fro the medler tre
> Was fled, for hete, unto the bushis cold,
> Unto the lady of the floure gan fle,
> And on hir hond he set him, as he wold,
> And pleasauntly his wingis gan to fold.

The bullfinch, a native of England, but much more common in Germany, is quite as fond of 'buddis and flouris' as the hero of the medlar-tree. He is, moreover, quite as amenable, much more sagacious, and will readily exchange his wild-wood warble for human ditties, which he learns to whistle with a sweetness and correctness truly astonishing. The little tricks and devices to which he can be trained add to the attractions of the piping bullfinch. He is likewise capable of the most ardent personal attachment, and the most violent hatred, is easily ruled by his affections, and is possessed of a memory wonderfully acute and retentive. The following passages are from the life of a pet bullfinch, now departed, who, if he had been born a Douglas, might have carved upon his scutcheon, 'Tender and true.' He had conceived, from the first, a passionate and instinctive affection for his master, which he evinced on all occasions by the most winning ways, and tokens the most intelligent and unmistakable. A soft whistle from the well-known voice would bring him fluttering to the side of his cage, where he would lay his little velvety head against the brazen wires, rubbing it caressingly on his master's cheek, pecking food from his lips with his bright ebony beak, and sending forth the whole time, from his rosy breast, a low chirrup of deep joy. His rooted antipathy to another member of the family was equally striking; and as there was no ostensible ground for Bully's determined hostility, every endeavour was made to arrive at an understanding; but both emotions stood the test of flattery, cajolement, and coercion. In vain the enemy assumed friendly tactics, made humiliating advances, offered ambrosial sugar, and strove to undermine the citadel of honour by a nefarious system of sapping and mining, and then to take the fortress by storm. 'Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified, his loyalty he kept;' and not only never wavered in his allegiance, but refused to avert, by the most equivocal token, the rising choler of the foe. At last, during the absence of his owner, by a most unjustifiable travesty of that ancient fraud by which Jacob imposed himself upon his blind father, the little hero was cheated into a momentary acceptance of the hostile advances. Arrayed in stolen raiment, his features hidden by a large green shade—the well-known signal of the beloved presence—the wily masker softly approached his face to the bars; and after enjoying for a few moments the wicked satisfaction of the fond twitter of recognition that was meant for another, suddenly withdrew the visor, and revealed his identity to the deluded little Isaac, who nearly broke his heart upon the spot with wild and bitter rage. But Bully was to have his triumph. It was not till a full month had elapsed that the absentee returned, and then without any previous intimation; so that nothing could possibly have transpired to awaken the expectation of the sagacious little bird. He had betaken himself to bed as usual, at sunset, after the manner of all well-ordered 'foulis,' and was roosting peacefully when the parlour clock chimed ten, with his little black night-cap under his wing. Suddenly the outer bell rang; and roused by the sound, the creature started on his perch, and began to move his head from side to side with an uncertain and attentive gesture, which quickly became impatient and eager. Every moment increased his flutter; his feathers were ruffled, his eyes danced, each motion bespoke expectation. A step sounded at the door; he became more and more excited, and began to cheep and whistle. The little faithful thing was not deceived; and when his anticipations were realised, and his master actually entered the room, he shook his pretty wings, struggled against the bars, and poured forth such a flood of joy and welcome as Blondel rang from his minstrel harp when he found his minnesinger king. Alas for the gallant little hero! Not long after, a hateful cat, ripe for blood and murder, made her way to his defenceless prison; and dashing himself in his wild terror against the wires, her cruel claws choked out his innocent life. It is a pitiful consolation

Digitized by Google

to add, that his tiny corpse was rescued unprofaned from the clutches of the destroyer.

Let us hasten away from these poor little unfortunates, out into the free blue air, where the sky is filled with the warble of swallows, and God's sunlight flashes on their blue glossy wings; where the swifts wheel onwards and upwards for ever; when the house-swallow caters, open-mouthed, for her young; and the marten hangs with clinging feet to its nest on the face of the sea-cliff, and the bank-swallows creep into their sandy burrows. Surely there was never a captive swallow; for over this beautiful bird there rests an almost universal ægis, a feeling of veneration something akin to that which is so magically woven into the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Nor can we wonder at the innocent superstition that hallows the 'prophet of the year.' All glad instincts are awakened by the reappearance of the little Ariel who is chasing spring for ever round the world, himself the living sapphire that girdles earth with flowers. Only the lightning itself is more rapid than that darting wing, which fascinates the eye by its wonderful grace and velocity, as it wheels its ceaseless and untiring flight from the deep sunrise, when it bathes in the dewy purple which is the home of the morning-star, till the last golden tinge has faded and rippled from the edge of the western sky, and it is sheathed in the trembling silver of night. One of Shelley's most exquisite stanzas to the skylark would apply with even greater felicity to the swallow:

> In the golden lightning
> Of the sunken sun,
> O'er which clouds are brightening,
> Thou dost float and run,
> Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

Has anybody ever seen a Pre-Raphaelite swallow? Would Mr Millais ask this one to sit for its picture in the sun? We hope not. What sort of a hybrid, compound reflecting micro-telescope does he use in drawing his perspectives? But get the little 'winged seraph' for one moment into your hands, and observe how passingly beautiful he is. Stroke the sheeny purple of his slender wings, note the soft scarlet of his sobbing throat, feel the warm panting of his snowy breast, meet the quick terror of his pleading eye, and then let the 'musical cherub' away. You will from henceforth be able to form your own conclusions on the pros and cons, the spirit and the letter, to put your own sense, comment, and interpretation on the literal, grammatical, possible, and intrinsical philosophy of at least one old English proverb: 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'

For house-sparrows, it must be owned, we have no especial favour. They are greedy, and noisy, and impudent—lazy withal, when it serves their purpose. Still, as we have no desire to lay ourselves open to the charge of partiality, we must acknowledge that if the sparrow is a thief, so, if all tales be true, revenge is bound up in the heart of a swallow. We will, however, state the case, without pre-judging either party. It is said that a newly married pair of sparrows, thinking it would be more eligible and economical to occupy a furnished residence than to build one, provided they could sit rent-free, established themselves very comfortably and unceremoniously in the last year's nest of a couple of respectable, elderly swallows, which had not yet returned from the continent. The owners, on arriving at home, found their desirable family mansion taken by the intruders; but, apparently satisfied that possession was nine points of the law, they gracefully waived the tenth, and retreated before the reigning power. But while the sparrows were laughing in their sleeves at the discomfiture of the houseless pair, the swallows were laying deep and deadly plans of vengeance. Days passed on. The little matron sobered down as she brooded over her eggs, and her mate watched with proud importance for the arrows that were to fill his quiver. At last the young birds chipped the shell, and of course there was immediate hunger in the camp. The father of the family departed to procure the initiatory breakfast; and the swallows, I am sorry to say, chose this interesting moment for their *coup de main*. Flying pell-mell to their desecrated habitation, they gave the poor little mother to understand that the hour and the man had both come, and having the necessary bricklaying apparatus close at hand, they walled her up with her hapless brood as sternly as if they had been monks of the middle ages.

The monks, however, if their own credentials are to be taken for gospel, kept their swallows in better order. The swallows were mild and gentle under the régime of Holy Church. St Francis of Paula, according to the *Golden Legend*, was quite a bird-tamer. 'A bird sat singing on a fig-tree by the side of his cell. He called it to him; the bird came upon his hand, and he said to it: "Sing, my sister, and praise the Lord;" and the bird sat singing till he gave it liberty to go away. Going to Venice with his companions, and hearing birds singing in a wood, he proposed to sing the canonical hours, but the monks could not hear themselves for the chanters of the grove, wherefore he entreated the feathered choir to be silent, and they remained so till he gave them liberty to proceed. At another place when he was preaching, he could not be heard for the swallows which were building their nests: he said to them: "Sister swallows, it is time for me to speak; as you've said enough, be quiet." And so they were.'

We might go on and on for ever; it would still be a story without an end. We might tell of the gentle hedge-sparrow, which sings so sweetly in the first days of spring, when the mornings are still frosty, and a bird's voice rings on the air like a bell. Before the thorn is green enough to hide its early nest, we might look into the leafless hedge for the blue eggs that lie gleaming there like jewels, and not so safe, alas! as Alfred's golden bracelets. We might stand by the glossy laurel to listen to the merle's morning-hymn, and hear the mavis answer him from the orchard, and the skylark, as she drops into her nest. We might dive into a hollow tree for the eggs of the blue titmouse, that beautiful and mischievous little vixen, who will bite if she is at home, but who is probably creating a panic at the bee-hive, by tapping mysteriously at the door, and eating the bees when they come to see what is the matter. We might pass on to the great dark moor, where the morning mist still hangs like a veil of steam, and hear the good domestic linnets singing by hundreds in the sweet yellow gorse. We might pause in the deeps of the forest, to listen to the dim voice of the stock-dove, among the sweet breath of pines, and the floating leaves, in the still presence of autumn. We might steal into some grassy dell when the cowslips are asleep, and watch for the nightingale's midnight hymn.

But before taking leave of our feathered minnesingers, one word must be given to the pleasant memory of that good troubadour, Walter of the Birdmeadow, whose dying bequest to his fellow-minstrels is the theme of one of those quaint and pretty ballads in which the poet Longfellow excels. Walther von der Vogelweide was a minnesinger from his cradle. He lost his first patron, the son of the Emperor Leopold, in Cœur de Lion's crusade, when he was but a child of seven; and from that time forward his life was that of a wanderer. He said he had learned his songs of the birds; and he bore one for a device upon his shield. His lays were generally

Digitized by Google

of a grave and gentle cast, and his name calls up the shades of birds and flowers. After a pure and peaceful life, he was laid to rest in the cloister of Würzburg Cathedral. In gratitude to the singing-birds, which he always regarded as his teachers, he left in his last will an order that they should be fed daily at noon by the chorister-boys, beneath the tree which shadowed his tomb. A niggardly abbot at last, it would seem, mulcted the pretty pensioners of their dole; the 'Deus istius miserere' has crumbled away with the rest of the monkish epitaph; and the children of the choir no longer know the spot where the voice of the minnesinger sleeps.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweide.

HALF AN HOUR WITH A FIGHTING-MAN.

Some two months ago, I was walking up and down the Lime Street station at Liverpool, in company with a friend, awaiting the departure of the evening mail, by which we were returning home. As it wanted but a few minutes to the time, we selected a compartment in a second-class carriage; but before we could enter, we had to wait some little time to allow of the egress of two or three of the porters, who were deep in conversation with two passengers already seated, while sundry other porters were clustered round the carriage-door, peeping in with looks of admiring curiosity.

Surely, thought I, we are to have distinguished fellow-passengers. Who can they be? Are they the Siamese ambassadors?—who were then daily expected. There were to have been two of them, one from each of the kings. No; it is second class; it cannot possibly be they. Could it be Spurgeon and one of his deacons 'doing it cheap?' No; hardly likely. So we entered the carriage with doubt and curiosity.

At the further end of the carriage, with his back to the engine, sat a man, whose closely clipped hair, bullet head, and broken nose, plainly told me what *his* profession was. Facing me, on the opposite side, sat his companion, a person of much more prepossessing appearance and manners. A glance convinced me that they were both prize-fighters.

To say that the first-mentioned individual's head was bullet-shaped, is very much to malign that projectile; for surely no piece of metal shaped as that head was could, by any possibility, be got down a gun-barrel; or even supposing it to be once down, could any known means ever get it up again. No geometrical term with which I am acquainted could possibly convey any idea of that head. It was not a decahedron, and it was not a duodecahedron; and its only claim to the title of an 'oblate spheroid' would arise from the fact of its being flattened at the pole.

My friend glanced at me, and I at him.

They were literally, and figuratively, 'ugly customers;' and I secretly hoped that they would not attempt to 'improve the shining hour' by practising their art upon us. However, I soon found that there was no cause for alarm on this head, for the 'spheroid' was very soon in a slumbering, passive state; and as I am naturally rather partial to eliciting information from peculiar characters, such as one does not meet with in the daily walks of life, I very soon got into conversation with my opposite neighbour, whom, despite his profession, I found to be a very polite, I had almost said gentlemanlike man. He spoke in that peculiar tone of assumption common to most Londoners, and I soon learned that his name was —— say, Jones; that he was a prize-fighter; that he had fought seven prize-battles, and had never yet been beaten; that he held himself liable to be challenged by any man alive, no matter who, or what the amount of the stakes; that, at that moment, he was acting as 'trainer,' or professional tutor, to his companion 'George,' as he called him; that they were just returning from 'George's' first prize-fight, which had come off three days before in the neighbourhood of Liverpool; that his adversary's title to the honours of victory was open to dispute, there being reason to suspect foul-play and bribery, and that it had therefore been decided that the battle should be fought over again.

All this information led on, of course, to further conversation; and on my making some remarks as to 'George's' present personal appearance, he assured me that he was very decent-looking now, compared with what he had been two days previously; for then his head was just double its present size, and that he had brought it down to its present dimensions by the copious external application of castor-oil, and that in a few days' time he would look *quite respectable*.

I thought to myself that his ideas of respectability must certainly differ very much from my own; for, as I glanced at the physiognomy in question, I was much inclined to doubt whether all the castor-oil in creation, let it be ever so 'cold drawn,' could possibly impress the stamp of respectability upon it. But as I considered that tastes differ, and that it was not for me to set up my own as a standard, I did not dispute his statement, but led him on to further conversation.

He informed me that in early life he had been a carter or drayman in London, and that he had never but once come into collision with the municipal authorities, and that occurred when he was pursuing the comparatively peaceful calling before named. It appears that he had a *difficulty*, as brother Jonathan would express it, with a turnpike-man, relative to an alleged act of extortion on the part of the latter.

In writing the biography of all great men, it is customary to relate anecdotes of their early life, to serve as a foreshadowing of what their future developments were expected to be. So in the case in question, the latent fire of that genius which in after years was to shine forth so brilliantly, flashed out gloriously on this occasion. In his own expressive language, 'he jumped off his cart, squared at the man, and gave him one for his knob.'

He was about to resume his seat, with the pleasing consciousness of having resisted oppression, and done his duty like an Englishman, when he was suddenly seized by two myrmidons of the law, was brought up on a charge of assault and battery, for which he got certain days in durance vile, and then returned to the bosom of that society he was afterwards so much to adorn—a wiser and a sadder man.

This appears to have been the turning-point in his life: disgusted with commercial pursuits, for which he felt that he was in no way adapted, he entered into his present profession, which he appeared to have followed with that success which invariably attends perseverance and assiduity.

His conversation and remarks being of a somewhat desultory nature, I found great difficulty in getting at anything like a consecutive account of his life; but from his various remarks, I gathered that he had worked very hard at his profession.

His first introduction to his companion, George, struck me as having some claims to the credit of originality, to say the very least of it. He said that George was brought to his house by a mutual friend, with a request that he (Jones) would take him in hand. 'I rather liked his looks, so I up with my fist and hit him a blow on his nose; upon this, George began to "to shew fight" in good style; so, seeing

Digitized by Google

him to be "gamey," I undertook to train him, and make the best I could of him.'

On my making some remarks about George, and what his future prospects were, he replied that he could hardly make up his mind as to how he would be likely to turn out. Tapping his own forehead, he remarked that 'George was rather soft there'—'that he had no head,' and that a fighting-man should have a 'good head,' so as to know when to take a 'liberty'—that the success of a fight often depended as much upon the head as the *fists*; and that though George was the 'gameyist' fellow going, he was fearful that want of head, and fondness for drink, would prevent his rising to the dazzling height attained by some others of his profession.

For himself, he furnished a strong argument in favour of teetotalism, by saying that although he kept a public-house in London, he never drank anything when going through the fatiguing operation of training, and very little upon any other occasion, except now and then when on an *out* of the present kind; and he instanced it as a proof of the great goodness of their Liverpool friends, that he had been kept in a state of partial inebriation for nearly six days without its costing him a penny.

This was their first visit to Liverpool, and he expressed himself much pleased with the kindness they had received, and likewise with the general urbanity of the police authorities in that town, who had never once molested them during the engagement.

I asked him whether men in their profession ever saved money. He replied that it was quite impossible. When a man had been fortunate, he was made a good deal of by his companions, who kept him in a constant whirl of drunken excitement until his money was all gone, and then he had to get up another fight to make more; while if he was beaten, the whole of the expenses fell upon him, besides the lost stakes, and then he got into debt; and he advised me—parenthetically and in confidence—never to make a match for so low a sum as L.25, as it could not possibly pay, for the trade expenses alone amounted to over L.80; the principal items of which he enumerated, one of them, I remember, consisting of a 'trainer at L.3 a week and his keep, for seven weeks at least.' Only fancy letting one's self out to be punched and hammered at by a prize-fighter day by day for seven long weeks! For the trainer's office consists of a series of daily encounters with the trainee, so that he may be in good practice when he comes before the public.

He intimated to me that, however much I might be fascinated by the outward show and glitter of their kind of life, it was in reality a very hard one, at least until a man had obtained a *position*; and that nothing but the excitement of popular applause, and having a public reputation to keep unsullied, could possibly carry them through it.

I have often remarked, in all public professions, the great amount of brotherly feeling that pervades the whole body. See with what generosity and willingness authors, actors, and musicians come forward to the aid of a needy brother—by benefits at theatres, by public readings, by concerts, and similar means. And the same feeling extends, strange as it may seem, even to the profession in question, as the following instance will shew; and in spite of the horrid and revolting circumstances attending the affair, it yet shines like a streak of sunlight through the awful moral darkness—a proof to my mind that, let a man debase and brutalise himself to the lowest possible point, he cannot entirely eradicate his manhood; that now and then it will flash up and reclaim its lost throne, let the reign be ever so short.

My companion casually inquired whether I was acquainted with Ede. I replied that I had not that pleasure, and, moreover, that I was never at a prize-fight in my life. At first, he seemed not disposed to believe me; but on my assuring him that such was really the case, he looked at me more in pity than in anger, but still seemed hardly able to conceive how in this enlightened nineteenth century any one could possibly have gone so far on life's journey as I had without having at least heard of the hero in question. He therefore endeavoured to recall him to my mind by enumerating some of his more celebrated acts of personal prowess. 'You surely must remember Ede, he who killed "Jack" Somebody in his last fight.'

'Killed his man!' I replied with horror.

'Yes,' he said, 'it was a bad job, poor fellow,' and then he told me all about how the man received a hit on the jaw *after four hours' fighting*; how he was carried off the field; how he never spoke a word after the fatal blow; and how by six next morning he was dead.

'But how about his poor wife and children?' said I.

'Ah, poor woman!' he replied, 'it was a bad job; but we all did the best we could for her. We got her up a benefit, and managed to raise about three hundred pounds, which put her into a good public-house; and we all do our best to make it pay. But what,' he added, 'is all that, compared with the loss of such a husband as she had? For my part, I would not lose my wife for three millions of pounds. She is everything to me; and I have my old mother to keep, and I have brought up my two little brothers without its costing anybody else a penny;' and then he went on to say that there was nothing like civility and kindness—it cost but little, and he had always found that they made him friends wherever he went.

Bravo! thought I; there is a green spot yet left even in this rough debased heart—one little thread yet remaining to connect it with human nature. Imagine for a moment that son tending his aged mother, a mother to whom, perhaps, he owed no debt for early lessons of love and kindness; of whom, in the recollections of his early days, he can recall few pleasing memories, few early admonitions from her lips, which might have stood him in good stead through life as his counsellor and guide.

Even the poor brutalised George, who all this time had been dozing away in a state of battered stupidity—even he had some one who loved him, and whom he loved in return.

Of Nero it was said, that over his tomb some loving hand was seen each day to drop a flower; so poor George found it impossible to keep away from a girl in London whom he loved, and who felt lonely without him, although he had to return to Liverpool in a few days to have another mauling, for his friends were going to get him up another fight for his own peculiar benefit, to reimburse him for sundry losses sustained during his last engagement.

And so I drew near home; and on leaving the train, my companion shook me warmly by the hand, and expressed a hope that when I next came to London I would give him a call.

So he went on his way, and I on mine; and as I walked, I thought; and the more I thought, the more I became confused. Wrong seemed to be getting right, and right seemed to have no merit attachable to it. My conscience told me that I ought to hold that man and his profession in utter and supreme abhorrence; but when I thought of the little streaks of sunlight which ever and anon broke through that dark and heavy cloud, I was fain, though still condemning all fighting on general grounds, to subdue certain angry feelings, and to take shelter under the Master's lesson, 'that if I was without sin, I might then cast the stone.' And I asked myself a question

Digitized by Google

which I could not answer—why am not *I* the fighter, and he in my place, wrapping himself up in his pharisaical cloak of spiritual pride, and thanking Heaven that he is not such as I? Who can answer me that? No, I do not feel quite comfortable in sitting in judgment on this unfortunate person, as I must consider him to be, without first ascertaining whether the five talents committed to my care, with a clearer knowledge as to their uses, have been made to produce other five also? If it has turned out that I have learned a lesson in charity, my half-hour's ride was not in vain.

PEPSIN.

When food first enters the stomach, it is not, as our readers know, in a condition to be absorbed at once into the blood, for the purpose of renovating the effete tissues of the system. It must first undergo the process of digestion, so as to be reduced to a soluble state, or, generally speaking, to such a condition as to be capable of absorption and assimilation. The digestibility of various kinds of food, and the exact character of the digestive process, have been tested in various ways. Schultz experimented on dogs and cats, which he killed at successive stages of the process; Beaumont on a patient whose stomach had, by a gunshot wound, been made tolerably accessible to observation; and Gosse—who possessed the strange power of vomiting at will, and was so enabled to recover portions of food which had been for a time exposed to the action of the gastric fluid—experimented on himself. The results of these various attempts to elucidate the digestive process were in many points conflicting; and but little less satisfactory, so far as concerned the comparative digestibility of different alimentary substances, were the phenomena which resulted from the dissolution of food in fistulæ by artificial means. The *modus operandi* alone was established with any accuracy. Under the generic name of catalysis, chemists are accustomed to group those mysterious processes in which a substance is converted into what they call an isomeric variety of itself by means of some other body or bodies which are in *themselves* incapable of being affected by the operation. Of these processes, that of digestion proved to be one. It was found that, by the action of the gastric fluid, the food is converted into a substance chemically identical with the original body, but, nevertheless, possessing very distinct and peculiar properties; and that the gastric fluid is a combination of a substance called pepsin, or the *cooking* principle, with an acid which is now generally supposed to be that which, under the name of lactic acid, gives to sour milk its pungent and peculiar flavour. It may be that other acids, such as acetic, phosphoric, and hydrochloric, are also present in smaller quantities; but on this point the greatest chemists are still at variance.

Whether pepsin is secreted in a neutral state, and generates the acid by acting as a ferment on the amylaceous substances of the food, or whether the acid is a primary constituent of the active natural juice, is also still disputed. The prevalent opinion would seem to be that pepsin is a neutral secretion. It certainly possesses the inherent property of causing fermentation, although, without the acid, it has no digestive power. The question altogether is an important one; 'for, if it be a neutral secretion, the part played by the saliva in the whole machinery of digestion assumes additional importance, as we must then conclude that one of its constituents—*diastase*—is employed in the stomach to convert the starchy matter of the food into grape-sugar,' which is in its turn 'converted by the pepsin into lactic acid, without the aid of which pepsin could not perform its natural functions.' *

In any view, pepsin must be regarded as the chief and indispensable element in producing the change necessary to the absorption and assimilation of food. Without it, all the rest are powerless; and hence the importance which its recent introduction upon a large scale into medical practice by Drs Corvisart of Paris, and Ballard of London, has acquired for it as a curative agent in cases of dyspepsy.

Dr Landerer of Athens is said to have been the first who employed artificial gastric juice in medical practice. This juice he is understood to have eliminated from the stomach of a wolf; but even as early as the year 1834 it had been discovered that the gastric secretion retained its power if removed from the body shortly after a meal; while the rennet, or fourth stomach of the ruminants, had even been used in cases similar to those treated by Dr Landerer to replace and represent the natural peptic principle.

The quantity of pepsin contained in the gastric juice was about the same time discovered by Eberle to be in the proportion of 1·25 to 97 parts of water, and nearly 1·75 parts of salts; and by Schwann, to be capable of precipitation only from the fluid contained in the glandular structure of the stomach. The method of preparing it adopted by M. Boudault, the distinguished Parisian pharmaceutist, as stated in his Report to the Imperial Academy of Medicine, is as follows: From a number of rennet-bags, turned outside in, and carefully washed, the mucous membrane, which contains the secretory vessels, is scraped off, and, after being reduced to pulp, is steeped for twelve hours in cold distilled water. A small quantity of acetate, or sugar, of lead is then added, which precipitates the pepsin. This precipitate, after being in its turn treated with sulphuretted hydrogen, which separates the lead as a sulphuret, is filtered, and left to evaporate either to a sirup or a powder, as may be wished. Care, however, must be taken that the degree of heat to which it is exposed during the evaporating process shall not exceed 120° of Fahrenheit, as, if suffered to evaporate under a higher temperature, the pepsin loses its digestive properties. It has also been found that, from its excessive deliquescence, exposure to the air tends to its speedy decomposition whether as a powder or a sirup: its smell becomes very offensive, and its taste extremely nauseous. M. Boudault, therefore, mixes the sirup with starch, so that the mixture, on being carefully dried, forms a gray powder resembling coarse wheaten flour. It can thus, when required for use, be brought, by the addition of starch or pepsin, as the case may be, to a uniform standard of strength, and may, if necessary, be mixed with equal ease with muriate of morphia, salts of iron, strychnia, or other chemical reagents which do not affect its digestive properties.

The pleasantest way, perhaps, of administering the preparation, is either in water or between two slices of bread; but, taken in any way, it has been found, in a great majority of cases, to cope successfully with the most serious derangements of the gastric organs, not only by its immediate action on the food, but by restoring to the organs themselves their lost activity.

Dr Ballard, in his book on *Artificial Digestion*, notes one case among many which would seem to preclude all notion of the cure being attributable to fortuitous causes. We quote it as we find it abridged in the same number of the *Saturday Review*, to which we have already referred. A lady, sixty-four years of age, had, during four years, 'suffered pain, which she

* *Saturday Review*, No. 74, p. 289. To the article here quoted we are indebted for much that may be deemed valuable in the present paper. But the reader may be referred for further information to Dr Ballard's *Artificial Digestion* and the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* for 1857, *passim*.

Digitized by Google

had "no words to describe," for three or four hours after every meal. The natural consequences were excessive prostration and complete disgust for food; and she had for many weeks limited herself to four rusks and a little milk and beef-tea *per diem*. The first day pepsin was used, she ate with ease and enjoyment a mutton chop, although, on the day before, she had endured intense agony for no less than five hours after her ordinary meal. In a few days, she ate pretty freely, and gradually improved, and at length was able to give up the pepsin entirely, to eat without pain, and walk some miles without fatigue.'

Now, when we consider how common a disease dyspepsy is, and how immense, in spite of the systematic opposition from many quarters to everything like a rational interpretation of the connection between physical and moral phenomena, the influence of the physical condition on the mental condition is—producing suicides in cases where, with a different state of health, only depression or grief would have followed—the importance of such a discovery as that of Drs Landerer and Corvisart cannot be overestimated. In comparison with unhealthy secretions in confluence with untoward circumstances, all other causes, except insanity—disgust of life, poverty, thwarted love, shame, remorse, grief, the agonies of despair and jealousy—exercise but a very small suicidal influence. Nor, when it is considered that the juices which flow into the intestinal canal during the twenty-four hours amount to about one-seventh of a man's whole weight, need our readers wonder at the statement. A man weighing ten stones will secrete during that time about three pounds seven ounces of saliva, which shall contain about half an ounce of solid matter; of bile, he will secrete as much; of gastric juice, which shall contain about six ounces and a half of solid matter, he will secrete thirteen pounds; of pancreatic juice, seven ounces; and nearly the same quantity of intestinal juice. With these facts before us, can it be doubted that the physician might often avert a catastrophe against which the moralist would preach in vain?

A WIFE BY ADVERTISEMENT:

A STORY OF 1758.

My grandfather was appointed rector of a little village in Nottinghamshire in the year 1758. I am myself an old man, having memories of more or less importance attached to every year of this century; and I could box, wrestle, play cricket, and had even made speeches against the Jacobins, before eighteen hundred was born or thought of.

A clergyman's life was not quite so strict a matter a hundred years ago as it is to-day. The priests neither cared to rule themselves by so high a standard as our modern clergy do, nor was it expected of them by their flocks. Mr Hume's *Essays* had a great influence among those younger clergy who thought, and the customs and laws of 'the town,' among those who did not think. Though this was an evil of a tremendous kind, there was one benefit in it which we are apt now-a-days to overlook—the clergy had more sympathy with those persons who would not come immediately under their influence than they have under the present system. It is thought very shocking now for a priest to be seen in the theatre, and scarcely less so at the opera-house; while, if he were to visit Cremorne or Rosherville Gardens, or Highbury Barn, it is most likely his congregation would take such offence that they would move away in a flock as multitudinous and final as a migration of swallows. But in my grandfather's time, priests and actors were found in daily communion; indeed, such men as Bishop Warburton and David Garrick were friends; even Mr Whitfield desired his people to go to the comical Ned Shuter's benefit, as that celebrated actor was a 'gracious soul;'* and the sons of other clergymen than Dr Primrose went upon the stage as a means of livelihood; while every country rector who came up to town made a point of seeing Mr Mossop and Mr Garrick in Shakspeare's plays, and of visiting Vauxhall and Ranelagh.

Just such a time of visiting London had come to my grandfather in the spring of 1758. He was then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and resolved to enjoy himself for a time on the strength of his recent presentation. He had never been in town before; the nearest approach he had made to metropolitan pleasures were such as his restricted allowance had afforded him during his studentship at Cambridge. Hence it was he was resolved not merely to have a dip, but a thorough plunge, into the amusements of London.

Accordingly, he went to Drury Lane, and saw Mr Mossop in *Hamlet*, and Mr Garrick in a whole series of characters. He saw Mr Barry in *Richard III.* at Covent Garden. He was present when Mr Garrick and Mrs Clive appeared in the new play of *The Upholsterer, or what News?* and saw the quidnunc of the day ruining himself by trembling for the ruin of the nation. He was at Mr Shuter's benefit in the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, which had not been acted for so long. He went to the entertainment at Marybone Gardens, and the wire-rope dancing, and concerts on the Jew's-harp at Sadler's Wells. He drank the waters with the genteel company at Islington Spa. He heard Handel's *Acis and Galatea* at Ranelagh, visited the Camel and Dromedary, saw the moving figure of the great king of Prussia, and every other rarity with which the town was amusing itself.

There was one thing which was a matter of perpetual unrest to my grandfather; namely, that he was unmarried. He had those manners which are pleasant to ladies, or, as it would have been expressed in his days, to the sex; he was well made in limb, and somewhat handsome in feature; of a very affable disposition; not given to drinking, gaming, or attending the cockpit; only a little partial to the races; ready always either for cards or for dancing; indeed, the sort of young gentleman ladies were supposed to like. Yet he could find no lady answering to that standard his eyes and his heart set up. He wished for one of a gay and pleasant disposition, yet free from those vices which the ladies of the plays, novels, essays, and memoirs of the age possess and exhibit so sadly—one, in fact, who did not make *the town* her rule of life; who would find more delight in the society of a loving husband than in the meeting-places of the beaux; who yet would pay some attention to fashion and to personal graces; who would be agreeable, if not a beauty: last, and I fancy far from least, he wished her to have some nice little sum at her own disposal. All this we have seen set down in private records which the old gentleman has left us. Indeed, my mother has told me that she believes he once worked up these requisitions into an advertisement, and inserted them in the *Public Advertiser*. If so, it brought him no wife, although, through the medium of another advertisement, he became acquainted with that estimable lady to whom in the second degree I owe my existence. Advertising for wives, and even for husbands, was not unusual a century ago, as every one who has had occasion to search newspapers of that date well knows. A very odd and pleasant collection might be formed from their columns.

Like many other young gentlemen of the period

* Though only for once. See Laskington's *Memoirs*.

Digitized by Google

who came up from the provinces to spend a little time and money in London, my grandfather the rector thought it not improbable that in so plentifully stocked a society, he might perchance run across a wife. The wish was entered in his diary the night before he started. . Now the custom is reversed. Our city-clerk, with the air and talk of a capitalist, and the costume of a beau, rushes into the country at Easter, Whitsuntide, or Christmas; finds his way into the simple susceptible heart of a country maiden, woos her, adds visit to visit, and condescends to wed her; for she believes it a condescension, until the slow process of marriage-troubles reveals to her the painful sight and sense of her own superiority. Gentlemen were bolder in my grandfather's days than they are in mine; and ladies also. If either saw a person of opposite sex at church, at the theatre, Ranelagh, or elsewhere, they very often made signal of admiration or invitation too plain to be doubted. This was indeed one of the things which aided young men of property and title in their frightful 'affairs of gallantry,' and is the pivot and turning-point in all the memoirs, comedies, novels, and magazine-stories of that time.

One evening, in the summer of 1758, my grandfather betook himself to Vauxhall. He had seen very many young demoiselles during his stay in town; but he had as yet received no wound which the spear of Telephus alone could heal. He had been also to Vauxhall two or three evenings previously, and had glanced and ogled with all the earnestness and pertinacity of an unengaged man; but this fateful evening put a close to all these wanderings and uncertainties. While he was looking backwards and forwards with his customary inquisitiveness, a young lady entered between two gentlemen, who suddenly drew his roving eyes to herself, and unwittingly kept them fixed there during the whole performance. Before he looked for it, my poor grandfather was overcome.

As soon as the songs were over, he followed her from the orchestra to the banqueting-room, and through the long leafy colonnades, with their myriads of little lamps. He stopped when she stopped. When the company were rushing to see the water-works, he kept close to her; and every time she looked at him —and she did so frequently, by choice or chance—he assumed a most serious, speaking, and melancholy countenance.

It was a great sorrow to him when he saw the young lady take her departure, and marked her into her coach. However, he resolved to assure himself of her dwelling-place, and began to picture himself asking the consent of a father or a guardian, or opposing a rival, wealthier and more favoured than himself. He jumped into a coach, and bade the driver follow that in which the young lady had seated herself. But he was not to succeed so easily. The night was foggy when they started; it gradually grew denser; and before they had reached Westminster, my grandfather's coachman turned round and called out that he had quite lost sight of the chase. So he was ordered by my hurt and disconsolate relative to drive to the coffee-house at which he was staying.

This was by no means the first young lady whose bright eyes had stricken my grandfather in public places. Other young ladies he forgot, after a good supper, or at the sight of a fresh face, or at the thought how impossible it would be to know them, or by consideration of the difference there is between looking a beauty and being good. But he could not forget the maiden of Vauxhall. He lost his appetite, not only for town delicacies, but also for town amusements. At last, after three days of suffering, during which, it must be confessed, he neither wished nor tried to heal himself, he sought consolation, and kept hope from starving, by inserting the following in the *Public Advertiser:*

'A young lady who was at Vauxhall last Tuesday night, in company with two elderly gentlemen, could not but observe a young clergyman, who, being near her at the orchestra during the performance, and especially at the last song, gazed upon her with the utmost attention. He earnestly hopes, if unmarried, she will favour him with a line, directed to V. V., at the bar of the Temple-exchange Coffee-house, to inform him whether fortune, family, character, and profession, may not entitle him, upon further knowledge, to hope an interest in her heart. He begs she will pardon the method he has taken to let her know the situation of his mind, as, being a stranger, he despaired of doing it in any other way, or even of seeing her more. As his views are founded on the most honourable principles, he presumes to hope the occasion will justify, if she generously breaks through this trifling formality of the sex, rather than, by a cruel silence, render unhappy one who must ever expect to continue so, if debarred from a nearer acquaintance with her, in whose power alone it is to complete his felicity.'

Unluckily, this advertisement was either not seen by the young lady, or, if seen, the young gentleman had been unnoticed, or, if noticed, she had not found in herself any corresponding desire towards him. My grandfather was so solemnised by this sudden love, and the hopeless issue of it, that he could find no pleasure in theatres, gardens, or routs, and actually sought his excitement for the next fortnight in attending daily prayers at the Abbey, the Temple Church, St Andrew's on Holborn Hill, or St Paul's. After that time, he began to reason with himself that she might go often to the places whither the town resorted, and that another chance meeting at the theatres, or at Ranelagh, if not very likely, was still not quite impossible. This was the last straw in sight of his rapidly sinking hope.

Accordingly he went; at first, blind and dumb, to whatever was played or sung before him, unmoved alike by Garrick and Mrs Clive in the merriest farces, and by the compositions of Handel and Dr Arne; but, by degrees, these reinterested him; next, he glanced at the bright faces with their mighty *capricles*, their 'post-chaise and horses, chair and chairmen' on their heads, in the boxes; he began to find himself curable; and he returned to Nottinghamshire, though a slightly altered, still a very merry man; he amused himself reading, on his road, the two new volumes of *Tristram Shandy* by his brother in orders, the Rev. Laurence Sterne.

My grandfather had been absent from his cure exactly two months, during which time his very light and easy duties were taken by an unbeneficed friend, a schoolmaster in Nottingham, and man of high repute at Cambridge. These consisted in riding over on Sunday morning, putting on a clerical wig kept in the sacristy, and a surplice much more like a smock-frock than that habiliment recognised by ecclesiologists as the officiating costume of an English priest, and reading a sermon of Dr Sherlock's on the evidences of Christianity, to a few old women, a dozen framework knitters, and a number of children, who, as they perceived neither the drift nor the need of it, thought it mightily learned. Pastoral visitation was an exercise my grandfather, at this polite period of his life, conceived quite unnecessary; and frequent non-residence was not only not a sin, but a laudable and gentlemanlike habit in the town season; and, if funds permitted, in the Bath and Matlock season also.

To these not onerous duties my grandfather returned with a heart almost whole. There was just a scratch in that organ—I can scarcely call it a

Digitized by Google

wound—which gave him a little smart at eve and in solitude, in all such idle times and conditions as court memory. To get rid of this he made twilight lively by inviting an old college friend, a county captain, or one of the pupils of the Nottingham tutor, to stay with him; and, when no visitor was to be had, by smoking his pipe at the Lord Ligonier Arms. He also added to his light clerical tasks the heavier avocation of an angler; and often, when his parishioners were taking their dogs ratting along the Trent-side on summer-evenings, they came upon their solitary priest with his fishing-rod, who, although he looked upon apostolical succession in that sense in which the non-jurors and the Romanists held it, as quite beneath the notice of a man of taste and ton, very frequently found himself their successor in the piscatorial act of toiling all day and catching nothing.

Just at this time some leading political persons in the county were using great efforts to start a new church and anti-gallican newspaper for the midland district—I forget its name. Like so many of modern date, it was just got to move, strutted a little way, bragged of its power and vitality, and suddenly dropped down dead. The promoters mainly depended on the support of the squirearchy and clergy; letters were addressed to all these persons; amongst others, consequently, to my grandfather. He was delighted—it came to him in the light of that deliverance from *ennui* which he had long been looking for. He not only promised to use his utmost efforts to further its circulation amongst his clerical brethren, but also volunteered his services as contributor.

I have in my possession a book of printed slips from this newspaper, being the entire series of my grandfather's contributions to it. They consist mainly of panegyrics on Frederick the Great, at that time the most popular man in England. These are a specimen of their titles: A Sketch of the Life of that Grand Character who is the Hope of Europe (the king of Prussia); the Protestant Hero (the king of Prussia); an Essay on the Literary Labours of the Great Philosophical Monarch (the king of Prussia); the Scourge of Superstition: an Ode to the King of Prussia; Tribulator Galliæ: an Ode to the Great Frederick; Cæsar Outdone, or a History of the Battles of our Magnanimous Ally (the king of Prussia).

To these are appended a series of papers, some in print, and some only in manuscript, imagined by my well-meaning grandfather to be in the style of the *Tatler* and *Spectator;* but they are not of that use for the illustration of the middle of the eighteenth century which those inimitable papers are for that of its commencement, or I should either have published them, or presented them to our national library at the Museum.

Every Thursday morning, if my grandfather had not started very much earlier to fetch it, a lad came over from the printer's at Nottingham with this paper. In February 1759, the twentieth week after its birth, and seventh before its death, the boy brought the small quarto, as the young rector was dressing himself for a day's shooting in Lord Byron's park at Newstead, the noble owner* of which, six years afterwards, killed his neighbour, Mr Chaworth, in a duel. With him in his bedroom, making sarcastic remarks on every article of dress as he put it on, at every glance he gave towards his legs, or in the mirror, were his friends, Captain Clayton, that renowned marksman, and the Nottingham tutor, who had been confessor and adviser in that delicate matter of the heart which occurred to my relative when in London. He lengthened the already too-extended and too-interrupted dressing-time, by occasional glances at the newspaper; a paragraph, and then a turn at the toilet; another paragraph, and then the toilet again. News, however, was the smallest matter in those days. 'Our own correspondent' was not yet allowed the honour of having his entire communication appear in print; the editor skimmed the cream off it, which he presented to the readers after his own confection. Hence it was that the rector had soon finished the news, and begun upon the advertisements. There was not that number which appeared in the London papers, and what there was was a puddle compared with the ocean we are used to in this day; but the advertisers in this midland print averaged from three to six. Prominently, amid these few, stood forth the following:

'If any young clergyman, somewhat agreeable in person, and who has a small independent fortune, can be well recommended as to strictness of life and good temper, firmly attached to this present happy establishment, and is willing to engage in the matrimonial estate, with an agreeable young lady, in whose power it is to bestow L.100 per annum—any person whom this may suit, may call at the second house in Berkeley Street within four days of this advertisement, having previously left a line directed to A. Z. at the same house.'

This smote my grandfather with such a sudden, peculiar, and visible effect, that both his friends inquired if there was any very astounding news in the paper. He laughed, and said there was an advertisement for himself. He tossed it over to them, telling them to read the second from the top. While they were doing so, he himself was the channel of a whole flood of unexpected thoughts and resolutions. Here was the perpetual cure for the unavoidable *ennui* of village-life, the longed-for talisman to make the rectory-house endurable, nay, even sunny and gladsome. A London lady, too; not like some rich Nottinghamshire damsels he had been introduced to, who had twice been to the county town, and who thought themselves the cynosure of all eyes in their grandmother's seldom worn pinner. True, it was a lottery; and among so many he was likely to lose after all. He felt disinclined for the rook-shooting.

The captain began immediately to rally him on this advertisement, saying he was evidently foreappointed to fit its standard. He spake the very thoughts that were in my relative's own mind. He advised him to set off for town to-morrow, and be in the field before any hungry London curate had snapped her up. 'You will be a fool, if you don't try,' said he; 'it will but be an adventure if you lose. But' (with a military and fashionable expletive), he added, 'you are sure to win, old boy.'

My grandfather appealed to his clerical friend.

'I will say nothing,' said he. 'You ought to remember what fine things you have told me over and over again about a certain young lady; undying love, and so on.'

The captain informed the younger clergyman that the elder, 'like all other schoolmasters, was an ass, and always remembered his trade was to teach, and spoke to men as if they were lads.' A controversy ensued between the priest and the soldier; in which (my grandfather's inclination being on that side, and his opponent also doggedly dumb as to reasons for not going) the man of the sword got the best. He said he would excuse the young parson from the shooting, and so give him time to make ready for starting by to-morrow's coach. The elder parson said he should fulfil a promised call on the father of one of his pupils, and should go into Bedfordshire by to-day's coach, if he could get back to Nottingham in time. Accordingly, the captain and my grandfather sat down to breakfast, and the tutor mounted his

* Uncle of the poet.

Digitized by Google

horse, saying, as he rode off, 'he was sure his friend would sleep off his Quixotic notion of rushing after an unknown lady of untold, and, therefore, of pretty advanced age.'

My anxious relative, however, arrived in town by the next coach, bought a new wig and suit, and having left a letter proclaiming his hopes, called at the address mentioned in the advertisement. He was shewn into a room handsomely furnished, and hung with Mr Hogarth's new prints of the Election, which had only been published a few weeks. Here he sat down in great trepidation, and waited for above twenty minutes, during which time he first gave cool consideration to some of the less pleasant possibilities of his adventure—the chance of the lady being much older than himself, or marked with the small-pox, or stammering, or lame, or possibly squinting hideously.

At last the door-handle sounded, and the door flew open. Guess his surprise when his friend the tutor from Nottingham marched in. My grandfather at first blushed up to his eyes. 'What! we were to appear as rivals, then?' he stammered out—perceiving at the same time *why* his friend, if he might any longer call him so, had dissuaded him, and stolen a march to London under feint of Bedfordshire. In a moment, however, he consoled himself by a comparison of his own person and age with that of his treacherous brother in orders. These thoughts made him silent, and, for a minute or two, also forgetful of his awkward position. Should they see the young lady alone, or together? Had they no other rivals? Possibly, she was desirous of a Nottinghamshire husband, and had advertised in no other newspaper.

The elder clergyman burst out laughing. At this my grandfather was aroused, and laughed also—more, however, to take off his nervousness than from spontaneous sympathy.

'My dear Jack,' said the tutor, 'I see I must give in; I shall stand no chance against a brisk young fellow like you.' And he sprang up and abruptly left the room. My grandfather heard his laugh on the stairs. He began to see that he was being hoaxed, and felt bewildered. How the squires, captains, and parsons would laugh at him!

A moment after, the tutor reappeared, leading in a young lady. How shall I tell my grandfather's surprise? It was that very same maiden whom he had watched and followed at Vauxhall, and sighed after so many times since. To this first happy perception soon followed the second.

'Armida, my love—my dearest friend, the Reverend John Grantley.'

'Jack, my lad—my dear little niece.'

The explanation is very short. The merry old clergyman had perceived from Grantley's clear description, at his very first confession, that the young lady by whom he had been smitten was his own niece, a native of Nottingham, at that time staying in London with his two brothers the lawyers, and with them going the round of town amusements. She had returned to Nottingham before my grandfather. The further he thought himself from her, the nearer he really was—a consideration which often filled his confessor with inward laughter. She had frequently seen him from her father's window; had heard him preach in St Peter's, though hidden from him by the Christmas bushes and the deep wooden walls. She had even been in her uncle's house one day when the young rector called there, and was bent upon seeing and speaking with him; but her determined relative sent her home, promising to arrange an introduction before the month was out. She confessed she liked the look and constancy of her admirer, and entered heartily into her uncle's merry scheme of the advertisement. The captain was taken into counsel as accomplice, and agreed to urge my grandfather to the departing point. There was no fear of any other clergyman answering the advertisement; for the circulation was too lamentably small, and the contriver knew the habits and property of every other clerical subscriber.

LITERARY LIFE IN GERMANY.

Two graceful and charming volumes are lying before us, to which we would invite our readers' attention.* The author's design is to give a popular history of German poetry, with sketches of the lives of the poets; and this is executed in such a manner that we rise from the perusal with a wonderfully clear view of so extensive a field; while the career of many of the personages is so artistically delineated as to give the narrative all the interest of a romance. We cannot, however, include the verse in this warm commendation, for the volumes, to use a favourite phrase of our ancestors, are 'interspersed with poetry'—consisting of translated specimens of the German works referred to. If those translations are faithful, the specimens must be ill chosen, since they do not bear out our author's criticism; but the most courteous, and probably the most correct, supposition is, that, as usually happens, the subtle spirit of poetry has escaped in the process of transfusion from one language into another.

In the first volume, the history is brought down to the period when in Germany—devastated by the Peasant War, then by the atrocities of Anabaptism, and the more dreadful atrocities in which it was extinguished, then by the Thirty Years' War, which cut off two-thirds of the population of the country—the lamp of poetry, and indeed of literature generally, after one or two fitful flickers, was wholly extinguished. It was later and more slowly re-illumed at the Revival than in any other country in Europe; but gradually, at length, the spirit of German poetry arose from its ashes, though streaming no longer in the national gushes of a homogeneous character which had before distinguished it. Acted upon by new influences, it was divided into numerous schools, all insignificant when viewed from the column of history, but each appearing great in the eyes of its contemporaries. In the eighteenth century, the prosaic hymns of Gellert, and the lackadaisical idyls of Gessner, procured for their authors unbounded reputation; but, at the same epoch, Klopstock came forth, and achieved a fame that even now, though dimmed, is not altogether extinguished. Then, as time flowed on, Lessing, Herder, Bürger, Wieland, Schiller, and Goethe rose above the brightening horizon. It is not with the genius of individual poets, however, we have anything to do for the present: we wish to inquire into their status in the aggregate as a portion of the literary body; and while obtaining some idea of this, an instructive comparison will unconsciously suggest itself between them and their brethren of our own country.

In England, there is no such thing as a republic of letters; there, each literary man stands alone, and he does not obtain even the personal acquaintance of his fellows in virtue of his calling. It is different in Germany, where literature is a species of freemasonry, in which the members of the craft look upon themselves as brethren, and where these members are

* *Poets and Poetry of Germany.* Biographical and Critical Notices. By Madame L. Davésiés de Pontès. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1858.

Digitized by Google

recognised by the rest of the people as belonging to a distinct profession. When the young and poor Klopstock, for instance, the victim of love and poetry, was indulging his dreams and his sorrows by the Lake of Zurich, he suddenly received a letter from the king of Denmark, inviting him to his court, and offering him a trifling annuity in the meantime, and the reversion of some post worthy of his acceptance. When Lessing published his drama, the *Laocoon*, he was at once invited, as much to his surprise as delight, to remove from Berlin, and undertake the superintendence of a new national theatre just opened at Hamburg; and when his salary ceased here, and he was reduced to desperation, being in want of the very necessaries of life, the Duke of Brunswick, who knew him only by his works, tendered him the post of librarian at Wolfenbüttel. When the Elector of Mainz wanted a director for the university of Erfurt, he applied at once to Wieland, as a man whose fitness for the post was proved by his published books. The poet did not find the situation an agreeable one; but he was soon invited by the Duchess of Weimar to become tutor to the young duke; and various unsolicited compliments were paid to his genius by other princes and nobles. Nor were other classes of the community less discriminating. German authors have usually had a resource in tuition; for the people considered that they who shewed themselves capable of turning to good advantage their own education, must be well fitted to educate others.

Let us not imagine, however, that literature in Germany was, or is now, a flourishing profession in the pecuniary sense of the term. The nobles, although indeed shorn of their beams, were still the dominant party, and they alone were eligible for either civil or military posts of any consequence. They were no longer, it is true, the rivals or masters of the sovereign, who now kept them in their places by means of a standing army; but the very hopelessness of their subjection to the crown rendered them the more tenacious of their tyrannical hold upon the people. They still kept up their heritable jurisdictions, by means of which they fined, scourged, and put to death the peasant tenants; and many of those ancestral privileges remained intact till the revolution of 1848. The emoluments, therefore, even of those literary men who basked in the sunshine of royalty, were not great. Wieland, for instance, when invited to be tutor to the young Duke of Weimar, was offered L.90 a year for his three years of service, and after that, a pension of L.23 for life. But let us not smile at this princely generosity in a country and at a time when beef was seven farthings a pound, veal less than three-halfpence, and house-rent, fuel, &c., in proportion. A thorough maid-servant thought herself well off with less than L.3 a year; a first-rate cook had L.4, 3s.; and a maid-of-all-work not quite L.2. This was at Frankfort, Berlin, or Vienna; in the country, the remuneration of domestic labour was not so extravagant. When Voss contributed to the *Musen-Almanach*, his precarious income was about L.60 a year—a sum which Schiller declared he could live on charmingly with his wife and family—but when he was appointed director of that publication, with a fixed salary of L.70 a year, he at once married his Ernestine, with her anxious mother's approbation, which she had hitherto withheld.

Poverty, however, was, and is, no crime and no shame in Germany. It was never there inconsistent with the highest refinement and the most genial sociality. Look at this picture of the *ménage* of the author we have last mentioned: 'In May 1778, Voss became the husband of her whom he so fondly loved, and bore her back to his humble home at Wandsbeck. As, however, the single chamber with which he had been contented during his bachelor-life was now insufficient, he hired a little garden-pavilion, and here they established themselves as well as the narrow space allowed. A clear and sparkling rill flowed at the foot of their abode; and the trees and flowers that surrounded it gave it an air of cheerfulness and gaiety which, in the eyes of the young lovers, atoned for the absence of everything but the most simple necessaries. The evening after their arrival, they visited Claudius, and many a happy evening did they spend in his garden, where a chosen few were wont to meet three or four times a week. Every description of luxury was banished as unsuited to the means of the entertainers; neither tea nor coffee was allowed; beer, home-brewed, with bread and cheese, and sometimes a little cold ham, or bacon, were the only refreshments permitted; but the mirth and good-humour of the party required no stimulants; they were as happy as youth, health, friendship, and congenial society could make them. One evening, it was discovered that the provision of home-brewed beer was exhausted, and even that of cheese was waxing low. Some potatoes, however, and a little rice-soup remained from dinner, and with these, Ernestine tells us, they were as happy as princes. "When Claudius came to spend the evening with us, he always bound his little daughter to his back; she was then laid in our bed till his return home." Campe and Lessing were frequently of the party, and joined in all their innocent gaiety.

'We have lingered on this picture of rural enjoyment, because it proves how possible it is to unite the highest literary culture with the simplest mode of existence, the most perfect refinement of mind and manners with the total absence of wealth or splendour.'

This is delicious; but to complete the idea it conveys, we must give a glimpse of a very different interior, that of Wieland, in which refined comfort is heightened by the same genial warmth: 'The house of my friend is at once elegant and rural. It has a fine kitchen-garden extending to a beautiful wood, which, in its turn, stretches to the banks of the river. I dine every day with the patriarch and his four charming daughters in the library, which commands a view of an extensive and verdant meadow. I inquired who was that robust and handsome youth, mowing the grass around a thicket of roses. It was his son. I for my part assist the mother and daughters in their household duties. Country-life reigns here in all its charming simplicity. Goethe came to dine with us the other day; nothing could be more simple than his manners. It was delightful to see these two poets seated side by side, without jealousy, pretension, or affectation, calling each other by their Christian names, as they did in their youth, resembling much less two *beaux esprit* than two good merchants of Gröningen, united by the ties of affection and relationship. The daughters of the great Herder shortly after joined us. Beauty, goodness, wit, genius, and sincere affection—all united in this little room.'

The minnesingers passed away, with the thirteenth century, and the meistersängers were practically extinct at the close of the seventeenth; but the poets of Germany seem gregarious by nature; and in the latter part of the eighteenth century another national association arose of a similar kind, called the Hainbund. The *Musen-Almanach*, already mentioned, was established by them as their poetical organ; and the association in the course of time included the names of many distinguished authors, such as the Stolbergs, Schlegels, and Bürger. The earlier members met every Saturday 'at each other's houses, and there read and criticised their own productions and those of men of more established fame. At times they would assemble in some romantic spot "under the shade of lofty oaks, in the glimmering moonlight, by the side

Digitized by Google

of murmuring streams or in grassy meads," and there give full vent to that passionate and somewhat exaggerated love of romance and nature which form the principal characteristics of their poetry.' On one occasion they went out to a neighbouring village. 'The weather was most lovely,' says Voss; 'the moon full; we gave ourselves up completely to the enjoyments of nature, drank some milk in a peasant's cottage, and then hastened to the open meadows. Here we found a little oak-wood, and at the same moment it occurred to us all to swear the holy oath of friendship, under the shadow of these sacred trees. We crowned our hats with ivy, laid them beneath the spreading branches of the oaks, and clasping each other's hands, danced round the massive trunk. We called on the moon and stars to witness our union, and swore eternal friendship. We pledged ourselves to repeat this ceremony in a still more solemn manner on the first occasion. I was chosen by lot as the head of the Bund.'

Among the compensations of that tribe whose badge is poverty, we find love the most remarkable. Elsewhere, love is usually an episode: here, it is an important part of the history, its golden threads interwoven throughout the whole web. We have seen literary men introduced by their works alone to such offices as they were supposed to be capable of filling with advantage; but the same works gave them entrance — sometimes personally unseen and unknown—into the hearts of women. Klopstock affords an example of this. A friend one day read to him from a letter some criticisms on the *Messiah*, which struck the gratified poet by their depth of thought and poetical feeling. He learned that the critic was a maiden; and although at the moment smarting under a love disappointment, called on her with a letter of introduction. 'Margaretha Moller was one of the most enthusiastic of Klopstock's admirers. Ardent and imaginative, endowed with talents of no common order, with a heart as warm as her intellect was cultivated, the author of the *Messiah* was in her eyes the ideal of all that was great and good in human nature. To see him, to know him, seemed to her a privilege which would gratify her utmost wishes, but which she could scarcely ever hope to enjoy. Her delight and astonishment may be conceived when she actually heard his name announced. Meta was at that moment engaged in some domestic occupation—no other, we believe, than that of sorting out the household linen—and the room was consequently in no little disorder. Her sister proposed declining the visit for that morning; but the fair enthusiast would not hear of such a suggestion. The linen was quickly concealed, and Klopstock introduced.' In this first interview, at which he found the young lady 'at once so gifted, so amiable, and so charming, that he could hardly avoid giving her the name dearest to him in the world,' a correspondence was agreed upon. He found that she wrote as naturally as she spoke, and that, besides French, she was well acquainted with English, Italian, Latin, and—adds Klopstock—'perhaps Greek, for aught I know.'

Meta never thought of concealing her love—a love which marriage had only the effect of increasing. '"Since Klopstock and I have met," writes she to her correspondent Gleim, "I firmly believe that all those who are formed for each other are sure to meet sooner or later. How could I ever dream, when I knew Klopstock only by his *Messiah* and his odes, and so fondly wished for a heart like his, that very heart would one day be mine? . . . . Even in my thirteenth year, I thought seriously how I should arrange my life, whether I married or remained single. In the first case, I settled how I should manage my household, educate my children, and above all, conduct myself towards my husband. I formed the *beau idéal* of the consort I should desire, and Providence has given me precisely him whom I had pictured to myself as the type, the model of human perfection." . . . . "I must tell you a new happiness," she writes to another, "which increases the number of my calm enjoyments. Klopstock, who had hitherto written out his compositions himself, begins to dictate them to me! This is indeed a delight! Klopstock's first manuscript is always written by my hand, and thus I am the first to read his beautiful verses! Rejoice in the advent of the second volume of the *Messiah*. Abbadona appears more frequently in the ninth song. Do I love Klopstock particularly as the author of the *Messiah*? Ah, for how many causes do I particularly love him! But on this account more than any other. And what a love is this! How pure, how tender, how full of veneration! I am most anxious he should finish the *Messiah*, not so much on account of the honour which will redound to him in consequence, as of the benefit it will confer on mankind. He never works at it without my praying that God may bless his labours. My Klopstock always writes with tears in his eyes!"'

The irritable and melancholy Lessing obtained a wife whose admirable qualities acted like heavenly balm upon the spirit of every one who came near her. 'The spell which Madame Lessing threw over those around her could not fail to exercise a potent influence on a mind like that of her husband's, so keenly alive to all that was good and noble. His irritability decreased; his whole nature seemed tranquillised and softened, and the very spirit of love and concord reigned over the little household.' Wieland's first love was unfortunate, although he was beloved in return. His second was so also; and we mention it because the description of the lady shews, what one is inclined to suspect throughout, that the attachment of the German literary heart is determined by qualities different from physical beauty. 'A greater contrast to Sophia could scarcely be conceived. Julia was plain even to ugliness; somewhat pedantic withal, fond of talking with a loud voice and dictatorial manner, not unlike the picture drawn of the gifted and unfortunate Margaret Fuller. Like her, too, she contrived to make all these imperfections forgotten by her intellectual charms, and exercised on every one who came within her sphere an influence absolutely magical. "There is nothing in the world I would not do—nothing that ought to be done, I mean," Wieland writes to Zimmermann, "to win the hand of Julia; but I fear this is impossible." So it proved. Julia was resolved to live and die in single blessedness, and, strange to say, fulfilled her resolution.' Notwithstanding later attachments, however, his early love was never forgotten. At the ripe age of fifty-five, he once more met Sophia. 'Wieland had inquired after her with some impatience, and seemed most anxious to see her. All at once he perceived her. I saw him tremble; he stepped aside, threw his hat down with a movement at once hasty and tremulous, and hastened towards her. Sophia approached him with extended arms; but instead of accepting her embrace, he seized her hand, and stooped down to conceal his features. Sophia, with a heavenly look, bent over him, and said, in a tone which neither clarion nor hautboys could imitate: "Wieland, Wieland! Yes, it is you—you are ever my dear good Wieland!" Roused by this touching voice, Wieland lifted up his head, looked in the weeping eyes of the friend of his youth, and let his face sink into her arms.'

But the loves of the poets is too extensive a theme for our space, and we shall conclude by citing the case of Bürger after the death of his second wife, to whom he was even madly attached. 'Bürger's poems were peculiar favourites among the fair sex, and one of their

Digitized by Google

warmest admirers was a Suabian maiden, called Elisa H——. Young, ardent, and romantic to excess, she had hung with rapture over Bürger's poems; she had listened with pitying sympathy to the recital of his love and his sorrows, and her imagination had pictured him under the most attractive form. Wayward and passionate, thoughtless and unreflective, now gladsome as a child, now plunged into the depths of sadness—"everything by turns, and nothing long"—Elisa was the most charming and the most provoking of her sex. Though far from wealthy, her position was at least independent, and her wit and beauty attracted numerous admirers. As none of her adorers had yet found favour in her eyes, probably because they fell short of the standard of excellence her imagination had formed, she was still unmarried and fancy-free, when the tidings of Molly's [the wife's] death reached her, and awakened feelings which at first she herself scarcely dared to analyse. Bürger, he whose poems had been so long the delight of her heart, now thrilling her with terror, now moving her to tears, was free! That being whom he had so passionately loved was torn from him by the cruel hand of death; and, as Elisa pictured his wild despair, his hopeless anguish, his utter loneliness, her enthusiastic soul warmed with mingled tenderness and pity. To see him, to know him, to console him, this was at first the sole end and aim of all her wishes. Gradually others arose—might she not by her love and care reconcile him to that world which was now become a desert to him, and replace his lost Molly in his heart? She did not pause to consider whether a union with a man double her age, who had already twice entered the bonds of matrimony, would be likely to insure her happiness. She trusted to her charms, to her influence, to efface all remembrance of his beloved Molly, and to mould him to her wishes—a delusion which has blasted the peace of many a fond heart.'

Among the names mentioned by our author are not those of Goethe or Schiller, or of the writers who have flourished in our own generation; but these will form the subject of a future work. In the meantime, we have thought that it might not be considered an uninteresting or unsuggestive service to deduce from the present volumes some slight account of the compensations of literary life in Germany.

THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY AND FRIDAY PAYMENTS.

A MEMORIAL from the Early-closing Association has been laid before the governor and directors of the Bank of England, with a request that they would sanction the movement by closing the Bank at two o'clock on Saturdays, and thereby 'confer an important privilege on those engaged in that establishment, facilitate the adoption of the practice in the London banks generally, and at the same time give a powerful impetus to the cause in other quarters.'

Upwards of eleven hundred of the leading city firms have given their hearty concurrence to this proposition, 'believing that no inconvenience can arise to the public from such alteration being immediately effected,' and their names are affixed to the memorial. It sets forth that this generous concession will not only 'enable many thousands of the mercantile and industrial classes, with their families—without infringing on the Sunday—to participate in those interchanges of friendship, and to take that healthful relaxation, which constitute some of the chief enjoyments, and even necessities of life;' but also that an indirect result of great importance will arise from it, in the more general payment of wages on the Friday instead of the Saturday.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the advantages of such a change. 'When a working instead of a leisure day,' says a committee of the House of Commons, appointed to consider this subject, 'succeeds the receipt of wages, the workman encounters fewer temptations to dissipate his earnings at the gin-shop, instead of employing them in the purchase of necessaries for his family. If gentlemen-manufacturers, master-tradesmen, and farmers were aware of the benefits which must result to the labouring-class from paying their wages on an earlier day than Saturday, especially if that day precede a market-day, your committee entertain no doubt that feelings of kindness, as well as duty, would soon cause the practice to become general.'

And again: 'If the labourer does not receive his wages in proper time on the Saturday to allow him Sunday as a day of rest or recreation, he is manifestly injured by being deprived of that portion of time which it has been the design of laws, both human and divine, to secure to him. If, on the other hand, he receives his wages in time to enable him to make his purchases on the Saturday evening, he is committing an injustice on the shopkeeper by causing him to sacrifice his day of rest by delaying his purchases to the Sunday.'

Nevertheless, we must remember that the absolute and universal stoppage of Sunday trading is impossible so long as the poor are so infamously lodged as they are at present. When seven or eight persons occupy the same room, eating and sleeping, the presence, in addition, of a leg of mutton hanging from the ceiling—which is their only 'safe'—is far from wholesome on the Saturday night, nor is the morsel itself rendered more savoury by the process for the ensuing day; but with respect to commodities which are not perishable, they need never be bought upon the Sunday by persons who receive their wages before the preceding evening. All the weekly labourers in the Queen's employment are paid on Friday, and all those in the government establishments either on that day or before Saturday afternoon; while the same is the case with the Metropolitan and City police forces. Moreover, all the Friday-paying firms agree that their men do not keep worse time, and are not less fitted for their duties on Saturday by reason of the change.

The Association, as might have been expected, have indeed been far more successful in effecting this alteration of pay-day than in procuring a diminution of the hours of toil. It is hard to persuade the commercial mind that a few hours *given* is not a few hours *lost*, nor does it quite see the necessity of 'refreshing the machine' at all—in the case of other people.

Still, there is a very large minority of liberal-minded merchants, manufacturers, and traders, who have sympathised with the early-closing movement, and adopted more or less entirely the Saturday half-holiday, including the Stock Exchange; Lloyd's; the Baltic Coffee-house; a large majority of the insurance companies; the General Post-office in some departments; the railway companies in certain divisions; the distillers; many of the brewers; the hop-factors; the leather-factors; several of the great printers; the wholesale fruiterers; the wholesale stationers; the wholesale booksellers; numerous merchants and brokers; with all the great warehousemen to the north and south of Cheapside, engaged in the Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Coventry, Leicester, Nottingham, and Scotch trades. While, as an example of the progress of the cause, 'her Majesty's judges, and subsequently the lord chancellor, have established new rules touching the service of pleadings, notices, summonses, &c., to facilitate the carrying out of the movement in the legal profession; and,

Digitized by Google

readily availing themselves of these new rules, upwards of seven hundred of the leading London solicitors now close their offices on Saturday at two o'clock.

'The bankers, in some of the principal cities in the north of England, including Liverpool and Manchester, as also in Scotland, have for some years past carried out the half-holiday movement.'

The testimonies of many of the more important firms who have long adopted Early Closing, are very gratifying. It in reality appears that, 'whilst they have thus conferred an important boon on those in their employ, for which the latter are most grateful, they generally get as much work done in the shorter time as they formerly did in the more lengthened hours of business. Happily for the cause, this is no mere theory, which may or may not be correct, but the actual experience of business-men whose names stamp their statements with truth, and who, moreover, could have no motive to mislead the public in the matter. This pleasing result is, no doubt, partly owing to the greater heart, and more thorough concentration of purpose with which workmen naturally apply themselves to their calling when cheered by the prospect of a few hours of extra relaxation at the end of the week; and partly to the augmented restorative influence exercised by that prolonged cessation from toil.'

The employers sometimes require an extra half-hour *per diem*, in order to make up for the Saturday half-holiday, and their labourers are very ready to give it. Without this exaction, however, such a firm as Barclay and Perkins are able to assert that 'they have closed business entirely on Saturday, at two o'clock, for the last eighteen months, and the plan has occasioned no inconvenience or obstacle to the due execution of our regular work; on the contrary, it has resulted in greater convenience to all concerned.'

Chubb and Son 'have closed at 1 P.M. on Saturday, for the last eighteen months, and find the system answers very satisfactorily in both their manufactories (London and Wolverhampton).'

Alexander Grant and Brothers, who close at two o'clock on Saturday, declare that it 'has been very beneficial to ourselves, as well as to our people for whose advantage it was adopted. *We get quite as much, if not more, work done*, and a better class of men offer themselves for employment.'

The Patent Galvanising and Corrugating Iron Company has closed at two in the summer months, and four in the winter, and the proprietors 'have found no inconvenience whatever in their arrangement, but quite the reverse, as their men have done precisely as much work since shortening the hours of labour.'

The firm of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co., whose men leave work so early as at half-past twelve, assert this: 'Three years ago, we adopted the plan of giving the men in our employ a half-holiday on Saturdays. . . . . *We now complete in five days and a half that which formerly occupied six days to do*, and this without any inconvenience; and in the long-run we believe we are gainers rather than otherwise by so doing. Our men are decidedly improved; we get better servants, and the work is done more heartily. . . . We pay all our men at eight o'clock each Saturday morning.'

We have no room for further quotations; but nothing can be more gratifying to those who wish well to humanity than such testimonies from practical men to the commercial benefits which ensue from putting our own fingers to lighten the heavy burdens upon the shoulders of our labouring brethren. Of the moral advantages of such alleviation from toil, no man can doubt who reads the evidence here placed before him.

The physical necessity for some such change is obvious to all who are acquainted with the business streets of London and our manufacturing towns, and have marked the frames and faces of the passers-by. In Scotland, or rather—as we fear we must restrict ourselves to stating—in Edinburgh, there is no such conflict for the bare life; no such penning in unwholesome atmospheres the whole day long; no such ceaseless offering up of human health at the desk and counter altars, as in many other places. The hours of toil are certainly not so numerous as in English towns; and the Early Closing Movement—the Saturday Half-holiday—is, in addition, generally observed.

THE SCOTCHMAN IN IRELAND.

THE *Times* correspondent and such-like literary locusts would appear to have exhausted the Green Isle and the Irish utterly; but the author of *Ballytubber, or a Scotch Settler in Ireland*,* proves to us that there is something to be said upon the subject still. It really is a remarkable book for some reasons; and not the less that we have in it the Thistle reproaching the Shamrock with its unornamental appearance; the pot contemning the kettle upon the ground of its being black underneath; in plain terms, one who is familiar with Edinburgh Old Town and the Cowgate, giving the rough side of his tongue to the city of Belfast and the sister-land, upon the score, forsooth, of its being overcrowded and not overclean.

Mr Virgilius Penman, as the author calls himself, is certainly not inclined to be complimentary; but there is such an air of truth about what he goes on to say concerning Irish farm-letting, as proves it to be a personal experience. He is himself a Scotch settler in want of a farm. Such excellent demesnes are offered to him (upon paper) in the Irish advertisements, that he scarcely knows which to choose; all 'in most quiet and respectable localities;' all 'in sporting counties;' all 'in the neighbourhood of Protestant churches, good schools, and market-towns.' Some of these turn out to be such as the thriving city of Eden, in the United States, appeared, in reality, to Martin Chuzzlewit and Company; some are only 'put into the newspapers in order to meet the landlord's eye, while, all the time, they are engaged to some one at a certain rent, or intended to be retained in the agent's own hands;' and some 'are advertised solely for the purpose of ascertaining from applicants their marketable value, in order to raise or fix a rent for their present tenants; whereby strangers are often induced to incur long and expensive journeys fruitlessly.'

Let it be granted, however, that the unfortunate settler gets his stock and tillage-farm at last, consisting of 300 acres, and situated in that most civilised of Irish counties, Dublin; and suppose that his horses, cattle, sheep, are all that could be wished, and that he is fortunate in his husbandmen; even with these advantages, he is not, it seems, an enviable agriculturist. His wedders are slaughtered nightly, and the skins alone left to tell the tale, while the shepherd who narrates the misfortune is himself privy to the crime; or the sheep again suffer, and this time by a reverse of the felony, their wool being taken and their bodies left torn and bruised, and perished with the cold; or the manes and tails of the plough-horses are found shorn to the skin, and even the tails of the milch-cows laid under contribution.

The settler's most difficult task, however, seems to be the management of some twenty farm-labourers: five of whom, being men, are appointed to the horses;

* Houlston and Wright. London. 1858.

Digitized by Google

and 'fifteen women, ten of whom without shoes or stockings, in short, with one-third of their fair superficies *in puris naturalibus*—their heads, in most instances, uncovered—their vestments consist chiefly of the cast-off attire of both sexes, tucked together by pins and threads, and their hair smeared into cakes by *ham-grease*, and folded up under a ribbon; others have it hanging in slattern folds about their ears, or twisted like snakes around their temples.' At six o'clock A. M., the work of these farm-labourers is (supposed) to begin; and at the same hour, allowing an interval of two hours from eleven to one, they (very readily) retire. The wages for women are 8d. per diem; and for men, from 16d. to 18d. Let the unfortunate farmer relate his own experience of day the first:

'*Day the First.*—With the sound of the morning-bell, precisely at the hour of six, our illustrious husbandman enters the field. One only of his ploughmen is up to time; one has forgotten his hame-sticks, and has left his horses grazing by the way until he "just go fetch them;" another has let slip out of his hand one of his spirited mares, and is pursuing her about the farm; the fourth has slept in "because his wife was sick;" and the fifth has gone to the forge, having neglected to go on the preceding evening.... Of the number of females engaged, two only are forward at the hour appointed, and these are a soldier's widow and daughter. About an hour hence, a noisy band, singing and frolicking on their way, is seen advancing on the field; and at every hour or half-hour from this till past noon are stragglers coming in. The morning, it is true, has afforded a sorry start; but patience is a virtue, and hopes are entertained of a full muster for the afternoon. At the hour of one the roll is called. Twelve tell up; for though the complement has now appeared on the ground, three of the number are missing—gone off to meet their little boy or little girl, their brother or sister, who was to fetch their "bit o' bread and sup o' tay."'

Day the second is not much better, and day the third is worse; so that, if we are to believe the author of *Ballytubber*, the Scotch emigrant in search of a farm, who is not gifted with the patience of Job and the purse of Fortunatus, had better go further afield than into the sister-island. Nevertheless, as Mr Penman does stay in the place after all, one may conclude that things get better in time. Here is a description of one of the best contrivances, perhaps, for making them better that has yet been hit upon by those interested in Ireland's welfare—namely, the Court of Encumbered Estates. Its importance causes us—in true Irish fashion—to end our notice of Mr Penman's experiences with an account of that institution, without which they would never have begun. The court is held in Henrietta Street, and the auction generally commences about noon.

'You approach from this street through a goodly dwelling-house, now converted into offices in connection with the business of the court; thence by a long and narrow passage in the rear of this building to the court-room itself. On entering the disenchanting hall, you will naturally uncover, unmindful of the counter-example of some gentlemen you will see there—they are up from the wild countries where a new hat is a novelty, and Baron R——ds is a man of feeling. Taking your stand or seat as accommodation will afford, and running your eyes over the interior of the chamber, you will see a vast number of men seated on the different rows of benches; some with sharp, lively, trickish looks; others with sad and sorrowful countenances; and some, again, complacently watching at their ease the progress of the business. These three divisions of the company are the lawyers, nominal owners, and intended purchasers; and each order may readily be distinguished by the various expressions and emotions impressed upon their features. Some, you will perceive, are following the biddings with a nervous and visible anxiety; others engaged in the perusal of and pencilling on the margin of Rentals; whilst a third order are making notes, and conning over legal documents. The scene, viewed apart from its merits, has something grave and impressive in moral effect; relating perhaps, as it may, to some once noble patrimony, some once hospitable but now deserted habitation, where festivity and mirth seemed to promise endurance with the rising and setting sun, about to depart for ever from one whose name has been identified with the soil, whose lease or manorial tenure, once counted by centuries, is now within a few minutes of its eventful end—the glory of an illustrious ancestry about to be for ever severed from the territory which some noble founder had "called after his own name!"'

THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE.

SWEET June, I greet thee on thy birthday morn
With song and gladness; now my heart grows young,
As many blisses on its chords are strung
As bright-eyed flowers thy new-wove robe adorn.
Hail to thy coming o'er yon eastern hills,
Treading on gorgeous clouds whose humid locks
Are steeped in heaven's own purple; the high rocks
Gleam on thy path like gold; thy glory fills
Mountain and vale, the meadows and their streams;
The sweet birds in the forest are awake,
And of a new-born joy like mine partake—
The whole earth of its primal Sabbath dreams,
While fragrant airs in wooing whispers come
Kissing the opening flowers to brighter bloom.

J. D.

A MAINE LAW THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

When whisky was first introduced into Scotland, it appears to have been used only as a medicine, and to have been kept strictly under the lock and key of the medical practitioners, as it now is within those American towns where the Maine Law is rigorously enforced, backed by the sympathy and support of the people. A portion of the medical practitioners of Edinburgh—now the Royal College of Surgeons—in 1505 united in their own persons the rather incongruous duties of surgeons and barbers, and, in that capacity, applied to the town-council, in accordance with the customs of the age, to be formed into a separate incorporation. The town-council granted the prayer of 'thair bill and supplicatioun,' by issuing the 'seill of cause, granted be the towne-counsell of Edinburgh, to the craftis of Surregeury and Barbouris,' dated July 1, 1505. In the spirit of the times, this document—amongst other exclusive privileges conferred on the newly incorporated body—provided and declared 'that na persoun, man nor woman, within this burgh, *mak nor sell ony aquavite* within the samyn, except the saidis maisteris, brether and freemen of the craftis, under paine of the escheit of the samyn, but [without] favours.' This charter was ratified and confirmed by an act of the parliament of Scotland, passed in the reign of Charles I., November 17, 1641. The whisky-bottle had thus been in the exclusive keeping of the medical profession for nearly a century and a half, and, by this act, it appeared to be irrecoverably placed in their hands.—*Rise and Progress of Whisky Drinking in Scotland, by D. Maclaren.* Edinburgh: Oliphant.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 241. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

LATTER-DAY COACHMEN.

An elaborate monograph on the omnibus-drivers of London, and their interesting congeners the conductors, would prove an invaluable contribution to the natural history of mankind. Philosophers are much to blame for having allowed the habits of this important class of beings to escape their observation; and unless they make an early attempt to fill up the deplorable hiatus that exists in our knowledge, we shall cease to regard them with anything like respect. My own researches have led me to place the omnibus-driver between the fossil stage-coachman and the modern railway-guard, as I am convinced that he partakes of the nature of each of these distinct types. My endeavours to assign a true position in the chain of being to the conductor have unfortunately been less successful. The peculiarities of the driver are not well marked, owing to his transitional character. Now, his thick shawl wrappings, his countless capes, and his purple visage, recall the old stager; and now, his trim figure and jaunty air remind us of his connection with the railway official. The conductor is subject to still greater variation, his forms being truly Protean. Now he seems a groom, now a curate; sometimes one might mistake him for a decayed tradesman, a man about town, a ticket-of-leave holder, and sometimes, wonderful to relate, for a gentleman. My local habitation is situated at a nice inconvenient distance from Charing Cross, and my frequent journeys to and from town afford me many opportunities for studying the physical and mental characteristics of buss-men.

The Brown omnibuses pass my door every quarter of an hour. From nine o'clock till eleven, these celebrated vehicles are crowded with government officials, West-end banking-clerks, wealthy tradesmen, and all those varieties of the human race comprised under the head of men of business. I have an indescribable dread of these early passengers, and seldom venture to accompany them. They converse in a language I do not understand, and make free use of those mysterious words *consols*, *dividend*, *percentage*, *stock*, and *discount*, the true import of which I have never been able to master. All these early commercial birds look as if they had picked up the golden worm, and they all bear the mint-mark of respectability. The old gentlemen who ride inside, and sit staring at each other in grim silence, are unquestionably respectable; so are the severe fathers of families who discuss the state of the money-market on the front-seats; and so, indeed, are those pale-faced boys in long coats and tight collars, who smoke huge meerschaums and fat cigars on the roof. Nevertheless, I would rather not ride in such good company. I would rather wait till noon, when the mothers and daughters of our suburb begin to besiege the Brown busses, when the driver is being continually requested to pull up for another lady, and when the conductor hears nothing but a rustle of silk dresses and a clanking of iron hoops. The fair ones are bent on shopping, and will return in a few hours loaded with ducks of bonnets and divine mantles. Of course they ride inside, and I have seldom anybody to dispute with me my right to the box-seat.

My favourite driver is young Webb, a stripling over whose head some sixty summers may have flown. I do not know how the veteran came by the prefix of *young*, but young Webb he is, and young Webb he will remain, until his turn comes to take a trip in that dismal black omnibus which carries only one inside. His youthful spirits may have procured him the title; but I am inclined to believe that there is an old Webb hanging about the stables, and that my young friend is his son. This opinion is not without foundation, as mysterious allusions to the 'old party' are not uncommon in the driver's speeches. Young Webb looks out of place on an omnibus, and feels his degraded position acutely. He drove four horses in former times on the broad Oxford Road—a fact which he takes care to mention every time he sees me. He dresses in a costume approaching that worn by him in happier days, when, as he says, 'nobody thought them railways would answer, and when coachmen was almost as well cared for as bishops.' A light drab-coat ornamented with large pearl buttons covers his portly person; gaiters of the same colour protect his well-shod feet, and an ancient beaver-hat with a broad turned-up brim shades his rubicund face. The hot weather does not seem to affect him in the least, and he holds blouses and straw-hats in great contempt. Plenty of beef and an extra allowance of porter, he assures me, keep his head cool in the 'blazingest' weather. Young Webb is very communicative; but it is rather difficult to get at the meaning of his enigmatic sentences. I will endeavour to report a conversation we held together a few days since; but his speeches want a running accompaniment of winks, elbow-nudges, and flourishes of the whip, which cannot appear on paper. We were passing the establishment known as Mr De Fluke's Homœopathic Institute, when I ventured to address Young Webb on the subject of that medical man's capabilities.

'Oh, you want to know something about the doctor, do you? Wery likely. Perhaps this ain't the

Digitized by Google

right shop though; perhaps you'd better apply over the way, with which establishment there ain't no connection.'

'Do you know the gentleman?' I asked as mildly as possible.

'Do *I* know him? Ah, now, I see what you're driving at. I know him fast enough. If he wasn't a hawful vagabond, he'd perhaps be a most respectable man; but what might be, and what is, is two wery different horses.'

I assented to the truth of his last proposition, and requested to be furnished with further particulars.

'My opinion don't stand for much, sir,' continued the mysterious driver; 'but I generally knows what o'clock it is at dinner-time; and it's my private opinion that Dr De Fluke is a *cure*. Now, I'll just give an idea of the man as he is, leaving what he might be out of the question. This is him to the life. He's got a long white calico blind always drawed down to the wery bottom of the window, and a gold-headed cane, and all the rest of it. When the shutters is shut, Heaven only knows—but I suppose it's after everybody's abed; and when they're opened, I can't say, I'm sure, but wery likely afore everybody's up. Oh, he's a peculiar party, that he is!'

Not exactly seeing the connection between the doctor's shutters and his private character, I asked my friend to explain the hidden meaning contained in his words.

'There's nothing to explain,' said he; 'the calico blind speaks for itself. But that ain't all. There's his advertisements in the penny papers about his inwisable pills which ain't feasible. (Webb is very proud of this adjective.) I'm sure I hope them pins' heads may do the folks as takes them as much good as they does him; but what I hopes, and what I believes, is also different horses. But that's not all, sir. Look here—he's actially got a gallows-great letter-box in his front-door, with a hundred and forty-nine letters in it—all of them stuffed full of postage-stamps. This is merely a houtline of Dr De Fluke. If you want to know more about him, you go over to the Markis of Granby and have a drop of something warm—ginger-brandy, with a little bit of sugar, is wery good; but rum-shrub has its merits. If you light a Hawannah afterwards, I'm not the one to find fault with you. When you've taken your drop of comfort, just go to the bar and ask for Crissy the postman, and they'll bring him out to you. Then take him wery quietly aside, and whisper in his ear that you want to know something about the doctor; and tell him that young Webb sent you. Oh, he'll give you full particulars, he will! Oh, he just is a cure, and no mistake!'

At this moment, Mr Webb pulled up for a passenger, who had scarcely seated himself when my friend asked him whether *he* knew anything of Dr De Fluke—'a most respectable party, sir—most respectable!' The mythical personage alluded to as Crissy the postman, is Webb's authority for everything. It was only yesterday that he refused to give me any opinion as to the probability of having wet weather until he had 'reckoned it over' with Crissy.

Mr Higgins is a scholar and a gentleman, though he condescends to drive the one o'clock omnibus. His tastes are literary; and he passes much of his time in 'putting together some verses on a coachman's life.' Start not, reader! there are 'mute inglorious Miltons' on the box-seat, as well as elsewhere; nay, improbable as it may seem, I can bear witness to the artistic powers of a conductor! Mr Higgins is a severe critic, and does not spare the highest reputations. He will tell you that such a writer isn't of much account; that another is going to the dogs, and that a third had better shut up shop. He makes up, however, for the abuse he so freely bestows on some writers, by the lavish praises he awards to his favourites. He almost worships Eliza Cook, and is for ever quoting her poems, introducing each recitation as 'that pretty little verse by Miss Eliza,' or 'one of Miss Eliza's best.' He invariably asks me whether there is anything new in the book-line; and is extremely angry when I reply in the negative. When he hears a new song, he makes a note of it for my especial edification. 'I heard a pretty little thing last night, sir,' he will say. 'I gave a little musical supper to some friends from the country; and one of the young women—my wife's cousin, in fact—sang a song I think you'd like to have a copy of. I'm sure I forget the name of it; but it begins: "Alone on the desert, alone, all alone—Alone on the desert am I." Then I think it goes: "My good steed has fallen, my pathway is flown"—then—I forget how the last line comes in; but it's something about being "left here to die." It's a sweet pretty thing, if I could only remember it. You see, sir, it describes how a poor fellow wanders away from the caravan which contains his wife and family, and is overcome by the heat and the dusty roads. However, just as he is at the very last gasp, the bells of the camels are heard tinkling in the distance, and he and his animal are saved by the proprietor of the caravan. It nearly made me make a fool of myself, I can assure you, sir; and I felt quite relieved when Mary Anne (that's my wife's cousin) began jingling a bunch of keys in imitation of the camels' bells.' Mr Higgins has promised to favour me with a sight of his own composition, which I am convinced must be a literary curiosity.

Jones is a sporting driver. His face is long and thin like a horse's; the brim of his hat is perfectly flat; his coat is short; his waistcoat is long, and his trousers fit so tightly to his legs, that I have come to the conclusion that he must sleep in them. I think he has a notion that I am a horse-watcher, as he is always asking me to put him up to a good thing for the Ascot cup. He divides time not by the Gregorian, but by the Racing Calendar, and talks of the *Flying Dutchman* year, the *Teddington* year, and so on, as if all the world could understand him. Jones is not an interesting person, nevertheless he has his admirers, and more than one of the conductors swear by him.

Omnibus-driving has an acidifying effect upon some dispositions, at least I should judge so from the chronic peevishness of old Baxter, with whom I have often a little skirmishing-match. He labours under the delusion that he is a victim of continual persecution. When he is not at enmity with his passengers, he will inform them of the cruelty of his masters, who expect him to work night and day for a paltry little bit of dirt which is scarcely worth pocketing. Sometimes he will rave at the other omnibus companies, and point to the miserable condition of their cattle, or animadvert upon the upstart incapables who are intrusted with the reins. Stoppages in the street work him up to a pitch of frenzy, and will, I fear, some day bring on a fit of apoplexy. Whenever he is at a loss for a topic to grumble at, he falls back upon his conductor, who appears to be a very mild youth, but who, according to the driver, is little less than a fiend in more or less human shape.

These are a few of the varieties of the *genus* buss-man which have fallen under my immediate notice; countless others equally interesting await the coming of the monographer who shall classify and name them.

The cad or conductor has been much calumniated. He is considered to be the embodiment of all that is low and brutal. Even Bon Gaultier speaks disparagingly of him in that celebrated line:

I hold the gray barbarian lower than the Christian cad;

which is equal to saying, that the cad is the most degraded type of civilised man. For my own part,

Digitized by Google

I have generally found the cad to be a sprightly good-natured creature, rather too fond of indulging in 'chaff,' but capable of displaying considerable attachment to his regular customers. It would be impossible, within the narrow limits of this article, to do justice to my favourite conductors, but I cannot resist a temptation to lay before the reader a characteristic anecdote of Mr Edward Brown, or, as he is sometimes called, Smart Ned.

My friend Bilberry sometimes accompanies me to town; and as he has a strong objection to mount the box, I sacrifice my own comfort on the altar of friendship by riding inside. Bilberry is a popular lecturer of considerable fame, and what is more to the point, a very charming companion. He is a huge man, with a jolly round face, which is slightly tinted by the best of clarets. He dresses in a very clerical style; and his turned-up hat, gold spectacles, and black suit, gave him the outward semblance of some high-church dignitary. A few mornings ago, we met at the corner of the road, and waited for our omnibus, which happened to be the one to which Mr Brown is attached. On our way to town, I could not help noticing that worthy's frequent glances at my portly friend. Every now and then he would peep cautiously into the vehicle, and look at Bilberry's hat, his shoes, or his spectacles. At last he dismounted from his elevated post, and took up a position on the step, so that he might enjoy an uninterrupted view of the lecturer. He seemed completely fascinated with the massive gold spectacles, and never averted his gaze for a moment. At Charing Cross I got out, and Bilberry followed. Brown touched his hat to him with a reverential air.

'Beg your pardon, sir,' said he; 'may I speak with you a minute?'

'What is it, my man—what is it?' asked my friend.

'I 'm afraid, sir, you 'll think me wery rude, but the fact is, me and the driver has a bet on about you.'

'A bet about me, man? What do you mean?' Bilberry is rather irascible, and will not be trifled with.

'Well, sir, it 's rather a ticklish question to put to you, but ain't you Cardinal Wiseman?'

'Cardinal Wiseman!' roared Bilberry, flourishing his cane. 'Do you mean to insult me, you impertinent rascal. I have a very good mind to'——

My excited friend could not finish his sentence before Smart Ned had slammed the door, mounted his perch, and shouted out at the top of his voice: 'All right, Bill! Drive on! *It is his Heminence!*'

SOCIALISM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Some years ago, the present generation witnessed what we may probably regard as the last expiring efforts of a school of political and social reformers, whose name is perhaps more unpopular and less respected than that of any other sect of philosophy. The extreme section of the Republican party in France, and some of the most earnest and liberal members of the clergy and laity of the Church of England, were each engaged in their respective countries in endeavouring to lay the foundation of a new system of society, by which all the worst evils of the present phase of human affairs were to be avoided, and which was to effect, sooner or later, a complete moral revolution throughout the civilised world. The failure of the political Socialists of France, and of the Christian Socialists in England, was complete and decisive; and it is not likely that we shall, during the lifetime of the present generation, see another attempt made to carry out in practical experiment the principles of the economical system vaguely denominated Socialism. This being the case, it is possible to inquire into the nature and abstract merits of its doctrines at more leisure, and with more impartiality, than could be expected at a time when the questions at issue were presented in a practical shape, and appeared as subjects of political contention rather than of philosophic discussion. And, though such an inquiry may savour somewhat too much of a 'warring with the dead,' which is at once unprofitable and undignified, it has its value both for those whose minds have been attracted by the brilliant promises of the Socialistic writers and speakers, and for those who have rejected their system as a monstrous and palpable absurdity, without any very clear idea of its character, or of the definite objections which have been conclusively urged against it. There are thousands of the working-classes, and among them often the most intelligent and estimable, who have neither forgotten nor wholly lost faith in the doctrines which they or their fathers first learned some quarter of a century ago. They cling to the idea that existing evils, and the inequalities of human conditions, are the fruit, not of any causes within the control of the sufferers, or beyond all human control whatever, but of an abnormal state of society, which might be cured and rectified, but for the obtuseness of those who are not stung into reflection, and the selfishness of those to whose lot have fallen the prizes of fortune. Holding this belief, they are naturally and rightfully discontented with their fate, and disposed to murmur against all who are more happily situated, as against those who keep them out of their due.

These are men who deserve attentive and respectful sympathy; and the social theories on which they rest their hopes of a good time coming are entitled to be heard with patience, to be elucidated with fairness, and to be refuted with care and in good feeling. The horror with which the name of Socialism is still regarded in the spheres of sober and commonplace conservatism, had its origin in the associations attached to it by the earlier and less-considerate professors of the doctrine. The idea which the term is intended to convey is simple enough. As generally used and understood, Socialism implies the association of labour, while Communism infers the association of property. The Socialist advocates the extinction of all competition for employment or for custom, for profit or for wages. He would organise the industry of the country after a republican fashion, dividing among the labourers the produce of their toil, instead of a stipulated sum in wages from the master-capitalist, to whom that produce now belongs. He would have the labourer to work not for a master, as in our factories, nor for himself, as on the small farms of France, or in the small workshops of Britain, but jointly for himself and his fellow-workmen. The Communist proposes, in addition, that the produce, instead of being divided, shall be held in common property by all. These theories are put forward, not as plans to be forthwith carried into effect by a sudden and violent revolution in the whole frame of society, but as the natural and most hopeful development towards which civilisation should tend.

The unhealthiness, folly, and mischievous nature of competition is the idea that lies at the root of the idea. Competition is regarded as the master-evil of society; nor—unreasonable though it be—is this view unnatural. It is not surprising that men, seeing

Digitized by Google

only the mechanism through which an effect is produced, should mistake that mechanism for the cause. It is but as if some one, not seeing the engine at work, should attribute the motion of the wheels and shafts to the revolving fly-wheel. It is natural that men of sensitive benevolence should be pained and outraged as they witness the ceaseless jar, and jostle, and struggle of life. It is terrible, in very truth, to see how, in every business, in every rank and grade of existence, men are crowding one another out of the comforts and decencies of life—sometimes actually elbowing one another out of life itself—merely in the effort to make their own way, or even to maintain their own ground. It is not wonderful that men more philanthropic than philosophical should regard this scramble and strife as wanton and needless, and attribute to it the sufferings of which it is the instrument; forgetting that, if it were to cease, while the want of room continued to impede progress, stagnation and suffocation must be the result.

The great object was to discover some system of social arrangements by which the present evils and inequalities of human life might be avoided or redressed. Believing that these misfortunes sprang principally or wholly from the competitive principle which underlies all existing social institutions, and from the selfishness which it engenders, something to supersede this mainspring of society was sought for. Association and organisation from without, instead of organisation naturally arising from competition among the individual members of the social body, were expected to remodel the world. By this means the socialists hoped to insure that every man should have a sufficiency of leisure, and an adequate share of the produce of the common labour. By this means they hoped so to adjust the supply of all articles of desire to the wants of the community, as that neither scarcity nor repletion should ever afflict them. It was their intention so to distribute labour among different occupations, as that none should ever be unemployed because his particular trade was overstocked, or should be forced to labour day and night for a remuneration which hardly suffices to save him from dying of hunger. It was their endeavour, moreover, to pave the way for a juster and more equal distribution of the produce of human labour and abstinence, than at present exists. Pure Socialism, as the word is understood in this country, would achieve this simply by a more equitable method of partition, and by such a general diffusion of education as would preserve and elevate the classes now poor by reason of ignorance and vice. Communism, with less patience and more audacity, would sweep away at once all inequalities of fortune, by destroying at one blow the institution of private property. The writers and preachers of this doctrine propose to return to that which may not improbably have been the first condition of human society, and which is not unlike the form of proprietary rights subsisting among the nomad tribes of the east. The community, state or family, is to be the sole proprietor; distributing to all, not according to their deserts, but according to their needs. All labour is to be employed and directed by the state; the produce is to belong to the state; and the state is to be responsible for the comfortable maintenance of each individual citizen. Now, there is the widest possible difference between these two theories. The former proposes simply a different organisation of industry from that at present subsisting; the latter demands a complete reconstruction of human society, hardly to be accomplished without a radical change in human nature. The objections to the schemes of the Socialist lie in matters of practice and of detail, and amount on the whole to this: that the plan could not be made to work, and that if it were set in action, its working would produce results of very questionable benefit to society. Communism is liable to objections far more vital and fundamental; as a theory which could only be carried out by the annihilation of all existing rights, which would be an enormous retrogression in civilisation, and could hardly fail to prove most fatal both to the material and the moral wellbeing of mankind. It seems exceedingly improbable that, under a system which should render it impossible to dismiss a labourer for idleness, which should deprive him of the stimulus to industry afforded by the stern necessity of earning his bread, and under which he would derive only an almost inappreciable individual advantage from the immediate results of his toil, men would labour as diligently and heartily as when their present and their future comfort, if not their very existence, depend on their own exertions. One great economist, who is inclined to look with favour upon the communistic scheme of society, expresses a strong belief that the influence of public opinion would be sufficient to prevent any man from shirking the task assigned to him. That such influence, in a community so constituted as to give it the fullest possible effect, would be very powerful, we can hardly doubt; but it is by no means certain that it would obtain labour half as effectual as that of a workman at present paid by the piece; and it is not likely that many men will be found to labour as assiduously for the community as they would if working on their own account and for their own sole profit.

In thus speaking of Communism, we are comparing it of course with the best developed portions of the actual fabric of industrial organisation, and with the still more healthy forms towards which it may seem to tend. Tried by this test, compared with the condition of the intelligent and well-paid mechanic, or that of such a peasant-proprietary as exists in Flanders, Switzerland, and the western provinces of America, the Communistic state of society will not appear to most minds enviable, beneficial, or attractive. But to the Dorsetshire peasant, whose family have to be supported on eight or ten shillings a week, or to the London seamstress who earns some sixpence a day at most by sixteen hours' constant toil, the position of the member of a community in which there should be no squalid poverty, and no grinding overwork, must seem an object of fervent desire. It appears, then, that a social system based on the institution of private property may be made far more desirable than that of Communism: it is equally certain, that there are phases of our present system which amply justify those who believe them to be irremediable under that system in sighing after one in which there should be no poor.

It must not be forgotten, however, that under a Communistic *régime*, all those restraints which are at present mechanically effected by the necessary operation of our social institutions—restraints on indolence and indulgence, coercion to industry and to economy, checks on an increase of population more rapid than that of food, and the like—must be artificially imposed by the legislation of the community, and enforced by penal statutes. Numberless matters which now are regulated by the necessities inherent in what may be called the individualistic organisation of society, or safely left to individual discretion under the inevitable control of those necessities, must under Communism be ordered and settled by law. What scope there would be left for individuality of thought and action—what degree of personal freedom could subsist with such a system—cannot be accurately determined; but we can hardly doubt that a tendency towards the tyranny of a most oppressive uniformity would be one of the very worst perils involved in the theory of the Communist. In this respect, his doctrine contrasts

Digitized by Google

most unfavourably with the work of the practical Socialist, whose 'labour-partnerships,' at least so far as they have yet been actually tried, have done much to develop individual character and personal dignity on the part of their members. That the tyranny of a Socialist organisation which should embrace the whole industry of a country, leaving all trades and workmen at the mercy of a vast centralised administration, would be intolerably severe, no clear-sighted person can well doubt. But the habit of working together with others in a self-governed association, with the feeling of strong personal interest in the work done, and in the dignity of independence which is so highly prized by the educated British workman, is a training, moral and industrial, than which it would not be easy to devise a better.

A few such associations are still flourishing, of which we need only advert to the most successful—the Rochdale Co-operative Store—which does infinite credit to the working-men who founded and managed it, and which has been the best possible school, in every sense, for all connected with it. Institutions of this kind may, and generally do fail, either from want of capital or from want of the necessary qualities of patience, prudence, resolution, and mutual confidence and forbearance on the part of their members. But there is no reason whatsoever why, if these requisites be found, they should not achieve success; and there is every reason to wish that they should do so, as much for the sake of the virtues they call forth, and the valuable lessons inculcated by their difficult struggles towards security and prosperity, as for the material benefits conferred on those who belong to them. When organised by the working-classes themselves, and kept in their own hands, they may be made most valuable instruments for the elevation of their members both in moral worth and temporal wealth, and for the material and educational improvement of their neighbourhood. And perhaps not least among their advantages, we may reckon the insight they can afford to the working-class into the practical truths of political economy; into the hard necessities of commerce, of which they are not the only victims; and into the true nature of those laws which, when their operation is severely felt, they are inclined to break, as mere excuses for the selfishness of masters or the avarice of landlords; into the possibilities of their own future, and the means by which the highest and happiest of those possibilities may be realised; as well as into the practical value of those exalted ideas of a coming industrial regeneration, and a triumph of Socialistic principles which perhaps inspired them at the outset. Those who have talked with the working-men who have had experience of the management of these concerns, cannot fail to be struck with their superiority to their fellows in soundness of thought upon economical matters, and by their more rational views on the questions peculiarly interesting to their class. Were such institutions more commonly successful, and such knowledge and judgment therefore more generally diffused, it is probable that much of the money and time wasted, and good feeling destroyed, by fruitless and irrational strikes, might have been spared. Whatever might be the views of the original teachers of Socialism, it is quite certain that the only portion of their work which has taken practical root in this country, is so far from being hostile to the wellbeing of society as at present constituted, that no better education could be found for the working-classes than the establishment in every large town of such co-operative associations as the Rochdale Store and the Leeds Corn-mill. The test of practice has been applied, and has effectually separated the really valuable principles from the mass of error and extravagance in which the preachers of Socialism had buried them; and in doing so, it has shewn how much of sound sense lay at the bottom of a theory which had been pushed to such irrational extremities.

OUR NEW ORGANIST.

THE old man who for upwards of thirty years had been organist of Waldon Cathedral, was not forthcoming one spring morning: being sought for, he was found dead in his bed.

When at Waldon—this was never for very long at a time, though not exactly young, I was still in my *Wanderjahr;* I had often officiated for old Jackson; and now, at the bishop's desire, I took upon myself the trouble and responsibility of appointing a new organist.

Waldon—for reasons of my own, I do not speak of my native town by its right name—is a very behind-the-time, out-of-the-world place; my gazetteer says that it is 'chiefly noted for its cathedral, a magnificent, cruciform structure; and its palace, the residence of the lord-bishop of the diocese;' but I do not think that it is 'noted' at all. Nevertheless, though I have travelled much, I have never seen any building that appeared to me so imposing and grandly suggestive as Waldon Cathedral; but then I have that familiarity with it which breeds, not contempt, but truest reverence for what is truly admirable. I own a house in the cathedral-yard, in which I was born, in which I hope to die.

For some months after the death of our old organist, I was a reluctant occupant of this house of mine. As spring gave place to summer, my impatience to escape from the drowsy heat that settled down on Waldon was great. The two or three ignorant and self-complacent young men who alone applied for the vacant situation, received questionably courteous dismissal.

One sultry midsummer evening, my thoughts turned with especial longing to Norwegian fjelds and fiords. I rose from my organ practice abruptly, and left the cathedral by a small, low side-door, of which I always made use. The bishop was absent. I went to stroll in the palace-grounds, and, remembering that in the morning I had needed a work of reference, which I knew to be among the ancient volumes in the library above the cloisters, I obtained the key of the library from the bishop's housekeeper. Afterwards I sauntered beneath the ancient trees on the close-shaven lawns, the while denouncing the stifling heat, a good time; then I paced the wall above the moat dividing the palace-grounds from the cathedral precincts. Presently I fancied that I heard the tones of the organ. I had left the door ajar, the organ and my music-book open. Rather indignant that any one should intrude into my domain, the organ-loft, I left the palace-grounds immediately. As I passed into the cathedral-yard by the heavy arched-way, from which an avenue of glorious old limes leads to the principal entrance, I was startled by a full burst of rich harmony; it died away as I reached my little door. Just within it, I paused and listened: I was not disappointed; the organ again sounded. Open upon my desk I had left a collection of intricate fugues; these the unknown musician began to play. I detected signs of diffidence, and of ignorance of the resources of the instrument in the style of the player; but I also detected the presence of feeling, refinement, enthusiasm.

'This man will do,' I thought, as I listened. 'He needs confidence and practice, but he has genius. Ah, ye Waldonites, ye shall slumber through your services no longer! The power of music shall stir ye.'

Twilight was gathering; fine full chords melted into silence; the instrument was not touched again. I proceeded to mount the stairs of the organ-loft. It chanced that I still had in my hand the key of the library; unfortunately, I dropped it, and the consequent

Digitized by Google

noise, echoing from arch to arch, no doubt alarmed the musician. Having reached the organ, I drew back the curtain, prepared to address the unknown. I found there—no one. Of course, the player had descended one stair as I mounted the other. I leaned over the loft, gazed down into the dimness of the vast building, and listened intently for the sound of a footfall. I heard no sound, and was inclined to doubt if human fingers had pressed the keys that night. But there was my book of fugues, not open where I had left it—a spirit-musician would hardly make use of letters.

I peremptorily called upon the unknown to come forth, unless he desired to be locked in for the night: only the echoing of my own voice replied to me. I shook up the clownish boy who had blown the bellows for me, and still slumbered in his niche. He could give me no information; had 'drowsed' from the time I left off playing till the playing began again, and had seen 'naught nor nobody.'

No one was now lingering in the building, I felt convinced; so I departed, locking the door behind me; but I sauntered a long time beneath the limes before I could persuade myself to go home.

Next evening I practised again, playing with revived enthusiasm, perhaps in unconscious emulation of the unknown, who might probably be listening. From time to time I peered between the curtains; I saw no one save an old man hobbling about examining the monuments, and a child or young girl whom I had, as it were, noticed, without remarking, for several afternoons, occupying a dim corner during the service. Both had disappeared when I next looked.

I left Mozart's Twelfth Service open on the desk and departed. I took up my station behind a tree, and watched the temptingly open door unflinchingly. I had bidden the boy remain in his niche, ready to blow for any performer. No one passed in at that door; yet by and by the playing commenced. It drew me on into the building. The choicest passages of the service were exquisitely played by more assured fingers than those of yesterday; this was evidently familiar music. When daylight entirely failed, the performer began to extemporise, trying the full powers of the instrument, of which I was justly proud. Strains of what seemed to me unearthly sweetness, and weird strangeness, rooted me to the spot. Sometimes I gazed into the mysteriously stirred duskness of the building, sometimes fixed my eyes upon a star glimmering above the piney top of one of the solemn phalanx of ancient trees, so unwaveringly still, so perfectly defined against the delicious clear tone of the summer night-sky. I guarded the only exit; the musician could not escape me, unless indeed—— But I did not consider myself to be superstitious, yet I vividly recalled an unexplained mystery of bygone years.

I and my chum of that period lived for some time up among the queer gables of a quaint German town, in the house of a professor of music. At that period, I was studying musical science. One day I sat at the piano in an inner room, poring over a blotted manuscript score, while my chum smoked and read metaphysics in the outer chamber! My brain was perplexed, and the difficulties at which I stuck seemed insurmountable. In desperation, I ran down to the professor's library, and rummaged among musty tomes for any passages that might throw light upon my perplexity. I found what I needed in a mass of Alessandro Scarletti's. I mounted the steep stair slowly, reading as I went. Suddenly I heard my instrument struck, and paused, rather surprised. My chum was ignorant of the simplest rule of my art.

'The old professor,' I thought, as I listened to a passage which was a perfect and exquisite illustration of the point which I had needed to have illustrated.

I waited till the music ceased, that I might not lose a note, then rushed up stairs, and burst in upon my hazy friend. He removed his pipe from his lips, and opened his dreamy eyes widely. 'Hollo! I thought you were in the other room,' he exclaimed.

'Who is there?—the old professor, or—the old——?' My chum rose; we entered the inner room together, and found no one. Everything was as I had left it. Dusky sunshine from the begrimed lattice checkered my music-paper. We looked round, then at each other. My chum shrugged his shoulders. My many eager questions produced this answer: 'I don't understand it, any more than I understand this'—tapping his book with his pipe. 'I saw you leave that door'—pointing to that of the outer room: 'soon after heard a grand strike-up; thought you had perhaps returned while I dozed; saw you appear, looking as if you were slightly demented. That 's all; don't pretend to explain. If it were a ghost who played, I fear I have been mighty disrespectful, for I cried out: "Well done, old boy."'

We knocked about the furniture, rattled a securely fastened-up door, which evidently had not been open for ages, and led only to an unsafe wing of the mouldering habitation, till it threatened to come to pieces under our treatment; but we obtained no clue to the mystery, and again looked blankly into each other's faces. We never did obtain the slightest clue to this mystery. As I leaned in the porch of the cathedral that night, I twisted the incident I have recorded all ways, striving to account for it in what we call a rational manner. In vain.

Something passed by me, stirring the air, making no noise. I started up, stood erect; the last vibrations of sound were dying out. *What* had passed me? Was I thwarted? Had the musician escaped me? I locked the door behind me, locking in the unfortunate boy, and hurried after a something that flitted along, close to the wall of the building. Obliged to leave that shelter, it kept close to the trees in the avenue, and proceeded very rapidly. I ran.

An oil-lamp flared under the arched way; just there I overtook the form I had pursued. Bah! it was only the child I had noticed lingering while I practised. Then my musician was, I flattered myself, safely locked up. But the child must have seen him, as she had lingered ever since the service. The musician must, too, have lingered, no one having passed in since I had kept watch.

When I overtook the young girl, I found she was not quite a child; she paused, and turned upon me a small sickly face. I felt foolish before the mild questioning of her eyes, and the meek dignity of her manner. I muttered some excuse for frightening her.

'You did not frighten me,' she answered.

'You have just left the cathedral—you have heard the playing. Do you know who the musician is? Did any one pass you as you came away?'

'You were in the porch. I passed you. I have seen no one else.'

'No one else! Yet you must have been in the cathedral ever since service, or I should have seen you later. I want to speak to the person who played. Surely you can help me to find him.'

Her eyes fell, and she seemed to me to hold debate within herself. Just then, an elderly woman slipped under the arch from the street without; she put the girl's arm under her own, and led her away, scolding her for not having come home earlier.

As I returned to the cathedral, my mind misgave me; I reproached myself for having let the girl escape me, feeling convinced that she might have aided to solve the mystery. She had not said she could not help me, but had evidently hesitated. I had now little hope of securing the unknown musician to-night; but I opened the door cautiously, and called

Digitized by Google

the boy. He came whimpering; he had believed himself a prisoner till morning. Regardless of his distress, I demanded if he had seen the organist.

'She give me this (shewing a shilling), and went away the very minute she'd adone playing.'

'*She!*' It flashed upon me.

I had spoken to the musician then! that slight, plain young girl. She would surely come again—I *would* secure her. That night I had strange dreams of musical mysteries, and of a wonderful child-organist, whose playing made the solemn limes perform a stately minuet in the cathedral-yard.

Next evening I set my trap—the open door and instrument—and watched. She had not been at the service; I had searched every hiding-place; I watched in vain—in vain for many successive evenings. Yet I felt sure that it was but a question of time and patience; that the attractions of the place would prove irresistible.

I was very observant of the Sunday congregation, and of the few persons who collected to listen to the afternoon services. Once I believed that I saw the wished-for face; but a beflowered bonnet, lifted up determinately after having been bowed down in drowsiness, interposed. I gave up lingering about in the yard of an evening, and ensconced myself instead behind the screening jasmine at my window. An evening came on which my patience was rewarded. I had left upon the organ-desk the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi, that Domenichino of music. Well, just after the cathedral-bell had tolled seven, a slight figure flitted through the arched way, and passed swiftly up the avenue, then took the path branching off to the small door; here it hesitated a moment, then disappeared within the building.

I sprang up and clapped my hands, crying: 'There is no mercy, no hope of escape for you.' I leaped from my window, and crossed the yard bare-headed; before a note had sounded, I had stealthily ascended the organ-loft. I did not mean to shew myself at once; I would assure myself that this was my very miracle.

I peered through the curtain: the young girl was eagerly pulling off her gloves—from such slight, childlike hands! She looked at the music before her discontentedly; evidently she did not know it. She turned the leaves, softly trying one passage and another; her face brightened with intelligence and interest.

The girl-musician was not pretty; till she played, her face wore a dejected expression; when you did not see her eyes, it was lustreless and insignificant. By instinct, she seemed to select the finest passages of the music before her; and as she proceeded, joy irradiated her mien; scintillations of light shot from beneath the lashes of the absorbed eyes; lines of thought and power appeared on the young brow, and a smile of satisfaction made the mouth very sweet. She had forgotten all but the music. I could have sworn then that the sickly girl was perfectly beautiful—no mere girl either, but a woman with an angel's face. By and by she paused, and covered that face with her hands.

When she removed the hands, and looked up, I stood beside her. She did not start; she rose and stood before me, steadily meeting my eyes, varying expressions gathering into hers; at last she slightly smiled. I had meant to be peremptory, to reprove her for the trouble she had given me, and to *command* her to become our organist. I found myself speaking with the utmost gentleness; there was nothing of pride or triumph in her smile, it was infinitely sad—a smile of resignation.

'If you wish, this shall always be your place. Nobody but you and myself (I would not abnegate my right) shall touch these keys.'

A shy, startled joy came into her face.

'Our organist died in the spring. We have been without one since: you must fill his place in this cathedral.'

'Are you not the organist?'

'No; I only play for love of it, and when no one else is here to do it.'

'Are you the bishop, then?'

'No.' I laughed. 'But I am a friend of his. I appoint you the organist of Waldon Cathedral.'

She looked at me to ascertain if I were mocking her, if I were to be trusted; her face grew very bright, but she shook her head.

'I am too young; I should get frightened. I should not play such music as ought to be played here.'

'I am the best judge of that: I will try you. I will call at your home, and arrange with your relations.'

'I have not any relations; but I have a friend whom I must consult. I will send her to you with her answer to-morrow.'

'Your answer must be "Yes;" and I will do all in my power to make your duty easy and pleasant. Will you play no more to-night?'

She shook her head; so, as it was getting dusk, I closed the organ.

'Promise me that, in any case, I shall hear you play again,' I said.

'O yes, if you wish it.'

'You have not asked my name, or where I live.' I gave her my card, having followed her to the door. She paused there, looked back into the building, and then out at the noble limes.

'It would be beautiful to live here always. Good-night, you have made me happy; I was afraid you would tell me I might not come here again.'

I said 'Good-night,' but followed her still: it looked such a spirit-like little form gliding before me in the twilight, that I felt reluctant to lose sight of it. I hinted as much; but under the arched way she paused to dismiss me. If she were a child in years, she had a woman's impressive, because meek dignity. I was impatient for the morrow.

As I sat at breakfast, a book open before me, but my eyes watching the sunlight slanting on the grotesquely carved figures and rich tracery of the façade of the cathedral immediately opposite me (sometimes my idle days were almost wholly passed in this intent watching, till I could have believed my life to have passed into the shadow I saw stealing more and more of the building from the open sunlight)—as I sat thus, Margaret, my housekeeper, informed me that a 'middle-aged female' wished to see me. I desired she should be introduced directly, and recognised the woman who had joined the young musician under the gateway the night she had tarried in the cathedral so late.

'I've agreed that the young lady shall play; it's pleasure to her, and we are but poor,' was the answer to my eager inquiry.

The business part of the matter was soon arranged. Our good bishop caused the organist of Waldon Cathedral to receive a handsome salary, and the woman became eager that the child's duties should begin at once.

'I have yet to learn the young lady's name,' I reminded her.

'Alice Hall. She's an orphan. I was a housekeeper in her mother's family. They're all gone, and left Alice nothing; and her father was only a music-teacher. We're but lately come from Jersey, and know no one in this town.'

'Miss Hall has friends in Jersey, then?'

'She has no friend in the world but me.'

Mrs Smith—that was her name she told me—turned

Digitized by Google

back from the door to inquire of me if I knew of any small house out of the town and near the cathedral likely to suit her young lady. I was glad to be able to point out to her a pretty cottage on a slight elevation in a meadow behind the cathedral, which was at that time to let. I despatched Margaret with Mrs Smith to look over the Mead cottage, and to introduce the stranger to its landlord.

I had appointed to meet my little friend in the cathedral at eleven—she was punctual to a minute. Her guardian accompanied her, and settled herself with her knitting on a wooden bench just at the foot of the organ-loft stairs.

This morning, I was teacher. I shewed Miss Hall all the peculiarities of the instrument, and heard her play through some of the last organist's favourite services, telling her that, by and by, when she was at home here, she should play anything she chose.

'It is a misfortune for a musician to have such hands as yours,' I remarked.

'I try all I can to stretch them,' was answered apologetically.

I should have liked to take the tiny, supple things into my own, to feel if they had any bone at all. Of course, I did no such thing; their accidental contact affected me strangely. I did not yet feel so very certain that our little organist was made of merely ordinary flesh and blood.

I made her pay me for my trifling assistance by playing for me Scarletti's Requiem. She knew it well, and rendered it exquisitely. Exquisite is the word for her playing; it was so finished and perfect, though not wanting in power and passion.

When her guardian summoned her, several hours had elapsed, yet I was reluctant to let her go.

I did not praise her; but she pleased me greatly—she was different from any woman I had ever known—in a high degree grateful and intelligent. Already I wondered that I could ever have thought her plain.

For a few days yet I was to play the services. Each afternoon she sat beside me. One would have thought that I was some great master, and she a simple ignorant, so closely and admiringly she watched me. She had the unconsciousness and modesty of genius in an eminent degree. She always looked pained, as if she thought I mocked her, if I descended from the eminence on which she had placed me, and hinted that my gift was less perfect than hers. She had also, as I soon found, the inexhaustible industry and patience of genius—morning and evening found her practising in the cathedral.

'You have had a thorough musical education,' I observed to her one day.

'My father lived for music, and devoted himself to teaching me. It is two years since he died, and I have been starved for music, and his love, since.' There was a thrill of passion in her voice, and the tears started to her eyes. 'Here I shall be happy,' she added calmly. 'I felt sure of it the first time I entered the cathedral.'

'You must have been very young when'——

'When papa died? I was nineteen; now I am twenty-one. I am often taken for a mere child.'

'Alice, Alice! It is time to go home,' Mrs Smith cried.

Miss Hall was to officiate first on a Sunday, because I planned it so. On the Saturday evening I found her nervous, tearful, and deadly pale. I repented my tyranny, offered to play for her, that she might, as she had wished, accustom herself to her duty by first playing the afternoon services to a small audience.

'No. You are very kind, but I ought to play to-morrow—it is my duty. Shall you be very vexed if I make some great mistake?' She looked at me wistfully.

'I will take care that you do not do that.'

'Will you be near me?'

'Where I am now—ready to turn the pages.'

'That makes it all different,' said the child. 'I thought you would be down among the people, and that I should be quite alone. I do not mind now.'

Her words touched me—my eyes grew moist. 'God bless thee, dear child,' I murmured as I looked after her retreating form that evening.

Next morning I went early to the cathedral to arrange things as I thought Miss Hall would best like. She, too, came early, looking pale, but quite composed.

I watched her throughout the service. She played perfectly. Yes; she was quite to be relied upon, this child; yet how she loved to rely upon others. When all was over—the cathedral empty, and her beautiful voluntary finished—she lifted her eyes to my face as I bent down, removing her books.

'How good you are to me! I could not have borne it all if you had not been by me!' she said.

'I think you could. I think any way you would have managed to do your duty well. Never mind that, however; it is time you went home to rest.'

In the evening, she was no longer pale; her eyes did not seek courage from mine: she had no thought but for her music, and played with intense fervour. I did not tell her how the congregation lingered in the building after the service, how many glances were upturned to the curtained gallery where she sat, nor did I afterwards repeat to her the admiration I heard expressed of her performance. Why not? I hardly knew; certainly not because I feared to make her vain—she was far too pure and simple. I fancy I was jealous that she should hear from others warmer praise than I had ever conceded, and chose to believe her quite content with my content.

Our new organist continued to practise with untiring diligence. I saw her at least once, often twice each day. Each day she looked brighter and happier—music was healing her of inward sorrow, removing the sad sense of desolation. Truly she had been starved: now she could satisfy her soul with music. As for love—was I as a father to her?

There came an evening when I was allowed to walk home with Mrs Smith and Miss Hall. Before passing through the arched way out of the cathedral-yard, Alice looked back lovingly:

'Would it be possible for me ever, anywhere, to forget this place,' she said musingly. 'It seems so holy. I am so happy. It is like a dream. When I die, aunt (so she called Mrs Smith), I should like to be buried very near the cathedral.'

'No need to speak to me of such things, Alice: please God, you 'll live many a year after I am underground.'

'I do not wish to die,' she answered.

Pressing her hand, which lay upon my arm, against my heart, I longed to gather her dear self to my bosom—the gifted heavenly-minded child!

That night I was invited to sup at the Mead cottage. I had opportunity of observing the elegant neatness—sign of dainty household ways—which pervaded Alice's home. I perceived how the same refinement that characterised her as an artist, informed the humble details of her daily life. When I went home, many things in the arrangement of my grander house displeased me—there were faults of commission, yet more of omission: evidently, a central somewhat was wanting.

The bishop returned to Waldon. I introduced our young organist to him, and he soon began to make a pet of her; fruit and flowers from the palace-gardens frequently found their way to the Mead cottage. Everything was satisfactory; there was nothing to detain me in Waldon; still I delayed to start upon my long-planned tour.

Digitized by Google

Charmed weeks flew by. A cathedral quiet and sacredness was over my whole life. A longer stay than usual in Waldon had often before intolerably irritated me; the ceaseless, silent preaching of the solemn cathedral seeming to tempt me, in some way, to desecrate its holiness; its unvarying, unregarding calm making me doubly conscious of the turbulent passionateness so successfully concealed under my old-fashioned aspect. Now, all was different. My being seemed in harmony with all things lovely, calm, and pure.

I was invited to spend a musical evening at the palace; our young organist was to be there. On her account, the ancient and handsomely inlaid piano, which had long stood in the mullioned window of the episcopal drawing-room, had given way to a splendid instrument of modern construction. By the by, I had long seen that the Waldon young ladies were jealous of Miss Hall. They treated her contemptuously; and it was beautiful to see how to their haughty reserve she opposed a perfectly simple and self-respecting humility. After a primitively early tea—the cathedral chimes told five as we sat down to the table—we all strolled among the brilliant flower-beds upon the close-shaven lawns. The good old bishop kept Alice by his side, because she was friendless—no one else noticing her. I contented myself with looking at her.

Alice had now been three months at Waldon, and by this time I did not doubt her perfect moral and physical loveliness. She certainly had altered since she first came; the sickly hue of her skin had changed to a clear, pure pallor; the look of dejection had given place to one of deep-seated content; her large gray eyes shone lustrous, and seemed to well over with feeling and genius. I was familiar with each subtle charm—each droop and natural wave of her soft, brown hair; the course of each vein meandering beneath the snowy skin on her fair temples; the graceful line of her bending neck; the rarely beautiful outline—— But, O Heaven! I must stop myself.

On this evening, Alice was dressed as simply as usual: her gown was of lilac muslin, to the hue of which the evening sunlight gave a lovely bloom. She glided along by the bishop's side, now and then lifting glad artless glances to his kindly face. Sweet child! she was happy; he loved her. She was always happy with those who loved her.

I had lived in a dream so long, that it was difficult for me to throw off its influence. I did not join myself to any of the groups around me; by and by, I stood quite alone on a little mound, a screen of shrubs between me and the strollers. I stood still to watch the sunset light glide up the sculptured cathedral stones—higher and higher, touching face, flower, foliage; up and up till it failed from off the pinnacle.

I heard my own name uttered by a voice behind me—a voice I knew, a hateful, purring, treacherous voice—then I heard these words:

'She is shockingly affected; a dreadful flirt! It is disgusting to see how she has got on the old bishop's blind side. I wonder if the chit fancies she might be a bishop's lady!'

'She flies rather lower than that,' said a kindred voice. 'She and Mr —— (never mind my name) go on in a way that is quite shocking—in the cathedral too. Of course, they call it practising—a very pretty kind of practice!'

Of course the tabbies spoke of Alice. My blood tingled.

I pushed through the drooping branches and confronted the creatures.

'A charming time for sweet and charitable discourse, fair ladies,' I remarked; then passed on towards the house.

A pair of soft eyes questioned me wistfully when I entered the drawing-room; they met a new expression in my answering look, perhaps; they drooped, and a rosy flush crept up to the veiling lashes.

My cathedral calm was desecrated; her eyes had never before so drooped before mine. When I went home, I found a letter awaiting me. It summoned me north, to the death-bed of the only relative I had in the world. Alice and I were alike in our friendlessness. I immediately went to the coach-office to secure a place by the morning mail. Even now there is no railway within many miles of Waldon. I occupied the night in packing, and in selecting music, and writing most minute directions for the organist. This done, I hesitated. Should I write to Alice anything beyond these instructions—anything personal, private? I decided that to do so would be to deprive myself of somewhat of my measure of pure delight: I did not wish to lose one glance, blush, smile, or tear. I did not expect that my absence would be a long one. In the hurry of departure, I forgot to tell Margaret to send the parcel I had prepared for Miss Hall; but as it was addressed to her, she would surely receive it, I thought. My relative lingered. Each day might be his last, they said; yet he lingered a month. Then business detained me; then, perhaps owing to my anxiety to return to Waldon, I was attacked by nervous fever, a complaint I had suffered from before.

It was on a grim December night that I at last re-entered Waldon. Leaving my luggage at the coach-office, I proceeded homewards. I was so cramped by cold, and exhausted by fasting, that I could hardly drag my limbs along, and my brain was in a state of feverish excitement. Alice had been present in most of my sick visions—her face always of deadly pallor and reproachful expression. It haunted me; and, as I had re-entered Waldon, vague apprehension stole over me drearily.

Midnight began to strike as I passed through the arched way into the cathedral-yard. The wind became very high, sobbing and soughing about eerily; it parted the clouds, and let through a half gleam of moonlight to make luminous the moving low-hanging mists. At the further end of the lime-avenue I believed that I descried a human figure: it branched off towards my little door of the cathedral. I tried to overtake it: it vanished, passing in at the low porch. The clanging of the clock had ceased, and I imagined that I detected the sound of the organ. I paused. Yes; low wailing notes deepened to a full gush of minor harmony; then melancholy cadences sobbed away into silence. Chilled to the heart—conscious of icy fingers among the roots of my hair—I opened that door, which I found fast locked. I groped my way into the cathedral, believing nothing so little as that it was earthly music to which I had listened. In the building, all was now silent. I crept on, with a tremulous voice calling on Alice's name. My open arms embraced a cold form; my senses left me.

When the ghastly wintry dawn crept down upon me, I found myself lying at the foot of a sculptured female form. 'Alice is dead' was my firm conviction. I managed to rise, and creep to my house. I did not understand how I came to be in the cathedral.

My aspect frightened Margaret. The first thing my eyes fell upon on entering my room, was the packet I had prepared for Alice. 'Returned after her death,' I inwardly commented. I was too miserable to be fully conscious of my misery. I brooded stupidly over a newly kindled fire, while Margaret bustled in and out on hospitable thoughts intent.

'When did she die?' I asked stolidly, by and by.

'Nigh a month since, sir.'

A long pause.

Digitized by Google

'Who plays the organ now?'

'Please, sir, take your hot coffee, and get to bed. Time enough to bother about organs when you look less like a corpse,' was added *sotto voce*.

I repeated my question doggedly.

'Well, she does it all the same,' was the weird-sounding reply. I had swallowed one cup of Margaret's hot, strong coffee, and life was rekindling within me.

'Are you mocking me, woman?' I cried.

She stared at me, and then gave some soothing answer. Evidently she feared I was deranged. I made a mighty effort to appear composed.

'Margaret, tell me immediately the name of the person who now plays the cathedral organ.'

'Alice Hall, sir; the same who has played for six months now. She went off sudden, and it made no difference to Miss Hall, as it might have done to some, sir: she has not missed a service.'

Again Margaret appeared to find cause for alarm in my face.

'Do you mean to say that for the last month, since her death, the cathedral organ has been played as it used to be in her life?'

'Yes, sir; it has, sir.' Margaret backed towards the door as I rose.

'Played by a departed, a disembodied spirit; and you take it all as a matter of course.'

'Law! Good gracious, sir, I never said anything of the kind. Some say Miss Hall looks like a ghost; but she isn't one yet.'

'Margaret! who then died a month since?' I put the question solemnly.

'Mrs Smith, sir, who used to live with Miss Hall, went off in a fit, quite sudden, as I told you plainly, sir.'

'Leave the room,' I commanded.

I cannot say what I did or how I felt when left alone.

By and by, I rang for Margaret. I explained to her my recent illness, and as much as I could remember of the incidents of the night. Having taken some trouble to convince her of my sanity, I again dismissed her. Poor, poor Alice! dear, desolate child! I reproached myself bitterly for having selfishly thought of my own delight, not of her peace; and I tormented myself by imagining what she could possibly think of me—of my having left her without one word of leave-taking, or one sign of remembrance. The parcel she had not received.

I went to the cathedral early. I found that Alice was already there. Unseen, I watched her a while. She looked faded and worn, and was dressed in mourning; she had lost her only friend—for I had no right to hope she still considered me as such—and must feel herself indeed alone. Yet angelic peace and steadfast faith stole over her weary aspect as she played. Oh, well I remember the sweet upturned face, the droop of the soft hair down the thin cheek. My darling!

By and by, she paused, and took her hands from the keys to draw her shawl closer, with a pale shudder. I stepped near her. Because I hardly dared speak to her at all, I spoke as if we had parted but yesterday: 'You should not be here on such a morning.'

'And you are come home at last?' She held out to me the hand I had not offered to take. On seeing me, she had grown paler than ever; but when I spoke, gladness beamed from her eyes, to be soon quenched in tears as she saw me look at her mourning-dress.

There was a silence of some moments.

'You have missed me?' I asked humbly.

'Yes, yes.'

'And can you ever forgive me?'

'Forgive you!' she echoed.

I held her hand firmly, and over mine came trembling her free hand, thrilling me by its voluntary, undeserved caress.

'You have been ill—I fear you have been very ill,' she said gazing at me compassionately.

I was glad to make the worst of my case.

'I have been very ill. I have much to plead in excuse of my silence and neglect; but not enough, not half enough, if it has given you pain. You tremble. I frightened you by my sudden return.'

'No, no: you never frighten me; you never pain me. I have been sad and lonely; but I knew you would return, if you could—if you ought. You have always been good to me: it would have been wrong of me to think of you unkindly.'

'Why did you shudder but now?'

'I remembered a dream, a dreadful dream I had last night.'

'Tell it me.'

'I had rather not.'

'I have a reason for wishing to know it.'

'I dreamed that you were dead—that I sat at the organ at midnight and played your requiem.'

Again she turned very pale. I think I must have done so too. A queer thrill went through me, as, for the first time, I fully recalled the events of the past night.

'You must let me take you home,' I said. I released her hands, and folded her shawl closely round her.

Looking straight into my face with her dear, innocent eyes, she said:

'You must not spoil me so; if you had not, I should not have found it so hard to do without you.'

This was just too much for me. I gathered the little thing into my arms, kissed her sweet brow again and again, and cried:

'Alice, you must let me keep you always—you must be my wife!'

She disengaged herself; she drew a little away from me.

'I know that you are very good. Is this because my aunt is dead, and I am alone?' she asked earnestly.

'It is because I love you.'

My eyes confirmed my words; hers drooped, and her face looked as if the sun were faintly shining on it through a ruby pane in the window.

The Mead cottage was so desolate that I soon took Alice —— (not Hall) home to my house in the cathedral-yard. It was on New-year's Day that the good old bishop married us; and ever since my happy home has been perfectly ordered, and, so she tells me, my perfect wife has been entirely happy.

New-year's Day—the tenth anniversary of my marriage. To-day I have been looking over my papers, and have read through this, written five years since. O Alice, Alice! my wife, my wife! Why couldst thou not visibly tarry with me unto the end?

I never leave Waldon now. No fingers but mine must ever touch those keys hers used lovingly to press. She was to me as child, wife, all of kin, my only darling! I am having built a new organ, a glorious one; it is to be my gift to Waldon Cathedral, on condition that the old one is taken down five-and-twenty hours after my death, and destroyed; and that during those five-and-twenty hours no mortal fingers touch its keys. I say five-and-twenty hours, because on the midnight after my death—and I might die just after midnight—Alice will play my requiem, as I heard her so long ago. The organ must never sound again after that. There is a rumour in Waldon that the organist has been mad since his wife's death. I am not mad, because, for my comfort I know that my love was selfish, my guardianship careless, my tender-

Digitized by Google

ness ungentle, my sympathy imperfect, compared with that my darling experiences in Thy keeping, O Lord, my God and her God.

Such is the paper that lately came into our hands. We have learned that at the cathedral,- here called Waldon, the congregation, of about half-a-dozen persons, assembled one grim December afternoon, were detained after service by the powerful beauty of the voluntary performed by their long feeble organist. It came to an abrupt conclusion—the organist was found with his arms folded on the keys, his cheek rested on them—dead. His wishes with respect to the old organ had long been known: they were strictly regarded.

THE BASS ROCK AND ITS TENANTS.

The Bass is a solitary, precipitous rock in the Firth of Forth, rising to the height of 420 feet sheer out of the sea. An easy journey of a couple of hours takes you from Edinburgh, and lands you at Canty Bay, a small secluded fishing-station on the coast of East Lothian, immediately opposite the rock itself, which being only two miles from shore, is here readily accessible by a boat.

Within such close proximity to the smiling, richly cultivated lands of East Lothian and Berwick, and at a distance of but three-and-twenty miles from the northern metropolis, it is strange indeed to think of the scene of wild animal life presented by this solitary rock, the annual retreat of thousands of sea-birds, which wing thither their weary flight from the eastern shores of America, and the far-off rocky coasts of Greenland and Labrador. Viewed from Canty Bay, the island presents nothing very striking with regard to its external aspect, saving its abrupt elevation from the sea, and, in sunny weather, a certain white glimmering appearance. But upon nearing it in a boat, it gradually and steadily rises in majestic grandeur upon the view, till its lofty cliffs seem to tower to a dizzying height overhead, impressing the beholder with a feeling of awe.

Like many other rocks on the British coasts, and indeed all over the world, this has yielded to the constant wearing of the winds and waves, and has been gradually broken away in rectangular fracture, leaving a system of ragged shelving nooks on those sides most exposed to the violence of the elements; namely, the east, west, and north. Thus the Bass presents to those points a high range of perpendicular, and in many places, overhanging cliffs, and is accessible only from the south. This peculiar conformation seems to have been taken advantage of when state-prisons were more in vogue than now; for to this day may be seen the remains of fortifications, barracks, cells, and dungeons, once tenanted by many an unhappy captive, and zealously guarded by a governor and troops at that time stationed permanently on the island. History has handed down an interesting account of those state-prisoners, together with the proceedings which led to their incarceration; and I may as well here state, that not only have ample details of the martyrology been furnished in a volume called *The Bass Rock*,* but likewise treatises on the civil and ecclesiastical history, geology, zoology, and botany, severally—486 pages having been written by authors of the highest repute on a lonely sea-girt rock of but one mile in circumference! Were it solely on account of its relics of bygone times, the Bass would be well worth a visit, especially for the antiquary and artist, as the cell in which worthy covenanting John Blackadder, and others were confined, the governor's house, and the fortifications generally, are in a state of tolerable preservation. My tastes, however, are for the natural history of this singular island, more especially the multitudes of sea-birds which make it their home.

Several species of birds breed on the Bass, but by far the most numerous is the solan goose or gannet. This is one of the few stations in Great Britain selected by it for breeding purposes: the other places principally resorted to are Lundy Isle, off the coast of Devonshire; Ailsa Craig, on the Ayrshire coast; St Kilda, in the Hebrides; and Suliskerry, between the Orkneys and the Butt of Lewis. A few other places of minor note are sometimes chosen by straggling members, but those are exceptions, and as such, are not worth mentioning.

On my first visit to the Bass, I was much struck by the novelty of the whole scene. As the little sailing-boat neared the rock, I descried considerable numbers of geese sailing on poised wings round and round it; but at the first discharge of a gun, the air became partially darkened by the multitude of birds that quitted their ledges and launched forth into the air. Whole tribes of kittiwakes—a bird of the gull genus—flew screaming from their nests, and kept up their deafening shrieks for many minutes; while parties of guillemots and razor-bills quitted their retreats silently, and flew far out to sea. But the greatest sight of all was the extraordinary number of solan geese that filled the air, sailing round and round the rock in long graceful sweeps. Looking up from a boat towards the cliffs, one is surprised that so many birds should find room on such apparently narrow ledges, to construct their nests and rear their young in safety; but doubtless the great height creates a deception as to the size of objects.

The habits of the solan goose are somewhat peculiar. These birds are, strictly speaking, gregarious; they arrive at the Bass in the beginning of February—a few birds heralding the approach of the main body—and remain there till October, for the purpose of hatching and rearing their young. By far the greater number then depart for the American coasts, some going southward to the Mexican Gulf, and others northward to the shores of Greenland. A few birds remain on the British coasts all the year round, but these are always very much scattered. The number of geese that annually comes to the Bass is estimated at about ten thousand. On their arrival, they at once set about the weary process of constructing their nests: a weary process indeed, from the time required to accomplish it, and the long distances frequently travelled in search of materials. The nest is composed almost entirely of sea-weed, to procure which the bird flies many miles from home, returning with the material in its mouth. Sticks are not altogether rejected, though sea-weed is preferred. The nest requires constant repairs during the season, as great heat shrivels its proportions, while moisture decomposes and enlarges it. It is about fifteen inches in diameter across the top, and several inches deep; and in it is deposited one egg about the size of that of an ordinary goose, but longer and harder. From the exceedingly awkward motions of the gannet, while quitting or returning to her nest, the egg would in all probability be soon broken, were it not coated with a hard calcareous substance, to

* London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

Digitized by Google

protect it from rough usage. On rare occasions, two eggs are laid in one nest, and I have been told that in these cases one of the young is much smaller than the other. Though the solan is an extremely awkward bird on land, and shuffles clumsily off her nest when scared by intruders, the instant she launches forth from the cliff into the air, her motions are graceful and easy. Her wings measure six feet from tip to tip, and her flight consists of a few regularly timed beats, followed by a long elegant sweep of several hundred yards: these sweeps are usually in a direction towards the sea, and continue till the bird arrives within a few feet of the water, when with an elegant curve she ascends till the impetus is exhausted, and then has to beat her way upwards again. At other times, the solan goose will sail round her sea-girt home for hours at a time, apparently enjoying the exercise: multitudes are to be seen thus engaged, crossing and re-crossing, and following each other in long gliding downward flights, or winging their way homewards after having been many miles away.

To procure food for the young one, the solan will sometimes wander thirty, fifty, or even ninety miles from home. Young herrings form the chief sustenance, and these are carried home in the old bird's gullet, and disgorged for the benefit of the hungry little one. The method of obtaining fish is very remarkable: Nature has gifted the bird with keen organs of vision, and with these she keeps a constant look-out when on a foraging excursion; if a fish is seen, the gannet stops her flight instantly, and gliding perpendicularly down like a shot into the sea, secures her finny prey with usually unerring certainty; the middle claw and the sides of the bill are serrated, which enables the solan goose to retain a firm grasp of fish with either the foot or mouth. It is a beautiful sight to see those birds hovering over, and diving at a shoal of herrings; scarcely an instant elapses before one of their number makes its rapid descent into the waves, throwing up a torrent of spray, and leaving a white mark in the sea, discernible at the distance of a mile; and one after another swoops in rapid succession, playing as it were a game at follow the leader, and driving an immense herring-trade the while. The solan will sometimes dive from the height of six feet from the surface of the sea, and at other times from elevations ranging from twenty to fifty feet. I have never seen the bird dive from apparently greater altitudes, nor have I ever seen one stop, as if balked of its prey, while on the swoop. The swoop is similar to that of the falcon or sky-lark, the wings being folded close to the body. When emerging from the sea, the gannet rests for a few moments, and then flaps lazily out of the water. She seldom if ever swims continuously, and never dives from the surface. If over-gorged with fish, she will rest on the water for several hours at a time, and in this state these birds are frequently caught by fishermen and others.

The food is disgorged sometimes into the mouth of the young solan, and sometimes into the mouth of the parent bird, for the young one to help itself, but more frequently by the former method. The young is at first of a leaden-black colour; it is totally helpless, and very meek and submissive in appearance, as may be seen from the manner in which it receives occasional spiteful usage from its neighbours, during the absence of its parents. This, however, is compensated by the tender solicitude of the mother while feeding and rearing it. I am not aware that the male bird assists in rearing the young one, though, I believe, he acts his part in foraging for food, and laying it before the female while she is on the nest, for I have seen disgorged pellets so placed.

On the Bass, there are several distinct colonies of geese, apart from those that breed on the cliffs, and the stranger may approach within a very few feet of them while they are sitting. This allows of close observation being made. The bird is nearly as big as the common goose, and is pure white all over, excepting on the pinion feathers of the wings, which are black, and the neck, which is sandy gray. The male and female are precisely similar in appearance. The head is large, the bill long and pointed, and the mouth capable of opening wide enough to admit a man's foot; this may be proved by placing your foot close to the bird, but take care at the same time that your *boot* is strong and thick. The head of the solan goose is perfectly destitute of nostrils, no opening being visible where they usually occur in other birds; nor do the middle claw and beak become serrated till the young bird is able to fly—two strange facts in connection with this bird. The young do not arrive at their full plumage till the expiration of several years; two stages of colouring intervening—namely, black and piebald; neither do they pair until the adult plumage is attained.

The solan seldom utters a cry while on the wing, but just before lighting on her nest, she gives out a harsh guttural note, which is usually responded *to* by the neighbouring sitting birds; the responses, however, I suspect to be the result of jealousy, as they are accompanied by menacing gestures towards the newcomer. Again, when intruded upon, she utters her hoarse cry, resembling the words *kirra*, *kirra*, or *cra*, *cra*, and this cry is taken up by those nearest her. These are the only occasions I have heard the gannet's voice, excepting when two were quarrelling together.

Where so many birds are grouped together within such circumscribed limits, one would naturally suppose the noise to be terrific, and yet it is not so. The comparative freedom from noise is what has always struck me as being a very remarkable circumstance. A single roused kittiwake will, it is true, make more noise than a score of solan geese; but if these small fry are inclined to rest, the noises created by the other feathered tenants of the rock are not sufficient to drown ordinary conversation. I have even noticed certain intervals of almost total cessation, with hundreds of geese flying around at the time, but those must, of course, be rare. Geese breed all over the faces of the rock; kittiwakes usually at an elevation of about two-thirds of the entire height of the precipice; they, in fact, occupy a zone to themselves. The guillemot breeds at nearly a similar elevation with the kittiwake; and the razor-bill in holes in the fortification. The puffins, I believe, breed in deserted rabbit-holes, though I never saw any there. Besides those, a few pair of herring-gulls, black-backed gulls, and cormorants, breed upon the rock; the last frequenting the penetralia of the cave—which perforates the island like a tunnel—and emitting at times the most unearthly sounds, or rather howls. These singular sounds are rarely heard on any other portion of the Bass, and have always associated this gloomy cavern with feelings of mysterious awe. Boatmen have attributed these gloomy cries to the guillemot tribe, a few members of which do certainly frequent 'the cave;' but I am inclined rather to impute them to the cormorant, as I have never heard the voice of the guillemot, or 'marrat,' as the sailors call it, under any circumstances whatever, saving the low sharp croak, emitted during their dying struggles after a gunshot. A solitary pair of eider-ducks may sometimes venture to rear their progeny of 'brattocks' on the rock; several pair of jackdaws; and a single pair of peregrine falcons: these, together with rock-pipits, sum up the species known to me; but there may, of course, be others which have escaped my observation. I scared a common wren from some long nettles close to the fortifications, and, by the tame way in which she settled close by, waiting, doubtless, for my departure,

Digitized by Google

I inferred that she must have had her nest there; but I failed in finding it, though I searched diligently.

The Bass is let at a considerable sum annually by its owner, Sir Hew Dalrymple, to a person termed 'the keeper.' The rent is made up first and chiefly by the money obtained for the young geese, which, when cooked, are sold at from 6d. to 1s. apiece; and second, by the charge exacted from strangers for the privilege of visiting the rock. The number of young geese slaughtered annually is about two thousand; and these are first skinned, then soaked, and baked slowly, after which the greater number are packed and forwarded to various parts of Great Britain, while others are reserved for home-use. The young of the solan goose, when properly prepared, is a daintier morsel than many might suppose, especially when eaten cold; and I believe her Majesty has an annual treat of solan-geese eggs. These should be boiled for twenty minutes—the albumen coagulating merely to the consistency of jelly—and eaten with pepper, mustard, and vinegar; and for breakfast, I know of no greater dainty.

At three different times in the year do the cliff-men essay their dangerous task—1st, when the eggs of the kittiwake, &c., are ready for harrying; 2d, when the peregrine falcon's brood is fit to be carried off; and 3d, when the young geese are sufficiently matured for killing.

The eggs of the first are sought after by collectors, and are always kept in store at Canty Bay, ready blown, price 6d. A supply of the herring-gull, puffin, guillemot, and razor-bill or Tammie Norie's eggs, is also kept, though in much lesser quantity than the kittiwake's; and sometimes the eggs of the greater black-backed gull and cormorant may be had.

On the second descent, the cliff-man brings away the falcon's brood in a basket slung round his shoulder for the purpose. He is let down to the spot by means of a rope tied round his waist, and another loose in his hand; the rope is previously made fast round a rock, and further held by a man above. The cliff-man signals to his companion by the rope he holds in his hand, and so is let down, steadied, or hauled up at pleasure. Young peregrines require to be dexterously handled, or they may inflict severe wounds with their talons. When the cliff-man reaches the eyrie, they instantly begin to screech vociferously, far outvying in their piercing shrieks the cries of the other denizens of the cliff. They always turn upon their backs, and strike viciously with their feet, so that the operation of bearing them away used to be somewhat tedious. The men, however, now generally wear gloves, and are thus enabled to lift their screaming captives at once from the nest. The female falcon usually sails close by all the time, and often lights on a piece of rock at hand, a sorrowing spectator of the scene. This has been a blank year for falcons on the Bass.

On the third and last occasion of descents, which last from the middle of August till the middle of September, the cliff-man is let down three times a week by a rope round the waist, with a steadying or signaling rope in the left hand, and a stout cudgel in the right. From cliff to cliff he gropes his dangerous way, sometimes dangling in mid-air, and then regaining a footing. He knocks a young goose on the head, which kills it at a single blow; he then places the cudgel in his rope-hand, and seizing the dead bird, heaves it clear of the rocks into the sea. A boat is waiting below to gather the slain birds; and I may here remark, that it has to give them a wide berth, as one falling *into* it might stave it. The art of heaving the dead birds into the sea is one not learned all at once, as it requires both strength to pitch far enough *outwards*, and an eye accustomed to judge of distances at great elevations, to calculate the necessary force to be employed. Sometimes the man is let down into the boat, and at other times he is hoisted up again by the rope; the whole proceeding, too, is considered most dangerous in wet weather, and is on that account rarely attempted except upon fine days. Accidents to cliff-men are very rare on the Bass.

I will now take leave of the Bass and its tenants, though I have not noticed the rabbits which abound on it, nor the sixteen sheep its somewhat scanty pasturage maintains. The view from the fortifications is truly magnificent, and of itself well repays the trouble of ascending thither. The associations connected with the ruinous cells and dungeons are deeply interesting; and the fair marks presented by two geese, which hold as their own two ledges of rock 180 yards from the fortifications, and are termed Baird's and Elcho's geese respectively, are amply sufficient to test the skill of the rifleman. These are considered legitimate targets by the keeper, who permits any amount of practice at them gratis; but five shillings a head is charged by him for old geese killed in cold blood; so, novice, beware, and when directing thine unerring rifle at either of the above solans, see that thou dost not riddle another instead!

MY FIRST PLAY.

When first anything new happens to us, it is an event, not only for the time being, but for the future. Thoughts, feelings, and intelligences unknown before, spring up and give birth to others which never again seem to leave us, and which indirectly, but certainly, influence our future actions and sentiments, although we may not take the trouble of tracing to their sources the 'little things' which gave the first tiny tinge of colour to what forms our present and permanent bent of character. I had never seen a play of any kind, and had heard marvellously little about plays or scenic representations in general. To be sure, my nursery-maid, Mary, talked occasionally about the 'theayter,' and had even told me a long story concerning *one* Jane Shore, and *a* wicked king, whose wickedness, I concluded, consisted in making the said Jane Shore cry water-cresses, as it was apropos to hearing that beautiful, melancholy, but now obsolete cry of 'Buy my water-cresses,' that she for the first time related the pathetic tale—assuring me that such was undoubtedly both the mode and the tune by which the lovely and unfortunate prototype of the dirty draggle-tailed drab then passing us, used to call the attention of the Londoners, two or three thousand years ago, to the fresh leaves she had been forced to gather for them, to eat with their bread and butter, early in the morning, at the cold brook-side, before the wicked tyrant himself, or the sun, or the birds were awake.

Mary, being somewhat romantically and sentimentally disposed, dealt chiefly in tragedies where ladies died for love of handsome young gentlemen, who stamped about and stabbed each other in measured time, which she practically demonstrated, by making a ferocious attack on a pillow with the poker; which pillow, after having performed the part of a rival lover, was rendered available in smothering Desdemona—that is, the unconscious cat, which never *would* lie quiet and allow itself to be killed as that exemplary wife did, but ran mewing and spitting under the bed. She was not, it must be confessed, particularly clear in her descriptions; and there was a strange jumble of kings and queens in crowns, poisoned cups, bloody daggers, gold waistcoats, purple and crimson robes, ermine and suits of armour, helmets, battle-axes, and clashing swords,

Digitized by Google

wailing, woe, death, and dismay, dancing in confusion through my childish brain, and filling me alternately with curiosity, terror, delight, and a strong desire to witness myself the wonders she dilated upon.

One Monday morning, when snow lay thick on the ground, frost in the very air of the house, I sat with purple nose and red fingers at the school-room piano, picking out a new music-lesson, my father unexpectedly entered—a very unusual event with him. He hoped I was a good girl; and then, in case my prim governess should insinuate anything to the disadvantage of my character, quickly added: 'We have secured a box on Thursday at Covent Garden, and mean to take you, Lilian, where I hope Miss Birch' —turning to the governess—'will also do us the favour to accompany us.' Whereupon Miss Birch's countenance, hitherto anything but smiling, brightened; she graciously signified her assent to the proposal, saying: 'I was a *very* good girl, and deserved indulgence.' Although this was in direct contradiction to the opinion she had expressed to myself some ten minutes before, I was not disposed to be critical, but jumped up in a fever of joy, kissed first my father, and then Miss Birch, my blood circulating so rapidly, that before the former had well closed the door, neither purple nose nor red fingers remained.

What was it to me *now* that the fire burnt low, or that the streets were covered with snow; was I not going to the play? I bustled through my lessons with unusual energy; and the moment the clock struck twelve, bounded off to the nursery, where my little sister Susan always stayed till she joined me at two to commence her lessons also. The joyful news had already been imparted there, and Susan was longing for my arrival to talk over our anticipated treat with Mary, who entered into our feelings most good-humouredly, but told us she did not think *we* should see *Jane Shore*, inasmuch as *that* was an entertainment of too lofty a nature to take children to; but she daresayed we should see 'harleyqueen and columbind'—more amusing, and better suited to our intelligence; and then she, nothing loath, tried to enlighten us in the same confused manner she had before attempted to describe her favourite tragedies; leaving our little minds in a tangled maze, which only still more whetted our curiosity. How Tuesday and Wednesday passed, it is equally impossible to recollect as imagine. Going to the play was ever present; and the time seemed so far off, we feared it never would come. Thursday, I remember, was a rapid thaw. I suppose it had begun before, for by the middle of the day, no snow was to be seen or frost felt; the sun shone on our anticipated treat; no lessons were thought of, for Miss Birch, who had her 'frock to trim,' most generously gave us a holiday. We were to dine late, and our parents early—all together! because we were going to the play, as we duly informed every person we saw, and to have a cup of *café à la crême*, to keep us awake; not that there was the slightest danger, we felt *sure*, of our ever wishing to sleep; but we wisely kept that conviction to ourselves, lest the café should be struck out as unnecessary.

Every one knows the particular rumble of his own carriage; *that* evening, however, we made several mistakes. 'There it is,' was said a dozen times before there it really was; but at last it did positively come, just at the very minute it was ordered, old John Gemmel, the coachman, knowing full well where we were going, and who was going. So jumping, bustling, laughing, squeezing each other's hands, and pinching our mamma's till she wisely bethought herself of elevating them out of our reach, we allowed our little white satin tippets, edged with swandown, to be tied on, smelling of cedar-drawers, lavender, and dried roses—a mixed odour which, when inhaled, even at this day, restores to me the feelings of that happy hour. A happy hour it was; for

All things please when life itself is new.

Although it was yet the days of oil-lamps—never having been out in an evening before—to our unaccustomed eyes, the streets seemed brightly illuminated. The shops were one blaze of light; and we shouted with glee as we rolled on past mercers and milliners, perfumers and chemists, dazzling the eyes with a rapid succession of the brightest colours; grocers and green-grocers, with their shows of figs and chestnuts, almonds, raisins, apples, pears, and all sorts of good cheer; pastry-cooks' shops, resplendent with snow-capped twelfth-cakes; toy-shops, with dolls and drums and baby-houses, in every variety!—all looking twice as tempting as by day; but yet we pitied the poor people behind the counters and their customers, for they were evidently not *going to the play*. Much we wondered to see grown persons, who, of course, could always do just as they pleased, composedly walking away from the goal of our desires; and felt certain every one going in the *right* direction along the glistening pavement, wet with a recent shower, must be '*going to the play*.' It seemed a long way off; and so many new sights and feelings were succeeding each other, that to us it appeared at least ten miles. At length, carriages increased; cries met our ears, of 'Bill of the play,' 'Oranges,' and so forth; link-boys flashed their torches; coachmen cut in and cut out, and lashed and swore—we stopped—we went on—we stopped again—we were come to the playhouse door at last! Lifted out by the footman, my father took my little sister by the hand, whilst I followed between my mother and Miss Birch. We now talked no more, and jumped no more, for a sort of overwhelming feeling of mixed joy and fear kept us still as we walked along the lobbies. The box-door suddenly opened; and the lights, 'the sea of heads,' the uproar the gods were making at that particular moment, heard amidst the tuning of the orchestra, the cry of 'Music,' 'O. P.,' 'Turn him out,' 'Throw him over,' had such an effect upon my excited feelings, that I really think, for a moment, I lost consciousness. When I came to myself, I found we were all, except my father, seated in the front row, and the overture about to begin. Passionately fond of music, and knowing every popular air, of course this overture, where many were introduced, was a great treat, and one I had not counted upon. It was short; for at Christmas, children form the greatest part of the audience, and what is likely to please them is then more attended to than at other seasons.

I cannot now remember what the name of the piece first acted was; but although I knew it was make-believe, I still could not help fancying it real: the scenery was so like nature; for *we* saw it from the centre-boxes, which favour the illusion; only the ladies were almost too beautiful for flesh and blood, or anything but wax; however, they sang and danced in a haymaking scene, which, but for these beautiful wax-doll ladies, would have been just like the real country, as I had seen it at my uncle's the summer before, where clodhopping clowns and rosy-cheeked ragged rustics figured instead. And there were also warriors in plumed helmets, such as I read of in my story-books; but I could hear with difficulty so far off, and could not comprehend what the gentlemen ranted, and the ladies kept whining about. At last it came to an end; and although we entertained some fears that all was over, our patience was helped by an orange and a bun; and, after an overture, even prettier than the last, came the pantomime.

Ah, these were the palmy days of pantomimes! Grimaldi was clown; Bologna, harlequin; and

Digitized by Google

Mrs Parker, who, though sixty, the age of my venerable grandmamma, looked as young and as blooming, and danced far better than any of the aforesaid haymakers—Mrs Parker, who never grew old, was columbine. Perhaps I confuse, perhaps I may be introducing parts of another pantomime, or perhaps there were three pieces played; but a live elephant and horses appeared on the stage in *Bluebeard;* and, along with my reminiscences of that tragedy, the cabbage-man is intimately connected. A pumpkin formed the head; a cabbage, the body; carrots, the arms; radishes, the fingers; rolls of Epping butter, the legs; and Dutch cheeses, the feet. Whilst I was wondering what Grimaldi could mean, after making his marketings, disguised as a farmer, and laying them together with such care, up jumped this vegetable man, and pursued him round the stage. Certainly a foreshadowing of Frankenstein; perhaps the origin of that remarkable book. Then harlequin entered an apothecary's shop, struck with his wand three large drug-bottles, and out jumped three little devils, with horns and tails, instead of the medicine they were supposed to contain. 'Nothing *is* new under the sun;' this was undoubtedly a homœopathic hint, whilst yet homœopathy was in embryo; but, I suppose, I must have been rather below par as to intelligence, for one of these poor little imps got hurt in some way, and emitted most doleful cries before he was extricated from his drug-bottle; and—in recording the fact, I almost awaken the feelings of shame of that moment—I, I alone, of all the immense audience, in that immense Covent Garden Theatre, laughed. I heard my own laugh; I saw every eye in our vicinity turn upon me, and then I understood it all, and felt myself a fool; for it was *not* 'part of the play,' as I, in my ignorant simplicity, thought. The unfortunate child *was* hurt and frightened both. How utterly miserable I felt is more than words can convey. I did not dare look up for long; but when at last I ventured to do so, to my great surprise, and greater relief, no one appeared to be aware of my existence; all eyes were directed towards the stage; so, with the happy *insouciance* of childhood, I soon forgot my humiliation; I was as much engrossed with the moving scene as before.

The greatest of pains and the greatest of pleasures come to an end some time or other, and although our kind parents, stifling their yawns, remained until the curtain fell, that we might see the whole, we both declared we should like it all to begin over again. Once in the carriage, however, nature resumed her sway, and we fell so fast asleep, that we were undressed and put to bed without awakening, and our slumbers were dreamless; but early next morning we were alive again, calling to each other from our little beds, humming the airs, singing the songs, acting the scenes we had witnessed the night before. For many successive nights, however, clowns and columbines, harlequins and helmeted heroes, chased each other through our midnight visions; and my imitation of Mrs Parker was so successful, that Monsieur Ricochet declared I must have practised in my sleep, so astonishingly had I improved since the preceding week. My sister attempted to read with the emphasis the actors recited, and although it must have been most intensely ludicrous, this new fancy certainly laid the foundation of a better style of reading than the unchanging sing-song she was before remarkable for. The happiness of this our first play did not terminate when the curtain fell, for even now, as I write the above description of what occurred so long, long ago, I seem to live it over again; the tunes start up in my mind, the perfume of my white satin tippet in my nose; for a moment, all the innocent imaginings of that period of life are mine once more; and not only mine, but my little daughter and niece find the description so pleasant, that they have had it read over to them three times, which makes me hope it may meet with the approbation of other young readers of *Chambers*, and so I send it.

HOME TRAVEL.

Of all the affectations—and their name is Legion—with which Society encumbers itself, that of the fashionable necessity of 'going abroad' is perhaps the most inane. Society does not really like it, and would, if it dared, quite willingly stay upon this side the Channel. It gets so sea-sick in that short passage, so crushed as to its crinoline, so limp as to its shirt-collars, that it can be scarcely recognised as Society at all. It is annoyed by government officials to an extent that would at home have put it in revolution; it degrades itself by the driving of bargains against knavish foreigners, by whom, nevertheless, it is on all sides shamefully plundered; it endures the worst of food, the most acid of drinks, heat such as throws it into the vulgarest and most profuse perspirations, and filth, almost everywhere, unutterable, which it characteristically attempts to ignore. Society on its foreign travels is made to rise in the morning at about the same hour at which it retires to rest at home, is driven rapidly over infamous roads for many hours, staring at the surrounding objects as long as it can stare; it nods, yawns, quarrels with its fellow-travellers, grows faint with hunger, overeats itself on omelets and fruit, and goes to bed upon a sofa, with a pillow upon the top of it by way of coverlet: all this time it strives to admire with a perseverance which it never uses in Britain, and acquires by the total experience the fashion of underrating the beauties of its native land.

We do not speak of invalids, who among a new people, alien customs, and a more temperate climate, are seeking for health in change; of those who, after making themselves acquainted with the wonders of their own country, set out to extend the sphere of their observations in foreign lands; or of the genuine lovers of painting, architecture, or antiquities, the best examples of which they are naturally anxious to behold with their own eyes. We refer only to Society proper, which seeks in its summer exoduses mere novelty and the beauties of nature; which last it makes a very great point of admiring—in the presence of those who have not visited the same localities. Alas! it is not alone fashionable folks who neglect the pleasures which lie close at hand, the flowers that grow within reach, for those further afield, to which distance has lent its charm; but certainly this weakness of theirs is especially obvious in the matter of 'going abroad.'

Why, within a few days' journey of Society's town-house—if Society did but know it—and on English land, there lie whole tracts of country as beautiful as soul can desire, as wild as brain can bear, and whole tribes of its own countrymen whose dialect would be as strange to its ears as Tyrolean or Swedish: mountains, whose summits eye cannot reach from below any more than it can Mont Blanc's; lakes, which yield in beauty to no inland waters even in gorgeous Italy, and which reflect a cloud-canopy such as the sheeny South can never behold; rivers, winding in slumbrous valleys so deep-hidden that one might think the water-gods still haunt them, and the old régime prevails; and, above all, such shores by the stormful sea—shattered crag, and sheerest steep, and silver-sanded bay—as all the coast-lines in the world cannot excel for glorious contrast.

But, as one never looks among our own relatives for any person of genius—except one's self—so it would seem that fashion had determined not to see anything new and fair at home. We thank Mr

Digitized by Google

Walter White and men like him, therefore, for putting in their protest against this blindness in a very effectual way—namely, by exploring their own beautiful country for themselves, and giving us an account of it in a manner which combines the liveliness of travelling adventure with the accuracy of a guide-book. Almost every summer, as it seems, this Londoner, who has walked to the Land's End, spends his one month of summer holiday in this or that English county, seeing it thoroughly, and taking copious notes of what he sees; the result of which is a new book 'tasting of Flora and the country green,' as surely as spring comes round. His volume for this year is *A Month in Yorkshire**—the same period which Society often allows itself for seeing Germany, Switzerland, the Tyrol, Italy, the south of France, and Spain—nor do those thirty days seem to have been at all too long a time for exploring that most interesting county.

Mr White seems to have met during that ramble individuals quite as singular and to the full as foreign, in dialect, manners, and occupation, as he would have come across had he taken the grand tour; while, in nature, he witnessed scarcely less variety of pastoral beauty and marine grandeur; scenes of history, and haunts of poet; romantic ruin, and wonders of modern engineering. He met too, we are sorry to add, some dwellers among all these striking scenes as careless of the beauties which lay around them as any double-refined worshipper of fashion itself. Two Yorkshiremen, whom he overtakes near Malham, are bent solely upon seeing there a certain horse which one of them has sent thither 'to grass' a few weeks previously.

'They were as much amused at my admiration of the scenery as I was at their taking so long a journey to look at a quadruped. They would not go out of their way to see Malham Cove, or Gordale Scar, not they; a horse was worth more than all the scenery. And yet, judging by their dress and general conversation, they were men in respectable circumstances. Presently, as we passed a rocky cone springing all yellow and gray from a bright green eminence, I stopped and tried to make them understand why it was admirable, pointing out its form, the contrasts of colour, and its relation to surrounding objects. "Well!" said one, "I never thought of that. It do make a difference when you look at it that way." Neither of them had ever been to London, and what pleased them most was to hear something about the great city. They were as full of wonder, and as ready to express it, as children; and not one of us found the way wearisome. . . . .

'"Eh! that's Maum Cove, is it?" he said, as a turn in the road shewed us the head of the valley—"that's what we've heard so much talk about. Well, it's a grand scar." He seemed to repent of even this morsel of admiration, and helped his neighbour with strong resolutions not to turn aside and look up at the cliff from its base. . . . .

'Although Gordale Scar is not more than a mile from Malham, they refused to go and see it. However, when we came to the grazier's house, and they heard that the Scar lay in the way to the pasture where the horse was turned out, they thought they wouldn't mind taking a look, just, as they went. The good wife brought out bread, cheese, butter, and a jug of beer, and would have me sit down and partake with the others; regarding my plea that I was a stranger, and had just taken a drink, as worthless. A few minutes sufficed, and then her son accompanied us, for without him the horse would never be found. We followed a road running along the base of the precipitous hills which cross the head of the valley, to a rustic tenement, dignified with the name of Gordale House; and there turned towards the cliffs by the side of a brook. At first, there is nothing to indicate your approach to anything extraordinary; you enter a great chasm, where the crags rise high and singularly rugged, sprinkled here and there with a small fir or graceful ash, where the bright green turf, sloping up into all the ins and outs of the dark-gray cliff, and the little brook babbling out towards the sunshine, between great masses of rock fallen from above, enliven the otherwise gloomy scene. You might fancy yourself in a great roofless cave; but ascending to the rear, you find an outlet, a sudden bend in the chasm—narrower, and more rocky and gloomy than the entrance. The cliffs rise higher and overhang fearfully above, appearing to meet indeed at the upper end; and there, from that grim crevice, rushes a waterfall. The water makes a bound, strikes the top of a rock, and rushing down on each side, forms an inverted A of splash and foam. And now you feel that Gordale Scar deserves all the admiration lavished upon it.

'"Well!" exclaimed one of the Yorkshiremen, "who'd ha' thought to see anything like this? And we living all our life within twenty mile of it! 'Tis a wonderful place."

'"So, you do believe, at last," I rejoined, "that scenery is worth looking at, as well as a horse?"

'"That I do. I don't wonder now that you come all the way from London to see our hills."'

* London: Chapman and Hall.

OASIS.

Thou camest hither with the crescent moon,
And now his light is scarcely on the wane;
Sad is it thou must go away so soon,
And not return again.

So very sweet a friendship has been knit,
So very brief its harvest-time has been!
Take heart! take heart! we may not think of it
As all in vain, I ween.

For as a traveller in desert lands
Rideth day after day from morn till night,
Weary with the hot sun and endless sands
And gleaming, hazy light;

With thick, incrusted throat and parchèd tongue,
Straining his leathern bottle, hard and dry,
Gasping and faint and sickly borne along,
And wishing half to die,

Cometh at once upon a sudden well
And pleasant grass and little grove of palm,
Stoopeth delighted all his thirst to quell
With water cool and calm;

And is refreshed and goeth in its strength
Many days more across the desert waste,
And cometh to his journey's close at length,
In freshness and no haste;

So in the desert of this life for us
Friendship has made a cool and pleasant spot;
We shall go onward to the journey's close
With strength that faileth not.

T. A.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 242. SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

LITERARY GHOULS.

A PROTEST FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

I AM a dead author.

What I wrote, or how, is unimportant now: I dwell 'in the land where all things are forgotten.' The reason why I am permitted 'again in complete steel'—both as to pen and heart—to reappear in the mundane sphere, through the medium of this *Journal*, will be obvious in the following communication. How communicated, by tapping, table-moving, or spirit-writing, befits not me to say, and is irrelevant to the subject under consideration. I will only solemnly attest that the sole devil which has had any hand in the matter is the printer's.

I am dead. For me, no more the delays of publishers, the stupidity or ill-nature of reviewers, the praise, blame, or curiosity of the public. Into 'the silent land' my works, whether 4to, 8vo, or 12mo, happily do *not* follow me; I shuffled them all off with this mortal coil; left them to take their chance of surviving me; and may their faults lie on them as gently as library dust!

For my dust, that also is a secondary consideration to me now; yet I have a kindly feeling for the relics of what often hampered me most terribly during life. Occasionally, I wander airily round a certain suburban cemetery, to take an amused observation of a certain elegant vase with a marble laurel-wreath at top, and underneath an inscription attesting my great literary merit, and the irreparable loss which I am to society.

Yet that inconsolable society is gradually ceasing to name me, even as 'Alas, poor Yorick!' and shortly I shall only be remembered by a faithful household or two as 'Our poor dear John.' I am not now ashamed of being 'John,' and should be well content to see on the aforesaid picturesque vase only that name and my surname, with the date of my birth and death—the sole facts of moment to me now—or perhaps some modern version of the familiar old epitaph:

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbeare
> To digg ye dust encloased here:
> Blest be ye man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.

Query, had Shakspeare any foreboding of, or did he mean any occult reference to, a certain race of literary ghouls, which, in later ages, delight in exhuming, not the bodies, but the souls of dead authors, who, unlike himself, are hapless enough to leave behind them any materials for biography? Fortunate Will! whose 'second-best bed,' left to thy wife Anne, is the sole clue to thy matrimonial history—whose few scribbled signatures are thy only autographs extant—who tookest no steps whatever to make thy life known to posterity, but wast content to lie down and sleep by Avon side, leaving only that sacred dust, and a few unconsidered trifles of chiefly manuscript plays, which have made for thee an earthly immortality!

It was reserved for the resurrectionists of modern times to do worse than Shakspeare's curse deprecates—to dig up, not the bones, but the memories of the departed great; exposing them like mummies under a glass-case, sixpence a peep (namely, three vols. 8vo, charged twopence each for perusal; may be had at any circulating library). After which, all the critics in all the reviews and newspapers place them on a sort of intellectual dissecting-table, where they are lectured upon learnedly, and anatomised limb by limb, muscle by muscle—not at all out of mere curiosity, oh, dear no!—but simply for the good of science and the benefit of mankind. A proceeding vastly interesting and quite unobjectionable—except for any who may chance to find—as has been found—some near relative or beloved friend in the inanimate 'subject' of Surgeon's Hall.

I am incited to express myself thus, by being the elected spokesman of a committee of ghosts, who, in so far as spirits can suffer wrong, save from the sorrowful beholding of it, have been wronged in this fashion since they left the mortal sphere. Although to us, in our celestial Hades, all this clatter about us

> No more disturbs our calm repose
> Than summer evening's latest sigh
> That shuts the rose;

still, we deem it right, for truth's sake, that a voice from the other world should convey *our* opinion on the matter.

We abide—where, it matters not; as space, like time, belongs only to the flesh. We are often drawn together, as congenial spirits are, in life and after; and we converse sometimes of earthly matters, which we are aware of; for to be spirit alone implies *to know*. How, or how much we know, I shall not explain, as you will all find it out for yourselves at no distant day. We rarely speak of our own books—we have said our say, and done with it—but we sometimes note the books that have been written upon us since our departure.

These are of every sort: from the humble one-volume *Remains*—compiled by some affectionate heart which deemed the loss as fatal for the world as for itself—to the large and boastful *Memoir* of somebody

Digitized by Google

who was never heard of till he became a biographee, solely, it would appear, for the glorification of his biographer: from the plain, honest *Life*, with nothing in it to chronicle except useful deeds, or scientific researches: and the pathetic *Final Memorials*, throwing light upon long-secret griefs and ended labours, down to the heaps of *Reminiscences*, *Recollections*, *Journals*, and *Correspondences*, piled up like a cairn over some unfortunate—of whom, after all, the utmost that can be said, is included in a verse by one—whose hint *his* biographer had much better have taken—

> Once in the flight of ages past
> There lived a man. And who was he?
> Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
> That man resembled thee.

And all that need be told of him—which he has not told of himself, by writings or actions—the bard goes on to say—

> Is this—There lived a man.

But these ghouls have no respect to the image of man, either spiritually or corporeally. They have dragged into the open daylight all our mental and physical defects; described minutely our personality, living, and in one or two instances, the appearance of our poor corpses after we were dead. Our vices, follies, sufferings, our family secrets and domestic wrongs, have been alike paraded before the world. Truths, half-truths, or two truths so put together as to form a whole falsehood, having been grubbed up in all directions, and either dovetailed into a ground-work purely imaginary, or arranged into a mosaic of most charming pattern—with the slight drawback that the design of it and of our history is entirely owing to our ingenious biographer.

All this harms us not; but we regard the matter as something sad and strange, which may be harmful to authors now living, who, one day, will in their turn become ghosts and biographical subjects.

Thus, suppose we, who most of us passed our sublunary existence like ordinary men and women, wrote our books and published them; but for ourselves courted peace, privacy, and the meditative life which all true authors love—suppose we had been aware that on us, defunct, a greedy biographer would seize—rake up all our doings, undoings, and misdoings; record how we dressed, and walked, and ate our dinners; jot down, in various incorrect forms, which we have no power to set right, every careless or foolish word we said, with our motive for saying it; lure from weak, faithless, or indifferent friends our most private letters, written, perhaps, as others beside the luckless *genus irritabile* do write letters, on the impulse of the moment, or under the influence of some accidental mood; call upon all our kindred and aquaintance—one half of whom knew little of us, and the other half never understood us at all—for every possible reminiscence concerning us. Alack, alack! had we suspected this, what a living death of apprehension, annoyance, and mistrust would have been ours! And for the result? We should either have doubted our nearest and dearest, and retired in disgust from the impertinent world, to leave our bones mouldering unmolested in some African desert or American cave; or we should have carefully arranged our whole life with a view to posthumous publication. We should never have made a remark without considering how it would look in Smith-iana. We should have combed our hair, tied our neckcloth, selected our gowns and gloves, strictly for the benefit of posterity. Our very ledgers, house-accounts, and washing-books, would have been penned with an eye to autographs. We should have eaten, drank, and slept, like flies under a tumbler-glass, waiting to be put in amber; or like strange beasts, conscious that their destiny is from the Zoological Gardens to the British Museum. Nay, those of us whom a beneficent providence removed from the world before the development of the present biography mania, would have trembled lest even on the slender data attainable concerning them, some literary Professor Owen might put them together, and lecture on them in the character of extinct animals.

This last case is the least reprehensible. When his own generation has died out, and no living being can be wounded by any revelations concerning him; when an after-age has decided his permanent position in letters, and become at once less prejudiced, and more just with regard to both his faults and his virtues—then the world has some right to know the main facts of an author's personal history; at least so far as to discover whether his life corresponded with his works, which makes the works themselves doubly valuable. But that one whose whole or chief intercourse with the public has been by the pen—who has never put himself forward as soldier, politician, or desired any of those positions which necessarily make a man public property, should be seized upon as such, the minute the breath leaves him, for the entertainment of the world—is a proceeding the justice of which is certainly debatable.

On the other hand, let us suppose a case in which the writings are the one valuable residuum of a very worthless life, during which the unhappy author has

> Known the right, and yet the wrong pursued;

wherein, from weakness, wickedness, or folly, his career as a man furnishes no possible example to posterity, except to wonder how he ever could have written as beautifully as he did.

Take, for instance, Hermion, whose worldly name, did I give it, would be recognised as one for years incensed with most odorous idolatry. What was Hermion? A wild, handsome young aristocrat, stuffed full with that passionate egotism and inordinate love of approbation which is the base of many second-rate, of a few even first-rate geniuses. Consequently obnoxious to most men—though, because they only beheld the fair side of his character, adored by numerous women; till, whipped on one cheek, and caressed on the other, and maddened within by all the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil—this poet, this demigod, who lived not long enough to know himself a fool, ay, and somewhat of a wretch to boot, was found out after his death to be both.

And how? Because there was no one to say: 'He is dead, he shall be buried; buried altogether, leaving to posterity only the best and noblest part of him—his writings.' Therefore, over his corpse biographers began to swarm like flies. A fashionable friend, for fear of other fashionable friends, suppressing his autobiography, which the man himself had carefully written, and which might have had one value—truth—puts forth a garbled Life. A sentimental, kindly, shallow lady-acquaintance details his Conversations; other acquaintance, denominated 'friends'—but he could not have had one real friend in the world, this wretched Hermion, who loved only himself—they too, in successive years, throng the press, dilating on his private history and manner of life—how he starved for fear of obesity, how he wrote noble poetry of nights, and talked slang and ribaldry by day; how the worshipped bard of half the century was, in reality, when you came to be intimate with him, a selfish, conceited, parsimonious, narrow-minded, vacillating, irritable fop.

Which, in degree, he was, and yet a poet; for poets are but men; yet was it for the friends, on pretence of elevating his memory, to hang up this poor battered scarecrow of humanity on a kind of glorified gibbet for every crow to peck at, and every passer-by to shudder or sneer? And will their doing so

Digitized by Google

advantage any human being? Will it not, in those who have not attained the large vision of us immortals, create a belief that all poets must be weak, puppyish, egotistical, because this undoubtedly great poet was so? Will they not be led to think that poetry itself must be a beautiful lie, because a man could sit in the quiet dead of night, writing out of the inmost depths of his nature his best, truest self, things worthy of it and him—yet rise up next day, put on his weak, foul, conceited self, and persuade short-sighted people that that was the real Hermion after all? Alas! that for this man, who, like many another man, was tormented with two warring natures in his heart—there was no influence strong enough to make him

> Throw away the worser half of it,
> And live the purer with the other half.

And so he died; and a fine carrion-feast has he made for biographers ever since.

So has his contemporary, who, among us ghosts, strangely surprised to find himself immortal,

> Came wandering by,
> A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
> Dabbled in blood—

and salt sea-brine.

A sapient journal, whose comments on us departed often amuse us mightily in the upper sphere, asserts, noticing the last of the numerous memorials of Spiridion, 'that it supplies reasons why a complete life of him never can be, perhaps never ought to be, written.'

I put it to the conscience of mortals, whether 'a complete life' of any human being can be written, except by the pen of the recording angel?

If it be so difficult for a biographer to get at the simplest, most patent facts in his author's career, how shall he discover the life in full, inner and outer, and paint it clearly, honestly, capably—cramped by no prejudices, hesitating at no revelations, both able and willing to shew forth undisguisedly the whole man? How, even if he wished, can he do this, unless he were the man's *alter ego*, sufficiently understanding all his peculiarities to place his character in its true light before the world?

And was there ever, in his lifetime, any *alter ego* who thus thoroughly understood Spiridion?

Unaccountable as it may be, it is no less true, that most poets are all their days more or less children, and want taking care of like children. The *mens divinior* seems to unfit them partially for the hard necessities of life, unless, as is sometimes—would it were oftener!—the case, their moral conscientiousness is strong enough to force them to acquire qualities not innate or coexistent with what is termed 'the poetic temperament'—namely, prudence, forethought, common-sense; that solid wisdom which, in the sum of life, outweighs all genius.

This, Spiridion never had. How the busy world, deep in counter and merchandise, houses and lands, thrusts its hands into its pockets, and laughs over the picture of the beardless youth and his baby-wife, running from place to place, inteading at each charming spot to stay 'for ever.' How afterwards, when he had broken laws, creeds, and women's hearts, it turns disgusted from the poor poet—living contentedly a life as idle and fickle as that of a meadow butterfly; yet, with one or two sad exceptions, almost as harmless. Utterly incomprehensible, to any respectable gentleman coming home at six P.M. precisely to his three courses, is the portrait drawn of our Spiridion, standing reading a whole day long with his untasted cold meat beside him—then starting, with a girlish blush: 'Bless me, I must have forgotten my dinner!'

And worse than incomprehensible—altogether hateful, and anathema maranatha—is the daring blasphemy of indignant youth, when, blindly confounding the Christianity of a formalist and semi-rotten Church with the Christianity of the Lord Jesus, he dubbed himself atheist, to shew his abhorrence of both. Poor Spiridion!—yet any one studying his life, which, with all its faults, was so pure, unselfish, generous—so essentially the Christlike life of love—making even his enemies love him as soon as they came to know him—cannot but acknowledge that many a saintly bishop has been, practically, less of a Christian than he.

But why write his life at all? Why expose the miserable arcana of a luckless marriage—a disorderly home?—which many a man has to suffer, though he is fortunately not written about. Why unfold every writhing of the diseased restlessness and melancholy, that constitute a phase of mental development, which almost every sensitive nature is doomed to pass through during youth; until the fevers and despairs gradually wear themselves out, and the individual looks back on his old self—which, having happily been outlived, has never been chronicled—with a curious mixture of wonder and pity, that makes him tolerant and hopeful for all others going through the same ordeal. But, in the midst of those red-hot plough-shares, Spiridion died.

Yet understand us. We ghosts do not wish to lay an embargo on all biographies: thereby annihilating the natural wish of the human heart to be remembered after death a little, and causing the worth and beauty of good men's histories to be indeed

> Interred with their bones.

Not so. Everything that is great and noble, virtuous and heroic in any author's life—in the life of any man or woman—by all means, after a decent time has elapsed, let it be faithfully related, for the comfort, instruction, and example of later generations. The world has a right to hear and exact such chronicles of its generations gone by.

But let us be chronicled not as authors, because we have written a book or so worth reading, but because we have lived a life worth remembering—the story of which will have a beneficial influence on lives yet to come. If any incense poured upon or saintly odours arising from our mortal dust can reach and delight us in our immortality, it must be thus to know that neither our doings nor our sufferings have been altogether in vain. And for all that concerning us was purely personal, in noways differing from the rest of our species—which can neither 'point a moral' nor 'adorn a tale,' but only minister to an idle and prurient curiosity—in charity's name, let it be buried with us.

Here, in this abode of calm, where the strongest puff of fame cannot send a single ripple across the sea of eternity, we ghosts wish it were better understood, that, however great our writings, we ourselves were but human, and no more was to be expected of us than struggling humanity can achieve; that our genius was an accidental quality, in noways exempting us from the temptations, any more than exonerating us from the duties, of our kind; that, if we erred, it was not our genius, but our miserable human nature that overcame us, as it does other men. We claim for our memories neither more nor less than the immunities granted to others—not authors—namely, that, except for some great benefit to the human race, you have no more right to drag a man's history, fair or foul, out of the merciful shadows of the tomb, than you have to dig up and sell his dead body, to be exhibited in a penny peep-show at Bartholomew Fair. The true manner of dealing with the dead at all times Shakspeare seems to indicate when he makes Queen Katherine say of Wolsey:

> Yet thus far, Griffiths, *give me leave* to speak him,
> And yet with charity.

Digitized by Google

She would not criticise her bitterest enemy, after he was no more, without the apology, '*Give me leave.*' It would be well if some biographers I could name had been as tender and womanly.

And this brings me to speak a word on the part of some gentle ghosts among us, who, inasmuch as women naturally shrink from publicity more than men, have been the more sorely aggrieved. I refer not to those who, conscious of living always in the public eye, designedly left their *Diaries, &c.*, behind them, elegantly and artistically arranged—a little *couleur de rose* may be—on the principle that

One would not look quite frightful when one's dead,

but still vastly amusing; and no doubt an appreciative public made itself very merry over these dead women, whose life was a perpetual *pose plastique*, and who took care to die in the most graceful of attitudes. They have had their desire; though every one of them may be wise enough to be ashamed of it now.

But for others who lived naturally, painfully, finding the burden of existence quite hard enough of itself, without taking heed as to how it would appear as a picture for future biographers—who arranged no materials, kept no intentional records, and evidently had not the slightest notion of ever being made into a book—the case is widely different.

The generality of female authors do *not* desire, living or dead, to be made into a public spectacle. Something in womanhood instinctively revolts from it—as it would from caressing its dearest friends at a railway station, or performing its toilet in the open air. Women's domestic ways, actions, and emotions are so much more demonstrative, and, at the same time, more reticent than men's, that to tear the veil from their lives seems a far more cruel wrong.

And in many instances even to do it, is most difficult. The true key to feminine nature is so delicate, so hidden, that it is all but impossible to find it. Thus, in nearly all female biographies current of later years, we feel by instinct that not one half of the life is unfolded—that much which would reconcile jarring mysteries, and harmonise the whole, has either never been discovered, or if discovered, is necessarily suppressed. Whether or not it be so with men—there probably never is written an absolutely true life of any woman; for the simple reason, that the intricacies of female nature are incomprehensible except to a woman; and any biographer of real womanly feeling, if even she found them out, would never dream of publishing them.

Take, for example, one of the most touching memoirs of modern times—the subject of which was a shy, timid, suffering being, utterly unknown, except through her books, until she died. Death—waiting but for the crowning of a long-sad life with one drop of happiness—took her suddenly away in the prime of her years. Now, the public thirsts with curiosity about her; now publishers foresee that any fragment concerning her is sure to sell; now her few friends and fewer acquaintance discover that they had entertained an angel unawares, and eagerly rack their memories for all possible memorials of her.

So, a Life is written—carefully, delicately, and honestly, with due regard to the feelings of the living and the cherished memory of the dead; written as tenderly and wisely as such a Life could possibly have been written; but—it ought never to have been written at all. For what is the result of it?

A creature, so reserved by nature that the ordinary attention of society to a 'celebrated author' was abhorrent to her, making her shrink with actual pain, is, after death, exposed openly to the world; her innermost thoughts, words, and actions displayed; her letters, written in the anguish of religious doubt, or family affliction, or intolerable bodily pain, printed and published, for the amusement of every careless or sarcastic eye; her books analysed, in order to apportion fictitious characters among real originals, and try to extract from the imagination the history of the heart. Every misfortune, error, and disgrace of her kindred, which you feel sure the woman herself would have concealed to the last extremity of sacred endurance, is trumpeted out to a harsh, cynical, or indifferent world—of which the tender-hearted portion can but feel instinctively one emotion: 'For charity's sake—for the dead woman's sake—leave the whole history untold. Cover it up! let her name and her books live, but let her life and its sorrows be heard of no more.'

For, after all, what moral is gained from it?—a chronicle so sad, so incomplete, that apparently it does *not* 'justify the ways of God to man.' To mortals, on whom its page closed with that last pitiful sigh of hers—'Am I going to die, when we have been so happy?'—it can administer no possible lesson except of tacit, hopeless endurance. Many similar lives there are—of which we on the other side the grave are alone permitted to see the binding up of the broken web—the solution of all dark mysteries in the clear light of eternity: but such lives ought never to be written. It is impossible that any human being can write them, fairly and fully; and to attempt doing so incompletely, is profanity towards ghosts and men, as well as towards the Father of both.

'I would not have used any living creature as some of my dear friends have used me,' said, in the soft utterance of the unknown world, this gentle ghost of whom I am speaking; 'I would not, even had my correspondent been so foolish as to put her heart in her letters, have after her death put it also into print. I would have done with all her intimate correspondence as a friend of mine, estranged, yet soon to be regained—is wise and tender enough to do with hers—burned it. All the publishers and public in the world hammering at my doors should never have torn my friend's secrets out of my heart. I would have had all things done for her, dead, exactly as would have been done by her, living. Not one breath of the idle curiosity which she hated during life, should have been allowed to expend itself over her tomb. But it harms not me,' said the silver voice, speaking calmly, as if of another person—and breaking up the circle from which, I, the appointed delegate, give this communication. 'My body sleeps in peace among my moorlands, and I live here—and in the one true heart that loved me.'

And then—as one of your poets, still in the flesh, tries to describe, painting the world which he knows not yet, but shall know—

Her face
Glowed as I looked at her.
She locked her lips—she left me where I stood.
'Glory to God,' she sang, and passed afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood
Towards the morning-star.

[We print the foregoing article—to say nothing of our esteem for the accomplished author—on account of its suggestiveness, and the germ of truth it contains; but we would not be supposed to endorse its opinions in their whole extent. To do so would be to condemn utterly a popular and important department of literature, to cut off the sources of biography and history, and bury in the grave the materials that in the hands of the skilful are used for developing the science of human nature. Authors do not belong less to the world than kings; their influence is more extensive and more lasting, and they are entitled to no immunity from the interest or curiosity of men. Our inquiries into their lives may, of course, sometimes involve mistakes, or give currency to calumnies; but that is all the more reason why inquiry should not

Digitized by Google

rest. In the end, it will be successful where success is of any general importance; and the individual risk, or the possible delay, should not be grudged by those fine spirits that address themselves to mankind. At anyrate, whatever errors may arise, whatever private feelings may be outraged, whatever eloquent remonstrances may be published, the thing will still go on, for it depends on a principle in human nature: our Boswells will still be read with a luxurious feeling of enjoyment and admiration, and our Gaskells will still command our interest and our tears.—ED. *C. J.*]

THE MAN OF TWO SHADOWS.

STRANGE and fantastical superstitions are confined to no part of the world; they flourish within the tropics, they locate themselves in the arctic and antarctic circles, and they are perfectly familiar to all the inhabitants of the temperate zone. If, however, they have any favourite residence, it is assuredly in Africa, where, from time immemorial, they have reigned paramount over all classes of the population. In other parts of the world, especially where men affect to be civilised, they who have enjoyed the advantages of education laugh when they meet together at everything denominated superstitious; but when they lay aside their multitudinous existence, become individuals again, walk home along tree-arched lanes, traverse midnight churchyards, and retire to bed alone, by one dim rushlight, in a room high up in some ancient building, rocked and shaken by the all-haunting winds, they often glide back into timorous infancy, and shiver as they pull the sheets over their faces.

This I say by way of apology for the two unphilosophical individuals who figure in the adventure described in the following narrative. They belong to a tribe of Arabs who encamped many years ago on the banks of the Upper Nile. The country in the whole neighbourhood is almost beyond imagination wild. Rocks naked, splintered, and precipitous rise on one side of the river to a great height, and are penetrated here and there by gorges so narrow and tortuous, that in some places the sun's rays never, during the whole day, illuminate their depths. On the stream's other bank, golden sand in billowy eminences stretches away interminably. Close to the water on both sides there is a strip of vegetation green as a pre-Raphaelite picture, and broken and diversified with singular beauty. On one particular point, the Libyan bank projects a little into the stream; and as you stand on this projection about the middle of the afternoon, and look directly southward, your eye catches a glimpse of a landscape which you have some difficulty in persuading yourself belongs to this world. Through a gap in the mountains, which appears much narrower than it is, since it permits the passage of the vast Nile, you behold a valley warm with sunlight, beautified with a broad expanse of water, looking like a fairy lake with patches of green-sward, here flat, there sloping and undulating, dotted with copses of mimosas, tamarisks, henna, rhododendrons, silk-trees, palma christi, and an abundance of nameless flowering shrubs; and overhead, the majestic date-palm fluttering its long leaves as a tall maiden flutters her veil in the soft breeze. Here and there, cresting small eminences, the airy cupolas of the tombs of holy men are seen between the foliage; and the whole stands relieved, like a landscape on canvas, against a chain of rose-coloured mountains, throwing up confusedly their jagged pinnacles into the blue.

The Arabs from the desert never encamp in the cultivated country, but on the sandy edge close to it. At the time I speak of, the tents were many, and stood pitched in an immense semicircle facing the east, and projecting its horns on either side to the very verge of the palm-groves. The chief of this encampment—a man with green turban, to mark his descent from the Prophet—had a daughter named Selima (I wish the Arabs had more variety in their names); and among the youth of the tribe there was one who rejoiced in the name of Ibn Saffar. It was the misfortune of this young man that he had no relatives. How he found his way into the tribe, the chief only knew, if, indeed, he did. Yet Ibn Saffar was generally respected, because, as some believed, he was descended from the people of the Jinn, or, as others thought, came far away from Persia, where—in the mountains especially—there are people with blue eyes, and hair of the colour of gold. This was Ibn Saffar's case; and instead of shaving his head like the children of the Arabs, he suffered his long locks to escape from beneath a light embroidered cap, and to descend in waving masses over his shoulders. Abou Bernak, the chief, though friendly towards this young man—who possessed neither sheep nor camels, but went forth with his spear into the desert, where he hunted lions and hyenas, and often came back laden with their skins to the camp—was still very anxious that no intimacy should grow up between him and his daughter Selima. For this he had doubtless his own reasons; but the girl had eyes, and looked with admiration on the beauty of Ibn Saffar. It is true he was not gentle. His fierce eyes flashed habitually with an expression of cruelty; his short upper lip curled with disdain; and he appeared to be always eager to engage in conflict. Yet, as often as he came into the presence of the daughter of Abou Bernak, all his fierceness forsook him, and he sat at her feet as gentle as a gazelle. All his countenance wore a serene aspect, and his eyes were tinted like the light of the evening-star. He talked to her often of regions lying beyond the Bahr el Kolzun and the Shat el Arab, where the mountains are clothed with trees, where bright rivers rush down impetuously from the rocks, and where the believers in El Islam inhabit magnificent cities like those which the unbelievers of old times have left in ruins on the banks of the Lower Nile. Selima's imagination was inflamed by these accounts; so that she often wished to take a fleet dromedary and journey towards the rising sun, either alone or in company with Ibn Saffar, whom she loved with a trembling love, because he seemed to her a man of another race, of other beliefs and other feelings, who sympathised with nothing in the valley but her.

Often and often as they sat together, Ibn Saffar's face appeared to be transfigured, but whether by good or evil emotions, she could not tell. Some violent struggle appeared to be going on in his mind. Paleness, accompanied by big drops of sweat, came over him; his eyelids drooped, and his whole figure appeared to be bent with premature old age. Then, the fit being over, his face flushed, his eyes grew doubly bright, and tears as of rapture stood in them. These appearances, however, were painful as they were mysterious to Selima; but she feared to question him respecting them, for there was a loftiness in his manner, and a tone of authority in his voice, which entirely overawed her.

Once in the broad daylight, when the sun was a full hour from the summit of the arch of noon, they walked together to the banks of the river. Why did Selima start? why did she seize Ibn Saffar's arm? why did she look so fearfully into his face? why did her own become so deadly pale? why did her limbs tremble, and almost refuse to support her weight? There, high up on the bank, was the cause.

'Look at it!' she exclaimed to Ibn Saffar; 'we are haunted, or the place is haunted. See, there are two

Digitized by Google

shadows, which appear like mine and yours, moving high up there upon the bank! They must proceed from individuals moving invisibly above our heads. Oh, Ibn Saffar, explain to me this mystery, for you belong to the people of the Jinn, and there is nothing that is hidden from you!'

For a moment the young man could make no reply; but the expression of his countenance was terrible, and he appeared to be labouring to suppress some emotion too violent to be described by words.

'Who has whispered to you, Selima,' he at length inquired, with as much calmness as he could command, 'the falsehood that I belong to the people of the Jinn?'

'I know not,' answered the maiden; 'but I have heard among the women of the tribe many things respecting you; and among others, the suspicion that you are not one of the descendants of Adam.'

'Selima,' he said, 'you are not sincere with me. It is Abou Bernak, it is your father who has poured this calumny like poison into your mind.'

'You wrong my father,' exclaimed Selima, the spirit of the Arabs rising in her breast—'you wrong my father. He is incapable of calumny, as he is incapable of everything base. The blood of the Prophet is in his veins, and in my veins, too, Ibn Saffar. No man, therefore, shall speak to me of anything like falsehood in the chief of my house; and if you have no connection with Afreets, or the people of the Jinn, explain to me why we are haunted, and why yonder shadows pursue us, and hover over us, while our own rest here beside us on the sunny bank.'

'Is it for me,' inquired her lover, 'to explain the mysteries of the creation of God? I am agitated, like you, by those shadows; but I do not say to you, Selima, account for that appearance, or I would suspect you of being an Afreet or a Jinneyet. If the place is haunted, let us meet here no more; there are other walks as beautiful, and the majestic Nile flows to the north and to the south, and we can come down to it anywhere, and speak together, and be happy.'

'Nay,' answered Selima, 'I will meet you nowhere but here, and you must tell me why we are followed by shadows other than our own.'

'I cannot,' answered Ibn Saffar.

'It must be so,' observed Selima moodily. 'I am disturbed by the fear that you belong to the people of the Jinn, and I swear to you by the Prophet'——

Ibn Saffar put his hand on her mouth. 'Do not swear, Selima, I conjure you! I am not acquainted with the secrets of God.'

Selima retreated a step or two, and then said: 'I swear by the Prophet I will never be your wife until you explain to me the mystery of the two shadows.'

They then separated, Selima to her father's tent, and Ibn Saffar to wander in the desert. They met no more for many days, because Selima avoided her lover, whom she began to regard with superstitious dread. Meanwhile, he was plunged in deep affliction, because he loved her with unbounded love, and would have sacrificed his life to render her happy. He therefore took an instrument of music, and went at the fall of night to the river's side, and, sitting down among the rocks, sang to himself a melancholy song, while his tears fell on the instrument as he touched its strings. He compared his life to the mists which hang upon the mountains of Kurdistan, which are touched and rendered beautiful by the sun's first rays, but speedily melt and disappear, and leave no trace of their existence on the blue ether—to a fountain which springs up in the desert, and bubbles and sparkles for a while in the morning light, but is overwhelmed by the first sand-storm, and concealed from mankind for ever—to a shooting-star which emerges from the depths of the sky, and describes a bright track through the heavens, but, just as it begins to attract the gaze of men, is extinguished by the breath of Eblis, and forgotten by all beholders. The moon had risen as he sang. Presently, he laid aside his instrument and smote upon his breast, and said aloud:

'Woe is me—the light that had begun to dawn upon my soul is changed into darkness. The daughter of Abou Bernak is devoured by suspicions, and hath ceased to love me. Verily the days of my exile are drawing towards a close and I shall return whence I came, unloved and unblessed. What then? It is written, and I must be numbered among those who are unfortunate.'

'Nay, Ibn Saffar,' murmured a sweet voice beside him; 'you accuse me unjustly. God is my witness, I love you like my own soul, but fears, the nature of which I need not speak of, oppress and overwhelm me.'

The young man arose and bowed before her, and said:

'This is the action of one whose nature is beneficent. Let us walk together along the river.'

'Yes,' she replied, 'let us go to our own place of meeting. It may be there will be no shadows there to-night; the moon is at the full, and floods the whole earth with beauty.'

They repaired to their favourite walk; but Selima's eye, instead of resting as it was wont on the face of her lover, sought among the shrubs, and the grass, and the sands, the fearful shadows which were never absent from her mind. Did her eyes deceive her? No! there they were, fainter, more indefinite, and indistinct; but yet, there they were, moving as they moved, standing still when they stopped, mimicking all their gestures, and appearing to put on every moment a more threatening aspect! What was to be done? Selima's soul was petrified with terror, and Ibn Saffar in the greatest perplexity found no words in which to express his affliction and astonishment.

'Verily,' he said, 'two individuals from among the people of the Jinn are walking over our heads, treading invisibly the soft air, but casting shadows nevertheless, which prove them to be solid substances, which the rays of neither sun nor moon can pass through.'

Selima made no reply, but gazing with strong apprehension at her lover for a few moments, darted away towards the encampment, leaving him in doubt whether he should quit the valley for ever, or bury his sorrows in the mighty river before him. By degrees, wiser thoughts came over his mind. He pondered on his situation, on the causes which had brought him thither, on Selima's character and on his own. It has been said by travellers that there is a mystic music in the Nile, which, as you sit and listen to it, enters your soul, and diffuses its own tranquillity over your whole mind. There may, in fact, be a supernatural power in that ancient and half-fabulous stream. It rises no one knows where, it is augmented no one knows how, it flows through deserts without fertilising them, through a land of its own creation, without apparently losing a particle of its volume, and as it descends with soft murmurs towards the sea, it appears to be conscious that it bears the primitive legends of a whole continent on its surface.

Ibn Saffar gazed at it with feelings little suited to a believer in El Islam. It is one of the properties of the Nile to act irresistibly upon the imaginations of those who behold it, and to infuse into them something like the superstition of the ancient mummy-makers. Ibn Saffar was young, with a fervid fancy, and fierce, ungovernable passions; wild projects thronged his brain; he formed and rejected many resolutions, and his thoughts were fast drifting him towards a desperate, and perhaps disastrous enterprise, when he beheld a dervis approaching him from the south.

'Verily, O dervis,' exclaimed the young man,

Digitized by Google

'you are come to deliver me from extreme perplexity. I will relate to you my adventures, and describe to you my case, and the wisdom you have acquired by walking to and fro over the earth, will enable you to dispel the doubts and suspicions of one who is dear to me.'

The dervis seated himself upon a stone and replied: 'Say on, my son; I am attentive.'

The lover then related all that had befallen him among the tribes of the Arabs, and the relation in which he stood towards the daughter of Abou Bernak.

'Young man,' observed the dervis, 'you have not laid before me the whole truth.'

'I have told you all that bears upon the present matter.'

'You are mistaken. It is of consequence to know what happened in Diarbekir before you fled from your father's house; it is of still greater consequence to know what account you have given of yourself to Abou Bernak and his daughter; it is of yet greater moment to ascertain whether an attachment to the creed of the Suffis qualifies you to become the husband of a Sooni maiden.'

Ibn Saffar stood abashed before the dervis; his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth; his heart, which had never yet quailed in the presence of man, sank as he cast his eyes upon the earth, and he was sorely troubled.

'What I have said,' observed the dervis, 'was only designed to reprove you for your half-confidence. Had you been frank, I also should have been frank. I will be so now. Know, then, that I too am a Suffi; but what I must do in this matter must depend upon an interview which I shall have this night with Abou Bernak.'

Ibn Saffar turned his eyes fiercely on the holy man. 'Do you then intend'——

'If I interrupt you,' observed the dervis mildly, 'it is only to give you the assurance that I will do what is best. Now lead the way to the encampment, and, please God, we shall see what will happen to-morrow.'

Exactly an hour before noon on the following day, Selima stood with Ibn Saffar and the dervis in the middle of the favourite walk on the banks of the Nile. She perceived that the number of the shadows had been multiplied.

'Take this clod,' said the dervis, addressing himself to Selima, 'and cast it into the river, exactly in the spot from which the sun's image is reflected.'

She did so, and large ripples arose and moved in circles on all sides, and the sun's disk disappeared on the mirror of the waters.

'Now turn round, daughter,' he said.

She turned round and looked, and behold, their own shadows fell beside them upon the pathway, but there were no others.

'Praise be to Allah!' exclaimed Ibn Saffar, 'the people of the Jinn are put to flight.'

'Bismillah!' murmured Selima, 'it is as you say, O beloved of my soul.'

'Wait a while,' observed the dervis.

They waited. The waters of the Nile again became tranquil, and brilliant along their surface as polished steel. The glowing disk of the sun again became glassed in the stream, and sending up rays almost as bright as those which streamed from the burning orb in the sky, threw high upon the bank shadows almost as opaque and definite as those produced by the sun itself.

'You see, daughter,' observed the dervis, 'what has occasioned your perplexity. You stand, as it were, between two suns, one below, another above, and their beams falling upon you produce the phenomena of the double shadow.'

'Blessed be God!' exclaimed Selima, 'who has made such wonders and marvels upon the earth; and bless you, my father, since your wisdom has removed an obstacle'——

With the modesty of an Arab maiden, she left the sentence unfinished. Ibn Saffar completed it.

'Yes, O dervis,' he said, 'you have indeed removed an obstacle to the union and happiness of two hearts, which nothing on earth shall keep asunder. Selima is mine; and with this broadsword,' he added, drawing his scimitar, 'I will vindicate my right to her against the whole world.'

'Be content,' said the dervis. 'Abou Bernak will not refuse her to you when he knows'——

'But he shall give her to me, O dervis, before he knows anything but that I love her, and will have her, though all the tribes of the Muslims should say nay.'

They returned to the camp, where Abou Bernak, upon hearing all that had happened, consented, without any explanation, to bestow his daughter upon Ibn Saffar, who then acknowledged he was a prince of the Persians, who, returning after a while to his own country, distinguished himself in battle, and, under the name of Ahmed Shah, founded the Durani empire.

In his harem, when, in the evening, he sat down upon the carpet of repose with Selima, he took the very instrument upon which he had played among the rocks of the Upper Nile, and laughed and joked about the people of the Jinn and 'the Man of Two Shadows.'

THE HAIR-HARVEST.

PHYSIOLOGICALLY considered, there appears to be no essential difference between the hair and the skin, between the skin and horn, between horn and scales, and between scales and feathers; all five are mere modifications of the same thing. Hence, the most charming of our lady-readers, when she disentangles her luxuriant tresses with a comb, is acting on the same chemically composed material with the same chemically composed instrument as the bird when he sets right some erring feather with his beak. Anatomically viewed, again, the hair is made up of a vast number of horny laminæ filled with a pigment which shews through its cortical integument in the same manner as it does through the epidermis of a negro. The bulb or root of the hair rests upon a reticulated bed of capillary vessels, into which the colouring matter passes directly from the blood, while the horny matter is secreted by the capillaries themselves. This colouring matter has been analysed by Liebig, from whose researches it would appear that it is to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen on the one hand, and to a deficiency of carbon and an excess of sulphur and oxygen on the other, that the blue-black locks of the North American squaw, and the beautiful golden tresses of the Saxon girl respectively owe their jetty aspect and their brightness. An oxide of iron has also been traced by Vauquelin in the pigment-cells of the dark-haired races.

The astounding labour of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colours—blond, brown, black, and red—has been successfully performed by another German *savant*, who thus tabularises the results: blond, 140,400; brown, 109,440; black, 102,962; red, 88,740. The scalps he found to be pretty nearly equal in weight; and the deficiency in the number of hairs in the brown, the black, and the red heads to be fully counterbalanced by a corresponding increase of bulk in the individual fibres.

Few things in nature are less perishable than hair

Digitized by Google

after its removal from the body. Hair shut up for a thousand years has been taken out of Egyptian tombs, in perfect preservation, as regards both strength and colour. It is not, however, so durable during life. 'It is generally stated,' says Mr Hassell, 'as an undoubted fact, that the hair may become white, or turn colourless, under the influence of strong depressing mental emotions, in the course of a single night. This singular change, if it does ever occur in the short space of time referred to, can only be the result of the transmission of a fluid possessing strong bleaching properties along the entire length of the hair, and which is secreted in certain peculiar states of the mind.'

Amongst other ethnological peculiarities, the colour and the texture of the hair are determined by race: latitude and climate affect them little, if at all. Dr Prichard, our best authority on this subject, apportions the greater part of the habitable globe to the melanic or dark-haired races. The xantho-comic, or fair-haired tribes, are almost, on the other hand, confined to the limits of Europe, and, within those limits, to certain degrees of north latitude.

The forty-eighth parallel, which cuts off England, Belgium, Northern Germany, Scandinavia, and the greater part of Russia from the ethnological map of Europe, may be taken, with considerable accuracy, as the great southern boundary of the fair-haired races. Between the forty-eighth and the forty-fifth parallels, again, there is a sort of debatable land of brown hair, in which France, Switzerland, part of Piedmont, Bohemia, and part of Austria Proper, nearly the whole of Hungary, and the Asiatic dominions of the czar to the north of the Circassian line, fall to be included. Spain, Naples, and Turkey are the seats of the genuine dark-haired races; 'so that, in fact, taking Europe broadly from north to south, its peoples present in the colour of their hair a perfect gradation—the light-flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores.'* Not but there are many exceptions to these limits. The Celtic and Cymric races of Ireland and the Welsh and Scottish mountains, have black hair in spite of their northern position. The Normans, too, in whatever proportion they were originally dark, now rank decidedly amongst the black-haired races; while the Venetian *donne* still glory in those luxuriant locks whose golden beauty has been immortalised by Titian. Nevertheless, the general rule, as we shall presently see, is sufficiently exact to have a practical significance in the eyes of the hair-dealer.

Few persons are probably aware of the extent to which the traffic in human hair is carried. It has been ascertained that the London hair-merchants alone import annually no less a quantity than five tons. But the market would be very inadequately supplied if dependence were solely placed on chance clippings. There must be a regular harvest, which can be looked forward to at a particular time; and as there are different markets for black tea and green tea, for pale brandy and brown brandy, so is there a light-haired market distinct from the dark-haired.

The light hair is exclusively a German product. It is collected by the agents of a Dutch company who visit England yearly for orders. Until about fifty years ago, light hair was esteemed above all others. One peculiar golden tint was so supremely prized, that dealers only produced it to favourite customers, to whom it was sold at eight shillings an ounce, or nearly double the price of silver. The rich and silk-like texture of this treasured article had its attractions for poets and artists as well as traders. 'Shakspeare especially,' says one of our authorities, 'seems to have delighted in golden hair. "Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece;" so Bassanio describes Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*. Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia says of Sylvia and herself: "Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow." .... Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly shewing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate woman. A similar partiality for this colour, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets, old Homer himself for one; and the best painters have seized, with the same instinct, upon golden tresses. A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery, beginning with those glorious studies of heads, the highest ideal of female beauty by such an idealist as Correggio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens—there is not a single black-haired female head amongst them.'

But all this has passed away: the dark-brown hair of France now rules the market. It is the opinion of those who have the best right to offer one on such a subject, that the colour of the hair of the English people has deepened in tint within the last fifty years, and that this change is owing to the more frequent intermarriages, since the Napoleonic wars, with nations nearer to the sunny south. Whether dark or light, however, the hair purchased by the dealer is so closely scrutinised, that he can discriminate between the German and the French article by the smell alone; nay, he even claims the power, 'when his nose is in,' of distinguishing accurately between the English, the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scotch commodities. The French dealers are said to be able to detect the difference between the hair 'raised' in two districts of Central France, not many miles apart, by tokens so slight as would baffle the most learned of our naturalists and physiologists.

Black hair is imported chiefly from Brittany and the south of France, where it is annually collected by the agents of a few wholesale Parisian houses. The average crops—we scorn the imputation of a pun—harvested by these firms, amount yearly to upwards of two hundred thousand pounds' weight. The price paid for each head of hair ranges from one to five francs, according to its weight and beauty; the former seldom rising above a pound, and seldom falling below twelve ounces. The itinerant dealers are always provided with an extensive assortment of ribbons, silks, laces, haberdashery, and cheap jewellery of various kinds, with which they make their purchases as frequently as with money. They attend all the fairs and merry-makings within their circuit, and the singularity and novelty of their operations are wont to strike travellers more than anything else which meets their notice. 'In various parts of the motley crowd,' says one who had stopped to stare his fill at one of the Breton fairs, 'there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant-girls,' who seem, indeed, to bring the article to market as regularly as peas or cabbages. 'They have particularly fine hair,' he continues, 'and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent. But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 181, p. 307: an interesting and comprehensive article to which we are indebted for some of the facts here brought forward.

Digitized by Google

were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown.'* As far as personal beauty is concerned, the girls do not lose much by losing their hair; for it is the fashion in Brittany to wear a close cap, which entirely prevents any part of the *chevelure* from being seen, and of course as totally conceals the want of it. The hair thus obtained is transmitted to the wholesale houses, by whom it is dressed, sorted, and sold to the hair-workers in the chief towns, at about ten francs per pound. The portion of the crop most suitable for perukes is purchased by a particular class of persons, by whom it is cleaned, curled, prepared to a certain stage, and sold to the perukeiers at a greatly advanced price—it may be forty, or it may be eighty francs per pound. Choice heads of hair, like choice old pictures, or choice old china, have, however, no limit to the price they may occasionally command.

The peruke itself is at least as old as the Pharaohs. A wig found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, is one of the Egyptian trophies of our national Museum. Nor, to judge from the bewigged busts and statues of the Vatican, would this triumph of the tonsor's art seem to have been unknown to the luxurious Romans of the Empire. But before tracing its after-history, we may turn aside a little to glance at the coiffures of generations somewhat less sophisticated than those which anticipated the greatest glory of the reign of the Grand Monarque.

The Assyrians, as might have been expected from the eloquent denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, were dandies of the first-water. A single glance at the engravings in Mr Layard's volumes will shew how exquisite were the bossings, the plaitings, and the curlings which they lavished on their hair and beards, and how unmistakably they 'exceeded in dyed attire upon their heads.' The Greek's innate love of beauty saved him from such ostentatious devices. The Greek lady allowed her hair to fall from the forehead in a graceful sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, gathering it up behind into a bow-like ornament called the κέρυμβος. A somewhat similar fashion prevailed amongst the men; but their gods they distinguished by characteristic variations of the coiffure. 'Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules, again, remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own sea-weed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus, denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus.'†

The hair of the Roman men was worn short and crisp until the decadence of the Empire, when Commodus set the fashion of wearing it long, and powdering it with gold or mica dust. In the provinces, it was worn long by all but slaves at least as early as the time of Cæsar. The head-dress of the Roman women was only exceeded in elaborate absurdity by that of the queen, Marie Antoinette, who invented a coiffure in which were represented 'hills and enamelled meadows'—we translate the description for the edification of our lady-readers—'silvery rills and foaming torrents, the well-trimmed garden and the English park!' Long hair continued to be the fashion throughout the middle ages, in spite of the denunciations of the clergy. Serlo, a Norman prelate of the reign of Henry II., seems, however, to have been wiser in his generation than the rest of his brethren. He could act as well as talk. Having on one occasion brought the king and his court to a due sense of the iniquity of wearing long locks, the crafty churchman secured his victory on the spot by pulling a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and clearing the royal head in a twinkling. Still, the 'abomination' continued so much the mode, that, in the reign of Richard II., the hair of both sexes was confined over the brow by a fillet. Accident at length effected what threats of excommunication had failed to bring about. A wound in the head received at a tournament compelled Francis I. to have his hair cropped. The king's example was followed by his courtiers, and soon extended itself to England. Close cropping became the rage; and, as Holbein's portraits shew, was adopted by women as well as men.

But as the hair was shortened, the beard was suffered to grow long. The end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, indeed, comprise *par excellence* the period of magnificent beards. Henry's own was so large and profuse that it has been celebrated in song;* and who does not remember 'the great round beard like a glover's paring-knife,' and the debate on the attire of Bottom?

The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the Civil Wars. The cavaliers of the reign of Charles I. reintroduced love-locks; whilst the Puritans, to mark their sense of the 'loathsomenesse of long hair,' polled even closer than before. But as the hair lengthened, the beard in its turn was shortened. Peaked beards and moustaches became common, and continued popular with all save the straitest sectaries till the Restoration gave a blow to the cause, from which it never recovered.

This was the era of the reinvention of the peruke. Louis XIII. had ascended the throne of his ancestors without a beard, but with hair which had never been polled from his childhood. Every one concluded immediately that the courtiers, seeing their young king's long locks, would look upon their own as too short; and the conjecture proved correct. Nature could be imitated if it could not be forced, and the manipulations of the barber became a science. For a time the people refused to follow the dangerous example; but the peruke-fever at length became so universal that, in 1663, we find it raging in full fury in England. An entry in *Pepys's Diary* marks the date when the epidemic had spread to the middle classes of society: 'November 3 [1663]. Home, and by and by comes Chapman the periwigg-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over and my periwigg on, I paid him L.3, and away went he with my own haire to make up another of; and I by and by went abroad after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and then concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own haire, and so was Besse.'

Perukes grew so large during the reign of Louis XIV., and so numerous in size and form, that 'the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair,' and a technical vocabulary was framed to guide the uninitiated in their choice. The most erudite of modern *coiffeurs* might well be puzzled by such items as these: 'Perukes great and little; in folio, in quarto, in thirty-twos; round, square, and pointed perukes; pudding perukes; butterfly perukes; perukes *à deux et trois marteaux*,' &c. Even

* *A Summer in Brittany.* By Francis Trollope.
† *Quarterly Review, ut suprà.*

* See Fairholt's *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume*, edited for the Percy Society.

Digitized by Google

children were not exempted from the infliction of wearing these manifold monstrosities.

If the ladies were loath to follow the men's example, and exchange their natural for artificial tresses, they at all events succeeded, by means of frizzing and piles of lace and ribbons, in building up a coiffure of such prodigious altitude as to intercept the view of spectators at the opera, and compel the manager to refuse admittance to all who wore such immoderate head-gear. So intricate, too, were its details, that ladies of quality were often under the hands of the artiste the entire day; and, when engaged to attend ridottos on succeeding evenings, were forced to sleep in arm-chairs for fear of endangering its finish!

Pigtails succeeded perukes in the early part of the reign of George III., but fell, in the last decade of the century, before the Gallo-mania and Pitt's tax on hair-powder. They continued, however, to be the bugbear of the soldier till 1808, when an order for their extermination was issued. The very next day, indeed, it was countermanded; but, to the great joy of the rank and file, it was then too late. The author of the *Costume of the British Soldier* relates that, on one occasion at Gibraltar, while this absurd fashion was at its height, a field-day was ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors were compelled to have their heads dressed overnight, and, so pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, to sleep as well as they could on their faces! 'Such was the rigidity with which certain *modes* were enforced in the army about this period, that there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer.'

The white peruke of the early Georgian era has now completely vanished even from the right reverend bench, and is only to be seen in our courts of law. Hair-powder has been banished to the servants-hall; the alpine elevation of the ladies' head-dress has dwindled into 'bands;' and the thick and flowing locks of Lawrence's early portraits have shrunk, in the man, to a coiffure, whose simplicity, if not exactly after the model of 'the curled Antony,' stands at least in advantageous contrast to the hideous devices even of sixty years since.

CAGLIARI.

We parted, dear reader, at the campagna of the Marchese, where I left you comfortably enjoying your siesta;* and now suddenly you are transported to Cagliari, the capital of the Capo di Sotto, or southern portion of the island of Sardinia, and the seat of government. You were no doubt fatigued, after your jolting and jogging over rough roads, and rougher mountain-paths; so you were in no mood to find fault with the accommodation at the one hotel of Cagliari, which even you might have been tempted to do, had you come straight from one of the palace hotels of superb Genoa. Neither did the *partie quarrée* of fleas excite your sensibilities so much as they would have done heretofore; you have become used to them, or they to you, which is about the same thing; for it is a well-known fact connected with their idiosyncrasy, that they are capable of sudden attachments to strangers, which, like many other sudden attachments, weaken materially on better acquaintance. Then, as for the gnats, why, positively their humming and buzzing has become your lullaby!

Neither have you any serious fault to find with the *cuisine;* verily, the roasted wild boar and the ragout of quails with which you were regaled last night, were delicious, despite the little admixtures I gently alluded to. But this morning—I sincerely regret to say it—you were not quite so well pleased. Thinking to have a treat, and without asking or reflecting, you most incautiously, nay, most unwisely, ordered a simple breakfast of *café au lait* and bread and butter. Oh, inadvertent traveller, this land of the fig and the vine does not overflow with milk, although, indeed, it abounds in honey. Thus your treat ended in a grimace at sight of the thick sheep's milk with which you spoiled your coffee; and the lard-like sheep's-milk abomination with which you would not spoil your bread. The dairy business is carried on, on somewhat peculiar principles here. But you ask imploringly, is there no cow's milk? Is there no Christian-like cow's-milk butter to be had? Where are the cows? Where, indeed!

Cows are myths in Sardinia, and so are calves, though oxen are to be seen every hour. Solve this how you will, I never could. But while you are having some addition made to your meagre breakfast, let me tell you something about the place. In the first place, Cagliari is almost of sufficient antiquity to satisfy Jonathan Oldbuck himself, as it was founded by a colony from ancient Greece. It is, as you may perceive, built on a conical hill, commanding a most lovely and spacious bay. The part of the town on the summit of the hill—where you now are—is called the Castello, and is at once the most ancient and the most aristocratic portion of it. During the middle ages, the Castello comprised the whole city; but subsequently, the part called the Marina, stretching downward to the sea; and the suburbs, Stampace, on the western, and Villanuova on the eastern side, have been successively subjoined. Those three large square towers, which are so conspicuously situated, are considered to be fine specimens of Pisan art, and form enduring monuments of the Pisan occupation of the island. But do you hear that clank, clank? Ah, 'tis the poor galley-slave sweeping away yesterday's accumulations, positively heaped up at each doorway. The narrow ill-paved streets become, in very truth, a general receptacle. Witness the lady's-maid at the opposite balcony coolly shaking the linen, and generously adding her quota to the commonwealth of fleas.

Nice custom, certainly; but you are early this morning; it is like having a peep behind scenes, and by and by you will get used to all and everything. Especially, the English reader admires by and by the plan of swinging cords from balcony to balcony right across the street, for the purpose of airing motley woollen garments, or drying linen ones. However, it is a *festa* to-day, so they will soon be withdrawn. Sardinia, you must know, boasts more saints and more festas than any other country. So now the flags are flying from the forts and shipping, cannons are firing, and bells are ringing, Italians say the English know how to make bells, but don't know how to ring them. This is a matter of taste; you may admire your own way best. At anyrate, it is a merry jumble of sounds; and the streets are buzzing with soldiers and people, looking so blithe that their gaiety is positively infectious: even you forget your old English stiffness, and are betrayed into a whistle or the fag-end of some dear old English carol. Look, now, at the pretty *pannetièra;* how exquisitely trim is her gay but modest toilet, how glossy the braids of her raven hair—*par parenthèse*, they don't know how to dress hair in England. And there comes forth from yonder portal a stately dame, a veritable Spanish doña, her delicate rosary twisted round her more delicate and well-gloved fingers, which likewise contain her missal and fan; and such a fan, a very Goliah of the fan-tribe! Her dress is elegant; but much it surprises you that it should be an offshoot of the very same Parisian fashion-book we so carefully study in our colder north; it is so exquisitely simple

* Journal, No. 234.

Digitized by Google

in its elegance. Shall we follow her to church? She is going with a stream of others to the cathedral. The cathedral is a fine building, much like other cathedrals, and the music is enchanting; but the soldiery; the variously handsome uniforms of the Piedmontese officers; the elegantly dressed ladies, intermingled with the rich wild rustic costumes of the different villages and the different crafts; the black velvet mantle of the regent, contrasting with the costumes of the various government officials; the foreign consuls; the monks, priests, and acolytes, form a *tout ensemble* only to be seen here, and worth travelling hither to see. It is impossible to appear even decently devotional, one is so much attracted by the deep devotion of everybody else.

Ah! now I see the use of mammoth fans, besides making a current of air sufficient almost to turn a mill. I just now detected from behind one of them the furtive glance of a most glorious pair of midnight-looking eyes; the shot was directed towards a very handsome young cavalry-officer, who evidently was on the look-out for it, while the duenna-like personage on the other side of the fan was calmly and unconsciously telling her rosary.

But the high-mass is over; the stream moves off, and you and I go with it. It is far too hot to go further now; we wend our way back; the stones, so pointed and uneven, are burning and torturing our feet. We are glad to get back to our hotel.

And now the streets are vacant, and so quiet, that, but for an occasional little burst of dog-dialogue, one might dream of being at Herculaneum. The fact is, Cagliari dines at this hour, and, after dinner, Cagliari always sleeps; doors are shut and bolted; you may as well rob a Cagliëritano of his purse, as invade the sacredness of this his darling dinner-hour. I think I delicately hinted to you before that my beloved Sards had just a little dash of the gourmand; and now, while you are tossing on that very hard couch—sofas are all hard here—and getting up a very sharp appetite, spite of the heat, for a very good dinner—I will just tell you something about the Cagliari dogs—not the Cagliari puppies—these are too various in their species.

The dogs in Cagliari are stationed at the doors of their respective masters. There they sit, basking in the sun, and in general lead a very easy, gentlemanly dog-life. They never think of going into another street, or intruding on another dog's territories, excepting it may be for sociability's sake. Their numbers are restricted, and these have collars round their necks. They are aristocratic dogs; they know it, and feel it, and shew it, too, for there is a consequential wag of the tail, and an erect carriage of the head, which plainly bespeaks it. Besides these town-bred, gentlemanly dogs, there are lower-bred fellows living in adjacent villages. These enter the town regularly every morning in a troop, go to the market, make a round of the streets, and devour all the refuse of the town: they are canine scavengers, and thereby render a most important service; after which they retire as they came, *en troupe*—never associating in any way with the dog aristocracy, who, however, condescend to permit them to proceed on their mission unmolested.

The sun is lower in the horizon now, and Cagliari is waking up and stretching and gaping. Hark! there is music. Let us go to the Terrapieno, and see the *beau-monde;* halt first at the gate of the city, just to admire that wild, dark, barelegged, stiletteed, extraordinary figure sitting cross-legged beside a very mountain of gorgeous melons. How earnestly is he gesticulating with an equally picturesque and equally earnest customer. How their eyes flash!—how vehement they are! There, he has paid a trifle more, and got the melon: nor does he lose any time in prying into its juicy contents. The very sight is appetising; so perhaps you incline to take an ice at yonder café—you will get delicious water-ices. Allow me, before you enter, to introduce you to the dark-eyed, fine-looking man in the very handsome uniform lounging before the door. His name is De Candia; his father is a certain General De Candia, though possibly his brother may be better known to you by the adopted name of 'Mario.' I hope you have no very striking peculiarity of person, dress, or manner; if so, be sure it will be placarded to-morrow in the café. He has the knack of illustrating these things with—it may be in some cases unpleasant—accuracy and piquancy; and, in short, though I never heard of his being ill-natured, his talents lie quite as much in guiding his pencil, as those of his brother in guiding his organ of sweet sound. The corpulent gentleman to whom he is speaking is a judge. There is a goodly supply of judges here, and, some say, a small supply of justice. Be that as it may, we pass on, and go inside. The thin taper dandy—one of the puppies of the place, by the way—with large moustaches, ambrosial locks, supremely white hands, and ring-laden fingers, is the Duca di C——, just come from *terra firma*. Sards call the mainland terra firma invariably. Turin is the place from whence he has lately returned, and he is telling the latest court-news to a small assortment of other notables, chiefly government officials and young Piedmontese officers, who form a very interesting group, for they are fine-looking, gentlemanly young men, quiet and refined in their manners; and their uniforms are peculiarly tasteful and becoming.

After enjoying the scene and the ices, you inquire how much you have to pay. You receive a low bow, with the information that the Baron —— has had the distinguished honour of entertaining you. The baron, meanwhile, has departed; you have no opportunity of thanking him for his civility, for you do not know him from Adam. You are perhaps a little confused by so much politeness; but it is the way of the place. Remember, you are in hospitable Sardinia. You receive more bows, and withdraw. You are a true, warm-hearted Englishman; you return their politeness with bland courtesy. Will you not blush to hear that some from our dear country—and some of noble birth too—have sadly failed in this respect, from a ridiculous notion of their own superiority; and must I add, that this rudeness was set down merely to want of culture and knowledge of the world.

But here we are on the beautiful public walk called Terrapieno. The music is a magnificent military band performing a selection from various operas. It is very delightful, for a breeze is coming from the sea, gently fanning the heated cheek.

What a glorious view is here! the beautiful bay, with its two grand promontories, Pula and Carbonara; the fine harbour, the magnificent mountain-ridge in the blue horizon, and then that rich teeming Campidano lying between: all luxuriant in vineyards, olive grounds, orange-groves, and gardens—with its wondrous cactus hedges, which look so grand, and give such an eastern look to the whole! Then yonder salt-lake, all alive with the feathered tribes, is during winter the resort also of whole flocks of brilliant flamingoes. It is a lovely scene; but we will pass through the pretty garden, at the end of the walk, called 'The English Garden,' very complimentary to our English taste for flowers!

We have rounded the cone-like hill, and now another scene awaits us; how wild and something desolate withal is the panorama here! Those grand giant rocks, what do they mean? There can be no Druid remains here. Then those wondrous excavations in the sides of the hill; ay, they have puzzled more brains than ours. Then the grand remains

Digitized by Google

of the Roman amphitheatre, in such excellent preservation too, and the deep yawning caves, underneath. All is very beautiful and wonderful; but we must leave it to go to commonplace-life again. It is dusk, the evening-drum is beating, candles lighting, the *bénédizione* pealing. It is twenty-four o'clock. You wonder—not at all; the sun has set; he will not set again for twenty-four hours.

Lovers are dragging canes heavily along the pavement, to attract the quick ears and light footsteps of their *bellas* to the balconies. Serenades, some anything but melodious, are progressing; so perhaps, as the theatre is closed now until the return of the autumn season, you will proceed, either to the consulate, to spend a quiet evening with the best and kindest of England's representatives; or otherwise, if you incline, to a little foreign society, in the house of the Contessa C——, or the Marchesa D——, or Madame G—— (the ladies, you know, *receive*), or half-a-dozen other places, where you may spend a pleasant evening, have lemonade and biscuits, perhaps brilliant conversation, and, in any case, a kind reception; only take care that your toilet is *soignée*, and that you retire early.

LIVING IN BARRACKS.

MANY years have passed away since it was the custom in the south of Ireland to live in barracks. Not in the military quarters, usually so named, but among a set of merry boys and girls, and good-humoured men and women, in some wide, rambling, hospitable country-house. The rebels, or Whiteboys, banded themselves together to destroy, without exception, every Protestant man and grown boy in the country; but they usually, except in rare instances, respected the lives of women and children. The gentlemen, gay, gallant, well mounted and well armed, formed themselves into yeomanry corps for the defence of their lives and properties; and in order to concentrate their forces and protect their families, a large mansion in each district was selected, into which as many of the neighbours as the rooms would accommodate congregated. Despite of the burnings, pikings, murders, and cruelties of the most atrocious description which were going on around, the party inside usually contrived to amuse themselves with eating, drinking, laughing, dancing, and love-making, in a highly satisfactory and thoroughly Irish manner.

The old house of Carrigbawn, situated some miles distant from the town of Killyshaughlin, was selected for this purpose; its master and mistress being a kind and hospitable pair, never so happy as when every closet and cranny-hole was crammed full of guests. The mansion itself was as curious and comfortable a specimen of the in-and-out style of architecture as ever was seen. It and the fine old estate that lay around it are now gone—the one into ruins, the other into the Encumbered Estates Court. But some sixty years ago, both were filled with life and merriment. Family after family had arrived, and had been hospitably welcomed, and comfortably accommodated by Mr and Mrs Synge. Every available corner, including a dark recess, known as 'the cat's closet,' had been converted for the nonce into a sleeping-room. Dinner-time arrived, the whole company were assembled in the drawing-room, and the lady of the house was mentally congratulating herself on the admirable cubicular arrangements which enabled her to accommodate every one, when a loud ringing was heard at the hall-door. Bolts and bars and iron grating were cautiously and creakingly withdrawn, and presently the servant announced: 'The Reverend Athanasius Welbore!'

Angels and ministers of grace! he was the largest, the most uncouth, and the worst-dressed man in the diocese.

His presence at dinner made no difference; the viands provided would have sufficed for a dozen guests in addition. But the sleeping-room! And Athanasius smilingly informed his hostess, that he had brought his carpet-bag, and meant to partake of her hospitality for some days, he having received a threatening notice, which rendered it expedient for him to quit his glebe-house. Of course, under the circumstances, a less hospitable person than worthy Mrs Synge would have made him welcome; but what was to be done? At last it occurred to her that she would throw herself on the kindness of the gay, good-tempered rector of the parish, a Mr Skottowe, who had been inducted into one of the best bed-rooms, containing a large-sized bed. In the course of the evening she took an opportunity of candidly stating her difficulty to this gentleman, and appealing to his kindness to bestow a share of his couch on the Reverend Athanasius. Mr Skottowe, of course, could do nothing but utter an apparently cheerful compliance; but in his secret soul he registered a vow, that wherever, and with whomsoever Mr Welbore might sleep that night, it should not be with him.

One little fact illustrating the personal habits of Athanasius may perhaps be regarded as justifying Mr Skottowe's repugnance to his company. He was accustomed to use, and display somewhat ostentatiously, certain very large and stiff-looking white pocket-handkerchiefs. Some curious observers remarked that these articles were invariably marked with a series of brown diagonal lines; and by some skilful cross-questioning, the fact was elicited that the *soi-disant* pocket-handkerchiefs were doomed a double debt to pay, each one figuring first for a week as a cravat, and then doing duty for a second in the parson's pocket.

With this pleasing circumstance and other similar peculiarities full in his memory, the astute Mr Skottowe took care to be the first to retire to his room, and was snugly ensconced in bed when Athanasius, who remained up the very last of the company, made his appearance. While he was leisurely proceeding to disrobe, and talking complacently of the pleasant evening he had passed, Mr Skottowe began to scratch his own wrists and arms in a most ostentatiously noisy manner.

'What's the matter with you, man?' said Welbore at last, looking at him curiously.

'Oh, nothing. I'm nearly well now.'

'Why, what ailed you?'

'Not much; but you know I'm one of the agents appointed to travel through the country, and examine the poor people who are learning to read Irish; and unfortunately some time ago, from handling their books, or coming somehow in contact with them, I caught that very unpleasant and infectious complaint—the Caledonian Cremona—you know.'

'Speak plain, man!' thundered Athanasius. 'Is it ——?'

'Just so,' replied his friend coolly. 'But I have given up for some time past instructing the poor people who have it, and I hope soon to be quite well. Indeed, it is only at night that my wrists annoy me.'

Vociferating a specially unclerical exclamation, and I fear consigning his intended bed-fellow to a locality abounding in the specific remedy for his cutaneous malady, Athanasius, now arrayed solely in his nocturnal garment, seized his candle and rushed wildly down stairs. Mr Skottowe, with a quiet chuckle, bolted the door, and calmly betook himself to repose. The unlucky fugitive, meantime, sped into the drawing-room, the only apartment which he found open, every one in the house having by this

Digitized by Google

time retired; and seizing two sheepskin mats, together with the hearth-rug and the table-cover, he lay down on the sofa, and having covered himself up very comfortably, soon fell fast asleep.

Now, it happened that Mrs Synge was always an early riser, and at this particular time, with such an additional weight of housekeeping on her hands, it especially behoved her to be up betimes, and look after the regulation of her household; so about six o'clock the following morning, she entered her drawing-room, and proceeded to open the shutters. The early daylight streamed in, and the first thing that caught the lady's orderly eye was the 'mingled heap' on her best sofa.

'Dear me,' she thought, 'that careless Kitty! she has gone and heaped the mats and hearth-rug on the sofa, instead of taking them out to be shaken.'

And with one energetic pull, she dragged off the offending articles. What was her amazement to behold start up the awakened Athanasius, who in his wrath, utterly oblivious of the very scanty nature of his clothing, began to pour out his indignation at the manner in which his hostess had treated him in sending him to sleep with such a companion. She, poor lady, naturally thought he was stark mad—very particularly stark indeed he looked—and she ran off as fast as she could to summon her husband to the rescue. When Mr Synge reached the scene of action, he was very much inclined to think that his wife's supposition was correct. For there was Athanasius, still in a boiling rage, stalking up and down the drawing-room, with a nondescript sort of night-cap perched on his head, while a crimson and gold table-cover, wrapped round him shawl-fashion, picturesquely surmounted his sole calico garment. The master of the house discreetly retreated, and sought an explanation from Mr Skottowe, which that gentleman prudently gave him through the key-hole of his bolted door. At length, however, a truce was concluded between the two beligerents, and Athanasius admitted to resume his garments. We will leave our readers to imagine the scene at the breakfast-table. Poor Athanasius gulping down cup after cup of tea, and half choking himself with enormous slices of ham and cold beef, in order to conceal his confusion; while the bland Mr Skottowe, with an air of mock penitence, sadly contradicted by the amused expression visible at the corners of his mouth, busied himself in eating a new-laid egg.

The genuine good-nature of the whole party, however, soon laughed off everything unpleasant; and in the course of the day the inventive genius of old Mrs Mahoney, a jewel of an upper servant, found out and arranged a separate sleeping-room for the Reverend Athanasius.

It was a dull drizzling day in autumn, such as is very common in the south of Ireland, when there is no cold in the air, and yet you have such a feeling of thorough and diffused dampness, that you involuntarily hang over the fire, as if to air not only your garments, but your hands and face. After breakfast, the gentlemen as usual went out in a party to patrol, and the ladies amused themselves, as they best might, with needle-work and gentle gossiping.

'How I wish,' said Mrs Synge, laying down her embroidery, and politely trying to suppress a yawn, 'that Hugh Lawrence were here! He is the very life and soul of a party, and so good-natured—there is nothing he would not do to oblige a friend.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Warren, 'and children are so fond of him. My little Ellie, who is so shy to every one else, actually flies into Hugh Lawrence's arms, and will not leave him for nurse or any one else.'

In addition to the grown people, there were about a dozen children collected in Carrigbawn House; and a sort of *pro tempore* tutor and care-taker had been elected for them in the person of one of the second-class refugees, a tithe-proctor named Dick Harris. A sad time he had of it, poor man! Obnoxious as his ordinary occupation rendered him to the rebels out of doors, his new calling made him by no means more acceptable to the juvenile mutineers within. They put crackers into his boots, and incited the cat to stick her claws in his wig. They placed a chair with three broken legs for him to sit upon, and managed—accidentally on purpose—to upset an ink-bottle over his new trousers. This last outrage was too much for the poor proctor. Apostrophising the whole crew as a set of young imps, and declaring that the girls were worse than the boys, he fairly abandoned them to their own devices, and took refuge by the kitchen fire. It was at this juncture, when the ladies in their quiet drawing-room were threatened with an invasion of their collective Willies and Lizzies, that Mr Lawrence's presence was especially longed for.

'He paid a morning visit here a few days ago,' said Mrs Synge, 'and we urged him strongly to leave his lonely thatched cottage, where he has no companions but his dogs, and come into barracks like every one else. "Why, my dear lady," said he, "who would hurt me? Thank God, I don't think I have an enemy in the country among rich or poor; and then I have my steward, that faithful fellow, Hennessey, who would give his life for me, living at the lodge."'

The conversation then took another turn, and the afternoon passed somewhat wearily away; its monotony now and then enlivened by the unavailing efforts of the matrons to preserve order amongst the juveniles, each lady protesting that her boys and girls were the quietest creatures imaginable when at home, and that it was only company that excited them to rebel.

The gentlemen returned in good spirits to a late dinner, and reported that they had seen or heard nothing alarming. About ten o'clock the house was disturbed by a loud ringing at the hall-door. It was no light matter to open at that hour, so the visitor was challenged by the master of the house.

'Who's there?'

'A friend—Hugh Lawrence; let me in!'

At the sound of that well-known voice, bolts and bars were speedily withdrawn, and the whole party crowded into the hall to receive the welcome guest, who looked pale and agitated.

'Synge,' he said, 'I have a dreadful thing to tell you. My house was set on fire this evening, and everything in it burned. I don't care for the furniture, but my poor little dog, Minny, that was licking my hand an hour before—she perished!' And the tears stood in his kind, honest eyes.

It appeared that, while sitting after dinner, he perceived a strong smell of smoke, and, rushing to the window, he saw the dark figures who had put the live sod of turf to the thatch, moving in front of the house. He had been out shooting that day, and his gun stood loaded in a corner of the room.

'I seized it,' he said, 'and fired off both barrels at the fellows, but I could not tell in the twilight whether I hit any of them or not. I saw one man, whose face was blackened, take deliberate aim at me, and I heard an explosion as if his gun had burst in his hand. They rushed to the door, forced it in, and in another moment would have murdered me, when by God's providence a party of soldiers who were passing saw the flames, and came galloping up the avenue. The fellows, of course, made off, and the soldiers tried in vain to catch them. I escaped, just as the roof was falling in, and came on here, as I knew you would not turn me out.'

A warm pressure of the hand was Mr Synge's reply. 'Where were your servants, Hugh?' he said.

Digitized by Google

'They were out,' was the reply. 'The old cook and the housemaid had asked leave to go to a wake in the neighbourhood; and Leary, my man-of-all-work, had gone out to the stable to feed the horses.'

Mr Synge and the other gentlemen looked grave.

'Where was Hennessey, your steward?' asked Mr Warren.

'Oh, poor fellow, he has been sick these two days,' replied Mr Lawrence. 'I sent for him this morning, and heard that he was confined to bed with a heavy cold; and there I found him with his head tied up, when I went down to see him and take him a few things that I thought would do him good. If he had been with me, he'd have shed his last drop of blood for me: you know he's my foster-brother.'

There was no difficulty that night in finding a bed for Hugh Lawrence. Poor Athanasius was the first to propose to resign his dormitory, and betake himself once more to the sofa. Mr Skottowe followed suit by offering, with a hypocritical twinkle of his eye, half his bed, if Mr Lawrence had no objection to share it.

'Why, then, you've a deal of brass, that's all I can say for you, Skottowe,' said Athanasius, shaking his fist at him good-humouredly. 'If you don't die a bishop, it won't be for want of asking.'

Next morning, at breakfast, the delight of the children at meeting their friend was vociferous. He was not so much inclined to play with them as usual, for the loss of his favourite little terrier lay heavy at his heart. And the bright, round, young eyes that were fixed on him soon filled with tears, when they heard of the fate of Minny, who had been as well known, and almost as much liked, as her master.

After breakfast, all the gentlemen accompanied Hugh Lawrence to his cottage, now a heap of smoking ruins. The police were also in attendance, with a view to making every possible investigation. Of course, there was no chance of eliciting any information from the servants or the peasantry. They had seen nothing, known nothing; and the party were on the point of going away, when one of the police picked up on the lawn a gun with the barrel burst, and three fingers of a man's hand, which had evidently been blown off by the explosion. Here was a clue. The party immediately set off, and visited every house for miles round, without finding any man with a disabled hand; but as they were returning from their fruitless search, they passed by the cottage of Hennessey, the steward.

'There's no occasion, my friends,' said Mr Lawrence, 'for any of you to come in here; but I'll just step in for a moment to ask how poor Tom is to-day.'

'If you have no objection, Hugh,' said Mr Synge, 'I'll go in with you.'

They entered the house, where Hennessey's wife was ready to receive them, and to pour forth most voluble expressions of sorrow for 'the poor darling master's misfortune.'

'But how is Tom?' asked Mr Lawrence, moving towards the door of the inner room. 'I suppose I can see him.'

'Indeed, your honour had better not,' said the woman earnestly. 'He's very bad in his head to-day, and I'm afeard of my life 'tis *the sickness** he's getting; and maybe your honour might catch it from him.'

'Oh, I'm not in the least afraid.' And gently putting the woman aside, he went in, followed by Mr Synge.

The room was nearly dark, and they could discern only the outline of Hennessey's figure in the bed. He seemed scarcely able to answer his master's kind inquiries, and spoke in a hoarse, tremulous whisper.

'Well, Tom, my poor fellow, I'll send Dr Taylor to see you before night. Good-bye.'

'No, sir, thank ye, no doctor; I'll be quite well to-morrow!' exclaimed the sick man, in a clear, strong voice, whose changed tone struck even the unsuspecting Lawrence.

Mr Synge immediately flung the shutters open, and walked up to the bedside.

'Shew me your hands,' he said. No answer.

He pulled down the bed-clothes, and Hennessey's right hand appeared bound up. The next moment the police were called in, the bandage was removed, and the three fingers exactly corresponding to those picked up on the lawn were found wanting to the ghastly bloody hand.

The hardened traitor said nothing; his kind master burst into tears.

The sequel of this true tale may be told in a few words. Hennessey was lodged in jail, fully convicted at the next assizes, and most deservedly expiated his crime on the scaffold.

There was one gleam of comfort for Hugh Lawrence, after witnessing Hennessey's arrest; while getting off his horse at Mr Synge's gate, he thought he heard a faint whine, and looking down, he saw a miserable little animal, with its hair singed off, lying exhausted on the ground.

This was his little favourite terrier, which had somehow crept out of the burning ruins, and, with the wonderful instinct of her race, had painfully tracked her master's footsteps.

He took her tenderly in his arms. 'Minny is found! Minny is safe!' was the cry through the house. And if Minny had been the daughter and heiress of a noble family, more care could not have been bestowed on her comfort and restoration.

The little animal was soon well enough to accompany her master to England, whither some of his kind friends took him on a tour, until the terrible scene of Hennessey's execution was over.

* Typhus fever.

THE ANCIENT RESERVOIRS OF ADEN.

MANY and great have already been the vicissitudes of the town of Aden. In remote times called 'Eumaimore' or the Prosperous, it continued to prosper as the principal emporium of trade between Europe and the east, till the adventurous Portuguese opened out a new and more convenient ocean-route for the merchandise of India and China. The tide of traffic thus diverted from Aden, its prosperity gradually declined. The Turks got possession of it in an underhand way, just forty years after Vasco de Gama had rounded the 'Cape of Storms,' and they seem to have done a good deal to fortify and improve the town. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, Aden was governed by a native prince. By this time Mocha had successfully rivalled it as the seat of the coffee-trade; and when the East India Company took possession of it in 1839, it was a poverty-stricken, decayed place, having only a lingering remnant of traffic in gums, with about six hundred squalid Arabs for inhabitants, and with no foreign ships to rock securely within its noble harbour.

However, the tide has now turned in its favour, and British rule and the overland route to India combined, bid fair to raise the place to far more than its ancient importance. It can now boast a busy population of 25,000, gathered out of almost every nation under Heaven; the annual value of its imports and exports is little short of a million sterling, and its port is crowded with shipping. It is a depôt for steamers, and a principal coaling-station. Here weary voyagers gladly disembark before or after the somewhat anxious threading of the coral-reefs in the Red

Digitized by Google

Sea, to 'take their ease in their inn,' and explore—as we are now about to do—the marvellous reservoirs with which we rejoice to be told that the district abounds. For a thirsty district indeed it is, without trees to shade it, without running streams to freshen, its lofty semicircle of barren limestone and lava rocks—but for the relief of the sea-breeze—reflecting intolerably the fierce glare of the tropical sun. The one serious drawback to the permanent importance and prosperity of Aden threatened to be the inadequate supply of fresh water: experiment after experiment was made, new wells were dug with no other result than that of drying up old ones, and vast sums laid out, all in vain.

It would seem, therefore, that the nineteenth century must be content to take a lesson in practical science from the wisdom of the past; and that having discovered a magnificent series of ancient reservoirs for the collecting and storing of rain-water, it can do nothing so well as persevere in their restoration, or, if need be, undertake the construction of others.

It appears that this plan of collecting water in reservoirs is of extreme antiquity in Araby the Blest. The earliest and most gigantic work of the kind we know anything about is the great dam of Mareb, built, some historians aver, about 1750 B.C.—the time when Jacob in his love for Rachel was tending her father's flocks, 'while in the day the drought consumed him and the frost by night.' M. Arnaud, a French traveller, who reached Mareb in 1843, describes the ruins of this wonderful dam as situated between two hills, which, when joined by the embankments, formed the reservoir. So vast was the space thus enclosed, that even in that desert stillness, no shout, however shrill, could reach from one end of it to the other; and the massive fragments of masonry that yet remain bear witness to the former solidity of the whole. Probably this was the great original of other reservoirs in this and other parts of Arabia, as well as of those which the Saracens introduced into Spain during their period of triumphant sway. None of these, however, in any way equals the magnificent series of reservoirs lately discovered at Aden, which appear capable, if duly restored, of containing not less than 30,000,000 imperial gallons of water.

But who built these colossal tanks? we ask, and ask in vain. Even the natives shake their heads, and have no certain tradition to offer. Ancient, very ancient, no doubt, their walls have long survived the names of those who reared them; but the impression of Mr Playfair, the political resident at Aden, to whom we are indebted for our information respecting them, is, that they were begun after the second Persian invasion of Yemen, about the year of our Lord 600. Possibly, many owe their origin to individual piety and patriotism; possibly, some were intended as monuments to perpetuate the fame of the dead, as well as to promote the welfare of the living, for under the domed entrance to one of them a tomb has been discovered, and it is said that an inscription was removed from the tank which might have given some clue to its history.

According to local tradition, it was about the year 1500 of our era that these reservoirs began to fall into disuse, the governors of Aden having persevered in digging wells with sufficient success to meet the wants of the already declining city. We read also in a Latin tract, written in 1530, of another expedient: 'The water was daily brought in on camels, whose number sometimes amounted to 1500, 1600, or even 2000.' If this gaunt and clumsy procession arrived in the daytime, the water was circulated through the city; if in the evening, it was deposited *in a large cistern near the water-house.* This large cistern was seen by Mr Salt in 1809. We proceed to give his description: 'Among the ruins, some fine remains of ancient splendour are to be met with. The most remarkable of these remains consist of a line of cisterns situated on the north-west side of the town, three of which are fully eighty feet square, and proportionably deep, all excavated out of the solid rock, and lined with a thick coat of fine stucco, which externally bears a strong resemblance to marble. A broad aqueduct may still be traced which formerly conducted the water to these cisterns, from a deep ravine in the mountain above. Higher up is another, still entire, which, at the time we visited it (November), was partly filled with water. In front of it extends a handsome terrace, formerly covered with stucco; and behind it rise some immense masses of granite, which, being in some places perpendicular, and in others overhanging the reservoirs, formed, during the hot weather, a most delightful retreat. Some Arab children, who followed us, were highly pleased when we arrived at the spot, and plunging headlong into the water, much amused us by their sportive tricks.'

About thirty years later, Captain Haines, visiting Aden, found several of these reservoirs still in tolerable preservation. Besides the hanging tanks, as those built high up on the rugged mountain-sides are called, there were other large ones still to be traced around the town. We are sorry to be obliged to record the fact that, since the occupation of Aden by the English, the tanks have been not only neglected, but injured. The hanging tanks, fortunately, were pretty much out of reach; but the stones of those that lay ready to hand, were ruthlessly carried away for building purposes—the hollows filled up with the débris washed down from the mountains, and the whole believed to be ruined beyond the possibility of repair.

Meanwhile, more than half the population of Aden was drinking water brackish beyond what is usually considered endurable; and many thousand tuns of rain-water were annually lost from want of means to retain it. And now, let us gladly learn how efficient an apparatus for so doing had been all the while buried out of sight, to be restored by the energy of the political resident.

Four years ago, government sanctioned the repair of the three tanks known to be in tolerable preservation; the superintendence of the work being intrusted to Mr Playfair, who, at first, was obliged to content himself with convict-labour, and such assistance from free labour as the small surplus of the town-funds, and the sale of the rain-water collected in the cisterns, enabled him to obtain. At that time, he had no idea that the tank-system was so widely extended, and he expected to carry out the undertaking on the inexpensive plan above mentioned.

But day by day, new discoveries were made; and government came forward liberally to insure the successful completion of an enterprise, which we shall be better able to understand when we have read Mr Playfair's description of the environs of Aden:

'The range of hills which forms the boundary of the crater of Aden is nearly circular; on the outer side, the hills are very precipitous, and the rain-water rushing rapidly down them by means of long narrow ravines separate from each other. On the inner side, the hills are quite as abrupt; but their descent is broken about half-way down by a large table-land, intersected by numerous deep ravines, nearly all converging from the principal range of hills into the Tawela Valley, which thus receives about a quarter of the drainage of the peninsula. This valley is 700 feet in length from the point where it leaves the table-land to its actual junction with the level plain of the crater. The hills throughout are perpendicular; and at the head of the gorge they meet, leaving barely room for one man to pass through them! The valley

Digitized by Google

then gradually opens out to a breadth of a hundred and fifty feet, and the hills circling to the right and left form part of the walls of the crater of Aden.'

The steepness of the ravines, the exceeding hardness of the rocks, and their scarcity of soil, all combine to prevent any considerable amount of absorption. Thus even a moderate fall of rain will send a raging torrent down the Tawela Valley, which, ere it reach the sea, not unfrequently swells to an unfordable river. Much damage has thus been frequently done. Reed-houses, animals, nay, human beings, have been swept along into the sea; and during a December fall of rain in 1842, such was the fearful rush of water through the gorge, that two hundred animals were carried away; and when the morning broke on the scene of devastation, nine men were missing, and only three of their bodies were ever found.

Thus, then, we see there is not only a great good to be gained, but a great evil to be avoided. The water-sprites have to be subdued into a blessing, or submitted to as a scourge. The wisdom of earlier ages had taken the first course—their gigantic reservoirs chiefly occurring in and near this main water-course. These have been described by most travellers as excavated out of the solid rock; but Mr Playfair's account differs from theirs in this particular: he describes those at the foot of the hills as generally built at some re-entering angle of the rock which promises a copious flow of water; there the soil has been carefully cleared away, and a salient angle or curve of masonry built across it, while every feature of the adjacent rocks has been taken advantage of, and connected by small aqueducts, to insure no water being lost.

The overflow of one tank is conducted into another, and thus a complete chain once existed into the very centre of the town. Their construction is extremely fantastic, the only principle which seems to have been adhered to being an avoidance of straight lines; and the correctness of this principle has been proved in the recent excavations, as in almost every instance where straight lines existed, they were forced in by the rush of water. The tanks are generally of stone and mud-masonry, roughly plastered on the outside, and beautifully coated with plaster within; flights of steps, gradients, platforms, are heaped together, and give an exceedingly grotesque appearance to the whole. Each large tank has a smaller one in front of it, built for the purpose of retaining all the earth and stones carried down by the torrent, and permitting a pure stream of water to flow into the reservoir beyond. And now for what has been already done: 'Thirteen reservoirs, having an aggregate capacity of 8,500,000 gallons, have been cleared out and restored; thirty-six more discovered, but not as yet excavated. Up to September last, the expense incurred amounted to 1100 rupees; and in the same month, a moderate fall of rain, lasting only three hours, sufficed to fill the restored tanks to the brim. The water thus collected realised, up to the following February, 2200 rupees, or double the expenditure incurred—water having a ready sale in Aden at one rupee per hundred gallons; nor is this all, for over and above the quantity disposed of, there remained a surplus of about 600,000 gallons.' A pleasant sight this filling of the restored reservoirs must have been to all, especially to those whose energy had been instrumental in the work—a pleasant sight to see the mountain-torrent, no longer wandering at its own wild will, but led from tank to tank, gurgling over the lip of the highest, running along the skilfully constructed aqueducts, getting filtered in the smallest reservoirs, and gradually filling those lowest down in the valley. Thousands of all classes and ages flocked to the refreshing sight—how refreshing we, in our cloudy and temperate climate, can little know; and the noise of the rushing water was fairly drowned by the acclamations of the crowd.

It is calculated that even in the most unfavourable season not less than 6,000,000 gallons will be collected; and thus a minimum annual value of 60,000 rupees (L.6000) produced, while the restoration of all the tanks would insure an annual supply of from twenty to thirty million gallons. We therefore trust that the Indian government will not stop short of this great result. Rendered independent of all external sources for its water-supply, it is difficult to place any bounds to the possible importance and prosperity of Aden. Should the projected sea-canal from Suez to Pelusium be ever carried out—and the equilibrium of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea being now established, affords a strong hope that it will—a direct passage to the east would be afforded to ships of the largest size. The great Indian trade would probably take this route, and the importance of Aden as a coal-depôt and mercantile station being proportionably increased, it would no longer look back to the past for its palmy days, when conquering Rome bestowed on it the title of Romanum Emporium, but forward to the future, with commerce and civilisation ever increasing, and under British sway.

WORDS:

FOR THE GERMAN STUDENTS' FUNERAL-TUNE.

(IN MEMORIAM: NOVEMBER 1857.)

'Thou wilt call, and I shall answer Thee: Thou wilt have respect to the work of Thine own hands.'

With steady march, along the daisy meadow
And by the churchyard wall we go;
But leave behind, under the linden shadow
One, who no more will rise and go:
Farewell, our brother, left sleeping in dust,
Till thou shalt wake again—wake with the just.

Adown the street, where neighbour laughs to neighbour,
Adown the busy street we throng;
In noisy mirth to live, to love, to labour—
But he will be remembered long.
Sleep well, our brother! though sleeping in dust:
Shalt thou not rise again—rise with the just?

Farewell, farewell, true heart, warm hand, left lying
Beneath the linden branches calm;
'Tis his to live, and ours to wait for dying—
To win, while he has won, the palm.
Farewell, our brother! 'But one day, we trust,
Call—he shall answer Thee—God of the just!

TO THE ADVOCATES OF 'WOMEN'S RIGHTS.'

A gold medal of the value of 1200 francs has been offered by the Imperial Academy of Sciences, Letters, and Arts, of Lyon, for the best essay on the means of improving the moral and economical position of women: shewing first, how the remuneration of women may be raised to an equality with that of men, where there is an equality in usefulness and work; and second, pointing out new careers for the sex, and distinguishing new kinds of work to replace those of which they are and may be successively deprived by the competition of men, and the changes of customs and manners. Competitors are to send their works free to the secrétaire-général of the Academy, each manuscript to be distinguished only by a motto, and the same motto to be repeated in a sealed note containing the name and address of the author.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 243. SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

A MEDICAL MAN'S EXPERIENCES.

ALTHOUGH, in the eyes of the world, I may seem to be middle-aged, and of limited income; to have a tendency to baldness, and to possess a profusion of small children; to be in a state unprosperous and unpromising in a very high degree—I am still, in the opinion of the faculty, a rising young man with very excellent prospects. In the medical profession, no man is old until he is superannuated, and Hope—by means, as it would appear, of some curious chemical preparation—is made to flourish as an evergreen, whether it ever bear fruit or not. Let the weather be ever so favourably unhealthy, let the street-accidents be ever so interestingly serious, no case ever comes to my door—that is to say, no case with anything in it. There are, of course, however, candidates for my gratuitous attentions, enough and to spare. And here are three of my best patients, selected out of a ten years' diary.

Case I.—A. B. Female. Age 49. Profession, sick-nurse. Habit, plethoric. A. B. came upon my hands not at all before it was necessary. She had been seriously ill—the effect of years of indulgence in spirituous liquors—for weeks, and during that time she had been taking hairs of the dog that had bitten her, by way of cure. When I told her, as I felt it my duty to tell her, of her immediate danger, and of the almost certain result of her complaint, she was exceedingly affected and alarmed. Used as she had been to contemplate death in all its phases when it occurred to other persons, she was terrified to the last degree at its approaching herself. She shuddered to think of that cold shadow creeping over her, which she had often watched, unfeelingly enough, and even with impatience, darken the features of her fellow-beings, when its delay chanced to interrupt some trifling scheme of business or pleasure of her own. Her countenance, with the exception of her nose, whose colour circumstances had long rendered quite independent of the action of her feelings, blanched at the few serious sentences which I addressed to her, as though they had been veritable thrusts from the javelin of the grisly King. Her respectable, I might almost write her colossal legs, trembled beneath her while she listened. It was evident that A. B. had some very particular reasons of her own for living a little longer. This feeling, as far as my experience goes, is not peculiar to A. B., but the intensity of it was. Horror at the thought of dissolution is seldom exhibited, if even felt by this class of persons; abject fear such as hers could, I knew, be scarcely the consequence of other than deep-dyed guilt. I was not much surprised when I was sent for to her lodgings for the second time upon that same night. She had been revolving in her mind what I had said to her, and it had disturbed her greatly. She felt more unhopeful than in the morning, and thought herself sinking. 'The worst,' as the nurse in attendance upon her rather unpleasantly remarked, upon my entrance, 'had come to the worst,' and I was required, she hinted, less as a doctor than as a father-confessor.

'Send that woman away,' said the patient in a hoarse whisper, and pointing to the attendant; 'all nusses is bad uns. I was a nuss myself.'

I motioned the obnoxious witness out of the room.

'I'm dying, doctor; I feel it. You're sure I am dying, ain't you?' interrupted she, changing her solemn tones for very shrill ones, and suffering her mask of forced repentance to drop momentarily aside, and disclose an expression of suspicious cunning—'you're quite sure?'

'We are sure of nothing,' said I gravely: 'you are very seriously ill.'

'I know,' exclaimed she bitterly, relapsing into her melancholy phase again; 'that is what all you doctors say; but it means death. O, sir, I have been a very, very wicked woman indeed. I have something—I have three things on my mind, which it will do me good, I think, to get disburdened of: they will kill me else, I feel, of their own selves. And, sir, I have not got a soul in the world to tell them to, only you.'

So this dreadful old person had indeed dragged me out of my warm bed for the purpose of reposing in me a dangerous confidence, which my own good-nature invited. I should like to have seen A. B. venturing to make a confidant of Dr Crœsus in the next street after this same fashion. But it was just like my luck.

'Do you remember the very stout gentleman, doctor—him with the appleplexy in Ward No. 2—at St Barnabasses?'

'446. Pleurisy. Left convalescent?' inquired I, from memory.

'The same, sir. I bled him to death, doctor, at his own house within the week. His friends paid me by the job, you see, and I was overanxious to get it over.'

'Good heavens!' cried I; 'and to save yourself a little trouble, you committed, then, a cruel murder?'

'He went off like a lamb,' cried the wretched creature apologetically. 'But there's worse than that. I once gave a young gent. four doses of laudanum in one, and you wouldn't a known when he was dead from when he slep. But them was murders for all that, I know.'

Digitized by Google

'They certainly were, miserable woman,' cried I indignantly. 'Have you anything yet more upon your mind?'

'Hush!' whispered she, pointing towards the door; 'she's listening; they always does it, bless you—I knows 'em so well. Once—only once, as I'm a sinful woman—I smothered a sick man with his pillow; that was for his money; he would have died any way, because he had the lock-jaw. Now,' added she, with a long-drawn sigh, and after a pause, 'I feel somehow better and more comfortable like, thanks to you, sir.'

The patient had sunk back from her sitting-posture, as if exhausted with this terrible narration; but I read in her yet anxious eyes that she had still something more to say. Presently she again broke silence, and this time the emphasis with which she spoke was mingled with a tone of gratitude. She desired to recompense me, I suppose, for my prompt attention and interest, and delivered herself of this advice instead of a fee:

'When *your* time comes, doctor, and your friends send for the nuss, *don't let them pay her by the job.*'

The revelation of these crimes, which had been, without doubt, in reality committed, filled me with horror; and the reflection that she who had executed them would, in a few days at furthest, be out of the world, and no longer harmful, alone comforted me. My feelings, therefore, may be imagined by the sensitive, when, upwards of a fortnight after I had received the above confession, A. B., whom I had supposed to be far 'otherwhere,' as the poets say, called one morning at my private residence, in tolerable health, and also slightly in liquor. She had been priming herself to act rather a difficult part.

'I am come,' said she, 'to thank you, doctor, for your care and trouble about me when I was ill. I was very ill indeed, was I not, doctor?'

'You thought you were going to die,' remarked I with meaning.

'Yes,' answered she ingenuously, and without heeding the slight discrepancy between her two statements, 'and that is what I am come about to you, doctor. You knows as well as me what a parcel of nonsense folks do talk when they are delirious, and thinks they are in particular notice. [I afterwards discovered this expression to be A. B.'s rendering of the phrase *in articulo mortis.*] You must not be hard upon what a party says who has got the trembles. You must let bygones be bygones, doctor.'

I don't know whether it was weak of me, or whether it was strong-minded—whether I thought a confession upon a death-bed ought to be sacred, or whether it was to save myself trouble; but I let the old woman go, with a caution to the effect that she had better not let me hear of her attending any sick folks in future, which she took in exceedingly good part.

Case II.—I became acquainted with H. M. in the wards of St Barnabas, a young man who was by profession a prize-fighter, and who had come into the hospital with a dislocated knee, the consequence of kicking, violently and without due calculation of distance, at a personal friend with whom he had had a disagreement at a public-house. His habits had been very much the reverse of temperate, and the case which at first seemed simple enough, soon assumed a serious aspect: after many weeks of almost incessant suffering, it became necessary that the poor fellow should lose his leg by amputation, if he would preserve his life. The lopping of this limb was to him an especial grief, inasmuch as, next to the loss of one of his 'mauleys,' it was the saddest thing that, to one of his calling, could possibly happen. His occupation as 'a favourite of the public,' 'a pet of the fancy,' would, of course, be gone for ever, and no other line was open to him, since the talents of a prize-fighter, however rare and valuable in themselves, so far from being of universal application, are an absolute hinderance to success in almost every other walk of life. There was, indeed, about as bad a look-out for poor H. M., when he was carried into St Barnabas' theatre to be acted *upon*, one April morning, as can be conceived. Still, the brave young fellow never winced or grumbled; he made his bow to the great semicircle of students—the rows of unfamiliar faces reaching from floor to roof—as though they were his ancient patrons of the ring. There was no chloroform in those days; but he looked on at all the proceedings which concerned him without one twitch of the mouth or knitting of the brows; and when the thing was over, and that limb, which he had been so long accustomed to consider his own, became the property of the scientific gentlemen around him, he said: 'I thank you, gentlemen,' in a cheery voice, and wished them joy of their acquisition.

I confess that, in spite of his disrespectable calling, I had a sincere liking for H. M., and pity for his misfortune; and as one of the dressers in his ward at that time, I had opportunities of doing him, occasionally, a little kindness, and speaking an encouraging word. We struck up quite a friendship, founded upon the basis of mutual respect, but, I feel bound to admit, without any great mixture of sentiment. He confided to me several particulars concerning the fancy and its patrons, which are not generally known, but which the same honourable feelings that kept me silent with regard to the delinquencies of A. B., prevent me from here disclosing. When the day came for the young prize-fighter to depart—with the exception of his left leg—from St Barnabas, he addressed me in these terms:

'Doctor, you have been a regular stunner to me all along since I have been here, and no mistake; I should be sorry to leave this here hospital without letting you know what I think about it. Most like, you imagined that a poor chap such as me had nothing to give you in return—which only makes it the more brickish—but I am not so bad off as I seem, doctor, by no manner of means.'

This was exceedingly gratifying to me, and even very exciting. I was trying to recall to my mind some of those instances which I had heard or read of concerning millionaires in the guise of scavengers, angels under the earthly form of crossing-sweepers, who have been, as Mr Lamb says, 'entertained unawares' by benevolent surgeons and others, and pondering whether H. M.'s fortune was more likely to be in the funds or in railway-shares, when that grateful young man resumed as follows:

'Here,' cried he, drawing a coin or medal, wrapped up in whity-brown paper, from his breast-pocket—'here is, if not money, at least money's worth: to one in your station and with your opportunities, sir, a matter of—ah—a pound a week for life, at the very least. Even in my humble walk, it has been a pretty penny to me already.'

'Why, my good man,' cried I, in unaffected disappointment at the discovery, 'this is only a half-penny!'

'Only a half-penny!' repeated H. M. with a delighted chuckle, as he hobbled away on his crutches in order to preclude any thanks for his generous behaviour. 'That's what you'll be trying to persuade other folks to believe before the day's out. It *is* only a half-penny; *but it is a half-penny with a couple of tails upon it!*'

H. M. opined—so little does one-half of the world guess how the other half lives—that the respectable profession of medicine demeaned itself like his own by the practice of tossing for half-crowns; and, seriously, if things continue as they are much longer

Digitized by Google

with me, I think I shall try my luck with that headless half-penny, the only pecuniary fee I have ever received.

Case III.—Once—and that day will not easily be forgotten—I was sent for to attend a lady at a fashionable hotel, and that lady a member of the aristocracy. She was a woman of strong force of will, and had made a point of having the nearest doctor summoned, or else they would have sent for Dr Crœsus to a moral certainty. For my part, I wish from the bottom of my heart—but I am anticipating.

The Lady Letitia Beebonnet was Scotch, and 'a wee bit crackit.' She was violent and impetuous upon all subjects—'a monomaniac,' as was said of a greater lady, 'about everything;' but inflexibility of purpose and contempt for conventional practices and opinions were her *forte*. Her present idea was, that so long as she chose to remain in any hotel, no matter for what term of months or years, she never need settle the bill till she went away. She had come to the *Fleur de Lis* without any intention of staying beyond ten days or so; but as her ladyship's account had been sent in somewhat peremptorily at the week's end, she was now staying on, out of spite, and for the express purpose of declining to settle it. Under ordinary circumstances, a person of Lady Letitia's rank might of course have resided in an inn for half her natural life without being troubled by the host; but in this particular case, the hotel belonged to a company, whose accounts were audited every week, and to whom the manager was responsible. He also, plebeian though he was, had that quality in superabundance upon which her ladyship so justly prided herself—pigheadedness. Upon the reiterated refusal of his aristocratic lodger to loosen her purse-strings, he had given to her some pieces of his mind which were not only unpalatable, but had disagreed with her to the extent of sending her to her bed; she was ill, and very ill, absolutely through sheer rage and obstinacy, and threatened to become worse with opposition. The manager had sworn that, upon the morrow, which was the end of her third week's sojourn with him, the Lady Letitia Beebonnet should settle her bill or leave the house; and her ladyship prepared for battle by sending for the nearest doctor.

I gathered these particulars from herself at the first interview, narrated with a garrulity such as I never heard equalled, and with an amount of accompanying action such as I had only seen examples of in establishments devoted to the insane.

'What I stand for,' concluded she, with vehemence, 'is the law—the law. I have plenty of money, hundreds of pounds, in that dressing-case yonder, but he shall never have one farthing of it upon compulsion, nor until I choose.'

As soon as I had recovered her ladyship out of the hysterics into which she had gradually worked herself during this recital, I took my leave. On my arrival the next afternoon, I found that the exasperated manager had refused to let her ladyship's bell be answered, or to supply her with food.

She had comforted herself for some time by pulling at the rope at her bedside, under the idea that she was at least creating a disturbance, although nobody came; but the domestics had placed a worsted stocking over the clapper. She was very unwell, indeed, by this time, and her complaint was not improved by the fact of her having had nothing to eat since the preceding afternoon; but she was considerably more obstinate than before, and quite prepared to starve rather than surrender what she imagined to be her legal rights.

Upon my remonstrating with the manager, he protested that she might starve, and welcome, but that he would put up with her nonsense, and be accountable for her expenses to the company, not an hour longer. The company was of more consequence to him, he irreverently observed, than all the Beebonnets over the border.

'But,' urged I, 'if the Lady Letitia dies in your hotel, it will hurt the company seriously; and she will die, if she does not have sustenance shortly.'

Upon that view of the matter, some very weak gruel—with a cinder or two accidentally dropped into it—and a few slices of burned toast, were sent up to her ladyship's room.

The next day, I found my noble patient much better; invigorated by her food, but especially invigorated by her victory in having obtained it, and by an unlooked-for success of another kind. She had detected, as she lay in her bed, with nothing to do except to watch, like Robert the Bruce, the spider-webs that began to adorn the cornices, a second bell-wire running round her apartment, and had established a communication with it by combining her own useless rope and the handle of her parasol. As I entered, unannounced—for attendance was rigidly denied her—and she had, singularly enough, no maid of her own, she was sitting up in bed, engaged in tolling solemnly at this wire, which, indeed, exceeded her most sanguine expectations, for with every jerk she gave, she rang the alarm-bell. It was placed at the top of the house, so not easily accessible, and the wire, which pervaded the hotel, being of too great importance to be cut, she was mistress of the situation.

'I have been tolling,' observed she with satisfaction, 'ever since daybreak, as though for morning-prayers.'

The Lady Letitia was only at last induced to pay her bill by a pious fraud. She was informed that one of the directors of the company had offered to take the risk on his shoulders, and understanding thereby that she could annoy her foe, the manager, no longer by stopping, but would rather benefit him than otherwise, she left the hotel immediately, although in a very unfit state to be moved.

When she recovered, she wrote me a pretty little note, with a coronet on the top of it, expressing her grateful sense of my attentions; my services had been, she was good enough to say, above all price, but she should nevertheless decline to pay me anything, upon principle. According to law, she had been led to understand that a medical man could not exact remuneration for the performance of his duties: she might be right or she might be wrong; but at all events she preferred, she said, to have the matter tried in court, before running into any unnecessary expense.

SCHOOLING IN INDIA.

At a time like this, when our armies are struggling against terrible odds in one of the fiercest contests that ever shook India to its centre, it is by no means out of place to inquire more closely than we have been wont to do, into the actual condition of that country and its people; and as a means of doing so, we cannot turn our attention to a more fitting subject than their schools.

From official inquiries into the state of education amongst the masses of the population of the Bengal presidency, it would appear that in five districts in which the state of indigenous education is most favourable as compared with other divisions, the proportion of adults who have received any degree of instruction is 6 per cent. of the entire population, so that there remain ninety-four persons in every hundred wholly destitute of education. In the least favoured districts, the proportion is above two educated persons in every hundred.

Digitized by Google

The entire population of this presidency—that is, of Upper and Lower Bengal—may be taken at thirty-eight millions, of which above fourteen millions may be set down as children, and of these we may fairly assume two-thirds to be of an instructible age, seeing that in India children mostly commence school when five years old. Now, inasmuch as the data collected on this subject shew that of the children of an instructible age only 7 per cent. receive any kind or amount of education, it follows that there are upwards of nine millions of children throughout Upper and Lower Bengal alone of an age to receive instruction, yet totally without it. Taking in the same way the adult population of twenty-four millions, and deducting from these the proportion of educated persons—namely, 5 per cent.—we find there remain nearly twenty-three millions of the adult population entirely without instruction.

Such being the state of native education in this one division of the Indian empire, it would not be very difficult to arrive at a tolerably accurate conclusion as to the total number of individuals, adult and juvenile, of the entire population of British India wholly devoid of any instruction whatever. We do not believe that on a general average there would be found above *four* per cent. of the entire population able to read or write in the smallest degree, seeing that the whole of the female population—with the exception of the nautch-girls—are altogether and habitually left without any attempt at education. This being the case, the result would be, that there are in the Indian territories of Great Britain not fewer than one hundred and thirty-four millions of totally uneducated persons! A fearful amount of uncounteracted ignorance, superstition, and vice in the hands of the fanatic priesthood and the evil-minded chieftains, to work upon to their own bad ends.

The extent of private tuition among the Mussulmans or Hindoos is very small indeed, if we except the chief cities of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, where of late years a few of the leading natives have availed themselves of private instruction for their children, both male and female. The public educational establishments of the Mofussil of indigenous growth may be divided into the common vernacular schools, and schools partaking more of the character of colleges. In these latter, Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit are taught; seldom the three in any one establishment, but usually the schools are either Persian, Arabic, or Sanscrit.

The teachers of these are mostly of the Brahmanical caste, many living in extreme poverty, and supported mainly by presents of money and food. The scholars consist of boarders and day-pupils, who, in exchange for the learning imparted, supply their instructors with the daily necessaries of life, and also perform for them many little household duties. The age at which pupils attend these institutions ranges between eight and twenty, though there are some who remain to their twenty-second year. The instruction imparted consists of general literature, rhetoric, law, logic, medicine, and astrology.

In these high-class schools, the income in money of the pundits, or professors, varies very much, ranging, indeed, from the merest pittance to a very liberal amount. It has been stated that the average monthly income of three hundred of these learned instructors is not less than L.6, 10s.; but the correctness of the figures may very well be doubted, as this class of men are extremely tenacious of giving information concerning their mode of living, property, &c. If, however, we assume this amount to be about correct, it shews that the cost of educating the pupils of these establishments is extremely high, far beyond the real value of the learning imparted, for the average number of students at each college does not often exceed *seven*.

If, however, we inquire into the *quality* as well as the cost of the education taught by these Brahmanical pundits, we shall assuredly arrive at the conclusion, that they do little enough to elevate the character or improve the condition of the people. There is, indeed, no lack of indigenous literature in India. A late official return went to shew that during the last fifty years, there had been not less than five hundred and fifteen persons engaged in literary publications in Bengal.* The same document tells us that in the year 1853–4, there were two hundred and fifty works in the native languages published in the city of Calcutta alone.

The works on grammar, logic, and law may pass without much comment; but the absurdly fabulous and disgustingly immoral recitals contained in nearly all their most popular dramas, poems, and histories, leave little room for surprise that the people for whose edification these are published should prove false, base, and cruel to the last degree.

The schools of medicine are less hurtful, though the little of really practical knowledge they inculcate is so blended with absurd quackeries and strange fallacies, as to excite our pity. In those colleges where astrology, mythology, and philosophy are taught, we find the wildest fantasies, the greatest infidelity, and the grossest licentiousness mixed up with the daily teachings. Truly has it been said in one of the government reports on indigenous education in Bengal and Behar, that the followers of these schools of philosophy are intemperate and licentious in their habits and manners, not only believing that intoxicating liquors, and other vicious indulgences, are permitted, but that that they are enjoined by the system they profess.

If such be the system and the *morale* of the higher class of native schools, what shall we find prevailing among the hundreds of village schools and inferior institutions of towns, the teachers of which receive emoluments in the shape of fees, and presents of money to the monthly value of from two shillings to two pounds, with an uncertain addition of donations of rice, fruit, fish, &c. It would be well if we could flatter ourselves that these schools were no worse than a negative evil—that they simply effected no good. It can scarcely be said that the acquisition of reading and writing is an advantage, as the adepts employ their powers to little good purpose, more frequently for evil ends. The instruction in these schools, beyond the mere forming and deciphering characters, is of the loosest and grossest description—a mere learning by rote without any attempt at instruction.

The course in these seminaries is to place the young scholar during a month after his first entrance to practise the formation of the alphabet, which he does by writing on the loose sandy floor of the schoolroom with one of his fingers or a small stick. From this initiatory stage he is promoted to the next class, where he is taught to construct words and short sentences by writing on a palm-leaf with an iron style. Thence he proceeds to use the finer leaf of the plantain; and finally, when well advanced, he is

* *Returns Relating to Native Printing-presses and Publications in Bengal.* 1855.

Digitized by Google

taught to write on paper hardened by the juice of the tamarind-tree, and to draw up petitions, business documents, accounts, &c. In some of the Hindi, though not in the Bengali schools, a wooden board or a brass plate smeared over with mud, or chalk and water, is employed for tracing words by means of a wooden style, as well as for calculations in arithmetic.

It would be difficult to picture anything more miserable than the lot of the ordinary teacher in a native school, or more wretched than the localities usually selected for their operations. So poor, indeed, are the majority of them, that they most frequently add to their professional duties the occupation of accountants to bazaar-keepers, letter-writers, compilers of almanacs, petition-drawers, and such-like work—anything, in short, by which their pens may add to their scanty means.

The village school will frequently be held in an open shed, occasionally in the covered place in which the weekly market is held, on which day a holiday is given to the scholars, and the pedagogue occupies himself in the busy duties of what, in Europe, we should call the 'clerk of the market.'

In the common schools now under notice, the language employed for instruction is Bengali in Bengal Proper, and Hindostani in Behar and other districts; and not only is this the case with the Hindoo population, but the same rule applies to the Mussulman schools of these districts; for although the Hindostani is the common *spoken* language of the better classes of Mussulmans in Bengal and Behar, it is never employed as the means of instruction in their schools. The *Urdu* language, again, is far more poetic, and much richer in variety and force of expression, as it is also more polished, and is the language employed in the pulpit, and in popular tales and poetry; yet it has never found its way into any of the class-books of the schools, where it might be employed to the utmost advantage.

The number of Mussulman teachers, even where Mussulman scholars are taught, are very few. By far the majority of instructors in these schools are of the 'writer caste,' though the number of Brahmans engaged in teaching is also large, contrary as it is to the custom of their caste, by which it is considered degrading to give instruction in any but the higher branches of learning.

As regards the classes or castes of the pupils of these schools, the Brahmans are invariably in the preponderance; next to whom, following pretty closely, is the writer caste, the weaver and other castes keeping at a tolerably respectful distance. Twenty years ago, it was rare indeed that the least degree of instruction was enjoyed by any of the lower castes of tailors, water-drawers, sweepers, or such like; but in the present day we behold learning fully established as a republic of letters, much to the disgust and indignation of the proud high-caste Brahman, who grows up impressed with the utmost abhorrence of all innovation—a true conservative of the old school.

Such domestic instruction as is imparted in families is of a still more unsatisfactory character than that taught in the elementary schools. It is indeed little more than a handing down from father to son a knowledge of the mere rudiments of education sufficient to enable the latter to follow in the footsteps of his parent. Pride of family frequently prevents wealthy or high-born men from sending their sons to any school that may exist in their neighbourhood; sometimes, too, it is poverty which compels the home instruction of the zemindar, the trader, the headman, &c.

Such, then, is a brief outline of the state of indigenous education in Bengal; and having taken this view of it, we may render the picture more complete if we glance at the educational institutions and efforts of the Europeans in the same part of the country. Missionaries from nearly every society in Europe are to be found, or *were* to be met with before the late rebellion, in almost every province of India. Wherever these unwearying toilers for the truth located themselves, they formed the nucleus of a school generally for instruction in the vernacular. Contrary to the fact in the indigenous schools of the country, their pupils were mostly of the lowest castes; hence naturally the Brahmans and other caste-proud men viewed the missionaries and their labours with jealousy and hatred. All the opposition they could give to missionary preaching and missionary teaching they did give, and in no sparing measure.

The progress made by these schools, although in some instances sufficiently encouraging, has been, on the whole, extremely limited, not only from many opposing causes, but also from a want of qualified teachers, and a great dearth of school-books in the vernacular. It was not until within the last few years that the labours of the Rev. J. Long and others placed within the reach of Christian teachers useful works in the vernacular of an unobjectionable character. The instruction imparted at these establishments is of an entirely elementary nature, but thoroughly sound, and calculated to fit the pupils in after-life for some useful and profitable career.

The educational department of the Bengal government is of comparatively recent origin. It is composed of a director of public instruction, a secretary, a staff of inspectors for the various districts, and a large number of trained teachers in every branch of education. There are professors, too, for the various government colleges, and altogether a very formidable array of workers in the field.

But although the official labours of the government staff are directed towards such private and missionary schools as apply for 'grants in aid,' they are mainly employed in supervising their own establishments. It is to be regretted that the annual reports of this department are so utterly meagre and barren of all practical details as to render them valueless for our present purpose. By far the greater portion of the annual votes for education are expended in the liberal salaries of the director-general and his staff, whilst the sum left for the real workers—the teachers and other subordinates—is insignificant in the extreme compared with the amount of work to be done.

In Calcutta, there are the Presidency, the Hindoo, the Engineering, and other colleges, where professors hold their classes with all the form, and some of the effect, of similar institutions in Europe. At these, as well as at the Hoogly, Dacca, and the other Mofussil colleges, the principal classes are composed of high-caste and well-born Hindoos; indeed, the number of those from poorer sections of native society is very small. The proficiency attained by the students of these colleges, as well as by those of the medical college, is such as would be encouraging were it enduring, or did it produce fruit of any useful kind. Unfortunately, however, the most that our present system of teaching effects is to overthrow the old superstitions of the land, without replacing them with any better faith, proselytism being a forbidden thing in the Company's colleges, punishable with instant dismissal, so careful are the authorities to avoid any appearance of offending the prejudices of the natives.

To those who inquire the reason why our college education should prove of so little use to the students in after-life, we reply that it is *caste* which prevents them availing themselves of much of their knowledge. The Brahmans and the writer caste can engage in but a few occupations. To step beyond that social limit, to break through the old bounds, and engage in any handicraft, or art or calling in which the hands would be required, would be to entail on them all the direful

Digitized by Google

penalties of Hindoo fanaticism and bigotry—a consequence which, as yet, but one or two of the rising generation have dared. Until *caste*—the curse of India—be trampled under foot, we can do but little for the country or the people.

BURIED ALIVE.

It was on a bleak afternoon in the beginning of last March that we stood at the drawing-room windows of our house in the village of Bout du Monde, in Savoy, watching the clouds careering wildly over the sky, and speculating whether M. le Curé and Mademoiselle, his sister, would come to tea. The huge mountains opposite began to look ghastly as the bright rosy reflections from the setting sun faded from their snow-covered summits; the pine-trees in our garden creaked and swayed like the masts of a tempest-tossed ship; and as the sighing, moaning, whistling wind lulled for a second, there fell some heavy flakes of snow.

'Close the jalousies, Annette, and draw the curtains.' Poor miserable things these last were—thin muslin with a red cotton border. The fire blazed and crackled merrily as our fair-haired Jessie threw on log after log; our moderator-lamp shone like a small sun, lighting up even the most distant of the atrocious engravings of 'Passages in the Lives of Diane de Poitiers and Jeanne d'Arc,' which covered one of our walls; while on the other bloomed twin samplers, dedicated to *Un Père Chéri*, and *Une Mère Chérie*, and on which were embroidered wreaths of heartsease and forget-me-nots, each surmounted by a dove carrying a large O in its beak—undoubtedly crowns for the heads of the cherished father and mother. Pussy lay curled up in his basket on the rug, pretending to sleep, but keenly alive to all that was going on at the tea-table.

We were determined in the most Christian spirit to shew the curé and his sister how much more comfortable we English were than our Savoyard neighbours. So the finest of our table-linen, the best of our china, were brought out for the occasion; a profusion of tea-cakes and preserves loaded the table; while coffee-pot and tea-pot had been so well polished they might have been mistaken for silver. The mention of them is premature, as they were only to appear at the last moment. We were not quite so bad as the lady 'who loved to sit in a snug room and think of the poor wretches at sea;' but we all certainly did peculiarly enjoy, on this stormy evening, the air of comfort which the inviting, soft-cushioned easy-chairs, the thick carpet, and well-spread board, lit up by the warm fire-glow, gave to our country quarters.

'Here he is!' we exclaimed, as we heard the curé's voice calling through the kitchen window to Annette to go and open the garden gate. One side of the house faced the high road.

'*La petite fille* is actually come with him,' cried Jessie, running back from the door, where she had been to take observations. This was unusual, the one generally following the other at a short interval, for our curé did not like to be seen walking with a woman, even though that woman might be his sister. In they came, speckled with snow, but with cheery gleaming faces.

M. le Curé was a thin flat man, so flat that he looked like a deal-plank dressed up in a priest's long coat, a garment which closely resembles an old-fashioned scanty lady's pelisse, buttoning all the way up the middle. He always wore his best fringed sash and newest *tricorne* when he paid us a visit. He had a small wizened face, in which twinkled a pair of waggish gray eyes, their lively expression heightened by a decidedly turned-up nose. It was worth something to hear him preach, particularly when he addressed his parishioners on the subject of the cholera. 'Pardonnez moi, mes chers frères' (a long pause)—'passez moi l'expression, *s'il vous plait*'—with emphasis and the pout of a spoiled child—'mais, vous êtes des pourceaux de vrais pourceaux'—in a tone embracing two octaves. Another effective pause, and then a rapid very clear explanation of the peculiar habits of de 'vrais pourceaux.'

He was so sociable, so full of dry humour, and, withal, delighted so much in our family circle, that we never failed to remark, after one of his long visits, 'What can have induced that man to become a priest?—to shut himself out from all the tender charities of domestic life, formed, too, as he is to enjoy them, as witness his devotion to *la Petite*.' This *petite*, as he always called his sister, and as she always called herself, was a woman quite six feet high, as thin as mortal living frame can be, and with the longest hands and feet I think I ever saw. She was very like, yet very unlike her brother. Instead of a cocked nose, she had a majestic aquiline; instead of small, merry eyes, very large, melancholy ones: nevertheless, there was the mysterious likeness of children of the same parents between them. The hair of both was equally gray, but we were always given to understand that la Petite was many years younger than the curé. To hear him talk of her, you were led to conclude that she was a sort of St Thérèse, mystical and meditative, never so happy as when poring over what she called her 'Grenade'—some great cannon of a theologian of the middle ages—her *beau-idéal* of a saint being Ignatius Loyola. One day we lent mademoiselle *Les Voleurs de Londres*, the French name for *Oliver Twist*. The curé brought it back very soon. 'O no! la Petite could not read such a book;' and, to Jessie's horror, he gave it as his opinion that ce petit drôle d'Olivier ought to have been hanged!

To listen to la Petite's own account of herself, you might be pardoned for believing her without religion of any kind—unless we call adoration of her brother one. She would demur even to this when we observed on their strong mutual affection.

'Yes,' she would answer, 'I love him, and he loves me; notwithstanding, we sometimes bang the door at one another: it never goes further. Our curé is a man with a head, I can tell you.'

By dint of entreaty and some gentle force, we at last settled mademoiselle in one of the large chairs by the fire, with her feet on a footstool.

'Une si petite fille comme moi,' she expostulated, stretching out her lengthy limbs, and basking in the genial glow. Then began the ceremony of coffee-drinking; the Savoyards are very Turks in their love of coffee.

'Ah, Mees Jessie, you know the weakness of us curés,' said M. B——, as she filled his cup to the brim with sugar.

'Give our curé his coffee, and he is happy,' remarked la Petite: 'coffee is his religion.'

This was only one of our St Thérèse's usual rather startling observations about her brother.

'Very true,' said the brother demurely. 'I did not get my mid-day cup of coffee last Sunday; and I assure you, madame, I could think of nothing else through the whole of vespers. A cup of coffee haunted me,' and his little eyes twinkled.

'Oh, Monsieur le Curé!' cried Jessie suddenly, 'how did you ever come to be a priest?'

He coloured a little, hesitated, and then said: 'Well, I will tell you; and no more seasonable time than the present, as this happens to be the eve of the anniversary of the great peril which decided my vocation.'

Jessie was too much abashed by her own thoughtless

Digitized by Google

speech even to say 'Thank you;' but the curé, soon recovering his usual manner, ensconced himself in a great leather chair in front of the fire, with our dear pussy, whom he always insulted by calling 'un gros matou,' at his feet. As soon as he heard the click of his sister's knitting-needles, he gave us a look just like the one he bestowed on his congregation before beginning his sermon; and when we were all quiet, he commenced his story.

In the autumn of 1823, just thirty-five years ago, my sister and I went to pay a visit to an aunt, married to a wealthy wood-merchant of Bellinzona. I was then eighteen, and la Petite some years younger. Our uncle and aunt, who had no children, grew very fond of us, and would not hear of our leaving them; they talked of adopting the little one, and of taking me into the wood-business. We on our part were willing enough to stay with them; for never before had we known so much comfort, our parents being rich in nothing but sons and daughters. The winter of 1823-4 was more than usually severe; the snow lay deep in the valley; all the small streams were frozen, so no saw-mills could work. Our uncle grumbled and smoked, and smoked and grumbled, from morning till night. He had several large orders, and he was uneasy at the delay he was forced to make in executing them. You must know that the wood is felled in summer, but not removed till winter, when, by means of long slides, formed of rough trunks of trees, on which water is poured to procure a coating of ice, the timber is conveyed to the foot of the mountain. Now, that winter not one among the stoutest-hearted of the Burratori—the men are so called who cut and bring the wood to the lake—would venture up to the forests. There was nothing for it but to wait till the cold moderated. But February, with its wild bleak days came, and passed, and still the men refused to work. At last some warm sunny days ushered in the month of March. The snow left the valley, and the icy fetters of the merry streams melted quite away. The sunshine without brought us sunshine within; my aunt's husband now whistled about the house, making each of his fingers go off in small reports as a sort of *feu de joie*. Seven Burratori had agreed to go up the mountain. As during the last three weeks there had been neither a fresh fall of snow, nor any indication of a thaw, the weather-wise declared no danger was to be apprehended. In fact, the mountain, from its nature, was little subject to avalanches, nor had any worth speaking of occurred within the memory of man.

Tired out by such long inactivity, I was wild to join the intended expedition, and at last wearied my uncle into granting me permission to begin my apprenticeship at once. I was put under the care of an old fellow called Picurio, generally recognised as the chief of the Burratori. We were to set out on the Monday morning, and it was hoped the job would be completed by the following Saturday.

We had, however, forgotten to ask la Petite's consent. She, who had never been separated from me even for a day since her birth, was in tears from morning till night at the idea of my leaving her for a whole week. My uncle was, in truth, a soft-hearted man, so he agreed to go with us himself, and take the little girl also as far as Aquila, a village in the Val Blegno, lying at the base of the mountain to which we were bound. This arrangement put an end to my sister's tears; though, as the Burratori stop out night and day till the work is finished, she would see as little of me as if she had remained at Bellinzona. We were well provided with woollen wrappers and the means of kindling a fire; and as you may believe, the thought of this bivouac had infinite charms for my imagination.

The cold on that memorable Monday morning was perhaps as intense as it had been during the winter; but as there was no wind, the men kept to their engagement. I cannot affirm that sleeping under a rock was as delightful in reality as in anticipation; still, I relished being treated as a man, and never complained. On the Wednesday, old Picurio declared it was beginning to thaw, and on Thursday it was perfectly clear that the frost had broken up; indeed, we heard the snow slipping down the grooves cut in the mountain's side by the spring and summer torrents. The Burratori did not seem to care, for the pine-trees prevented any dangerous accumulation of snow in our immediate vicinity. Our only danger lay in going to and from the forest, our night's shelter being in the natural caves formed by projecting rocks, which, as a matter of course, were on that part of the mountain where there was no wood. We strained every nerve to finish our task on Friday evening.

'Three or four hours more would have done it,' said Picurio in a desponding tone, as darkness overtook us, and a large stack of timber still lay before us.

'Well, then, let us be up by peep of day,' cried I, 'and we may all be back at Bellinzona by the evening.'

On the morrow, we only mustered five; three of our party were missing. Had they deserted, or only gone on in advance?

'We shall soon know,' said the remaining Burratori, and with one accord they sent forth such wild, unearthly yells, ending in shrill peals of mad laughter, that, though I had heard of their mode of holding communication with their comrades at a distance, I was nevertheless disagreeably startled. These yells can be heard an incredibly long way off. When there could be no reasonable doubt that the missing men had deserted us, many were the smothered exclamations of 'Oibò gatto di marmo' ('cat of marble' meaning lazy fellow), 'you shall pay for this.'

The loss dispirited us, for the work still to be done required all our original strength of hands to get it finished in the time proposed. The dawn was just whitening the horizon when we began our ascent, and a little breeze, barely enough to make the pine-branches quiver, was blowing from the west. Picurio's only son, a stout, handsome young man, the wag of our party, prophesied we should have a fine day; but as the light increased, great black masses of clouds came up from the south-west.

'A bad sign, I say,' cried Picurio; 'we had better turn back.'

I was somewhat vexed at this advice, and answered hastily: 'Those who are afraid, may go back; I shall keep my promise to my uncle, if I send down the rest of the wood unassisted,' and I walked on; the rest followed, but in silence.

Our path up the mountain, now winding in and out through pines, now passing under steep, bare rocks perforated with caverns, ran along the edge of a ravine several hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which lay, silenced under a huge snow-drift, one of the great mountain-streams which in summer could be heard miles away, as it dashed and roared in its precipitous descent to join and swell the wide Ticino. Far above, as high as we could see, were mountain-tops bristling with spears of sea-green ice, which, as I gazed, were gilded by the rays of the rising sun.

'Look!' cried I, 'is not that the promise of a fine day?'

Old Picurio shook his head as before, for at the instant a pale, watery sun, encircled by a ring of vapour, shot into view. In another moment it was entirely obscured by the clouds which speedily covered the whole sky. The sighing breeze suddenly grew into a turbulent wind, and some pricking sleet fell.

The men stood still, looking uneasily about them,

Digitized by Google

muttering between their teeth: 'Ah! vacca d'un ven' mostro!' (Cow of a monstrous wind!)

'I told you so,' cried Picurio; 'those clouds are a sign of evil. Let us go back—we have no time to lose. The holy Virgin protect us from an avalanche!'

'Nonsense, father!' replied the son; 'you know there are never avalanches on this mountain.'

'Don't say so, my son; I remember hearing my father speak of a terrible one.'

'As big as my hand,' answered the young man laughing.

Nevertheless, the old man's words had produced an effect; for, as if with one accord, we all turned round and began to descend towards the village. The wind would cease as if by magic, then come rushing from every quarter of the heavens 'a mighty and a strong wind;' the sleet changed to thick fast-falling snow, which, whirling in mad eddies, and flying up and down, almost blinded us. We walked as quickly as we could, following Picurio, who had assumed the lead; but what with the teasing of the wind, and the slipperiness of the path, we could scarcely keep our feet. After one blast, which nearly hurled us down the ravine, we joined arms, and kept as close together as we could. Not a word was spoken; for by this time the bravest heart amongst us quaked with fear, and many an anxious glance was cast around in search of any signs of the dreaded disaster.

We had reached a point about half-way down the mountain, where the path passed through a mere cleft between two rocks. Here we were forced to go two by two. At that instant, a boom like that of a distant waterfall struck on our ears. We stopped, raised our eyes in terror, and saw, right above us, a large white mass like a living thing, rise slowly with a convulsive heave from the edge of a rock, hover for a second, topple, then come crashing down.

'The avalanche! the avalanche!' burst from every lip. 'To the left, to the caves,' shouted Picurio, dragging me along with him. In the twinkling of an eye down fell the enormous white mass in front of our refuge; there, we were unhurt, but shut in between a wall of rock behind, a wall of ice in front.

After the first moment of bewilderment, Picurio cried out: 'Who is here besides me?' It was pitchy dark—no seeing even one's own hand.

Mine was the only voice that replied.

'My son! my son!' exclaimed the old man; 'oh, that I had died for thee, my son;' and I heard him weeping. Awful were those moments. Buried alive—a father's agony the only sign of life breaking the stillness and darkness of the grave. Often in the silent watches of the night do I hear again that voice of woe—often in dreams I live over again that terrible scene.

'Have you your axe, young man?' said Picurio.

No. In the perilous moment when he had forced me under the rock, the axe had slipped out of my hand.

With all the energy of despair, we flung the whole weight of our bodies against the inert mass which shut us into our living tomb—hopeless—hopeless. I must have then fallen into a lethargy; for the avalanche fell in the early morning, and the Ave Maria was ringing when I recovered my consciousness. Yes, we distinctly heard the bell of the church of Aquila. No words can describe the rapture I felt in listening to this voice from without; it seemed to say distinctly: 'Hope in God's mercy.'

'Let us pray,' said the old man. We recited the Angelus, and told the rosary. After that we felt more composed, and sat down side by side. The sound of the church-bells had taken away the horrible feeling of being entirely cut off from the living. We felt sure that, as soon as we were missed, all the village would turn out on the morrow to seek for us; and we agreed that, as we were able to hear the bells so clearly, it would not be difficult to make ourselves heard by any passers. Luckily, our day's food was in our pockets; we divided it into several portions, so that it should last twenty-four hours. Within that period we never doubted obtaining our release.

Presently the church-bell began to ring again. It could not be the *De Profundis*; sufficient time had not elapsed; besides, the strokes were quick and sharp, not slow and solemn. Glory be to God, it was the storm-bell; the alarm was given, and good souls would soon be on the search for us. Neither Picurio nor I spoke, so eagerly did we strain our ears to catch the sound of approaching steps, long before it was possible that any one could have reached the mountain. I think the beating of our hearts might have been heard in that dead silence.

At last, at last we distinguished the barking of a dog. I recognised the bark at once: it was Bibi, la Petite's pet. Nearer and nearer it came, until we could hear him whining and scratching the snow which hid us. Then the blessed sound of human voices became audible. Full of hope and joy, we threw ourselves once more against our snow-barricade; we dug at it with hands and nails, striving to open a crevice through which we might let our friends know our situation. We shouted with all our might, but the noise fell back heavily on our own ears. Many times we were aware that the seekers were close to us—we heard them calling to one another. *We* could hear, but with anguish we understood that we could not make ourselves heard. Near as the searchers were, we could hold no communication with them. Exclamations of horror, pity, and grief, met our ears. The names of our unfortunate comrades were pronounced in tones that plainly revealed their sad fate. There was a bustle, many directions of how best to carry away the bodies, wonder about us, and then our expected deliverers departed. A horrible despair took possession of me as their retreating steps grew fainter and fainter; but poor Picurio always cried: 'Let us pray; God's right arm is long enough to reach us even here.'

I tried to pray, but my thoughts wandered to my home; all the childish griefs I had known were forgotten, and I wept bitter salt tears to think I should never see father or mother, brothers or sisters again; all my faults to them rose up in judgment against me; how solemnly I vowed that should God grant me life, I would never again rebel against the will of my parents! And la Petite, what would she do without me? I was sure she would die of grief. As the night wore on, my thoughts took another turn—the whole scene of my own death, the finding of my frozen body, the despair of my poor little sister, were moving pictures before me. I could not detach my fancy from the phantoms it had evoked. It was painfully curious the way in which I arranged and re-arranged all the details, sparing myself no revolting minutiæ. I suppose I must at last have dropped asleep, for I knew nothing more till Picurio called to me that he heard the bell for early mass. I raised myself to a sitting-posture, and we each ate a portion of our bread. All that day and the ensuing night passed in alternations of hope and despair. By the next morning—the beginning of the third day since our entombment—our little provision of food was exhausted. We were oppressed by feverish thirst and gnawing hunger—a horrid death was before us, the fate of those who had perished at once was to be envied in comparison with the lingering suffering we anticipated.

We had ceased to speak, ceased to pray; I had no hope now—no faith. In moody silence we sat apart, watching, I may say, the approach of the pangs of death, when suddenly the deep hush was broken by a

Digitized by Google

familiar sharp bark. It was Bibi again! Oh, the unutterable joy of hearing the little fellow tearing and scratching at the snow blocking up our cave! There was another sound that made hot tears rain down my cheeks; it was a child's voice—no other than la Petite's—crying: 'He is here, uncle. I am sure he is here. Oh, dig, good men, dig fast!'

Our hearts melted within us as we heard many steps nearing our prison. There was danger, too, for many cautions were given. The child's voice still rose clear above all: 'Make haste; *do* make haste. Give me a hoe; I can dig. My poor brother will be dead, if you don't make haste.'

At last a long stick was pushed through the snow-wall; it touched me; I seized it. There was a shout of 'A miracle! a miracle!' mingled with the child's wild cry of 'Brother! brother!' Another stick was thrust through and caught by Picurio. Not a whisper was now to be heard; every one worked; minutes seemed hours to us before an opening was made large enough to drag us through.

When we once more saw daylight and dear familiar faces, we fell down fainting with joy. We were lifted out and laid at the feet of the old curé, who, in spite of age and infirmities, had ventured up the mountain to bless and encourage the efforts of the men who, touched by the child's agony of grief, had consented to make one more search for us.

'Thank God, my sons, for your deliverance,' were the old priest's first words, 'and devote to His service the lives He has so miraculously preserved.'

'It was this, Mees Jessie, that led me to become a priest; and la Petite, who, through God's mercy, saved my life, has made my home her home.'

'She would have made a capital lady-abbess, though,' said M. B——, looking at her with unfeigned pride.

'And old Picurio?' asked Jessie.

'He died in my uncle's house.'

THE CUMBERLAND STATESMAN.

'The fashion of this world passeth away.' It was so in Paul's days, nor has the world's fashion grown more stable since. It is, however, only 'the fashion' that is so unenduring; the substance of the world's life is much the same it ever has been since the days of man's pilgrimage were reduced to threescore years and ten. There is eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, and deaths and funerals; while it is still true, according to the proverb, the 'one half the world does not know how the other lives.' Yet 'the fashion' passes away, and seems to be more fleeting in our days than it ever was in the old time before us. Science and art have sent a mighty flood swoop against, through, and over all our ancient ways of doing, so that the tone and aspect of life has been in a great measure altered. The son is no longer like his father; the young lord is no longer a continuation of the old lord. The fashion of dress passes downwards from class to class, till it vanishes utterly among the clouts on the back of the beggar.

Change has so infected England, that there is scarcely a corner uninfluenced by it. Old-fashioned folk are all dying off: even the Cumberland farmer is becoming an altered man; so much so, that we are fain to trace some lineaments of his old wrinkled face before he drop into the grave, and be wholly forgotten. Our hero is one of those farmers or 'statesmen' who dwell in some one or other of the dales among the Cumberland and Westmoreland mountains. They are a class of men, in many instances, boasting a very ancient pedigree; perhaps we should not say that they boast of this, for they are hardly conscious thereof, further than to know that time out of mind they have been at the same place—the Alisons o' t' How, the Jopsons o' t' Hollows, or the Wrens o' t' Langthwaite. Thus have they lived on from generation to generation—tillers of the ground, and keepers of sheep; a hardy, long-lived race, fed and clothed out of their own produce; men mighty to struggle with the storm on the mountains, lovers of cur-dogs, and with here and there a tradition of some forefather lost in a snow-storm, or drowned coming from market. They are a people who reckon not by days, and months, and years, so much as by fasts and festivals, fairs and merry-makings, great battles, and the times of great men. For the last two they are especially notable: you may hear them date a very ordinary event by the battle of Trafalgar, or Waterloo, or the days of Pitt, or any other prominent man of the time; and in this they shew forth the old Norse love of war and heroes, which still animates the hearts of their pastoral descendants.

There was once in all the dales one 'statesman' who bore the title of king—a title which was hereditary, having first been gained, doubtless, by the family's superior wealth in sheep and kine, coupled with a liberal spirit of hospitality. It was a bare title, however, conferring no vested rights, but withal some honour and parochial consequence. For instance, his majesty usually sat at the head of the table on all public merry-makings, his voice carried somewhat of a princely weight with it in all disputes between neighbour and neighbour, and when he died, his funeral had the largest attendance, and there was the greatest abundance of cheese and bread and ale. So exclusively was this title confined to one family, that no other was ever known to usurp it, no matter how rich in lands and tenements; and, in one instance, we have known it still given to the lawful heir, though he himself was a most sorry fellow, and without a foot of land beyond the measure of his last bed in 'the chapel garth.'

These dale-kings are now nearly extinct; their descendants lost in the common population, and their lands passed into other hands. The dalesmen like to do all things of a special concern after a substantial fashion. They christen, marry, and bury one another in a right English style of hospitality. When an old 'statesman puts up his feet,' as they say of one who dies, two from every house in all the dale are warned to the funeral; and it is the honour of a house to have it said, that there was plenty of everything on the occasion, and that the old man was 'put by decent.' They would count it an ill start in life for any child to be christened without a goodly gathering of friends and neighbours to witness the ceremony, and partake of their hospitality; but it is at a wedding where you best see this characteristic of the dalesmen. There are no marriages solemnised in the little chapel in the valley, and so they must needs go to the mother-church—in some instances a distance of eight or nine miles. It was their custom to start early in the morning, all on horseback, to the number of fifteen or twenty, and one horse bearing double 'with pillion,' whereon the bride and bridegroom returned from church. It must have been a fair sight on a bright summer morning, when the shadows of the rocks were lying cool upon the vale, to have seen the cavalcade ambling down through the defile of the mountains, and by the shore of the blue lake. On their return, there would not be so much order, the spirits of the men being exalted with ale; and you might often have witnessed very furious riding, for it was counted an honour to be first home from the kirk. In this substantial fashion the old farmer christened and married his children, and so gave them a cheerful start in life.

Let us take a view of the old farmhouse. It is a low, irregular building, the roof thereof being covered with moss, very modest in pretensions, and, indeed, giving but little outward token of its inward

Digitized by Google

comfort and hospitality. Its front duly in spring-time receives a fresh coating of whitewash, and very bonnily, on a summer-day, does it gleam from beneath the full foliage of its guardian sycamores. Adjoining it are placed the stable and *laiath* or barn, the cow-house, and other farm-buildings. But let us enter the old man's dwelling-place. The door is low, so you must beware of breaking your head. This little porch which first receives us is both a comfort and ornament to the house. There is a low stone vessel on either side, whereon you may see in the morning the clean scoured milk-pails placed to dry. In one corner there are three or four shepherds' staves, or 'felt sticks,' as they are called, being about six feet long, and shod at one end with an iron prong. There are, moreover, hanging up in the porch two or three old gray coats, used for wet markets, Sabbaths, and fells. The room you enter from the porch is called 'the house,' wherein the family lives. It has a clean stone-floor, and before the large window that looks upon a garden, there is a long, dark, oaken table, by the side of which extend two fir-forms, to serve instead of chairs. The chimney is one of a very ancient sort, being quite open to the house, with the fire lying upon the hearth. Far up in its capacious height are hanging hams and sides of bacon, to receive the benefit of the 'peat-reek,' while upon shelves attached to the beams that support the floor over the house are cheese, and dried legs of mutton, and bread. The farmer lives in sight of his eatables, which doubtless tends to keep his stomach in a quiet and healthy state, and, moreover, serves to set off the substance and abundance of his estate. It is common, indeed, to infer poverty or niggardliness, where this show of provision does not meet the visitor's eye; and we have heard of a servant-lad, who, on going to his 'place,' and seeing nothing in the chimney, or on the shelves, was determined to run away. He concluded, however, that home was too far to run that night, and so he must needs stay where he was. On retiring to bed, he found a large oaken chest in the room, and being curious to lift the lid, he saw therein a great abundance of hams, legs of mutton, &c., which fully satisfied him that there would be plenty to eat. The reason of the provision being put out of sight was through the housewife having been white-washing and cleaning the house against Whitsuntide, according to custom. At the far side of the house stands an old clock, which seems out of all fashion with the clocks of the present day; and on the side separating the house and parlour there is a long black oak cupboard, with the initials of the original owner, and generally dated early in the seventeenth century. We find this date upon all the old oaken furniture in the farmhouses, which seems to shew that the farmers of that time must have been somewhat prosperous, for modern furniture cannot compare with it in splendour and costliness. On this piece of furniture you find arranged a goodly show of huge pewter dishes and plates, now wholly out of use, and kept only out of honour for the past. There is generally a tradition or two respecting this pewter—how it was hidden in the orchard when the rebels of '45 invaded England; and how, moreover, it was proposed to do the same with it when there was loud talk of Bonaparte sailing for our shores. The parlour we alluded to as separated from the house by the oak cupboard, is the statesman's bedchamber, choosing to sleep there as well for protection to the house, as to prevent his sons and servants from coming in at untimely hours of a Saturday or a Sunday night, the usual times for sweet-hearting. Behind the house is the kitchen wherein the family live in summer, and in general do all their rough work.

In front of the house is a small garden, which you enter at the side of the porch. It contains a bed or two of onions, and a few rows of cabbage, besides other vegetables, such as the housewife finds useful. Its flowers are of a sweet and simple character; and if not indigenous, yet a colony of so ancient a date, as to claim a right to be counted as natives. They are such flowers and shrubs as grew in English gardens when Shakspeare lived—daisies, pinks, and polyanthuses, thyme, rue, and citron-wood, wall-flowers, tulips, and roses. The rose is the especial favourite, as indeed it should be, as well for its own beauty and fragrance, as because it is the flower of England. The orchard stands generally behind or at the south end of the farmhouse. It consists of a few roods of land planted with apple-trees, a few plum and cherry trees, and in general two pear-trees; for the farmer says that it once used 'to be hanging' for breaking an orchard, but that the law did not count it an orchard unless it contained two pear-trees. This, doubtless, has some far-back reference to the days of King Alfred, for ought we know. An orchard has something in it peculiarly interesting, whether it be for the richness of its purple-tinted blossom, or its golden fruit, or the quiet sunset hours we have many of us spent there in youth. Ever since the days of Shakspeare, it has been consecrated to our English homes.

> Sleeping within mine orchard,
> My custom always of an afternoon,

the father of Hamlet was cut off, says the royal ghost; in an orchard, too, Romeo woos his Juliet, and swears by the moon 'that tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.'

But it is time we should speak of the farmer's estate. It consists of from forty to one hundred acres of meadow and arable land; and besides this, he has right of pasturage on the mountains for sheep from two or three hundred upwards, to one thousand or fifteen hundred. The sheep are of the speckled-faced breed, called Herdwick, and said to have come from Norway. The mutton is very sweet, especially when killed from the pasture, without any previous fattening by turnips. It is manifest that the farmer's main dependence is upon his sheep, and accordingly we find that these are the chief staple of his talk, and subject of his cares. In time past, it was customary for the shepherds to meet on a Sunday morning, before prayers, in 'the chapel garth,' and there talk over their flocks, and give each other such information as they could of any sheep that had wandered from its pasture. You may be sure they were good church-goers and mighty sticklers for a proper celebration of the Sabbath. Very often their dogs were as ceremonious and sabbatical as themselves, accompanying their masters to the chapel with that air of decorum and thoughtfulness which a hard-wrought cur can so well assume. We have heard of a shepherd's dog which continued its visits to the chapel for many a Sunday after its master was dead and gone; and of another which lay upon its master's grave, and made the lonely mountains echo with howling and lamentation. Very often the shepherd swears very roughly at his dog, and threatens 'to give it him' if he does not go better about his work up the breast of the fell; but it generally ends in words; for there is a rough, strong attachment between them, and an accurate and mutual appreciation of each other's merits. Besides his sheep, the Cumberland farmer keeps half-a-dozen or more milch cows, out of which he makes butter for the market of the nearest town, and generally as many cheeses as will serve his own use. He does not grow much corn, and but little oats or wheat, the seasons very often being unfavourable for their growth, and the pasturage of his fields being required in winter and spring for his sheep.

Digitized by Google

Let us now look at the old farmer himself. He is already past the fourscore years of man's existence, when his strength is but labour and sorrow. There you see him sitting by the fire in his old oak chair, his head bald, and his eyes grown dim, for ever poking the fire with his stick, and complaining of the cold. A while back, and there was his aged partner sitting opposite on the other side of the fire; but her chair is now empty, and she hath left her husband a solitary thing in the world—a last link between the past and present—between many an ancient usage and many a modern improvement. The old man's thoughts are all in the past, for things are managed so differently from what they used to be, that he seems to care little whether they prosper or not. He will have it that there has been no luck since the spinning-wheel was cast aside, and the tea-kettle took its place. He thinks the world has grown very showy and unsubstantial; and, moreover, sadly decayed in morals and good behaviour. There is not, he says, that kindly feeling between neighbour and neighbour which once existed; but every one seems anxious to exalt himself above his fellow, and pride himself upon some vain distinction. In the old time, he was counted the best man who could do the best day's work, was the stoutest wrestler, and never afraid to speak with his enemies to the face. The sons and daughters of a farmer reckoned themselves as no better than the servants; and when a Christmas feast was made, all alike were invited. But now, he says, there is nothing of this; they talk about their education, and are ashamed of their mother-tongue; laying out all their money 'in fashions,' fine to look upon, but without a penny in their pockets to relieve a poor beggar. The old man feels that the evil times have had a bad effect upon himself, and that he is not so good as he used to be, for all things seem to thrust him aside, and to cast him out as if the world could get better on without him. He knows, too, that he is not 'charitable;' nor indeed can be, for now there are no beggars to bestow alms upon, and so no means of gaining credit in that respect. It was very different once. There were many beggars who made regular calls at the farmhouses for the wonted handful of meal or crust of bread; and this was the light wherein the farmers and their wives understood charity—that charity spoken of by Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians. But the beggars are all swept away, housed in 'the union' or cast into the grave, and so there is a necessary end of charity and of the means of getting to heaven. It is thus the old statesman reasons with himself, and laments over the decadence of Christianity. It is quite a different world which surrounds him from that wherein were formed all his prejudices and likings, his sentiments and opinions; and hence he has a very strong and ingrown hatred towards a Frenchman, not because his larder was once endangered by invasion, but because the French are our hereditary enemies. From his earliest infancy, he learned to fight them in imagination. When a school-boy, it was customary, in games of contest, to name the contending parties as English and French, the latter generally being composed of the worst boys in the school, and such as were hated for their evil deeds. The very butterflies in the summer sun were named after the two nations, the red being called English, and the white French; and every little boy's heart burned with a desire to kill the latter. Yet, despite all this hostility to the Frenchman, the old Englishman thought the Gaul as alone worthy to be his foe, and meet him in fair fight on the field of battle. Victory over any other nation seemed hardly worth rejoicing for; but when the news of Nelson's victories spread through the land, there was no measure to the joy that filled the warrior-hearts of the dalesmen. Every eye was wet with the patriot's tears of joy, and the English hero celebrated in many a song. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Cumberland statesman should have been slow to acquiesce in our alliance with France. He could never believe it; he said we would lose all our ancient bravery and skill in fight, and so fall a prey to some secondary power. Better things, we trust, are in store for us; and as the men of the old generation die out, so will all ancient prejudices fall away, and the bonds of union be drawn tighter between the two nations.

The old farmer will soon be dead; and there are, indeed, some signs that the whole race of these petty 'statesmen' is dwindling away. In almost every vale, one or more old families have become extinct, or the estate has been sold and passed into the hands of some wealthy man. Averse to change, it may be that they are not able to compete with the spirit of the times; or, perchance, in their decay they are only subject to that law of change which seems to rule all things earthly, and leave no estate, however fair and steadfast, for a long season unmolested. But whoever shall take the Cumberland farmer's place, and would be the equal of his predecessor, must needs be an honest and brave man, imbued with the spirit of a sturdy patriotism, full of kindly and gentle feelings for all his neighbours, a man averse to all shams and pretence, and worthy of the soil that sustains him.

A WORKING OPERA.

Three minutes to eight o'clock, one Tuesday evening in this present year, and I find myself upon the great stage of the Italian Opera-house in Covent Garden. The piece upon which the curtain will rise in a few minutes is the well-known tragic opera of the *Huguenots*. Before the curtain is the white and gold, and blue and purple decorated area which contains the picked representatives of the refined society of the middle of the nineteenth century.

Behind the curtain, and around me, are the men and women who will, to the best of their ability, give a representation of the stern and rugged Paris society of the latter half of the sixteenth century. They are collected from many countries: sallow Italians, high-cheeked Frenchmen, stout Germans and Flemings, tall thin Poles, Tatar-looking Hungarians, and the smooth-faced natives of our own land. Some are chorus-singers; some merely supers, or men who having two legs, two arms, one head, and one body, let these physical advantages out for a small nightly rental, to be arrayed in any costume the stage-manager may direct, and the stage costume-maker provide—to hold any flag, gun, sword, staff, halberd, battle-axe, or goblet, that may be placed in their hands; and to be arranged in any position by the pantomimic director, upon bridges, in market-places, turret-windows, or princely halls; exhibiting in the mass every stage-expression, from stern unrelenting warlike fury, to easy conviviality. The super, if he does not bring to his labour a very high order of intelligence, has an almost military sense of duty; and I firmly believe that if directed to take up an attitude as one of the ornaments of the pediment, in the portico outside the stately building, he would do so, unflinchingly and mechanically, posing like an oriental fakeer, or an ancient column-stander, exposed to all the variations of a severe and fickle climate, until the curtain of death rang down upon him at his post.

The chorus-singer is not so manageable an individual; he will sing, but he will not act. If he is a fat Italian, it only makes matters worse; for the old native indolent spirit can never be overcome by all the Anglo-Saxon energy in the world. Ask Mr Harris, the best and most active of stage-managers,

Digitized by Google

who with all the tact and experience, all the industry and determination, all the polyglot denunciations at his disposal, finds it a most difficult and heart-breaking task to infuse some appearance of life into those masses that stand like a row of butts in a brewer's storehouse; musical, most musical, but at the same time most melancholy. The chorus-singer's most common notion of dramatic action is the throwing up of a single arm, as if hailing a cab in the public streets; his extraordinary notion is the throwing up of both arms, as if voting totally and energetically at a public meeting. Having exhausted these two very obvious, and not very elegant or elastic modes of pantomimic expression, he relapses into a state of profound, undisturbed physical quietude and self-possession. Out come his notes as melodiously and as correctly as the most exacting and fastidious conductor can desire. His voice is at the entire service of the management, but his attitudes never; and what little vitality is infused into such inert masses of vocalisation, is due to the introduction of mere pantomimic members of the chorus.

I pass on to the centre of the stage, and find it apparently a scene of hopeless entangled confusion. Machinists' labourers are rushing madly about, bearing what appear to be large solid blocks of architecture in their arms. Others are setting the elaborately painted walls and deep-windowed recesses of the mansion of the Count de Nevers, the scene that opens the opera. Tables are being arranged covered with fruit, flowers, golden vases, and drinking-goblets. Neat pages are walking listlessly about with wine-jugs in their hands; and the Catholic noblemen settle down one by one out of the surrounding confusion in their appointed places at the banquet, awaiting the rising of the wall of canvas that conceals them from their audience. Their legs form an unbounded field for observation, tightly cased as they are in the long coloured stockings of the period. There are red, blue, black, white, slate, green, pink, and scarlet legs of every variety of shape: some short and thick; some long and thin; some knotted like the trunks of oak-trees; some stiff and unbending; some springing and elastic; some a little—just a little—inclined inwards at the knees; some inclining in an equal degree outwards; some—the white ones—straight and equal all the way down, like altar candles; some like large parsnips, others—the red ones—like large carrots; some very pointed at the knees; some flat in the calves, as if their possessors had been too much in the habit of lying supinely upon their backs, with their faces turned upwards; others sharp in the shins—so sharp that it is a marvel how any stockings can be found sufficiently strong to resist the cutting powers of such members. The click of the prompt bell is heard, and the opening notes of the opera swell up from the finest orchestra in the world, muffled, however, to my ears by the folds of the intervening curtain. The old Huguenot chant merges into the opening chorus; the curtain rises, and the two halves of the great opera-house—the stage and the audience—are made acquainted with each other.

While the banquet, with all its attendant music, is going on, a hundred busy workmen are preparing the second scene, the château and grounds of Marguerite de Valois in Touraine. At the proper moment, when the first scene has closed, the walls of the Count de Nevers' mansion are torn asunder, as if by an earthquake, by the troop of men who swarm behind them, and are hurried into recesses—called scenery-docks—at the side; the tables, the goblets, the flowers, and the chairs are swept away at the same instant; and the turreted castle, the river, and the high, broad, solid flight of steps in the noble gardens of Chenonceaux, are displayed to the audience. The men with the curious legs crowd behind the scenes, or flow out of the different entrances, their places upon the stage being now occupied by ladies in flowing muslin robes, the maids of honour to Marguerite de Valois. Melody follows upon melody; the plot thickens, under the struggling outbursts of the chorus, the warbling of the principal singers, and the surging sea of sound from the instrumentalists in the orchestra; the stage gradually fills with the people of the drama; the great roll of gray canvas comes slowly down, like a mountain mist; the distant music floats away, and the first act is over.

The illusion of the scene is destroyed at a blow. The palace and gardens of fair Touraine are no more; a hundred men in caps and shirt-sleeves are running about the stage, hustling the sombre Huguenots and the gay Catholics in the costume of the sixteenth century; bumping against the titled loungers in their gibbous hats, white neck-ties, and patent boots—carrying turrets, trees, parts of staircases, fragments of houses, and beds of flowers in mid-air, shouted at by the excited stage-manager, excited pantomimic director, excited machinist, excited scenic director. Bit by bit the chaos takes the form of something like order; two old solid inns are built up with pieces numbered and labelled like the parts of a church manufactured for exportation; a chapel is raised in the background; the Seine is filled in; the stage is grouped with all the characters that usually attend a continental Sunday fair; the curtain again rings up, and a picture of life in the Pré-aux-Clercs of old Paris is presented as a basis for the second act.

The stage, under the new mechanical arrangements, is in nearly all cases 'closed in'—that is to say, the old plan of wings, and 'flats' which slide on from each side, and join in the centre, is given up, and every scene is built up, as far as possible, in a solid form, the whole being shut in by side-pieces. The picture thus presented to the audience is with the performers enclosed in a semicircular form occupying about two-thirds of the available stage; and those who are before the foot-lights, with those who are behind the scenes, are left to enjoy their respective areas of comparative privacy undisturbed by each other.

It was while availing myself of this seclusion from the tragic interest of the story that was engrossing the large and fashionable audience in the front of the house, that I found a Huguenot soldier relieving his overcharged theological feelings in one of the passages, by throwing a modified back-somersault, technically known in the acrobat profession by the title of 'flip-flap.'

Outside the charmed circle, or semi-circle, of stage effect was the usual crowd of supers and chorus-singers, interspersed with a few persons like myself, and half-a-dozen policemen, backed by the clean new brick-walls of the building, and the dark staring windows—black from the intense light within the house—that look out upon the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. Within the charmed circle, aided by the highest order of scenic art; aided by some of the most dramatic music that was ever given by a composer to the opera stage; aided by two of the greatest vocal artists that ever breathed the breath of life into the melodies of this immortal work, is it to be wondered at, that, looking through the gauze-paned window of that room in the castle of the Count de Nevers in the well-known third act, I should, even from this point of view, be completely impressed with the illusion of the scene, feeling like one who, in the fatal month of August 1572, gazed upon the murky walls and heavy hangings of some Catholic noble's mansion; saw the hooded monks and nuns streaming in through the arched doors; heard the blood-thrilling blessing of the sacrificial swords; and saw the anointed

Digitized by Google

assassins slink stealthily out into the streets of old Paris to commence their fearful work. And when Raoul, in that passionate scene that follows the benediction, upon hearing the deep-toned bell of St Germain, rushes to the same window and throws it open, although he gazes in reality upon a blank wall, a few grimy stage-carpenters, a policeman, and a female dresser, waiting with a cloak for her mistress when she comes off after the present duet, who shall say when they look on that pale face, and in those two glaring, startled eyes, that he does not see all he professes to see—the bodies of his helpless friends shot and cloven down in the narrow streets, or floating by in the dark waters of the Seine, with their upturned faces covered with blood? And even when the final leap from the window is taken, into the midst of the motley group who await him, it is at least a minute before he shakes off the influence of the scene, and returns to the more mechanical business of the stage.

The fourth and final act is not hurried over or slurred, because, after the great spirit and interest of the third act, it presents something of an anti-climax. A richly tinted windowed chapel is built up, inside which the full tones of an organ are heard, and from which the variegated light streams upon an enclosed yard, where the final massacre takes place. Part of a cathedral is seen, and outside the yard is a Gothic shrine, beyond which are solid blocks of houses forming the opening to a long, narrow, winding street, at the end of which glisten the waters of the Seine, lighted up with the pale glimmer of coming day. At the side, some of the men with the curious legs are seen once more, stationed to fire the final volley that ends the opera. At a given signal, it is done—the startled female members of the company are deafened for a few seconds with the roar of musketry, the stage is partially filled with smoke; the last faint notes are gasped out, and the great curtain falls for that night upon the opera of the *Huguenots*.

As I pick my way towards the stage-door of the theatre, through the fourth ruin of the evening—the pulling-down and packing away of the final scene—I feel that the faces I have seen under pumpkin-shaped helmets, beef-eater cloth-caps, black wide-awakes, and puritan buff hats, will come across me at intervals for the next four months, sitting at café-tables, standing at the corners of theatrical streets, and even meeting me in situations where it will be a long, sore, painful, but unavoidable tax upon the memory for me to recollect under what circumstances and in what places they have appeared to me before.

A HINT TO WEALTHY OLD PERSONS.

Wealthy men with no near relations have a difficulty in knowing what to do with their money. Hence the many fantastic bequests of rich old fellows; bequests which, as everybody knows, get eaten up by lawyers, or are subjected to a process of gradual absorption by administrators and trustees. Not an uncommon idea has been that of leaving money to found hospitals for the boarding and educating of children; but this being pretty well overdone, and in some quarters not particularly popular, rich old men will now more than ever feel a difficulty in knowing what to do with their accumulations—a becoming punishment, some will say, for having selfishly 'laid up for themselves treasures on earth,' instead of spending their wealth with reasonable liberality on proper objects—helping forward every good work in their neighbourhood—while they yet had life and opportunity.

Some time ago, a wealthy gentleman at Poughkeepsie, state of New York, applied to us for information respecting the working of hospitals for children in Great Britain; his object being to found somewhere in the United States an establishment for the board and education of 800 girls. All the information we could conveniently lay our hands on was duly forwarded, accompanied, however, with a strong remonstrance against the proposed institution: the notion of gathering together 800 young females under one roof being in itself among the wildest we had ever heard of—bad in every way, and, if carried out, likely to produce the most mischievous consequences. We have not heard distinctly whether the benevolent but short-sighted individual in question was so far staggered with our pretty freely expressed opinions as to forego his intention, or to substitute for it, according to our advice, establishments for the board and education of the deaf and dumb, and also for children of weak intellect, about the propriety of which there could be no dispute.

Glancing over an American newspaper—*New York Tribune*—we observe that a person in the position of the Poughkeepsie gentleman seeks for information as to how he should dispose of his great wealth. The following is his inquiry, signed a 'Constant Reader:' 'An unmarried man, who has passed the meridian of life, who has gained his plum, and made provision for the attendants who have served him diligently through the summer of life, feels desirous of making the best use of the substance he may leave, and would ask as a special favour of the editors, in whom he has the utmost confidence, what disposition it is best to make of it.' The editor of the *Tribune*—Mr Horace Greeley, we presume—makes a reply, advising, first, the establishment of a universal register-office for persons in want of employment—a project which we think might be left to private enterprise; and second, the institution and endowment of a kind of university where a high-class education would be given for so much labour. This project, also, at least as regards England, does not seem very applicable, and we fall back on a third scheme, of which an account is given in a subsequent number of the same paper. This consists of a plan for reclaiming the destitute and dangerous classes of children who haunt New York and other large American cities. In Great Britain, as is well known, the mechanism of the Industrial or Ragged School is put in advantageous operation for this purpose. In the United States, the kindly disposed have gone a step further. Societies are formed to pick up poor and homeless children; and instead of immuring them in large establishments, they send them to the rural districts in the western states; there, the children are dispersed among the farmers, who educate and rear them as their own offspring—their only reward for doing so being the labour which the children are able to render till they reach maturity, and are able to rely on themselves. Reared in connection with the healthy influences of the family circle, and of occupation in the fields, the result is extremely satisfactory—there not being, as is said, more than two in a hundred of these youths who turn out badly.

This plan of reclamation is not new, but has never been gone into heartily in England. We feel assured, however, that there could be little difficulty at least in properly bestowing any assignable number of children among the rural population of the colonies. When in British America in 1853, we conversed with farmers who would have been happy to receive, educate, and keep poor children, for the sake prospectively of their labour. The question, then, is, why not try a scheme of juvenile reclamation of this nature? No doubt, there could be fifty objections raised against it; but theoretic obstacles must be overlooked in all great schemes of social melioration. There might be a difficulty as to funds. But this is

Digitized by Google

precisely what wealthy men of enlarged views could properly overcome. And if successful in his aim, how rich would be the reward of the philanthropist—the consciousness of having almost cut up crime by the roots, and imparted a new and sweeter tone to society!

But other advantageous methods of expending superfluous wealth could be pointed out. Passing over any consideration of the value of free libraries and reading-rooms in localities requiring these aids to social improvement—setting aside also the ordinary and well-recognised schemes in connection with hospitals for the sick and hurt, and for advancing religious knowledge—let us direct attention to plans, such as are in operation at Mettray, for reclaiming youthful criminals. Reformatories of this kind might with the most beneficial effect be endowed in Great Britain; and as to modes of management, we should only need to examine the working of what are called intermediate prisons in Ireland. These reformatories, as appears by a late parliamentary report, are simple rural establishments, movable from place to place, for cultivating and improving land, and to which prisoners are transmitted to acquire habits of industry and self-denial, and work out, as it may be said, a good character as independent labourers. The success of the arrangement emboldens us to suggest to parties with plenty means at their disposal, that movable rural establishments, adapted at once to reclaim wild lands and reclaim certain hopeful classes of offenders, are much wanted; and, excepting the plans already hinted at for disposing by emigration of destitute children, we know nothing of a simply beneficiary nature more worthy of being recommended to public notice.

W. C.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HARRISON'S process for making ice by means of a ten-horse machine has been exhibited at Red Lion Square, where all who were desirous of witnessing it—and they were not few during the hot weather—had the opportunity of seeing it in operation. The machine was constructed for use in Australia, where it will be a desirable acquisition, for the inventor describes it as 'applicable to the artificial reduction of the temperature of hospitals or dwelling-houses in tropical regions,' and also to cooling purposes generally, whether of liquids in large quantities, or of provisions required to be kept sweet in the warm weather. The present season assists the appreciation of such a machine; and if, as some think, we are only entering on a cycle of hot summers, ice will come more than ever into request.

Mr Mallet's monster mortar has been tried again at Woolwich, with a fifty-pound charge of powder; but as something always gives way after two or three rounds, no positive result has yet been achieved.—Better success attended the trial of Bray's 'traction engine' by the authorities of the artillery department: it took three siege-guns, weighing nearly twenty tons, and drew them four miles, partly up steep rough roads, with awkward turns, in one hour and a half. The engine is so contrived that it can alter its grasp to suit the work it has to do.

The Royal Academy Exhibition proved a triumph in a pecuniary as well as artistic sense, the total receipts at the doors having amounted to nine thousand pounds.—The Photographic Society are making experiments with Grubb's patent lens, to which it appears their art is likely to be much indebted. And in their report on the discovery of the collodion process by the late Mr F. Scott Archer, they call attention to 'a series of photographic drawings and plans executed by the Royal Engineers in reduction of various Ordnance maps, at a saving estimated at L.30,000 to the country. The non-commissioned officers of this corps are now trained in the art, and sent to different foreign stations, so that in a few years there will be a net-work of photographic stations spread over the world, and having their results recorded in the war-department.'

The astronomer-royal's annual report to the Board of Visitors of the Greenwich Observatory—which, by the way, we omitted to mention last month through want of space—contains a few items of the sciences over which he presides, which are worth notice. One relates to the regulation of clocks by galvanic apparatus. Signals are received from four clocks in the General Post-office at intervals from twenty-six to thirty-six minutes past eleven in the forenoon; the required correction is made, and at the same minutes after twelve the four clocks return signals to notify their correction; and in turn they regulate a group of more than thirty dependent clocks. 'I believe,' says Mr Airy, 'that it is the best instance of mechanical regulation that exists.' He states, besides, that operations have been twice undertaken for determining the longitude of Edinburgh by telegraph. Owing to imperfections in the wires, the success was but partial. However, on one evening the same series of twenty-two stars was observed at the two observatories—Greenwich and Edinburgh—and the proper signals were sent along the wire. The difference of longitude, allowing for errors, is twelve minutes, forty-three seconds; and this result, we are told, is 'entirely due to the hearty aid rendered by the Electric Telegraph Company, not only by the appropriation to the undertaking of one of the long wires to Edinburgh, and by the loan of their instruments, but also by the cordial assistance of their officers, who, without interfering with the operations, gave their personal attention at both stations to render the apparatus efficient.'

The temporary failure of the great undertaking to lay the Atlantic telegraph-cable was felt as a national disappointment. All especially who read the interesting account of the *Agamemnon's* hazardous voyage, regretted that so grand an effort should not have been crowned with success. Since then, as everybody knows, the desired consummation has taken place; but for all that, the lessons suggested by the misfortune should not be forgotten. Of course the failure brought out a host of criticisms and suggestions, as well as censures. The cable was too light, or too heavy, or too brittle, or badly twisted; and not a few schemers came forward with plans for the sinking. Among these, there is one for buoying out a given length of cable, and then by a systematic exhaustion of the buoys, to allow the length to find its way to the bottom without strain. Another, proposed by Mr J. Maclean of Edinburgh, provides a compensation, which, preventing a great or sudden strain, pays out the cable at a safe and easily controllable rate. The compensation is produced by an addition to the system of pulleys now used on board the two great steam-ships, consisting of two pulleys elevated some twenty feet above the others, and attached to a piston-rod, which, bearing on springs, rises or falls according to the pressure. The cable would thus pass over and under five pulleys, and with the advantage that any slackable quantity could always be had in readiness, and that 'the strain could never, under ordinary circumstances, exceed 3000 pounds, which is only one-half of the strain caused by the pitching of the vessel during the late experiments in the Bay of Biscay.' Mr Maclean's plan includes details to meet contingencies; but we cannot do more than give this general notion of his contrivance for sinking electric-cables.

Digitized by Google

The Red Sea telegraph is now likely to be realised, as government have promised a guarantee. Besides this assistance, its chances as a commercial speculation are thought to be bettered by the fact that a Suez canal is impossible. Mr Robert Stephenson, in a masterly review of the whole subject, shews, in the *Times*, why it is impossible, and concludes thus: 'I will no longer permit it to be said that, by abstaining from expressing myself fully on the subject, I am tacitly allowing capitalists to throw away their money on what my knowledge assures me to be an unwise and unremunerative speculation.'

The Institute of British Architects, at one of their late meetings, discussed a paper by Mr George Morgan—'On Public Competition for Architectural Designs'—in which, while admitting that competition could not well be avoided, it was shewn that architects labour under disadvantages as compared with other professions, inasmuch as in the preparation of plans, they must undertake journeys, and incur an amount of trouble and expense, all at their own risk. Last year, 1857, was considered a slack building-year in the metropolis; and yet advertisements were issued, inviting sixty-nine public competitions for works and buildings representing a value of L.800,000; and in preparing the plans for all these, there was an outlay of L.80,000. Hence it seemed desirable that some way of saving architects from so much trouble and loss should be devised. Mr Kerr made some observations in the course of the discussion, which will bear repetition. 'Competition in the nineteenth century,' he said, 'was really a very childish thing in its results, and might be illustrated by putting a childish case. Suppose A, a little boy at school, had a capital of sixpence, which he proposed to invest in buns. He caused it to be intimated to B, C, D, and all the other boys, that they might send in samples in the form of one bun each; and having received them, he proceeded to adjudicate by eating them all up; and having come to a conclusion as to which was the best, he invested his sixpence with the successful competitor. Each competitor, not knowing much of arithmetic, reasoned thus: If I get the order, I shall make a profit on the whole, though I shall lose what I have sent in; but that is only the loss of the material. This result, however, is only arrived at by an expense to all the others.' Thus the question stands; we shall be glad by giving it publicity to aid towards a solution.

While, as described in a recent *Month*, Rangoon tar is coming largely into use in the industrial and chemical arts, we are reminded not to forget the pitch of Trinidad, which is as remarkable in its way as the Burmese product. Information concerning the bitumen and petroleum of that island has recently been published from memoranda made by the Earl of Dundonald, who it appears has bought the estates in which the Pitch Lake is situate, with leave to lay down railways, and establish a trade. Already this pitch is made use of in this country under the name of Anti-oxide Paint, for the bottoms of ships, for metal pipes, roofs, and the like; but its applications are many. It is a good material for sea-walls, piers, break-waters, and other marine constructions requiring strength and durability, for it seems to defy alike the sun and the waves. Ages ago, the Pitch Lake overflowed, and forced a channel two thousand yards in length to the beach, and advanced thence five hundred yards into the sea, carrying imbedded within it all the loose materials and rubbish gathered on the way. These materials still remain imbedded; the pitch has neither yielded nor cracked, and there it rests a natural break-water against the heavy swell raised by the constant breezes of the tropics. Art, it is said, can imitate nature: the melted pitch might be mixed with other materials, and sunk to the bottom of a harbour or river; old lighters or hulks might be filled with it and sunk, for when cold, it becomes hard as can be desired. Chalk, or friable stone coated with it, becomes hard as granite. Loose shingle might be concreted with it, and kept from drifting; foundations might be formed for light-houses and the piers of bridges; and owing to the soft state in which it could be applied, the pitch appears to be one of the best things yet discovered for repairing under-water foundations. It can be cast into water-pipes more durable than iron, and at less expense, and without risk of imparting any offensive taste to the water; for the pools in the Pitch Lake are as well known for their freedom from pitchy flavour as for their limpidity. When it was proposed to supply Port of Spain with water by cast-iron pipes at a cost of L.14,000, another proposition was made to try the pitch, which was adopted. Pipes were cast and laid along the hills, and the town was supplied with water at an outlay of only L.4000. This success has led some of the planters in Jamaica to recommend that the beds of their mountain-torrents, which are very porous, should be coated with a layer of the pitch to prevent the loss of water which now takes place by rapid infiltration before the torrent reaches the low grounds. Again, the pitch makes a good japan, smooth and glossy; it keeps the worm out of timber, and iron from rust, and prevents the entrance of damp into the walls of basements. In the United States it is much used for underground stores; it is said to answer even better than gutta-percha as a coating for telegraph-wires; and mixed with saw-dust or small chips of wood, it is an energetic fuel. And in addition to all this, as the petroleum springs are still active, there is no lack of material from which the chemist may extract oils and other useful products.

Mr George Rennie has brought a question allied to this of the pitch before the Institution of Civil Engineers, in a paper, entitled 'On the Employment of Rubble Béton, or Concrete, in Works of Engineering and Architecture.' He shews how largely this material was used by the Romans, not only for foundations, but for large domes and arches; and how the use of it has of late years been revived in France and in this country. The cement-works at Vassy now produce cement to the value of L.32,000 a year. The bridges at Paris have been repaired with it, and, in the case of the Pont de l'Alma and the Pont des Invalides, built entirely of rubble and Vassy cement. The first mentioned was constructed in the short space of nine months; it has three elliptical arches, of which the centre is 141 feet, the other two 126 feet each, and, except the facing of cut-stone, all is rubble and cement. Thus, these large arches may be said to have been cast; as yet, however, they appear to be as strong as those built throughout of cut-stone. The saving of time is great, for the same bridge would have taken three years to build in the usual way. But how far this rubble béton can be relied on is, as Mr Rennie observes, 'a question for futurity to determine.' The French government have used it in the public works at Cherbourg, Marseille, and Algiers; but to stand the shocks of the sea, the blocks must have a bulk of from ten to sixteen square yards, weighing about fifty tons.

One of the earliest revivals of the use of rubble in England was in the foundations of the penitentiary at Milbank in 1813. At Liverpool, some of the dock and river walls are built of rubble, the cost of which is from ten to fifteen shillings a cubic yard less than stone. The Chelsea Water Company used it in the construction of their river-wall 1200 feet along the Thames at Kingston. The piers or break-waters of the harbour of refuge at Dover are built of it, formed into blocks of from six to ten tons' weight, and sunk in sixty-two feet of water; the height of the mass,

Digitized by Google

when finished, will be eighty-seven feet. The harbour at Alderney, where the depth of water is greater than at Dover, is also built of it; but as regards the British constructions, it must be understood that the concrete is most commonly formed of Portland cement, with the necessary admixture of shingle and sand. Mr Rennie's main object in bringing the subject before the Civil Engineers, was to shew that concrete may be much more used in engineering works than it is at present; but as yet the comparative cost of concrete and of squared stone has not been satisfactorily made out.

M. Kuhlmann, whose researches we have heretofore noticed, has made further progress in the production of hydraulic cements. The object is to combine certain silicates in such proportions with mortar as shall make it resist the action of water, especially of sea-water. Alumina or magnesia kneaded into a paste with a solution of potash or soda, forms a compound which resembles natural felspar or talcose slate, and becomes hard and semi-transparent. Add slaked lime, and a hydraulic cement is produced; and if the magnesia is properly proportioned, the cement gets harder the longer it is exposed to sea-water. From all this it appears that architects and engineers will henceforth have a multiplicity of resources for the construction of foundations and works in ports and harbours.

There is yet another substance by which damp and water are set at defiance—that is, Water Glass, or Oil of Flint, as it is sometimes called. It is a preservative against fire; a good glaze, cement, stiffener, &c., a varnish for metal pipes, rendering them as clean and smooth as glass, no unimportant consideration in water-supply; and for metal surfaces anywhere, for the hulls of ships, and many other purposes. A Water Glass Company has been formed to give full effect to the invention.

Another interesting article is the wood printed and embossed by a process invented by Mr Taylor of Nottingham. He produces table-tops which, though but one kind of wood only, have all the effect of marquetry, so perfect are the impression and variety of colour. The embossed woods, chiefly chestnut and lime, are scarcely thicker than drawing-paper; and the designs are brought up sharp and clear, so that when glued on to walls, or mouldings, or panels, or furniture, they appear as cleanly finished carvings—and at but small cost.

And wood claims attention in another form—that of portable Swiss châlets, constructed by machinery, so as to be erected in any spot in three or four days. Capital things for folk who want a temporary residence, while trying whether a locality will suit them or not: they may now carry their house with them from place to place. A sportsman bound for the moors may have a picturesque shooting-lodge set up for his sojourn, or an angler a fishing-lodge, or boat-house, fashioned to suit the landscape. And now that wood can be rendered all but imperishable and fire-proof, wooden châlets may be occupied with safety.

MY POSSESSIONS.

['TEN years ago, I could scarcely write a half-dozen lines correctly; and six years since, I wore a canvas smock, and worked hard, physically hard, as a porter in Billingsgate market.' This is the avowal of the author of a volume of poems now before us.* But the portership was a promotion to him, who commenced the work of life as a charity school-boy. At fourteen, he went into a solicitor's office, to drudge at rough copying from morning till night for five shillings a week; then he sat all alone upon the floor of a pawnbroker's warehouse, for still longer hours, reading novels and rummaging out pledges; then, although wages were due to him, he ran off one fine day, with a solitary half-crown in his pocket, to live for the rest of his life in the merrie green-wood, but came back when he reflected that his mother would be inconsolable at his disappearance; then he inhaled the dust of a furrier's warehouse, and then of a cony-cutter's, till his poor wages and sinking health induced his father to send him to work among the salmons at Billingsgate. This was the turn of his fortune: our hero, at thirty years of age, has now a standing in the market of his own, his business finishes at ten in the morning, he has a cottage, a garden, a wife and children, he entertains literary society not quite confined to his own rank, and he shakes hands with Leigh Hunt! Verse-making, Mr Watts tells us, mentally and morally speaking, has enriched him considerably; it has made him happier in every sense; it has elevated his nature, and gained him the sympathy and friendship of those who are distinguished by more than wealth. The contents of this volume will have a corresponding effect upon others. It is full of a vigorous, wholesome, and inspiring spirit; as will be felt by all who read the piece we quote, although others might be selected that are far more poetical.]

MY POSSESSIONS.

I am not rich in worldly goods,
  Yet rank among the really blest;
I've sturdy limbs, a hopeful heart,
  By friendship true my hand is pressed.
Contentment cheers my lowly hearth,
  Health mantles on my glowing cheek,
Hope lights my way from day to day,
  And joys are mine no words may speak.

Loved arms entwine about my neck,
  Arms of a wife and wee ones four;
A fifth in heaven now wears a crown
  Of quenchless light: Say, am I poor?
Poor! poor! Ah, no, but rich indeed,
  Rich in the smiles of those I love;
Rich in my health, content, and hope;
  Wealth that God only can remove.

Though bloated luxury preside
  At lordly feast in lordly hall,
Where streaming wine-cups sparkling stand,
  The soul to cheat by foul enthral;
Where gems blaze bright, with magic light,
  From queenly brow and heaving breast;
Where beauty smiles and weaves her wiles,
  And flatt'ring lips are most caressed.

My rustic board affords more joy,
  More true delight than they may know,
When wife and youngsters press around,
  With eyes afire and cheeks aglow:
The cares and troubles of the world
  Without are all forgotten then;
I share with them my simple meal,
  And reign the happiest of men.

* *Clare, the Gold-seeker, the Elfin Revel, and Other Poems.* By John George Watts, author of *Lyrics of Progress*, &c. London: Groombridge. 1858.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 244. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

PLUCKED.

To my mind, the old hospital of St Barbara was the jolliest place in the world. The very gargoyles had an air of being wonderfully learned, and of bearing their erudition with uncommon good-nature. Its buildings surrounded a vast square, with a pump in the middle. Along with their monastic antiquity, they seemed to carry with them the old monastic hospitality which we read of in romances; so much so, that I was fully prepared at any moment to see some fat brother at the principal gateway dispensing huge loaves to the poorer folk, after the fashion of those good old times which, thank Heaven, have passed away long ago. I say old St Barbara's was the jolliest place in the world; and verily—allowing for the enthusiasm of youth—it was. The students were the heartiest, the nurses the prettiest, and the professors the greatest guns in all Babylon. The very patients seemed to suffer from the most opportune diseases one could think of; and although their maladies were not perhaps particularly pleasant to themselves, yet its constant succession of capital cases and exciting operations made St Barbara's the envy and admiration of at least the medical fraternity.

In the midst of the festivities of student-life, however, sat the skeleton which haunts every feast, and lurks furtively in the secret closet of every house. The particular skeleton in my case was the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. If ever a university possessed stringent regulations, and untamable examining boards, it was the university of Babylon. And this was the reason why, being of an ambitious temperament, I eschewed frolic, cut the majority of my acquaintances, and betook myself to study with a laboriousness that astounded my fellows, and delighted the younger, and therefore the more enthusiastic of our professors.

Nine months crept along as the M. B. class pursued the harassing routine of study. It was an interesting study to remark its effects on my especial cronies—Vade Mecum (son of old Mecum the bibliographer) and Cramwell, a scion of the family of Cramwell, county Grindaway. The former wore pretty well at first. By and by he gave up fermented liquors—a pretty strong symptom, as Cramwell and I, putting our heads together, agreed. Then the jocose twinkle which so merrily lurked in the corner of his eye began to fade. Anon, his jokes—he was, and is now, a notorious joker—became, for him, notably mild in quality, and sparing in quantity; in the end, indeed, they were reduced to the most debilitated puns. Cramwell, on the other hand, was as cool as a bottle of soda-water, and like it, ever ready to frisk out with something sparkling whenever the cork of opportunity should be drawn. Utterly imperturbable, his exertions—he never gave us the idea of using any—had the single and only effect of making him seem more wondrously profound than ever.

The eve of the examination had come. I was weary with long study; I was pale and thin, and excitable by reason of the debility which arises from an overtasked mind in an underworked body. My sleep was disturbed with dreams: night after night I sat in fancy in a long chamber, endeavouring to recall facts I had never perfectly learned. Morning after morning, I awoke in the agonies of despair. Daily I was tortured by the demon Anxiety, in the short intervals of rest from the conning of books and the taking of notes. My appetite failed me, and I grew pale and thin, and utterly wretched.

And now follows the day of registration. I have a vague recollection of standing in the presence of the registrar, who so much resembles a working undertaker, that I am half induced to believe in a coffin concealed beneath the table, into which it is the intention of the officials to smuggle me. We are in a chamber, whose fading decorations tell of bygone splendour. The Dukes of Mullington were the lords whilom of the gracefully sprawling mansion which bears their name, and which, with an evident sulkiness, lodges the learned university of Babylon. I sign my name in the archives of the place; the undertaker is by my side. I depart, and he bows; but from that hour I am a haunted man. In the courtyard—in the restless streets—along by palace, prison, and tomb, I see that gaunt black figure—that pallid face, and that purple nose. I seem to read my destiny in its cold pitiless features.

I am now so sick of study, so restless of purpose, that to attempt to read would be sheer absurdity. I run down into the breezy country. It is the Sunday. I hear the chiming of the village bells; I lie dreamily beneath the trees, and drink in the pure air with a sense of keen relish. I build day-dreams—am congratulated by the court, read my name in the list of happy candidates; while men who have passed, and men who hope to have passed, jog me, and press lustily to get their sight of that wonderful paper—that paper, whose very lines are each an harbinger of happiness to some heart. Then come visions of congratulations: my hands are shaken as hands were never shaken before; absent friends write intoxicating little notes; sisters bury me exultingly in crinoline and embraces. I am the man who stood so well at the university, of whom

Digitized by Google

the St Barbara men speak with something of pride, whose friends advertise with such unwonted liberality. It is nothing but the emptiest of day-dreams; yet, for the time I have passed, and am happy.

The first day of the examination found me travelling westward on the top of an omnibus. Considering the habits of Babylonians, it was as yet early morning—that is, not later than 9 A.M. The sun was pouring its light most marvellously on the roofs and spires of the city. For a brief hour, the canopy of smoke and dimness, which is as much a characteristic of Babylon as the dome of St John's, or the thousand-and-one sights which country cousins 'do' with such remarkable complaisance, had migrated to the suburbs. There was, or seemed to be, an unusual aspect on the streets and their pedestrians—that same aspect which one notices when he is an actor in important or exciting matters—an air as if all nature entered into our feelings and shared our anxieties.

How long that journey seemed! I was wondrously incited to upbraid the driver as *the* slow coach of all slow coaches. Incessantly my watch was in my hands—not that I noticed the hour, or had the remotest conception of the time, although I scanned its face most carefully. It was a habit, a nervous irritable action that had got the better of me lately. Mecum, the victim of the same circumstances, had taken to the biting of his nails, a practice to which he addicted himself incessantly. As for Cramwell, he was, as has been before indicated, a philosopher, and gave us the idea of being as profoundly cool as ever.

It is a desperately slow coach which never reaches anywhere. Our omnibus, after the most inconceivably tiresome of rides, landed me safely within the desired precincts an hour before time. I passed and repassed the prison-like dead-wall of Mullington House. I strolled up the arcade, that gimcrack, ill-ventilated bazaar, which looked as if it were getting up seedily after a last night's debauch. I had a turn at the geography of the neighbourhood. Time wore on. At half-past nine, I entered the gates and stood within the quadrangle of Mullington House. Men belonging to some other hospital were cramming voraciously out of text-books. There were gregarious adventurers who stood on steps and discussed anatomical relations; there were solitary men who paced along the beautiful arcade that skirts the quadrangle book in hand—occasionally running flat against dead-walls, or falling precipitously down steps, by reason of an extreme temporary devotion at the shrine of knowledge In an entrance-hall, other men stood, riding at anchor, as it were, or besieging the beadle — a conceited creature, whose bandy legs did not tend to redeem the imperfections of a turn-up nose and squinting eyes. I, for my part, being of a curious turn, joined a band of exploring adventurers, which tumbled into deserted kitchens, and lost itself down-stairs in cellars. Time wore on. It was a matter for reflection, I ween, to watch the pale, studious faces around me, faces which for weeks had scarcely looked upon a fairer sight than the close-printed, much bethumbed pages of the text-books.

As the bells of St Joseph's are proclaiming the quarters, Cramwell and Mecum enter the massive gateway. I go to meet them, fancying that Mecum leans somewhat more heavily upon the arm of Cramwell than friendship or courtesy demands. We come within greeting distance. Mecum is deadly pale; he tells me he has been reading half the night, and that he has a bottle of sal volatile in his pocket; 'but he doesn't look seedy, does he?' Cramwell, for his part, speaks learnedly concerning the columned portico of Mullington House, the gay scenes that have been enacted within its precincts, the great men, and the handsome women—ah, those women, Cramwell—who have passed beneath its portals. He then changes his strain on an interruption from Mecum, as to how he thinks he shall do, and whether the stylo-pharangeus passes between the two carotids, and discourses brilliantly on the stories of Boccaccio and the visions of Dante. At this juncture, we stumble upon three heavy men from our school; they seem hopelessly buried in manuals. Clodsby, Hodsby, and Sodsby do not belong to our set; indeed, we rather superciliously eschew them, because their features are coarse, their clothes scraggy, and their brogue intolerable. They come from some far-away county in the north, and are, like all north-country men, peripatetic cyclopædiæ. Under present circumstances, however, we are on the point of overlooking these minor differences, when lo! at the striking of a clock, doors open, and we are summoned into the examination-chamber.

We have to ascend a staircase beside whose walls the most higgledy-piggledy allegory riots on canvas. There is much artistic workmanship, too, in the balustrade. Cramwell whispers some happy allusion to the painter, or the designer, or the quondam owner, but his observation is lost upon me, for we are chaotically squeezing to catch the first sight of the scene and subjects of our day's labour. The buzz of voices which accompanies the ascent becomes fainter as we thread a lobby; it is entirely lost as we enter the examination-room, where the beadle, whose eyes, nose, and legs seem to twist more than ever, orders us to be seated before a series of tables covered with green baize, and bedecked with writing materials. After glancing at Mecum, who has smuggled a glass of water by his side, and is doctoring it with sal volatile; at Cramwell, who is, in all probability, sketching the Parthenon on a stray sheet; and at the candidates in general, who are bristling with expectation, I perceive that the printed questions are being doled out, and that some men, alphabetically favoured as to surnames, are already staring voraciously, and biting their lips almost to amputation.

My turn comes. The paper is before me. I skim its contents, and then look round to see its effects on my acquaintances. Mecum seems, as I had anticipated, oscillating between despair and sal volatile. The heavy men are already heavily at it, recording their encyclopædiac attainments with characteristic industry. I read, and then, after some forethought, give myself up to three hours of head-aching penmanship.

One o'clock. 'Time is up, gentlemen;' and so we ooze out of Mullington House. Myself and the rest of our trio hold a consultation—first, as to the astounding difficulty of the questions we have been answering; secondly, concerning our mistakes—I find I have sent a hitherto undescribed artery down the shin into the foot—and, thirdly, as to our luncheon, which is to be conducted on physiological principles. We then separate. Mecum's physiology led him, I believe, to consider Allsop's ale and oxtail-soup the most scientific and appropriate diet for the occasion; while Cramwell, whose philosophic mind took in alike belles-lettres and hygiène with one comprehensive grasp, indulged, for aught I know, in old Falernian and Spartan broth. For a time I, acting with similar intentions, gave myself up to newspaper, coffee, and biscuits, and then pursued a solitary stroll into St Joseph's Park.

How well I remember each incident of that walk—each detail of the patchwork of shade and sunshine that lay across my path—each face, teeming with its own peculiar interest, that passed me—each sound that fell on my ear, from distant traffic or chiming belfry! Well I remember the time that passed whilst I lay on the grass in the warm sunshine, the water of

Digitized by Google

St Joseph's Park sparkling before me, and beyond, the trees which skirt its margin, the unfinished towers of the Palace of Northchurch rising skyward, with quaint basket-like scaffoldings around their pinnacles. Never, perhaps, till that moment had I felt how accessory to his own plans each man finds the events which transpire around him. There was I, a medical student, as utterly buried in the obscurity of a great city as it was possible to be—a mere drop, as it were, in the ocean of souls that heaves and struggles under the shadow of St John's, surveying the towers of Northchurch as though they had been built to point the moral of my thoughts, and form a background which should harmonise with an epoch of my life.

Three o'clock put an end alike to stroll, fresh air, and moralising. It saw us again at the green baize-tables; as did the morrow and the next day, when botany was on the tapis—botany, a word that makes one bethink him of rustling woods and wild retired glens, where the rare plants grow—where the hares rush startled by the unusual foot-tread from the midst of quaint fern-fronds—of silent ponds, where white water-lilies lie voluptuously in the beaming sunshine. There was a difference, I ween, between the breezy excitement of a botanising excursion in places like these, and the pen-scratching which was to prove our knowledge of the Bagdads (say) and the Ginger-breadaceæ.

Oh, the sultriness of that large chamber in Mullington House, and the gaping application of those half-hundred hot, tired students, who were writing most drearily, and now and then stealing a stray minute to build castles in the air about the country and soda-water. Even the bandy-legged, squint-eyed beadle seemed used up when he went to open the windows, under the impression that there was air to be had. I know well that I was ready to expire with langour, and spent half the time in staring at the details of the gilded fretwork of the cornices and ceilings, which seemed to blink amid the heat and sultriness. The very noise of the city had a kind of silence about it; there was, too, that inexplicable oppression which seems to pervade nature at the approach of a thunder-storm.

It was not difficult to see that botany was Mecum's strong point—he perspired from very exertion. The words flew from his pen. He seemed to pooh-pooh the specimens to be described with the air of a practical connoisseur—sal volatile was out of the question. I cannot forget his elation when the time was up. He considered the queries ridiculously easy, and vented a storm of phytology which absolutely staggered me. In fact, he had made a point, and was only to be quieted by inveigling Cramwell and myself into the discussion of a bottle or so of sherry, and a tumbler or so of brandy and water.

But whatever Mecum's elation might have been on the last day of the written examination, it was far outdone by the dolefulness of his visage when the first oral questioning was in prospect. Chemistry and Pharmacy were the themes which were to bring us face to face with those temporary Gorgons, the examiners. Only yesterday, in the fulness of his heart, Mecum had enticed Cramwell and myself into the audience of a thousand wonderful adventures, amorous and bacchanal; but to-day, while we waited long and impatiently for our turns, he was biting the last remains of finger-nail his previous nibbling had spared, and devising frantic schemes for obtaining surreptitious information of the precise questioning he was to undergo. There we were, the half-hundred candidates, most laboriously killing time in the saloon where our written answers had been executed, while those first in the list were passing their ordeal in an adjoining chamber. It may be imagined how we gathered into groups and dispersed again; how we stared multitudinously out of windows, and fraternised with a porter, who made his appearance at one stage of the proceedings, and was instantly installed in the office of purveyor—how we drank furiously the half-and-half, and devoured the ham-sandwiches he brought us, at the rate of a shilling a mouthful, or thereabouts—how at last, bored to death, our names were called out, and ourselves in the dread presence of Professors Nix and Torchee.

A very gentlemanly fellow—I was not quite so familiar by the by in his presence—was Nix; and a very eye-searching, gray-haired, spectacled philosopher, his colleague, whom every one knows as the author of the celebrated dissertation on *Combustion and the Flames*. I floundered nervously in my answers, and made many ridiculous asseverations which will not bear the repeating; but, nevertheless, left the place—I stumbled as I passed the threshold—with the pleasant assurance that 'so far I should do very well, sir.'

The next day was to decide my fate: the examiners in anatomy had to be faced. I seem to have a vague recollection of standing on my head for an hour and a half previous to the time when the little beadle, now in a paroxysm of conceited superciliousness frightful to behold, ushered me into the hall of anatomy.

A large oblong chamber—the cold light streaming solemnly from the roof over its straight bare walls, and creeping down through the chill atmosphere upon the benches in the place; a strange smell of earth and putrefaction; and a silence broken only by the footfall whose sound returns in muffled echoes. There is no need of the two livid bodies upon tables in the background to tell that it is no other than a dissecting-room.

So much for the scene. Beside a desk or bench, whereon lie bones and anatomical preparations, intermingled with grinning skulls and dismembered skeletons, sat the two actors. The utter solemnity of their countenances as they gazed upon the trembling student in their presence, was to me more hideously sepulchral than the cadaverous dead who lay beside them. The one told of departed life—the other, of departed hope. I had been a very idiot had I not seen in an instant that I was PLUCKED.

If it had been a dream, I could not have had a more confused remembrance of the next few minutes that passed—of the speech that came brokenly to my ears—about the shocking answers I had made—the unpleasant duty the examiners had to perform; and the absurd artery (before unmentioned) that I had sent down the shin into the foot. The reader will scarcely believe that so wearied was I by the anxious labours of the last week, and the previous year of hard study, that my first sensation was that of relief to find that all was over.

I know that my countenance was strangely heart-broken when the gray-eyed beadle, inspecting me as if I had been one of the anatomical preparations I had just seen, opened the door for me to pass. There was a lobby full of anxious faces, a court-yard wherein strolled men in every aspect of unrest, a quiet street, whose passengers, from the tattered Italian who was grinding the 'Dead March' in Saul lugubriously from a rusty organ, to the fair girl with golden hair and a profile that Raphael might have painted, all looked me in the face. Had I been a criminal, there could not have been more staring eyes besetting my path.

And so I was a plucked man. I did not press lustily, as I had once dreamed, to see the pass-lists for the degree of M.B. My hands were not shaken rapturously by congratulating friends; there were no intoxicating billets greeting my success; there was not a student of St Barbara's who mentioned my name in connection with his school. It was a hushed-up sound among acquaintances; while wary

Digitized by Google

letters came gingerly from the country, wondering at my silence, and asking, with grim sarcasm, if anything had happened to me. It was only after a consultation with Cramwell, who, on ascertaining a very pleasant termination to his labours, had walked home leisurely, and commenced an essay on the times of Charlemagne, that I proceeded with much ingenuousness to endeavour to convince the world that, as matters stood, my failure was on the whole a little more brilliant than success could have been; and I need scarcely add, that there were not wanting men within the pale of St Barbara, nor out of it either, to give credence to my reasonings.

THE FAUSSETT COLLECTION.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Some thirteen years ago, during a summer walk from Canterbury to Lymne along the old Roman road called Stone Street, Mr Roach Smith reached the neighbourhood of a manor-house known as Heppington. It was a place in itself of no great antiquity, as the old castellated mansion of the reign of Stephen had been replaced by one less picturesque. But it had some local fame, as belonging to the Faussett family; and one, somewhat wider spread, as containing a very fine collection of Saxon antiquities, the result of considerable research among the tumuli of the Kentish downs. Still, this fame was little more than a sound. For nearly forty years the collection had not probably been seen by any critical antiquary, or visited for any higher purpose than the gratification of fleeting curiosity. A report, to the effect that the antiquities were not very accessible, tended to restrict all knowledge to the circle of immediate friends and neighbours. But Mr Roach Smith was too conversant with the antiquarian and literary history of the eighteenth century not to be aware of the labours of Bryan Faussett, and to guess at the probable value of the collection he had left to his descendants. He therefore retraced his steps after he had actually passed the turning which led to the house, called, introduced himself and the object of his visit. He was most courteously received by the then possessor of Heppington manor, the Rev. Dr Faussett, grandson of Bryan Faussett; but it not being convenient at that time to inspect the treasure-chamber, he was invited to pay Heppington a special visit in the succeeding year. The engagement was faithfully kept on both sides, and led to a reception of the British Archæological Association, and to a unanimous and strongly expressed opinion that this collection of antiquities, chiefly Saxon, was of the utmost importance and value. From this date, fresh researches and discoveries by such able antiquaries as Lord Londesborough—then Lord Albert Conyngham—Mr Akerman, Mr Rolfe of Sandwich, Mr Wright, and others, added to the interest thus originated; and, finally, the Faussett manuscripts and antiquities were offered to the nation through the trustees of the British Museum; with what result, the whole British nation knows. The antiquities were refused because they were considered not to rank as 'high art'—that is to say, they were simply English, not Greek or Roman; and thus what was eminently national and eminently historic, stood a chance of dispersion or of removal to a foreign country. The collection was, however, spared from either fate by the enlightened patriotism and liberality of Mr Mayer of Liverpool. This gentleman purchased and removed it to Liverpool, where —even while we write—it has been enriched by a scarcely inferior gathering of Roman and Saxon remains, also from Kent, and lately belonging to Mr Rolfe of Sandwich. Thus Liverpool promises, at no distant date, to possess the finest museum of national antiquities in the kingdom; and in that maritime city, amidst scenes which seem so incongruous, future historians will find no scanty materials for those histories of generalisation, instead of fact, of which Mr Buckle's recently published volume, *Civilisation in England*, is the first type and sign.

Under the title of *Inventorium Sepulchrale**—namely, An Inventory or List of Sepulchres—Bryan Faussett left a series of manuscripts, clearly written, and most charming and simple in language, recording in detail when and how he opened those old graves upon the greenest or most solitary of the Kentish downs, and what was his harvest from their still recesses. These manuscripts Mr Mayer placed in the hands of Mr Roach Smith: the result has been a noble-looking volume, ably edited, and with an introduction and notes of considerable value, as classifying the antiquities, and shewing how they illustrate the habits, manners, and customs of the Kentish Saxons. It is likewise beautifully illustrated by Mr Fairholt; and as from its costliness and the limited number of copies issued, it is likely to pass but through the hands of few, we now proceed to give some account of its contents, not only as a means of directing popular attention to the collection itself in Liverpool, but as giving new and varied information on many points of national interest. The reader must not be scared from our little history by any fear of dry discussion or detail: we will simply offer to him the pleasant fruit of much research and mental labour in past and present times; and going back, as it were, to the hearths of those old Saxons, see what cups they drank from, what weapons they fought with, what jewellery they wore, what manner of men they were, from the secrets their graves give up. We have a right to go back to those hearths, from whence, in a large measure, we ourselves have come.

But we must have a word or two about Bryan Faussett; they will add to our interest as we accompany him to the old barrows on those solitary downs, or gather round him as he inspects the jewelled fibula his labourers' spades have just turned up. Born in 1720 of an old Kentish family, and educated at Oxford, he devoted himself, from an early period of life, to literary and antiquarian pursuits. Though surpassed in some points by James Douglas, his successor, in researches amidst the Kentish tumuli, and vastly so by the high-class antiquaries of the present day; though some of his data are negatived, some of his theories exploded, Bryan Faussett was yet the first English antiquary who brought common sense to his work, and who nourished a healthy scepticism as to countless fables then believed in with respect to bygone ages, and the scanty evidence time has left to us of their usages and civilisation.

Though he entered the church, and for some time had a cure of souls at Atterbury in Shropshire, Mr Faussett retired, in the prime of life, to the family seat of Heppington, and continued there till his death, which happened in the year 1776. Roman roads crossed his estate, Roman intrenchments lay around; and as a scholar he knew, and could not but be interested in the marvellous succession of events which had made his native county—the old Cantii—the portal to so much which in its aggregate had led his country to greatness. It was unknown to him—for ethnology as a science had at that date

* *Inventorium Sepulchrale, an Account of some Antiquities dug up in the County of Kent from 1757 to 1773 by the Rev. Bryan Faussett of Heppington.* Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Charles Roach Smith, author of *Collectanea Antiqua*, &c. Illustrated by F. W. Fairholt. Printed for Subscribers only. 1856.

Digitized by Google

no existence—that even the signs of a pre-historic race lay as clearly in the sand and chalk beneath his feet, as elsewhere in England, or in Scotland; but he knew that Kent was renowned as the most civilised part of Britain, even before the days of Julius Cæsar. And he could trace its subsequent history—Roman, Saxon, Norman, English, till his own day, when the gloom of the great *Silva Anderida*, or the Weald of Kent, had given place to bounteous harvests and verdant pastures, and the laws of an eternal progress had effected much, and promised more to the generations yet to come.

Bryan Faussett's first excavations were made at a place called Tremworth Down, in the parish of Crundale, in 1757 and 1759; but as the discoveries relate principally to Roman remains, and are therefore less rare, their account is placed last in the volume before us. The *Inventorium Sepulchrale*, therefore, as it now stands, commences with an account of some antiquities dug up at Gilton Town near Sandwich, in 1760–62–63. Being in the neighbourhood at the close of the year 1759, for the purpose of copying inscriptions in the parish church, Mr Faussett made inquiry, as was his custom, as to antiquities or other remarkable things which might be in the vicinity. He then heard of a famous sand-pit in which, from time to time, for many years, antiquities of different sorts had been discovered; more particularly by the servants of a miller, who had wind-mills near at hand. Proceeding to the place and examining it, some of the miller's men came also, and pointing out something a few feet above, assured him that it was the head of a spear, and that from the colour of the sand, a grave was there. They then fetched spades and ladders, and began to dig from the side of the pit, as though about to form an oven, and thus, much to the antiquary's dismay, they destroyed the spear, as such it was, as well as broke up the skull and part of the vertebræ of a human skeleton, besides nearly burying him and his servant in the sand thrown down. As this unscientific method of proceeding would never do, our good antiquary persuaded them, with the aid of a little brandy, without which, as he quaintly says, 'nothing can be done,' to dig downwards from the surface of the ground; but there was no discovery beyond some further remnants of decayed bones. Night coming on, they had to desist; but the men shewed Mr Faussett various things they had found on previous occasions. Of these he purchased some beads; and of their master, the miller, the blade of a sword, straight and very heavy, five spear-heads, though none of them whole, two umboes—that is, the central part of shields, also much broken, and a further quantity of beads. The latter were the only things which were got to Heppington in safety; the rest were so blistered with rust and so brittle, as to fall into countless pieces, though carefully packed and conveyed.

In the spring and summer of the succeeding year—1760, and subsequently in the autumns of 1762–63—Mr Faussett explored one hundred and six graves in the space of eleven days. Though for centuries a harvest-field for spoilers, his researches were not unfruitful, as we shall now proceed to shew; and since his day, many other relics of value have been from time to time discovered. He was wrong, however, in supposing that this spot and its vicinity had formed originally the burial-place for the garrison stationed at the celebrated port of Rutupiæ. On the contrary, as Mr Roach Smith shews, it had belonged to an adjacent village—the whole of this part of Kent being extensively populated in the Roman period, and subsequently in that of the Saxons; whilst Rutupiæ, at Richborough, about three-quarters of a mile from the present town of Sandwich, was three miles from Gilton, and had an extensive burial-place of its own, as excavations have proved.

The greater portion of graves shewed that the bodies had been deposited in coffins, in some cases of extreme thickness, and probably scooped out of a single block of wood by means of fire. There were the long iron nails which had fastened down the lids; and where the wood had entirely perished—as in very many instances it had—signs of it could be traced in the longitudinal streaks of blackened mould. The male had been invariably buried with his weapons; his shield, his fibulæ or brooches, and the buckles which had secured appendages to his dress. His heavy spear and smaller darts lay at his right hand, his two-edged sword likewise, and his shield upon his breast. His knives, probably for war, as for domestic use, lay where his belt had been, or elsewhere. His javelin, or spear, and darts seem to have been wrapped together when deposited in some sort of cloth or linen—for the threads of such were found adhering to the rust about the weapons. The wood-work of the shields was likewise entirely gone, nothing but the central boss or umbo, and the transverse pieces of metal within, by which it was grasped, being found. The female graves were more replete with various matters of rude ornamentation. Beside the *fibula subnectens*, the brooch for fastening—many of these of exceeding beauty—there was the garnet-set buckle by which the girdle had been confined; rings of thin silver wire with a sliding knot, so as to fit various sized fingers; beads of amber, glass, and glazed earthenware; pendent ornaments for the throat—these in one or two cases of singular elegance—and in one instance an earring-drop. Beads were found in every child and woman's grave; and even where all traces of an interment had disappeared, except in the discoloration of the earth, these evidences of human vanity in its barbaric state remained. The women were also buried with various articles for personal and domestic use. In five instances, keys were found—coarse copies of those of Roman fabrication, and with a ring attached for suspension to the girdle. In many female graves a lump of rusty iron was found near the hips of the skeleton, and stretching from thence to the knees. It was usually the size of a closed hand, and appeared merely to consist of a great number of iron links, as of a chain interspersed here and there with some straight pieces of the same metal; but they were so rusted together, and so very brittle, that they fell into pieces with the least endeavour to separate them. Mr Faussett found other and more perfect specimens, but he seems to have arrived at no very clear notion of what they were. Discoveries since his time have cleared up the point. They were châtelaines or girdle-hangers. The head, somewhat like that of a small flat feather brush, was attached to the girdle; in this were holes in which were hooked small iron chains, at the extremities of which were bronze, silver, or brass appendages—such as large pins, tooth, ear, and nail picks, stilettos, or borers for embroidery, little hammers and other trinkets, which, like the charms at a lady's watch-chain in the present day, were mere ornaments. These châtelaines of the Kentish graves are quite peculiar as to shape and elegance. Those from other English counties, and from Normandy likewise, are mere hooks or hangers, on which small articles might be suspended at will. But these are not the only products of tumular excavations in Kent which bear a distinct character. The jewellery, the glass, and in a minor degree the pottery, are marked by a higher finish; and in many cases, as respects the jewellery, by exquisite taste; and a question of interest is suggested as to whether the Jutes who peopled Kent, and indeed in some degree extended themselves along the southern coast as far as the Isle of Wight,

Digitized by Google

were more civilised than the other divisions of the Saxon race. As a tribe, they came further north, and must thus, upon their own soil, have been less affected by contiguous civilisations than tribes occupying sites nearer the Rhine. We know, however, that they frequented much the northern coast of Gaul, and at a later date held intercourse with the Frankish settlements thereon. The only true solution to this and many other kindred questions which necessarily arise when we thus open their graves, and come face to face with facts which give results so different to those we gather from much which is miscalled history, seems to be that there was a far greater fusion of race with race than is generally suspected—that is, Celt with Roman, Roman with Saxon, and that the migrations of the latter to this country were carried on slowly, yet continuously, for centuries, in addition to the rapid influx of fresh tribes in the fifth and sixth centuries. This is Mr Kemble's theory, and one rapidly gaining the assent of all scholars. In this, in the one which admits the greater fusion of races, and in the immense probability that the arts connected with Roman civilisation were carried on long after the recall of the legions from this country by purely Roman and Romano-British artificers, and so onwards, if even in a lessening degree, till they were caught up, as it were, by the genius of a new people, is to be found, we think, the clue to that strange thread of likeness which runs through the manipulative arts of those who, race after race, settled down upon our soil. There is the difference begot by the mental and physical idiosyncrasy of race; but the thread of continuance is not less clear for that. We shall, however, the better elucidate this point when we come to speak of Mr Faussett's discovery of the Kingston fibula—the gem of his collection, as, indeed, of all the Anglo-Saxon art which has come down to us.

To return to the Gilton graves. In one of these was found a hand-mirror: it was made of mixed metal, and was flat, circular; and on one side, which was highly polished, it was somewhat convex. Though greatly injured by rust, it still possessed a considerable reflecting power. The handle was likewise found, though broken to pieces by the labourers' spades. Since Mr Faussett's time it has been cleaned and adjusted, and is thus seen to be similar to others discovered in London, Colchester, and elsewhere. 'The presence of such an object in a Saxon grave is remarkable,' says Mr Roach Smith in one of his admirable notes, 'and particularly interesting in connection with the other Roman instruments and ornaments which we have noticed in the Gilton cemetery; for they indicate not only a close chronological relationship between the Saxon settlers and the Roman inhabitants of this part of Kent, but also a striking correspondence between the habits and customs of the two peoples. This affinity is less perceptible in the midland counties.' In the grave which contained the mirror, as also in another female grave, were found the hinges and clasps of small boxes, which had been probably used as deposits for trinkets and other things that had been valued by the original possessor. In two other female graves, as indicated by the discovery of hair-pins, beads, the rusted links of châtelaines, and other small articles, two brass pans and trivets were found. Both are much like our modern copper stew-pans, if regarded as without handles; those belonging to them, one on each side, being similar in shape to those affixed to the common wood and paper boxes we see at trunkmakers' doors. The larger pan of the two had been patched and mended in several places; and from this we may presume, that from its rarity, or some other cause, it had been considered of value. A subsequent excavation at Gilton brought to light a bronze basin, which had been mended with pieces of metal stamped with the figure of a minstrel dancing and playing on a viol, and grotesque forms of animals. This latter vessel belongs to the Rolfe collection, now with Mr Mayer, and is, with little doubt, of Roman manufacture. Vast quantities of utensils for domestic purposes, as well as articles of greater value, must have been scattered about the country after the sack of a city like Anderida (Pevensey), which, singular to say, was the only Romano-British city the Saxons utterly destroyed; and these Gilton vessels may have been warriors' spoil, and so treasured by their descendants when as freemen they settled down to till the land they had helped to conquer. Be this as it may, these vessels must have owed their preservation to some real or supposed value. If the former, they may have served for many culinary purposes, and been interred with their last possessors, in testimony of domestic affection, for, with the exceptional case of the monasteries after the promulgation of Christianity in Saxon England, the cooking was all done by women. We may add that knives of various sizes were found in most of the female graves, as well as scissors and tweezers, the two last much like those in modern use.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

I. SETTING OUT.

The bell rings, the curtain rises, and discovers the actors in our little drama. A middle-aged, stoutly built man, who would have been good-looking, but for the deeply graven impressions of anxiety and hunger which his face exhibited: he was arrayed in an entire suit of flesh-coloured tights, much darned; round his head he wore a fillet, that had once been glowing lace; but all its lustre was gone, long, long ago, and it looked like a piece of dirty tape; yellow-ochered canvas shoes, terribly frayed and jagged, and a pair of faded crimson velvet trunks, on which a tarnished spangle, hanging here and there by a piece of yellow thread, shewed that they had once been elaborately trimmed, completed his attire. Two pretty, pale-faced little boys, dressed, or rather *undressed*, in precisely the same manner, stood by, looking on dejectedly, yet listening with interest to the conclusion of a dialogue between their father and a hard-featured, elderly woman, of whom the whole family seemed to stand in awe. These formed the group to which I would direct your attention.

'The long an' the short on it is, you'll have to turn out! I could ha' let this room, times an' often, for three-an'-six, an' here I only charge *you* half-a-crown, an' *that* you won't pay.'

'*Won't* pay, Mrs Niggs?' replied the poor father.

'Well, leastways, you *don't* pay. To be sure, your missis give me her bit of best gownd yesterday, as a kind of security for the rent; but what's the good o' that? It's nowt but a old merina.'

'It was her wedding-gown,' mildly expostulated the mountebank, heaving a sad sigh as he thought of the happy sunny morning when first 'the old merina' adorned its then gay owner—'it was her wedding-gown, and poor Agnes wouldn't like to lose it.'

'*That* may be; but 'tain't no use to *me*; it 'ud only fit a half-starved shrimp of a woman like her.'

'But, Mrs Niggs, you've got my watch too.'

'A trumpery, old-fashioned thing, as big as a warming-pan!' said Mrs Niggs.

'It was dear grandfather's,' sighed the poor man.

Digitized by Google

'Tain't worth half-a-*sworing*, *I* know,' returned the benevolent Niggs; 'an' I want seven weeks' rent of you this very day. Now, don't jaw no more! *talk*'s no use; it won't fill my pocket: it's *money* I want. Why don't you go out with them two lads? You said you could do nowt yesterday an' the day before for the rain; it don't rain to-day.'

'Why, certainly, it doesn't rain to-day, ma'am,' said the father, walking to the window, and rubbing a pane of glass with his arm, to make a thoroughfare for his eyesight: 'it doesn't rain, but it looks terribly dark, as if there'd be a downfall of some sort—either rain or snow, and'—looking apprehensively towards his thinly clad children—'it's bitter, bitter cold!'

'Cold!' retorted Niggs; '*cold*, do you say? Well, I'm sure, *I* don't find it cold.' (She had on a warm cloth dress, a large woollen shawl-handkerchief, and thick double-soled boots.) 'Indeed, it ain't cold for the time o' year; fine bracing weather, *I* call it—make the boys hardy to be out in it.'

'But,' said their father, 'they haven't broke their fast yet; and'——

'It's only twelve o'clock,' interrupted the humane landlady, 'an' many 's the good Christyin as hasn't had their breakfast yet, let alone mountebanks an' the like uneddicated scum, which *I* looks on as hathins! What matters whether you takes your lads out afore their breakfasses or arter? You shouldn't indulge their appetites overmuch.'

Here the father glanced at the attenuated forms of his young ones, and replied only by a mournful shake of his head—the children staring earnestly at Mrs Niggs, as if wondering what her notions of 'indulgence' might be. A sixpenny loaf and a jug of water had been the only provision within the walls of their wretched garret for the last four-and-twenty-hours; the last morsel of the bread had been demolished for supper the night previous.

'There,' added Niggs, as a single dab was heard at the street-door—'there's the gal with my shoulder and taters from the baker's. I must be going, for I hate my victuals cold. Now, you mind what I've said, Mr Thingamy—if you don't pay up like a man, afore Thursday, out you go! Take them little creeters into the streets, an' see if they can't earn a trifle, as *you* call it—*beg* a trifle, as *I* call it: either way, the money's as good. Grumble about the weather, indeed! Why, for the time of year—— Drat that gal! she's left the street-door ajar, an' the draught comes up them stairs enough to cut a body in two—u-u-gh.'

Grumbling and shivering, Mrs Niggs lumped heavily down stairs to scold the 'gal,' and afterwards, to solace herself with a pint of hot ale and a good substantial dinner, the steam and appetising smell whereof ascending to the mountebank's garret, brought tears into his eyes, as he turned away from his hungry children, not daring to meet their looks. So he paced the room, as people *do* when excited, or impatient, or unhappy, or hungry, perhaps: poor fellow, he was all of these at once. First he walked to the dingy window aforesaid, gazed up at the heavy clouds, then down at the pavement, saying mournfully to himself: 'There's sure to be a downfall, for the pavement's quite damp, and that's always a sign.' Then he went to the almost empty grate, put on the last remaining morsel of coal, fanned it with his breath into a tiny flame, then back again to the window, then again to the cheerless fireplace, fidgeting about, and busying himself with such little matters as sweeping the hearth, dusting the shaky mantel-piece with a remnant of an old clown's cap; and, finally, setting a low, rickety wooden chair before the miserable attempt at a fire, saying, in as cheerful a tone as he could muster: 'Mother 'll be coming in soon, my lads, and then'——

'And then, will there be bretfas, daddy?' asked the youngest boy.

'Yes, yes, Midgkins; at least, I hope there will.'

Here the poor fellow took the boy on his knee, drew Alfy towards him also, and tried to beguile the time until mother should come, by hearing them repeat the little songs and hymns which that mother loved to teach them.

'Now, Midgkins, it 's your turn,' said the father, after Alfy had gone through his little hoard of knowledge, and yet no mother, and no breakfast.

Accordingly, the child began to recite, and prettily too, that infant favourite, *The Busy Bee;* but when he came to, 'with the sweet food,' &c., his voice failed him; the tears started into his eyes, and he wept loudly and bitterly, with his pale, tiny face hidden in his father's breast. At this moment, a weary step was heard slowly ascending the creaking stairs.

'Mother, mother!' shouted Alfy, who sprang to open the door. Little Midgkins's eyes brightened up; his father set him gently down, and hastened to meet his wife and release her from the burden of a baby some ten months old, which she carried with great difficulty, for the woman was slight and pale, half-starved, and half-clothed. The most cursory glance might serve to inform you that she was indeed the mother so anxiously waited for; she was so like her boys. The same expression of patient endurance was on her long thin face and in her meek blue eyes. A girl, who might have seen two summers, toddled in, clinging to her gown. The child's nose was red, her cheeks blue, and her eyes were filled with water; it was evident, indeed, from the appearance of both the children, and of mother too, that the morning was intensely cold. Alfy met his sister, took off her lilac cotton bonnet, which, long innocent of starch, flapped uneasily over her forehead. He next divested her of an old, coarse, brown overcoat, made originally by mother for Midgkins to wear over his fleshings, but which Lucy had on because her own green stuff pelisse had last week been converted into a dinner. Strangely enough, the fire seemed to burn brighter as soon as mother entered the room! She sat down; Midgkins climbed on her lap; Alfy took possession of a low stool, seated Lucy on his knees, and began chafing her poor half-frozen hands and feet; while father untied baby's cloak and hood—put on certainly more for appearance' sake than for warmth, four young mountebanks in succession having worn them completely threadbare.

'No use your long walk, I know, Agnes,' said father.

'Very little. The guardians gave me a shilling, and told me—not gruffly, but as if they were sorry to say it to me, for they looked pitifully at the poor babes—they told me that the turn-out and the lock-out together had made matters so bad that, in justice to their own townsfolk, they oughtn't to have given me even that, and that I mustn't trouble them again.'

On mention of a shilling, Alfy quietly filled the small tin kettle, and set it on the now sparkling fire, slipped on his overcoat and cap, and then nodded to

Digitized by Google

mother, who of course understood him to mean: 'I'm ready to go to the shop.' She popped the coin into his hand, and away he trotted on his joyful errand. During his short absence, what preparations Midgkins and Lucy made! how they bustled about; how they set out the odd cracked cups and saucers, the two battered leaden tea-spoons, and the old broken-spouted brown tea-pot! Father meantime recounted the particulars of Mrs Nigg's visit, which grieved his wife, although it did not surprise her. Laden with a loaf, tea, sugar, and two red herrings, Alfy returned, and the whole family—in spite of landladies and turn-outs, and the cold weather—enjoyed a hearty meal; babkins (baby, I mean) tucking in wonderful quantities of weak tea and sopped bread. Poor fellow! the maternal nourishment must needs have been but scanty.

Breakfast over, everybody looks more lively: father thinks that, 'after all, the snow mayn't come to-day;' mother fancies that 'the weather's milder than it was two hours ago;' and the boys button on their coats.

'Well, well, we must even try our luck,' says the mountebank; 'we must see if we can't get as far as Eglinthorpe: there's a fair held there to-morrow. It's no use trying the town again; what with the strike and the dearness of food, poor folks can't give, and rich ones never stop to look at us. Keep up your spirits, Agnes; perhaps we may make a pitch at some village on the road; and if we do, I'll send you half of whatever we get; so look out for a letter.'

So saying, he strapped a drum round his waist, over a miserable ragged gray coat, and pinned a little square of worn carpeting over Midgkins's shoulders; Agnes tied her own cotton shawl round Alfy, kissed her boys, said good-bye to them and father, but still seemed to linger about them; and when they were quite ready for a start, she laid baby on the bed, followed them down stairs, kissed them once more, thrust the remains of the loaf into Alfy's pocket, and whispered to him: 'Be kind to little Midgkins?' Mother watched her treasures in their progress down the street; and when they were quite out of sight, she turned away with a heavy heart to her infant charge in the garret. Poor mother! *why* was her heart so heavy? Often and often had she been separated from her husband and the boys for three or four days at a time, while they pursued their calling. Why, then, was her heart so heavy?

II. THE MOOR.

On they went—the mountebank and his boys—through dirty, poverty-stricken lanes—on, on, through dark, dejected-looking courts and narrow alleys where father thought it just possible they might raise a few pence. In front streets and bustling thoroughfares, he was aware that none would be tempted to stop and admire their performance. Indeed, had a few spectators been, by some wonderful chance, collected in any such locality, the police would certainly have interfered with the customary gruff 'Move on there!' After threading innumerable intricate passages, and tortuous by-ways, with which the mountebank seemed perfectly familiar, our little party emerged into a large open square—in former times, used as a hay-market—which, being surrounded by workmen's cottages, was a place where, perhaps, an audience might assemble; so father began to beat the drum with all his might, Alfred startled the neighbourhood with the clash of cymbals, and little Midgkins shook and spread his tiny square of carpet, by way of giving 'note of preparation' to passers-by. The drum and cymbal overture continued for full ten minutes before any one condescended to notice the efforts of the performers. Three or four workmen, having just dined, then sauntered to the doors of their respective dwellings, where they stood a while, leisurely smoking their pipes and enjoying the fresh air; a few children, too, attracted by the noise, formed into a group to witness the proceedings of the professionals; and a young woman with an infant in her arms leaned out of the upstairs window of one of the adjacent cottages. Father cast his practised eyes around, counted heads, and shrugged his shoulders. He drummed away for another five minutes, and then took a second survey of his audience, but without any satisfactory result, if one might judge from the rueful expression of his countenance; however, he muttered to himself: 'We must make the best of it, I suppose; it's the only likely place for a pitch at this end of the town.'

Giving a sort of sideways nod to the boys, they took the cue from him with great alacrity, divested themselves of their coats, and prepared to dazzle and delight all beholders with the splendour of their wardrobe, and the combined grace and agility of their movements. Unluckily, just as these preparations were completed, ding dong, ding dong, went the large bell of the nearest factory, and, obedient to its summons, away walked the workmen. A moment after was heard the tinkling of a school-bell, whereupon, 'with unwilling steps and slow,' as if sorry to be thus deprived of the expected sight, the admiring scholars moved off. Father and boys, perceiving that no chance remained of earning even the smallest pittance, made ready for their departure. Just as they were walking sadly away, the young woman at the window called out: 'Bide a bit; I've summat for the little lads.' Presently, out she came, bringing a jug of hot tea and some thick slices of bread and butter, saying: 'You mun eat this, and take this tea before you go any further, poor things! You'll do but little to-day, for it's beginning to snow, and you can't act in the wet streets. God help you! There! Stop a bit,' she exclaimed, as Alfy gave her the empty jug—'stop a bit!' She ran upstairs, and returned with an old scarlet muffler and a green cotton neck-tie, which she gave to the mountebank to wrap round the children's throats. He received them with many expressions of gratitude—so much kindness was something rather unusual. 'I'se sure you're heartily welcome,' said the friendly giver; 'I wish I could do more for you; but my man's one of the turn-outs, and we've nowt but the c'lection brass to live on. Good-luck to you, master, and to your pretty lads, wherever you go. Ah! there's no knowing what one's own poor little uns may come to in this hard world.' Here she hugged her baby fondly to her bosom; and nodding a kind farewell to the street-artistes, she disappeared. Perchance, comfortable reader, you wonder how these children could find an appetite to enjoy a second meal so soon after their breakfast; but, remember, these boys had existed in a state of semi-starvation *all their lives;* and in such cases, the craving for food is incessant.

'It's useless to go home without money,' thought the poor mountebank. 'I could no more face Mrs Nigg than I could face a tiger; so, we'll step on, best foot foremost; and if the weather doesn't turn out *very* bad, we can be at Eglinthorpe by five o'clock. Tom Whitlock's sure to be there with his tumbling-booth; he'll be glad of us, and pay us well too, for the fair-day. Let's make a start, boys! Come! Cheerily, ho!' Thus monologuing, and leading Midgkins by the hand, he turned his back on the town, with little Alfy bringing up the rear. At the outset of the journey, the youngsters were lively enough, and prattled on, in childish fashion, about 'what they'd do when they were older; what pains they'd take with their posturing and vaulting; and how they'd get a situation in some grand circus, where an immense amount of salary would be theirs;

Digitized by Google

and how joyfully they'd give it all to father and mother, who should never be ragged nor hungry any more.' The mountebank smiled on them compassionately as he listened: he remembered that long years gone by, *he*, too, had thought and spoken in the same strain. Alas for human hopes and resolves! *his* parents had died in the parish workhouse! Not that he was unwilling to assist them—not that he lacked affection towards them—but few and far between had been his opportunities of assisting them; for he had not been fortunate in a profession, which is, at best, but a precarious one. True, he had seen others, with a very limited amount of talent and industry, get forward in the race of life—rise in the world, and attain a high position in their calling; but his career had been an unsuccessful one; and though it would have been the pride of his affectionate heart to have cherished the declining years of his aged parents, it was not to be; and, as I said before, they died in the workhouse.

'Cheerily, ho, Alfy! Give me your hand, and I'll help you along.' So father led both boys; and when they had walked nearly five miles, and begun to look tired, to their great delight he opened his inexhaustible budget of oft-repeated tales, to lighten the tediousness of the journey. First, he related the anecdote of Alfred the Great and the burned cakes; then the story of William Tell; after these came the fable of the shepherd-boy and the wolf—all of which, though heard for the twentieth time at least, awakened in the juvenile auditors as warm an interest as ever; and many were the sensible remarks and pertinent questions to which they gave rise. Formerly, when the children were too young to be amused in this manner, the mountebank, in providing for a business excursion, would purchase some comfits or peppermint lozenges, and, after walking so long, that symptoms of weariness began to exhibit themselves in the slackened pace of the little pedestrians, he would scatter the sweetmeats here and there on the road at short intervals, and the children, forgetting their fatigue, would follow quickly to secure the tempting prize; and when the stock of confectionary was exhausted, they would race with as much eagerness after a ball thrown by father in their onward path, as ever was manifested by jockey when competing for the Derby. Latterly, tales and songs had taken the place of the comfits and the ball.

The sixth milestone was greeted by the youngsters as a friend, for it told them that half their journey was accomplished; but father appeared uneasy: he looked with dismay at the heavy black clouds overhead, and at the thickening snow; it had fallen gently all the afternoon, but it now began to assume a threatening aspect. He stopped suddenly in the most interesting portion of *The Thriftless Heir*, which he was relating, and felt irresolute whether to return even then, or to go forward. After a brief pause, he chose the latter alternative, for, as he argued mentally, to return without having any part of the rent to proffer to Mrs Niggs, would only provoke her to carry into immediate execution her threat of turning all the family out into the streets; whereas, if he went on to the fair, his wife and the younger children would at least be certain of a roof to shelter them—and *that* was something in such inclement weather. Setting this out of the question, his little party was half-way to its place of destination. To be sure, the remaining half lay across a barren moor, where there were no hedgerows or walls to screen the travellers from the weather. What of that? He'd carry Midgkins; and then he and Alfy could walk faster than they had done previously, and wouldn't feel the cold. Pursuant to this resolution, he took the tired little one, nothing loath, in his arms, although, encumbered as he was by the large drum, it was a troublesome matter to manage this additional weight. Still he toiled on, supporting Midgkins on one arm, and leading Alfy as quickly onward as he could, while thicker and faster fell the snow-flakes, and gradually slower and more feeble became the boy's steps; and Midgkins, nestled in his father's bosom, overpowered with the extreme cold, fell fast asleep.

'Come, my boy, step out and let us get under cover; it's going to be a fearful night! Luckily, the first house we come to in Eglinthorpe is the Travellers' Rest; and a kind-hearted body is Mrs Dawson, that keeps it: she'll not refuse to let you and Midgkins sit by the kitchen-fire, while I look for Tom Whitlock, and settle matters with him. Walk as fast as you can—there's a good boy!'

This the mountebank said in an anxious, husky tone of voice, for the blinding snow prevented his discerning anything likely to prove a guide; a thick darkness was spreading itself all round, and the unhappy man felt a dire foreboding of evil.

'Indeed, father,' feebly replied the child, 'I *do* walk as fast as ever I can; but I've lost my shoes in the snow, and I'm *so tired*, and *so cold*, and *so very* drowsy. I wish I might lie down and take a sleep.'

The mountebank made no reply to this; but he clasped the boy's hand convulsively, and still endeavoured to urge him forward. In what direction they were going, he knew not, yet hoped for the best. At length, after wandering about on the desolate, snow-clad waste for nearly two hours, without meeting a living creature—the fury of the storm ever increasing, and the cold, as the day wore on, becoming yet more intense, he yielded to the faint entreaties of poor Alfy, to 'sit and rest just a little while.' He sat down with both the children on his knees, Midgkins still slumbering, but not peacefully, as happy childhood sleeps: his teeth chattered, he moaned incessantly, and trembled from head to foot. Alfy was pale, foot-sore, exhausted. In this terrible strait, what was the bewildered father to do? Shivering as he was with cold, the agony of his mind caused streams of perspiration to roll down his careworn countenance. Short time sufficed for deliberation: he arose, took off his coat, wrapped it round his boys, and placed them in a sitting-posture against the drum.

'Now, Alfy,' said he, making a painful effort to speak cheerfully, 'I must leave you for a while. You know I can walk very fast; and I'll try to find my way to the village, and get some one to come and help me to carry you and Midgkins to the Travellers' Rest.'

'But, father, you musn't go without your coat; see what large flakes of snow are coming down.'

'Don't heed *me*, love,' replied father; 'but try to stay awake, and keep close to your little brother.'

'Yes, father, and I'll say my prayers. Mother always told me to pray to God to take care of us if we should be in trouble.'

The idea of mother at that moment almost overcame the mountebank; but he struggled manfully with his feelings; he embraced lovingly, again and again, Alfy and the unconscious Midgkins. He could hardly persuade himself to go; yet to stay, was to bring certain destruction on them, for the snow still fell, and the darkness still increased. Alone and unencumbered, he might reach Eglinthorpe very soon—nay, perhaps, at that moment he might be close upon the village, although the darkness obscured it from his view. These cheering hopes he tried to encourage, as if to brace his nerves for the approaching trial. A trial it was, and a heavy one, to leave his young ones in utter darkness on that dreary moor: but it *must* be. The father yielded to stern necessity, and with tears of agony, tore himself from the spot, and walked away with rapid strides. It was all

Digitized by Google

guess-work as to which way he was going—all haphazard—it being by this time so dark that, to use a common but expressive phrase, 'you couldn't have seen your hand before you.'

(To be concluded in next Number.)

AN AFTERNOON GLANCE AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The clock of Westminster Abbey is tolling two on a bright sunshiny afternoon in summery spring, as we emerge from Parliament Street into Palace Yard. That model clock in the clock-tower has not commenced its tolling career yet: looking up the shaft of the beautiful column to the fourfold dial, we are aware of a group of workmen busy upon the surface of the dial-plate, whose presence there suffices to impress us with a tolerable notion of the diameter of the huge circle whose numerals marking the hours almost vie in length with the human figures, but are yet in perfect, even modest proportion to the rest of the structure. From the gilded pinnacles of the crowning spire the sunlight radiates like jets of flame; it casts deep shadows among the thin lines of Gothic tracery that climbs and twines over the entire surface of the building, and brings out the force and significance of the artist's design, with an effect as exquisite as it is transient and fleeting. For now the big raindrops burst from a passing cloud, sparkling like diamonds as they fall; but in a moment they are changed from diamonds to watery bullets—a gloomy thunderous-looking pall covers Palace Yard—there is a sudden disbanding of the phalanx of cabs amidst the clatter of hoofs, the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the jarvies, the yells of the watermen, and reiterated cries of 'Cab! cab!' as the dingy vehicles, galvanised into sudden activity, dash for the kerb, take up, and roll off.

Meanwhile we have gained the hospitable archway of old Westminster Hall, with a rout of other fugitives; and thinking we may be as well employed in a stroll through the House as in watching the falling shower and the deserted yard, we traverse the ample floor and mount the broad stairs leading to the Commons. We are by no means alone in the ante-chamber. The confronting statues of Pitt and Fox, of Mansfield, Falkland, and the rest, seem to be holding a levee to-day. Fifty patient Englishmen at least have taken post on the side-benches, where they sit gossiping in groups, or brooding with the expression of fortitude in their faces, as though they had made up their minds to do something or other the advantage of which was doubtful, and were determined to go through with it. These are the ticket-holders—men who have obtained members' passes to the strangers' gallery of the Commons, and who are come thus early in order to secure admission if possible. For there was a long and stormy debate last night upon the India question, which was adjourned, and will be resumed to-night, when the bright particular stars of parliamentary oratory are expected to speak before the division takes place, which division, it is the expectation of the Whigs, will oust the present administration from office, or at least compel them to an appeal to the country. A debate of this kind, or even one of far less importance, always brings its crowd of spectators to the House. It is by no means certain that all these expectants will get into the gallery, notwithstanding their tickets—they may be too numerous, and one half of them may be jostled out by the other half; but no matter for that—they will wait till the result is known, though it be far into the morning; after which they will go to bed and get up late, to find their secret in the possession of all and sundry through the medium of the morning papers.

Leaving these persistent gentlemen, we pass on through the central hall, and make towards some of the newest frescoes. The panels are filling up but slowly, and what is done, though often excellent and lofty in design, does not say much in favour of the execution of English painters in this, to them, new department of art. The surfaces of most of the pictures have an unpleasant lime-washy aspect, as remote from that of the Italian frescoes as anything can well be. We suspect that this is not so much due to climate as it is to unfamiliarity among artists with the preparatory details of fresco-painting. Continental frescoes shew like stone walls interpenetrated with colour: the performances at Westminster are more like distemper paintings on a plaster-ground. What time may do for them it is not easy to foresee.

There is little light for seeing pictures; and there is a continual traffic up and down stairs of persons hastily coming and going. Following the ascending troops, we are soon in that interminable gallery which, running parallel to the river-front of the legislative palace, contains the committee-rooms of the Commons. It happens to be a field-day with the committees. Numbers of them are sitting at this moment, and, as a consequence, the gallery is more than usually populous. The benches along the windowed side are filled with strangers, provincials and loungers of a rather various class. Numbers of them are witnesses waiting to be examined. There are men in all grades of life, and from all parts of the kingdom. One group are chattering together in Welsh; another are eloquent in the Irish brogue; and further on, there are samples of the west-country face, and sonorous indications of the west-country dialect. Among them, in close contact and confabulation, you see here and there a white-wigged barrister, or a dapper clerk, note-book in hand, or with some foolscap document spread open on his knee; and questions are asked and answered, and memorandums made, not much to the assurance, sometimes, if looks are a criterion, of the respondents. Every now and then there trips along the gallery, with that peculiar motion of the body which seems all confined to the lower extremities, a clerkly-looking waiter from the regions below, bearing before him on a tray a number of small glass retorts containing sherry, with a little mound of biscuits, and perhaps a bottle or two of pale ale. These appetising apparitions never by any chance pause or linger in the gallery: you see them but for a moment—coming like shadows, they so depart, and always into the 'members' entrance' of the committee-rooms. They undertake the duty of managing the victualling department of these legislative investigations, and see that the honourable members, in their zeal for the public service, do not perish of inanition.

But there is a public entrance to each committee-room, and any one is at liberty to enter who chooses. There is no bar—only an admonition scrawled on a slip of paper, and wafered to the panel, which says: 'This door is to be opened and shut quietly.' So, gently does it—that fat oily hinge knows not what it is to groan—and we are inside. And now what have we here? The committee-room is an apartment some five-and-thirty feet square, and perhaps five-and-twenty in height. About one-third of its area is fenced off by a strong railing, breast high, and is supplied with a single bench running along the wall for the use of the public. In the large enclosure a series of tables are ranged in a circle; and on stuffed easy-chairs outside this circle sit the honourable members of the House, who are also members of the committee. In the centre of the circle are the table and seat of the short-hand writer, and parallel with the dividing-rail a long table and bench for the use of counsel, examining lawyers, and parties on

Digitized by Google

either side of the question under consideration. At the moment of our entrance, a torrent of Irish eloquence is in full flow. The speaker is a gentleman, but not of the gentlest, of about five-and-forty, with a hatchet-face, formed to cut its way remorselessly through all obstacles, no matter how formidable. He is a genuine Hibernian orator, and pours forth his vocables with such astonishing rapidity, that it is almost more than we can do to gather the sense of his utterances. A lawyer in a large Irish town, he has been retained to advocate a bill which has been petitioned for, the object of which appears to be to effect some municipal reform tending to equalise the local taxation of the borough. To hear him, and to judge from his vehement grandiloquence, you might imagine that hitherto a subject of equal importance had never been discussed in the councils of any nation under the sun. When he has wound up his peroration, he calls a new witness; and now, with a coolness as remarkable as was his furor a minute ago, begins putting him to the torture. In so doing, you note, if you have any experience in forensic matters, that he is everlastingly travelling out of the record, and lugging in questions on irrelevant subjects —and you wonder what he is after, or perhaps you think him a booby. Not a bit of it. The chairman of the committee penetrates his wiles, and tries to defeat them by calling him to order; but the orator flies off at a tangent the next moment, and is again on the forbidden ground. The fact is, that the oratorical Irishman, perhaps not overconfident in the strength of his case as it stands, wants to produce an impression upon the committee in favour of his own side, and antagonistic to the luckless witness, by revelations concerning the poor man's antecedents, which cannot be made public, even though they have nothing to do with the business in hand, without being prejudicial to him and his party. In fine, the hard-headed lawyer does make such an impression by dint of persevering iteration: you see that that is the case; you see it in the faces of the committee themselves; you see it in the faces of the public; you see it in the face of the orator, not that he is given to demonstrate his feelings in any way, but that his earnestness relaxes a little when his end is answered; and lastly, you see it in the face of the uncompassionated victim, who rises perturbed and bewildered from the ordeal he has gone through, and flushed and angry, retires in haste from his unenviable position. All this is matter of pleasurable excitement to the on-looking public. The plucky Irishman, who is determined to have his own way, and does have it, carries the general sympathy with him, and is evidently a favourite: like the dog which draws the badger from the bag, he has all the plaudits, and there are none for the unfortunate creature on whom he exercises his prowess.

The next witness, however, is not to be managed in that way. He is a man of extensive property and of considerable influence in his county. You see that he has an antipathy to the bold lawyer, for he almost turns his back upon him, though he cannot refuse to answer his questions. But he is quick in response as the other is in demand, and purposely curt and keen in his repartees. The sentences are bandied to and fro like a cross-fire—and the wonder is that the reporter does not interfere, and beg for a little more deliberation. He does not, however. Look at him; there he sits at his little table; one hand holds the pen, not as a clerk would hold it, but with the shaft perpendicular to the ceiling; the other hand turns over the leaves of his book, which carries a leaf of blotting-paper between each leaf of manuscript. That right hand of his wags incessantly at a rate which your eye can scarcely follow; that cascade of words from the Irishmen's lips will get down in black and white as fast as they are uttered; to-night the whole will be copied into long-hand, not by the reporter himself, but by clerks skilled in translating his hieroglyphics; and to-morrow, in all likelihood, it will issue from the printing-office in fair pica type, for the convenience of honourable members. The whole thing seems a miracle, and in good truth it is nothing less; but then this is the age of miracles, and we have been trained to think nothing of them.

Let us now vary the scene a little. Here is another committee sitting on government contracts. The room is as like the first as two peas are to one another, only the members in attendance are rather more numerous. The business here is of a more interesting as well as a more practical kind. On the tables among the documents, and contrasting oddly with the bottles of sherry, glasses of ale, and fragments of biscuits, lie a number of military accoutrements in the shape of soldiers' belts, as yet innocent of pipeclay, and stout regulation boots, broad in sole, and heavily armed at the heel. Honourable members are handling the belts and peering into the boots with much the same expression that may be observed in a magpie peering into an empty bottle. It is evident that they are not up in the article of leather, and will have to depend for information upon the facts they can manage to express from the witnesses. Meanwhile a government contractor is seated close to the short-hand writer, and undergoing examination. Startling indeed are the revelations which, by dint of a battery of interrogations discharged into him from all sides, he is compelled, reluctantly or not, to make. The history of a lot of pouch-belts is the immediate subject of consideration. They have been issued by some contractor, according to specification and pattern, for the use of the army, and the government have paid 4s. 6d. each for them. They have never been used, and are as good now as ever they were. It is even doubtful whether they have not improved by keeping; and, according to the testimony of the witness, there is twenty years' fair wear in them, under the pipeclay regimen, and with average treatment. But it comes out that something over 70,000 of them have been condemned and sold as old stores for 8d. and 9d. apiece! The question is asked in various ways: Do these condemned stores return again to government as new ones by virtue of new contracts? but we cannot catch a positive answer either affirming or negativing the fact. The admission is made that, the stores being sound and good, it would be a fair and tradesmanlike transaction to buy them cheap and sell them dear, no matter to whom; but nearer than that it seems impossible to get to the truth. The belts were condemned, it is said, because they were a trifle too broad under the newest regulations, and were therefore of an obsolete pattern; but it is admitted that the cutting of them down would have cost but a trifle. Why they were sold at a loss of 80 per cent. to the nation, nobody pretends to know; all that is an inscrutable mystery, for the elucidation of which nobody is responsible, and therefore nobody chooses to throw any light upon it. The worthy chairman is anxious to arrive at truth, however, in some shape, and he does it. 'If those articles were bought by government,' he asks the witness, 'at 4s. 6d. each, and sold for 9d. each, is it your opinion that the government sustained a serious loss by the transaction?' The witness, after deliberate reflection, and a few shrugs of the shoulder, arrives at the conclusion that there can be no doubt that such is the case; and so that arithmetical fact, consoling to the shade of Cocker, is established, to the evident satisfaction of honourable members.

Then another contracting witness is called to depone concerning the boots. The boots, happily, have not undergone such shameful degradation as

Digitized by Google

the belts, though why they have been subjected to condemnation at all does not appear. They are pronounced by the witness, himself a practical boot-maker, to be first-rate articles, of the very best quality, and in perfect condition. Yet they have been condemned and sold in vast numbers at about 5s. 3d. a pair, having cost the government from 10s. 6d. to 11s. What is characteristic of government economy in this boot-business, is the fact which comes out clearly enough, that the sale of boots at 5s. 3d. has been going on contemporaneously with the buying of them at 10s. 6d. In this way the stores have been ingeniously maintained at the desired level, at the paltry cost of 50 per cent., by simply allowing them to run off at the waste-pipe as fast as they came in at the fount of supply. Again the only satisfactory fact established is the arithmetical one. The chairman repeats his test-question, and in reply the witness expresses his decided conviction that government cannot sell at 50 per cent. under prime cost without suffering a serious loss.

By this time the afternoon is wearing late; honourable members begin to shew symptoms of weariness, not to say of ennui. One by one their easy-chairs become vacant, the occupants gliding off, while those who remain relax in their exertions, and the inquiry goes on in a fitful way, prophetic of a speedy halt. The reporter in the centre of the room is not sorry at such welcome indications. He has turned over some sixty pages of copy since we entered the room; and now for the first time he has leisure to shift himself on his seat—to stretch his stiffening limbs and his weary fingers, and actually to drop his pen for a moment and pass his hands through his bushy hair—a refreshing ceremony, which he performs with unmistakable relish, and repeats more than once ere he resettles to his occupation.

We have had enough of the boots and the belts and the scientific economy of the war department, and we step into another room. Here it is a railway bill which forms the subject of discussion. The room is hung with monster maps as big as the side of a house, shewing the course of the line, the gradients, elevations, and engineering peculiarities. The witness is unpacking a budget of dry details which the reader would not thank us for reporting; and we ourselves gladly turn our back upon them. We are about entering another room for another chance, when the committee within suddenly breaks up, and we are swept out of the doorway by the hasty efflux of the public. A few minutes later, and all the committees have adjourned for a future day, and the long gallery is rapidly clearing.

The rather musical tinkle of a small bell informs us at this crisis that the chaplain is about to commence prayers in the Commons' House below. Members do not shew any remarkable eagerness to be in at the devotions, where a good number of them worship by proxy, moving off in person to the refreshment-rooms in another direction. Descending to the Commons' lobby, we find the door-keepers already sentinelling the entrance, and the members emerging from that short cut through the side-door in the hall appropriated to their sole use, and straggling by ones and twos to their seats within. There is, as usual, a crowd of strangers marshalled on the other side of the lobby, made up in part of personal friends or constituents of members, and in part of strangers from the country, to whom the Commons' House is a species of lion's den, and who come to gratify their curiosity by identifying, with the aid of the by-standers, the remarkable personages of whom they have heard and read so much, year after year, at home. They will wait by the hour together for the sake of catching a glimpse of Palmerston or Disraeli, of Gladstone or Wood, of Cobden or Bright—with a special eye, you may be sure, for their own proper representative. For our part, it is long since we had any curiosity of that kind ungratified; and we push through the crowd, and once more into the entrance saloon on our way out. Here the ticket-holders are being marshalled by the policemen in attendance on the left-hand benches, preparatory to being passed into the strangers' gallery in the order in which they arrived. At the same moment, some well-known faces belonging to the reporting staff flit by us: we encounter more upon the stairs as we descend into the broad hall, and quit the Parliament House just as the grand logomachy is going to commence.

As we stroll up Parliament Street towards Charing Cross, the familiar parliamentary faces meet us on their passage down. Some of them we can remember well for more than a quarter of a century, and can recall under very different effigies from those they now present. And some, too, we can recall, who were wont to tread this route at this same hour, who have passed away for ever. It seems but the other day that we saw the aged Duke amble past on his quiet bay; that Sir Robert Peel strode sturdily along the pavement, and unconsciously fenced the air with his walking-stick; that Bentinck dashed past on his mettled steed; that—— But, pshaw! we must not be tagging a melancholy sermon to a random sketch like this: yonder comes our omnibus. Hoy, conductor, set us down at the Angel.

THE GOLF TOURNAMENT.

The Scottish game of golf has existed for several hundred years, and has been practised by persons of all conditions, from royalty itself down to the bottom of the scale. As an out-of-door pastime, it certainly deserves to be ranked among the best, and, for certain classes, perhaps *the* best, as it incurs no great bodily fatigue, and may be followed by old stagers whose declining powers will not admit of severe exertion. It is on this account that elderly gentlemen form so large a majority of the class golfers: in pleasant communion with each other, they take their daily rounds on the field, club in hand, and striving at no great feats of 'driving' such as they could *once* accomplish, but content to play their own sure 'quarter game,' they quietly and happily gossip away the day.

Of late years, golf has taken a rapid stride in public estimation, and is now played not only in the British Isles, but in France, in India, at the Cape, &c. Commons, or, as golfing-courses are termed in Scotland, 'links'—hitherto sacred to geese-rearing and clothes-drying—have suddenly assumed a more distinguished position; and, indeed, to such an extent are those links now taken up by golf, that we are sometimes inclined to wonder where the geese will eventually find a living, or to what green spot washerwomen will resort to dry their clothes in peace.

Before touching upon the tournaments of 1857 and the present year, it may be useful to say something about the game itself. For its proper enjoyment, several things are necessary. Firstly, a wide-spreading common, with a tolerable sprinkling of sand-pits, whins (furze bushes), and other 'hazards,' that the game may not be rendered too easy, and 'science' become of little moment. At distances from each other of several hundred yards, according as the nature of the ground will permit, small holes of half-a-dozen inches diameter are bored in the turf: thus, if the links are extensive, as at St Andrews, the holes are frequent—eighteen being the round there—namely, nine out to the end, and nine home; but if the limits

Digitized by Google

of the green be circumscribed, as at Blackheath or Musselburgh, fewer holes occur.

Secondly, a set of clubs and balls are requisite. The shafts of the clubs are made of hickory or lancewood, and the heads usually of apple-tree, faced with horn, and weighted behind wth lead: others have iron heads, the use of which will be seen presently. A set consists of from five to ten, and sometimes a dozen clubs, each of which is appropriated to duties peculiar to itself during the progress of the game. The names of the wooden-headed clubs principally used at St Andrews—the Melton of golf—are as follows: the play-club, long-spoon, mid-spoon, short-spoon, driving-putter (the 'u' pronounced as in 'but'), putter, and baffing-spoon; those with iron heads are the cleek, sand-iron, and track-iron. Fastidious players make use of the whole of these, though, in ordinary practice, they may be reduced to half that number, or seven at the outside. It may appear strange to a non-golfer that a game, whose object seems to consist in striking merely a little ball along a green plateau, should require such a variety of implements, but the brief sketch we shall presently give of their separate uses, may set him right.

Thirdly, the player must be provided with several small hard gutta-percha balls, well hammered, and painted white.

And fourthly, he requires a caddie (porter) to carry his clubs, and—an opponent.

Furnished with those leading requisites, let us follow the pair out a hole or two, to see how they get on, premising that they are pretty equally matched, and that each has practised the game before. The object of the players is to drive their respective balls from one hole to another till the round is finished, and he who succeeds in holing his ball in fewest strokes, gains that hole; but if each party holes in the same number, it is halved, and counts to neither side. If two players start, one of whom is more skilful than the other, the weaker man receives *strokes*—that is, odds; thus A gets, say four strokes on the round from B, and he agrees to take his strokes between certain holes; if under these conditions A holes in six, and B in five, that hole is halved—A's extra stroke allowing him to reckon *one less* than B; and in this manner the play of the less-skilful golfer is brought to a level with that of his opponent. Brown and Jones start, then, to play a round, say of the St Andrews links, which, as we before said, consists of eighteen holes. Their caddies 'tee' the balls, or, in other words, place each on the top of a pinch of sand, to offer a conspicuous mark for the starting stroke—this, be it known, being only allowed for the first shot; as for subsequent shots, with certain rare exceptions, the ball must be hit where it lies, however awkward the situation. Brown places himself in position opposite his ball, grasps his play-club—the longest club in his set—keeping his eye on the ball, swings the club slowly back and sharply down, and has 'struck off his tee-shot.' Jones does likewise, but with less skill; so his ball does not go the distance of his opponent's, which requires him to play the 'odds' when he comes up to it. Aiming in the direction of the hole they are approaching—the second hole—Jones plays the odds, and Brown the 'like.' In this manner, the players arrive within proximity of the hole, both having played an equal number of strokes, say three; fifty feet intervene between Brown's ball and the hole, and as he is further from it than Jones, he plays the odds. This short stroke he accomplishes with his 'putter,' a short-shafted, stiff club, and lays his ball within ten feet of the hole. Jones also takes his putter, and carefully surveying the 'lie' of the ground, that he may 'borrow,' if it be sloping, plays the 'like,' and, by well-judged strength, lies three feet from the hole. Again Brown essays the hole, and misses at the odds; while Jones holes at the like, and scores one.

Away they go again, Brown having cleared a gaping bunker or sand-pit some fifty yards ahead; Jones, alas! having swiped into it. But here begins the science of the game, its joys and woes; for, in reality, the golfer knows no joy equal to that of escaping 'hazards' by well-judged strokes—no grief so severe as losing a match by hugging them! Though inwardly chagrined at his mishap, Jones puts his best face on the matter; he seizes his sand-iron—a short stout club, with a scooped iron face—and, with a skilful jerk behind his ball, frees it from 'grief,' and lands it on the green. 'Play two more,' shouts Brown; and taking his long spoon—a wooden-headed club, with the face slightly scooped—our friend Jones drives forth his gutta from its not too favourably lying position—a swingeing shot!

'Never mind,' observes Jones's caddie; 'we'll maybe halve the hole yet.'

In the meantime, Brown addresses himself to *his* ball, which is lying in a 'cup,' or small hollow, and, with his short-spoon, plays 'one off two'—or, in other words, two strokes less than Jones has played. The unfavourable position of his ball, however, has not admitted of his doing any great wonders, and not being up to his opponent's third stroke, he again plays—'the like.' Both men have now played three shots, and it is Jones's turn to play. He lies about a hundred yards from the hole, with another of those bunkers *intervening*; but he is 'good at the cleek,' so he takes that little straight-faced iron-headed tool, and, by a beautifully played shot, and admirable strength, 'lofts' his ball over the bunker, and drops it some twenty feet from the hole. This is rather a staggerer for Brown, who had piqued himself upon having it all his own way when playing 'one off two.' He is forty yards from the hole, with a few bushes of gorse or whins between; he too, therefore, takes a club somewhat similar to the cleek, and jerks his ball—oh, ye fates of golf!—into the bushes. Dismay sits upon his countenance—placid sympathy (?) upon Jones's. Still, however, Jones's ball is furthest from the hole; so he plays the odds again, and curls away to within a foot of the hole. Brown jerks his ball out of the whins with his iron, and lies a dozen feet from the hole, on the other side of his opponent's ball. Cruel chance—a *stimy!* He cannot reach the hole at the odds, for Jones's ball 'stops the way,' and Jones is in at the like, and wins the hole!

Here let us remark is an illustration of the 'glorious uncertainty' of golf, and of the old saying, that 'a hole is never lost till it is won.' Jones started amidst difficulties, and ultimately was victorious; Brown led off in triumph, but ended in grief.

And thus have two of the eighteen holes been played, sufficient, we hope, to give our non-golfing readers some idea of the mode of practising the game. In a few words, let it be understood, that on St Andrews links, more especially than perhaps on any other golfing course in Scotland, each hole has its peculiarity of position, and requires *finesse* and judgment on the part of the player, to negotiate it in a moderate number of strokes. Long driving, and straight direction, are great requisites, as the player is, by them, enabled to clear many hazards into which a shorter driver might fall; the 'short game'—coming into play when the ball lies from a hundred to one hundred and fifty yards from the hole, is an essential requisite towards success; and no less so is the 'quarter-game,' when sixty or seventy yards intervene. As a general rule, experienced golfers excel in the quarter-game, while tyros fail completely; and some who have grown gray in the service are deadly at the 'putting' alone. Good quarter-game

Digitized by Google

and putting, are held in greater repute than long driving, for though the 'tremendous swiper' may gain a stroke upon his adversary between every hole, still the wonderful 'lofts' and cunning 'puts' of the other, *tell in the long-run*.

Our friends Brown and Jones have started to play against each other, in technical language, 'a single;' this, when repeated for several rounds, is hard work, especially with such swift walkers as they are. For our part, we prefer playing in a 'foursome'—that is, two against two, each playing alternately. A foursome is easier work, and admits of more 'chaff' and fun than a single—hence is more usually played than the latter on long rounds such as St Andrews.

Previous to 1857, the members of golf-clubs had been content to compete amongst themselves for some annual medal, set of clubs, or other prize; or, at most, had been in the habit of sending friendly challenges to other clubs, to test their respective prowess. At length, however, the happy idea of having an annual tournament at which every club might compete, was originated, and carried into execution for the first time on record last year. A circular was forwarded by the committee of the royal and ancient golf-club of St Andrews to every known club in Great Britain, inviting it to select two of its best players to come forward on the 29th day of July, to compete for the prize. The idea was warmly seconded, and accordingly the principal clubs forwarded two of their best men on the appointed day. The rules drawn up for the occasion were simple and concise. Competing clubs paid L.4 towards purchasing a handsome piece of plate, with golfing device; each pair of representative members played throughout as partners against another pair, forming a series of foursome matches; opponents were drawn by lot before each start, club against club, the winners of the first set of matches being drawn in the same manner for the second set, and so on till but one winning couple was left. The matches consisted of the best of thirty holes; and in the event of matches being halved, both couples were drawn again for the next set. An umpire was appointed, whose decision, in cases of dispute, was considered final, he being guided by the rules of the St Andrews golf-club; and the *club* represented by the winning couple was considered the champion club till the next tournament, and entitled to the prize.

St Andrews, Blackheath, Prestwick (Ayrshire), Musselburgh (Mid-Lothian), Bruntsfield and Burgess (Edinburgh), North Berwick (Leven), and many other clubs, sent their chosen pairs; and on the appointed day the grand struggle began. The battle waxed 'fierce and long,' mettle against mettle, skill *versus* skill, science against science; and after many beautifully played rounds, the Blackheath club-men alone remained, to whom the prize was awarded. The weather was extremely fine; and the tournament having received so many stalwart men into the lists was, as usual, graced by ladies, whose presence, as the local papers said, added not a little to the gaiety of the scene.

So successful was the first tournament, that it was resolved to make it annual; but the *modus operandi* was somewhat changed this year. Instead of inviting two members only of a club to compete, the committee invited any amateur golfer in Great Britain to enter the lists, upon his paying one guinea towards 'the cup;' and further, it was agreed that the prize should belong to the winner himself, instead of the club to which he might happen to belong. This was decidedly an improvement upon the method adopted in '57, as it was calculated to produce the finest play from individual golfers; and, moreover, would secure to the winner the honour of being champion of the year. As expected, so did it turn out. There probably was never seen at St Andrews three days of better 'single' play than that of the 28th, 29th, and 30th of July. Many of the competitors ran their opponents close enough to 'tie,' or halve, on more occasions than one; and then there was nothing for it but to draw again for fresh opponents. Two rounds were played the first day, fourteen couples starting for the first tilt; thus fourteen men were put *hors de combat* (barring the ties) at the end of round No. 1; at the end of No. 2, seven men; and so on, till, on the afternoon of the 30th, three alone remained. Now, it was necessary to draw lots who was to be the odd man, and who were to be the competing members of the trio, the odd man having the advantage of waiting till the victor of the other two was ready to play *him*. The fortunate man, exempted from playing in that round, but at the same time standing out till the next bout, beheld the struggle between his two less fortune-favoured compeers, and next day went in with the conqueror for the grand finale that was to settle the day. At 11 o'clock on Saturday the 31st, the tee-shots were struck off, and away went the sole surviving pair, followed by a crowd of onlookers. Hole after hole was taken and halved and taken, without any great advantage on either side. Leven was striving against Edinburgh for the championship; and great was the interest upon the 'event' by the backers on both sides. Seventeen holes were played when the game stood *all even, and one to play!* They arrive within a few yards of the last hole 'the like as they lie.' Twice before have the same pair played a round and tied, and so might they again, but for fate favouring Edinburgh, and throwing out his nobly fighting opponent by but one stroke! And thus was the second golf tournament fought.

IN A GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY.

You, the general public, remember doubtless that I have had difficulties to contend against for these last six or seven years, in getting private tutors for my boys. In the advertisement-sheet of the *Times* newspaper, and under the head of 'Education,' you cannot but have often perused that rather compact statement, just within the five-shilling charge, of exactly what is wanted in the tutorial line by A. Z. in Derbyshire: '*In a gentleman's family at a picturesque village in the north*'—I put in the word 'picturesque,' not at all because the prominent feature of the place, which is singularly bleak, is a tumbledown old granary, upon a very unproductive moor, but because I thought it might attract a draughtsman; in which case my boys would gain an accomplishment, in addition to the usual branches of education, which yet should not be an extra—'*an opportunity of making himself nobly useful*'—the idea which that happy turn of expression conveys is, it is right to state, borrowed from the classics; but the phrase is all my own—'*is offered to any gentleman of character and attainments in the capacity of tutor to three intelligent youths. For information regarding salary, &c., &c., apply to Rev. A. Z., Peaktea, Derbyshire.*'

I had some conscientious doubts about referring inquirers to those initials, on account of my surname not beginning with a Z, and of my Christian name being William; but these were overruled by my wife. She objected strongly to my real address being given in the paper, lest it should be supposed—so she argued, and I am not bound to find her reasons, but only to render her obedience—that I was connected with the public press.

'Never,' said she, 'let me see you so forgetful of what a stock I come of, as to put your name in the columns of a newspaper, William.' Nor, indeed, am I likely to forget it, since I am reminded of it every day of

Digitized by Google

my life. It was a great blow to my good lady's importance when Mr Donald Macdermot of Glengarithcoe, N. B., having answered the advertisement and our requirements, came down to Peakton from his Highland eyrie and ancestral home. He gave us to understand that he was in his own country a personage of great power and dignity, three generations at least in advance (or rather behind) any southern pedigree. He would have preferred, as he confided to his pupils, to have been called by his territorial name of Glengarithcoe had not its inconvenience to our English tongues been too tremendous; but he was known, among ourselves, by a title conferred upon him by my daughter Georgiana—'the Macdermot,' as conveying in some degree an idea of the singular and almost ferocious animal which he really was. My wife's ancestral pride was grievously wounded by the assumption of this gentleman from North Britain, while her moral dignity, as you shall hear, received, at the same hands, a shock from which she has never completely rallied.

The young man had been with us for a month or two of spring-time; and the first summer day had just arrived when I was awakened from my afternoon nap in the library by a succession of agonising screams from my wife and daughter. I heard them scamper up-stairs into my bedroom, and lock and double-lock the door, after which they began to scream afresh with undiminished vigour. I instantly flew to their assistance on the wings of a husband and a father; but it was long before the hysterical indignation of the ladies would allow them to find words to explain themselves.

'We suddenly came upon Glengar-gar,' sobbed my wife.

'Yes,' interrupted my daughter, 'upon the Macder-der-der-mot at the corner of the gravel-walk.'

'Yes; and what do—do—do you think, William,' continued her mamma; 'there he was, this beau—beau—beautiful tutor of yours without any'——

'Yes, papa,' corroborated Georgiana, 'without any at all.'

'Without any what?' cried I impatiently. 'Speak out—what had he not got?'

'No tut—tut—tut—trousers on,' exclaimed the wife of my bosom, relapsing into hysterics.

At this moment, 'Papa, papa,' shrieked my second son from without, in an ecstasy; 'there's Donald Macdermot, Esq., walking about in the costume of his native land; and the cook and the housemaid have locked themselves up in the cellar; and he has almost put poor Gus to death for laughing at him.'

The young man coolly informed me, in his defence, that he always wore the kilt in hot weather, and recommended me to discard 'trews' myself, and take to a shepherd's plaid petticoat of black and white, such as would be appropriate to a clergyman. This reprehensible style of dress (which he persevered in), joined to the fact of my offspring acquiring under his tuition at least as much Scotch as Latin, caused the dismissal of the Glengorith man from my unworthy roof.

Mr Donaldson Adams, who succeeded the young Scottish chief, was of a very different order. He was the best scholar of his years, and indeed a better than any old or young whom it has ever been my lot to know. He had carried off all the honours that were open to him at his university, both classical and mathematical; and yet he wore them as lightly and as gracefully as a wreath of flowers. How we managed to get him for a hundred guineas a year was always a marvel to me; and the reason which he gave for his acceptance of so humble a post, was itself most eminently characteristic of his beautiful nature.

'I love retirement,' said he, 'and domesticity; and the approval of such a man as you (he was indeed so good as to say so) is more to me far than the applause of senate-houses. I have had enough of ambition. *Here*,' he would say, laying his thin white hand upon the head of that one of my three boys who chanced to be most convenient—'here lies my future duty, and it is one that is inexpressibly dear to me.'

My wife averred that it was quite a privilege to have such a young man as Mr Donaldson Adams in our house. Georgiana raved about him to that extent, that I had to remind her that, although when house and land are gone and spent, learning might be most excellent, still it was better to have house and land to begin with; and that Mr Adams, however eligible in other respects, was not, in his present circumstances, the man for my son-in-law. The families in the neighbourhood expressed themselves indebted to me for the introduction of such an Admirable Crichton into the county. Nay, he completely cut out the pet Puseyite curate in the market-town among his own female disciples; and the member for the borough himself spoke to him in public, affably, upon two distinct occasions.

Mr Donaldson Adams was indeed at the apex of his popularity at the very moment when the whole edifice of it came down with a crash. If he could but have managed to hold on to his tutorial position for another six weeks, I think it as probable as not that he would have received a piece of plate; but this he could by no means do. The restraint which he had put upon his disreputable nature for half a year could be no longer maintained. He cast his slough of respectability, and came out, harlequin-like, when you least expected it, in his own proper colours at once.

My watch, my wife's watch, the cook's watch, Bob's silver mug, given to him by his godfathers and godmothers on his baptism, Gus's opal ring left to him by his great-aunt—everything of value, in short, which he could possibly get lent to him upon any pretext by anybody, Mr Donaldson Adams had pawned at various county-towns within a radius of sixteen miles from the rectory. He was so good as to write out a neat and accurate account of the respective places where each of these articles was to be found, and to leave it upon my study-table, when he departed at three o'clock on a certain morning, after having received his quarter's salary overnight. It would wring my heart to recapitulate the many crimes of that abominable young man. It is sufficient to state, that in him I nourished a serpent of the worst description in my bosom, and that he took advantage of that situation to pick my pocket of a very considerable sum. There was nothing true in the account he had given of himself in answer to our advertisement, except his statement of his university career, which was one-half correct—the half which related to his honours; the *dis*honourable part, containing an expulsion and other matters, he kept religiously to himself. 'His worst he kept, his best he gave,' as the poet sings; and I am sorry to say, recommends in addition. He certainly was, however, an admirable scholar, and taught my three boys of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years old, respectively, to make the neatest cigarettes that ever I saw, and to smoke them.

Our advertisement was answered many times after that without our getting suited. Mr Adams had, among other wickednesses, caused a domestic rupture between myself and my wife. She had the hardihood to observe, with reference to that young person, that what had occurred was all my doing; that she herself—she even went to that length—had seen how things would be from the beginning; and that I 'ought to have known.'

'Good,' replied I; 'in future, madam, you shall choose the tutor yourself.

Digitized by Google

Like that well-known political nobleman who has been said to be ready to undertake the superintendence of any department of war or science at ten minutes' notice, my wife is impressed with a full sense of her universal fitness, and she accepted the post upon the instant. She examined the different candidates who presented themselves at the rectory, as teachers of the young idea, just as she was accustomed to interrogate the applicants for her housemaids' situations —namely, with her hands behind her, and with an expression of countenance at once suspicious and patronising: it was long, therefore, before each party came to terms. Mr Joseph Buttamuth, a washed-out individual of a whity-brown complexion, and with unreliable knees, was at last the lucky man. He was so young that he was not only whiskerless, but had not even the down which gives the promise of whiskers; he could not be said to walk so accurately as to shamble; he termed his future pupils, to their great merriment, 'the boyth,' and when I asked him if he had ever taught boys before, he answered: 'Yeth, thir.'

Nevertheless, it is but right to say that Mr Buttamuth fulfilled all the tutorial duties that were required of him; it was not in the bond that he should be a conversable companion to me, as well as a teacher of my children; still, after Mr Donaldson Adams, poor Buttamuth did certainly seem a most uninteresting companion after the ladies had left the dinner-table, and not the less so, perhaps, that he had been chosen by my better-half. However, he was harmless. Our character and our watches in his hands were safe at least. He never came down to breakfast with a black eye in the morning, and the excuse that he had the misfortune to sleep on his fist. He was simplicity and guilelessness personified. For example, speaking to him one day of his chances of promotion in the church, for which profession he was steadily qualifying, I made use of the expression: 'If you play your cards well, you may be a bishop;' to which the unsophisticated young fellow rejoined: 'Ah, thir, but the misfortune is that *I don't know how to play cardth.*' Photography was his only joy. He took my own likeness from every possible point of view, in canonicals and in *déshabille*, on glass and on paper. He took my wife and daughter, and the three 'boyth,' and the servants, full length and half length, full face and in profile, individually and in groups. My daughter Georgiana was instructed by him in this delectable art. Fool that I was, to think that all was collodion and innocence, instead of being design and camera obscura! One day—a capital day for photographing, what he called, in his absurd jargon, 'a white day,' but which I do not consider 'a white day' by any means—while he was taking a 'negative' of my daughter, he proposed to her at the same time, and she gave him an affirmative. The whole thing, as Mr Buttamuth had the effrontery to tell me afterwards, was almost 'simultaneous' (another of his ridiculous terms); everything was then settled, except the asking the consent of her parents—the drying process, I suppose—which they put off till after their wedding. Mr and Mrs Buttamuth are now trying in a Westmoreland curacy the problem of a frugal marriage on L.120 per annum; and they have already, to enhance the experiment, a couple of baby 'boyth.'

BRIDE-WAINS AND BIRTH-CAKES.

From a very interesting paper called *Ancient Customs and Superstitions in Cumberland*, read before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, by Mr Craig Gibson, we learn how it was possible to marry upon less than 'three hundred a year' in the Lake country. 'The sports at these bride-wains were racing—by horses, donkeys, and men—wrestling, fencing, leaping, and other athletic games, of which the Cumbrians have always been passionately fond, and in which they still excel. After the ceremony, these, with eating, drinking, and, of course, dancing, filled up the day and night; but the characteristic feature of these meetings was the manner of carrying out the object for which they were drawn together. The bride, seating herself in some conspicuous situation where she would be passed and seen by all the multitude of guests—say, on their way to or from the refreshment-tables—with a large wooden platter or pewter dish in her lap, invited contributions from all and sundry. All contributed according to their means, and many very liberally; so that when the expenses were paid, a sum would remain sufficient to enable the parties interested to make a respectable start in housekeeping.' Nor were these couples so poor, it seems, but that they entertained their neighbours upon occasions of importance. 'After marriages, we legitimately come to the customs connected with births. Of these, the only one I have remarked as being confined to Cumberland, is the fashion of making, for the regalement of gossips and callers, a compound called room, or rum, butter; I am not certain which name is correct. It is a concoction of butter, sugar, spirits, and spices; and when eaten in the orthodox manner, with crisp oaten cake, is not so disagreeable as might be supposed. The quantity consumed in some country-houses, after the arrival of each little stranger, is something quite wonderful, especially in the more thinly peopled localities, where, as would scarcely be surmised, the number of congratulatory visitors is always the greatest. The humble dwelling in one of the fell dales, of a worthy clergyman who has reared twenty-one children on an annual income of less than L.70, has witnessed the preparation and consumption of forty-two stones of this Cumbrian dainty, or twenty-eight pounds at the birth of each child.'

CHILD-PHILOSOPHY.

Sister, the rain-drops as they fall
Upon the summer leaves,
Are like the sad, low, whispered call
Of some soft voice that grieves.

Yes, brother, yes; no rain-drops fell
In Eden's happier years,
Till sin and sorrow broke the spell,
For they are angels' tears.

Sister, I often think at night,
When on the stars I look,
They seem like faces sweet and bright
In some great picture-book.

Yes, brother, yes; the stars look forth
From out the quiet skies,
And smile upon us in our sleep,
For they are angels' eyes.

Sister, the rainbow on the cloud,
Reflected in the sea,
So endless and so beautiful,
Is like eternity.

Yes, brother, yes; the rainbow's arch
Doth teach us wondrous things,
For 'tis the light of God's own smile
Upon the angels' wings.

Sister, look on the calm blue sea,
And yon fair line of light,
Is that the pathway to the sun,
Dear heaven's own portal bright?

O brother, yes; and may *we* rest
When we have ceased to roam,
For ever blessing, ever blest,
There, in the angels' home!

C.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 245. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

MY BABES IN THE WOOD.

WHICH was the title jocularly given in ours, to an interesting young family, reared this summer in a hole in the trunk of a venerable apple-tree, at the corner of the garden. Children, shall I tell you their history? 'beginning at the very beginning,' which you know you like?

It was towards the end of May, and our garden was becoming a perfect aviary. It is a very old-fashioned garden, stocked with ancient fruit-trees:

> Apple and pear, and plum and cherry,
> Or anything else to make us merry,

as many a bird sang, or meant to sing: with luxuriant undergrowth of currants, gooseberries, raspberries, running almost wild. In this paradise are admitted neither guns, nor traps, nor bird-nesting boys; so we presume it is well known to all our feathered neighbours; and that they mention it to one another privately—under the rose, or the hawthorn-bush—as 'a most desirable place for house-building.'

We had concerts gratis all day over, mingled with chirpings and squabblings among the sparrows, the most quarrelsome birds alive; and a few inexplicable 'rows' of a general kind, after which a cuckoo would be seen flying, in her lazy, heavy way, from the scene of dispute, pursued by a great clamour of lesser birds. Mrs C., however, seemed indifferent to public opinion; would settle herself on a tree in the field, and indulge us with her soft, plaintive 'Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!' till she was tired.

Nest-building was at its height—namely, the tree-tops. The most important mansion was owned by a pair of anonymous birds—I believe of the thrush species, though they did not sing. They had gone about their domestic affairs so very quietly that the family were nearly fledged before the nest was discovered. Afterwards, for days, they gave me no little disquietude. I used to be disturbed at inconvenient seasons, from work or talk, by the misery of these big ungainly birds—they were nearly as large as pigeons—which kept flying franticly about the garden, and screeching discordantly, all because a curious but perfectly well-intentioned lad was peering into their nest. If my pet cat happened to lie in sleepiest innocence on the parlour window-sill, these indignant parents would swoop fiercely past him, close enough to have pecked his eyes out, and sit screeching at him from the neighbouring tree. He never took any notice; but since feline nature is weak, from the day that the nest was vacated, and more than one newly fledged youngster was seen hopping awkwardly about under the gooseberry-bushes, I was kept in mortal fear lest he should walk in at the window with a young thrush in his mouth. No such disaster happened; yet, I confess, that when the thrush family finally disappeared, it was a great relief to my mind.

My next friends were a pair of tom-tits, which took possession of a crack in the wall, underneath my bedroom-window. Their privacy was extreme. It was a mystery how they contrived to creep in and out of a hole, apparently not big enough to admit a large blue-bottle fly; and their little family must have been reared in very cramped lodgings. Nobody ever saw the young ones, for it would be impossible to get at them. Yet it was pleasant of a morning to watch the old birds flying to and fro, hanging a moment outside of the crack, and then popping in. They were very pretty birds—the papa especially—a most natty little fellow, delicately shaped, with a glossy blue-black head. After feeding-time was over, he used to go and sit on the nearest tree, in sight of his domestic establishment, brushing up his feathers, and singing 'tit, tit, tit,' the utmost he could do. When at last this worthy little couple vanished—children and all—I decidedly missed them from the crack in the wall.

But of all my garden families, the one most cared for was that I have to-day lost—my babes in the wood. Let me resume their history.

It was about the end of May, when in my daily walk before breakfast—which you will find is the very best hour for observing birds or anything else in nature—I found that, whenever I passed a particular corner, I always startled some large bird, which flew away in alarm. At last I saw it—beak, head, and all, emerging from a hole in a half-decayed apple-tree. It was a black-bird.

'So, my friend,' said I, 'you are evidently bent on settling—a very laudable proceeding—and you shall not be disturbed.'

Therefore, though I passed the tree twenty times a day, and each time out flew a bird, for many days I generously abstained from taking any notice of the busy little house-builders. At last, after watching one of them scramble out of the hole—the hen-bird probably, as she was large, clumsy, and brownish; it really is hard that the female of most birds should generally be so much less good-looking than the male—I ventured to look in. There, with some difficulty, I saw, a foot or more deep in the hollow tree, four bluish eggs.

Considering them now fairly settled in housekeeping, I took every opportunity that their shyness

Digitized by Google

allowed, of becoming acquainted with the new-comers. Soon I knew them well by sight, and they certainly had a fair chance of reciprocating the compliment. Gradually, they shewed less fear; and though that peculiar cry, half twitter, half screech, which seemed used as a signal of alarm between the parents, was still uttered, it was not in that shrill pitiful anguish which really makes one feel that

To rob a poor bird of its young,

or even to make it apprehensive on the point, almost transforms one, in one's own conscience, to an ogre killing a baby.

The old birds were a goodly pair. Mr B., as I named him, was an uncommonly handsome little gentleman—jet-black, with the slenderest figure, the yellowest bill, the brightest eyes; quite a beau among black-birds. But with all his beauty, he was the most attentive of husbands, and the most cheerful and musical. He had great richness and variety of song, made distinct turns and trills; nay, I once heard him execute a distinct shake on two notes. He never tired of singing. Lying awake one night, I heard him begin with the dawn, loud as ever; and in showery weather, his exuberant carols lasted all day long.

But the treat of treats was to watch him perched on the topmost spray of a poplar, not yet fully in leaf, so that his delicate shape was clearly discernible against the sky; and listen to him in the still June evening, singing to his wife and family a song that almost brought the tears into one's eyes, to think there should be such a happy creature in the world.

Meantime, the world jogged on as it will; and all sorts of things were, week after week, happening to everybody in it, while, peaceful in his garden, which no doubt, he looked upon as his own personal property, currants, raspberry-bushes, and all—

That blithe and indefatigable bird,
Still his redundant song of love and joy preferred.

Mrs B. I rarely saw—not even when looking down into the nest, though she was probably there all the while, brooding dusky and motionless over the four eggs. You may have noticed that nothing alive is so absolutely motionless as a hen-bird sitting on her nest. You may go up to her, almost put your hand upon her, and not a feather will stir; hardly a twinkle of the bright observant eye will betray her consciousness of your presence, or the maternal agony which at the last minute, and not till then, drives her away by the mere instinct of self-preservation from her rifled home. I wonder how any boy, who ever had a home and a mother, *can* take a bird's-nest.

I thought the eggs a long time hatching; but that was Mrs B.'s affair, not mine. One fine morning, passing the apple-tree, I heard a chirp, weak and faint, but still the chirp of a living thing, and felt as pleased as—well, as most people are when silly, young, helpless things of any sort are newly introduced into the business of this world. But the parents flew about so wildly, and appeared in such a state of mind, that I had not the heart to frighten them further by looking into the nest. Next day, in their absence, I did so; and lo! four wide-open mouths—mouths and nothing else—stretched themselves up from the bottom of the hole, in true infantine fashion, clamorously demanding 'something to eat.'

'My young friends,' thought I, 'your papa and mamma are likely to have a busy life of it, if this is your behaviour on the second day of your existence.'

But the third, fourth, and all following days it was just the same. I never saw any young creatures—including kittens and babies—so incessantly and preternaturally hungry. As soon as my step was heard passing, arose from the heart of the apple-tree that eager 'chirp, chirp, chirp,' and there were those four gaping beaks, or sometimes three, one having apparently had its worm and retired content—ravenously appealing to me for breakfast. Very flattering—to be mistaken for an old black-bird!

In process of time, my 'young family,' as they were called, grew wiser and less clamorous; but still, they always chirped when I looked in at the nest, and their parents, seeing no ill follow, became more at ease, even familiar. Many a morning, as I sat reading under a tree, about three yards off, Mrs B. would come and sit on the bough within a few inches of her nursery, and hold a soft chirping conversation with her little ones, while her husband was practising his florid music on the topmost branch of the tree. They were a very happy family, I do think, and a pattern to many unfeathered families far and near.

One night in June we had a terrific storm. The thunder, close overhead, rolled through the heavy dawn like parks of artillery; the rain came dripping through the roof and soaking in at the window-sills. We afterwards heard, with no great surprise, of churches struck, wheat-stacks burned up, and trees in the next garden blasted by the lightning; but amidst all these disasters, I grieve to confess, one of my most prominent thoughts was: What will become of my young black-birds? For their hole being open to the sky, I expected the torrents of rain would have filled it like a tub, and drowned them, poor wee things! in their nest.

How this did not happen, I even now am puzzled to decide; whether the rain soaked safely through the wood, or the parents, turning their wings into umbrellas, sat patiently over the opening of the hole till the storm was passed. But next morning, when I paddled through the dripping garden to see if they were alive, there they were, all four, as perky and hungry as ever! And at noon, a stray sunbeam piercing into their shadowy nursery, gave me a distinct vision of the whole family, sound asleep, packed tightly together with their heads over one another's backs, not a feather ruffled—they had feathers now—among the whole brood. What cared they for thunder-storms?

They now throve apace. Once, coming suddenly round the corner, I saw on the edge of the hole the drollest little head, all beak and eyes, which looked about for a minute, and then popped down again. Doubtless, the eldest of the family, an adventurous and inquisitive young bird, desiring to investigate the world for himself—after which he and the rest were probably well scolded by the old black-birds, and advised caution; for sometimes the silence in the nest was such that I thought they had all flown, till I caught sight of the four little yellow bills and eight twinkling eyes.

Still, one now might daily expect their departure; and I own to an uncomfortable feeling at thought of

Digitized by Google

the empty nest, until an incident happened which reconciled me to the natural course of things.

One morning, at our railway station, I overheard two of my neighbours conversing.

'Yes,' said one, 'they are very great annoyances in gardens. I shot this morning a fellow which no doubt had his nest somewhere near—a remarkably fine black-bird.'

'Sir,' I was just on the point of saying, 'was it *my* black-bird?—have you dared to shoot *my* black-bird?' and a thrill of alarm, mixed with a sensation so fierce that I now smile to recall it, passed through me, and remained long after I became aware of the ludicrous impossibility of expressing it. If I could I have given 'a piece of my mind' to that stout middle-aged gentleman—who went on saying what a good shot he was, and how many birds he usually killed in his garden of a morning—he might not have gone into town to his office so composedly.

The wrong he did, however, was to some other 'young family,' not mine. I found them chirping away, neither fatherless nor motherless. Mrs B. was hopping, stout and matronly, among the apple-branches, and Mr B. caroling his heart out in his favourite cherry-tree—where, probably, he feasted as contentedly as our gunpowder friend would on lamb and green peas in the merchants' dining-rooms.

My happy family! That was my last sight of their innocent enjoyment. The same evening, two warning voices insinuated cruelly: 'Your black-birds are flown.'

I denied it. Not ten minutes before, I had heard their usual sleepy chirp, before they were quiet for the night, at the bottom of the hole. I wanted proof.

'We can give it. We poked'——

'You didn't surely poke them with a stick?'

'No!' cried the accused criminals. 'But we dropped a gooseberry down into their hole. We heard it fall, and not a chirp—not a stir. Now, not even your black-birds could have received such an unexpected visitor—a large, hard, green gooseberry—without giving some sign of surprise. Depend upon it, they are flown.'

They were not. Next morning, I both heard and saw them again, snug as ever, or so I believed. But a few hours after, taking advantage of the bright noon sunshine pouring direct on it, I looked deep down into the familiar hole. There was the nest, neat and round, and there, in the middle of it, reigning in desolate grandeur, was the large gooseberry!

'My young family is gone!' said I, rather sadly, when, having peered in every garden-nook, and found no sign of them, I came indoors.

'O yes, they left the nest an hour ago. The boy helped them out. They had got to the top of the hole, and couldn't get further; so he just put his hand in and gave them a lift, and out they flew.'

'All four of them?'

'All four—and as big as their parents.'

'And they have not been seen about the garden anywhere?'

'Nowhere. They just got out of the nest, and away they flew.'

So that is the end of my story.

I hope my 'young family' are enjoying themselves very much somewhere; that they find plenty of fruit, and worms, and sunshiny weather; above all, that they take care to keep out of the garden of my warlike neighbour taking his early morning rambles in company with a gun. But my garden, I confess, is a little duller than it used to be; and for some weeks to come, I shall probably prefer other corners of it to that which contains the empty cradle of my Babes in the Wood.

ADVENTURES IN THE INDIAN REBELLION.

In almost all the published experiences of our suffering countrymen during the eastern mutiny, we behold them a small band of aliens, sprinkled over an immense tract of subjugated country, about whose inhabitants they had little knowledge, and scarcely any care; content, so long as the profession of native obedience was made in bowing of heads and raising of arms, to believe all was well, and only not scouting the warnings of the more prudent, inasmuch as they seemed visionary rather than timid. The life of Europeans in India was, to say truth, for the most part frivolous and thoughtless enough, and as the calamity which befell them was one of the most tremendous in the history of revolts, so perhaps the victims themselves were the least fitted, by previous experience, to bear it. It is almost unnecessary here to say that they nevertheless did bear it—both men and women—with a fortitude which would have become a sect of Stoics. A very few men, however, chiefly civilians, had long looked forward to the time when some such outbreak as the present must needs occur, from causes of much older standing, and of much more real importance, than heterodox cartridges or missionary colonels, but which at the same time it would have been inconvenient and expensive to rectify. One of these sagacious persons was Mr Edwards, judge of Benares, and late magistrate and collector of Budaon in Rohilcund, whose *Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion** we have now before us. Of this gentleman Sir Charles Napier writes in his *Indian Misgovernment*: 'As far as a not more than ordinary acquaintance gives means of judging, he is a man with most able and extended views of policy; and there is no one who more stanchly protects the natives against injustice and insult.'

The sepoys forming the Bareilly garrison had just mutinied, massacred the Europeans, fired the station, broken open the central jail, which contained nearly four thousand of the most desperate characters in India, and were in full march upon Budaon, to join the treasury-guard there, and to burn and plunder the town. Several indigo-planters and others had at once fled to Mr Edwards for protection, who himself was utterly defenceless, and had nothing to congratulate himself upon except the comfortable thought that his wife and child were safe in the hills.

'I was satisfied,' says he, 'that as long as I was alone I could provide for my own safety, having numbers of friends in the district able and anxious to protect and shelter me; but they were unwilling in any way to compromise their own safety by granting an asylum to the others; more especially as some of the party were at feud with the people of the district, in consequence of having purchased estates, sold under harsh circumstances, by decrees of our civil courts.

'To the large number of these sales during the past twelve or fifteen years, and the operation of our revenue system, which has had the result of destroying the gentry of the country and breaking up the village communities, I attribute solely the disorganisation of this and the neighbouring districts in these provinces.

'By fraud or chicanery, a vast number of the estates of families of rank and influence have been alienated, either wholly or in part, and have been purchased by new men—chiefly traders or government

* Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

Digitized by Google

officials—without character or influence over their tenantry. These men, in a vast majority of instances, were also absentees, fearing or disliking to reside on their purchases, where they were looked upon as interlopers and unwelcome intruders. The ancient proprietary of these alienated estates were again living as tenantry on the lands once theirs; by no means reconciled to their change of position, but maintaining their hereditary hold as strong as ever over the sympathies and affections of the agricultural body, who were ready and willing to join their feudal superiors in any attempt to recover their lost position and regain possession of their estates. The ancient landed proprietary body of the Budaon district were thus still in existence, but in the position of tenants, not proprietors. None of the men who had succeeded them as landowners were possessed of sufficient influence or power to give me any aid in maintaining the public tranquillity. On the contrary, the very first people who came in to me, imploring aid, were this new proprietary body, to whom I had a right to look for vigorous and efficient efforts in the maintenance of order. On the other hand, those who really could control the vast masses of the rural population were interested in bringing about a state of disturbance and general anarchy.'

Mr Edwards determined to put in his lot with the rest of his fellow-countrymen, and with three or four companions and a faithful Afghan servant, Wuzeer Singh, fled across the Ganges towards Futteghur. After receiving much doubtful hospitality, checkered with one piece of real kindness from an old pensioner of the government, who refused any recompense for his hospitality in these terms: 'You are in far greater need than I am now, who have a home, whereas you are wanderers in the jungles; but if ever your raj is restored, remember me and the little service I have been able to render you;' after many insults, only not breaking out into actual violence, the fugitives are attacked in earnest; their guide and guard, Mooltan Khan, assures them coolly that he pities them from his heart, but that the people in a certain village wherein they have rested have determined to murder them; the little party mounted at once, and Mr Edwards leads the way on an excellent horse which he has the good-fortune to have under him.

'I was some way in front, and riding along by the wall of the enclosure in which the house was situated, and not far from the gate, when the mob opened fire upon us, with savage shouts and yells. How I escaped I know not, for the bullets were rapping into the wall all about me; but my horse, becoming very restive under the fire, plunged so much that they could neither hit him nor myself. Turning round to see what was going on behind me, I saw Mr Donald senior, without his hat, trying to get out of the crowd, and a number of men rushing in upon Mr Gibson and striking at him with swords and sticks.

'I now noticed Mooltan Khan and our escort galloping off, leaving us to our fate. My only chance was to attempt to rejoin them; so I called out to Mr Donald senior, to follow me, and drawing my revolver, put my horse right at the crowd as hard as I could go. They opened for me right and left, and I passed close to poor Mr Gibson: I shall never forget his look of agony, as he was ineffectually trying to defend himself from the ruffians who were swarming round him. I could render him no aid, and was only enabled to save myself through the activity and strength of my horse. Once or twice, I was on the point of shooting some of the fellows, but refrained; thinking that threatening them with my pistol was more likely to deter them, as when once a barrel was discharged, they might close in upon me, fancying that I could no longer hurt them.'

Mr Edwards and two others arrive safe—if that word can be used of any man under such circumstances—at Dhurumpore, Hurdeo Buksh's fort, where they find a large body of fugitives from Futteghur. All the party, however, with the exception of Mr and Mrs Probyn, their four little children, and Mr Edwards himself, return to that town, relying upon the fidelity of the 10th native infantry, and are all massacred (save two), either in their passage down the river to Cawnpore, or afterwards at that dreadful place. The mutineers insist that Hurdeo Buksh shall give up his unhappy guests to their tender mercies; but the old Rajpoot chief gives his right hand to Mr Edwards, and pledges his honour for their safety—only at the same time requesting them to leave the fort for a village three miles off, where some connections of his own would receive them.

'We accordingly gathered together our bedding and a few things for the four children, and started: Mrs Probyn carrying one child, I the baby, Wuzeer Singh a third as well as my gun, and Probyn's servant the fourth child. Probyn himself carried his three guns and ammunition. How thankful did I feel at that moment that my wife and child were, as I hoped, safe in the hills, and that I had to face alone these alarms and perils.'

Even this miserable refuge is presently denied them; and they are directed to flee into the jungle to a village that would presently become insulated by the rising of two rivers, and *to leave the poor children behind them.* This last demand they positively refuse to comply with, and at length the whole party are permitted to depart together; the journey, however, was a terrible one, and when they arrived at its termination, Runjpoorah (the place of affliction), the scene was indeed calculated to inspire despair.

'As we came up, no one was moving in the village, all being yet asleep. One of the thakoors roused up the chief man, a wild-looking Aheer, who pointed out to us a wretched hovel, which he said was for the Probyns. It was full of cattle, and very filthy; the mud and dirt were over our ankles, and the effluvia stifling.

'My heart sank within me, as I looked round on this desolate, hopeless scene. I laid down the poor baby on a charpoy in a little hut, the door of which was open, and on which a child of one of the herdsmen was fast asleep. Poor Mrs Probyn, for the first time since our troubles commenced, fairly broke down, and wept at the miserable prospect for her children and herself. Probyn was much roused, and remonstrated with the thakoors, saying: "If there is no better place for us than this, you had better kill us at once, for the children cannot live here more than a few hours—they must perish." In the meantime I had looked round, to see if any arrangement could possibly be made for sheltering them, and, observing a little place on the roof of one of the huts, pointed it out to Wuzeer Singh; he immediately scrambled up, and having examined it, called out that it was empty, clean, and dry, and a palace compared with the place below. I mounted up with his assistance, and was overjoyed to find a little room, clean and sweet, and with apparently a water-tight roof.'

Here these eight persons (Wuzeer Singh being still with them) established themselves, and remained for a long period surrounded by the saving waters. From this place, Mr Edwards is enabled to send two letters, each enclosed in a small quill, so as to be held in the mouth of the messenger, to his wife at Nynee Tal, and to a friendly native at Bareilly.

'I had but a small scrap of paper—half the fly-leaf of Brydges on the 119th Psalm, which happily we had with us—on which to write both notes. Pen or ink I had none, and only the stump of a lead-pencil, of which the lead was so nearly exhausted that only a

Digitized by Google

little atom remained quite loose. I at once commenced my writing; in the middle, the little atom of lead fell out, and I was in despair. At last, after much searching in the dust of the mud-floor, I found it, and contrived to refix it in its place sufficiently to enable me to finish two very brief notes, about one inch square; which was all the man could conceal about his person, or would consent to take, as it was reported that the rebels were in the habit of searching all travellers for letters or papers, and had already killed several who were discovered with English letters on them.

'When the notes were ready, I got a little milk, and steeped them in it, to make the writing indelible, and then put them out to dry in the sun on a wall just outside my room. In an instant a crow pounced on one and carried it off—it was that for my wife. I, of course, thought it was gone for ever, and felt heart-broken with vexation; as I had no more paper, nor any means or hope of getting any, on which to write another note. Wuzeer Singh had, unknown to me, seen the crow, followed it with one of the herdsmen, and after a long chase of about an hour, saw the bird drop it, and recovering it, brought it back to me uninjured.'

The poor little baby was of course the first to sink under the terrible privations to which the party now became subject; to save it was impossible; 'our fear was if he died in Runjpoorah, it would be impossible to get a dry spot in which to bury him—all the country being flooded to a considerable depth, except the sites of the houses.' A little after this, another of the children perished.

On Sunday, August 2d, there arrives an unexpected visitor. 'I was roused this morning before dinner by a noise in the enclosure, and on looking up saw a tall spectral-looking figure standing before me, naked except a piece of cloth wrapped round his waist, much emaciated, and dripping with water. I recognised him as young Mr Jones, who, Hurdeo Buksh had informed us, had been saved from the boat captured by the sepoys.'

He has a story to tell enough to curdle the blood of any listener, but we have no room to repeat it here. On the ensuing day the messenger from Nynee Tal comes back with a welcome answer; he had concealed Mr Edwards's letter to his wife 'in the interior of a bamboo walking-stick, and knowing that this would be most likely seized and examined, he cracked it across half-way up, so that if taken from him and broken, it might give way at that exact part, and the portion in which the letter was concealed remain sound and escape detection.' All this occurred exactly as had been anticipated, and the little note reached its destination. The messenger related that the lady was dressed in black when she received it, but immediately afterwards went away and put on a white dress.

On Sunday, August 30, after passing some three months in hiding, the fugitives, now consisting of six Europeans, determined to embark for Cawnpore—by this time reoccupied by the British—in a boat provided for them by Hurdeo Buksh. During the first twenty miles of their course down the Ramgunga, they ran little risk, as the chief's influence sufficed so far to protect them; but for thirty miles beyond, and after the junction of that river with the Ganges, their danger was great indeed: they pass by the scene of the massacre of the Futteghur fugitives, still inhabited by the murderers, with beating hearts; they reach a ferry where the stream narrows very dangerously. 'Except the boat at this and other ferries, there was nothing floating on the Ganges. Instead of the fleets which for the last fifty years had been passing up and down without intermission, not a single boat had been seen on its waters since that one which had escaped from Futteghur, and of whose fate we were in the utmost ignorance. The unusual sight of a boat rowed rapidly down-stream, with a number of armed men on the roof and deck, attracted immediate attention, and we hardly dared to hope that we could safely pass this ferry. As we approached the place, our guards got their cartridge-boxes handy, and their powder-horns by them, all ready if required.

'We were, as we expected, challenged and asked who we were, and told to stop and pull inshore. The thakoor replied that he was taking his family down to Tirrowah Pulleeah, and could not stop. A voice called out: "You have Feringhees (English) concealed in that boat; come ashore at once." "Feringhees on board," was the ready answer of the thakoor, Pirthee Pal; "I wish we had, and we should soon dispose of them, and get their plunder." "Stop, and come ashore," was repeated; but by this time, owing to the rapidity of the stream, we had floated past.'

Upon Dhunna Singh, a friend of Hurdeo Buksh, the fugitives depended for their safety during the latter part of this perilous voyage. In a desolate spot opposite this man's territory they wait for hours in a most terrible state of anxiety and suspense, but at last he comes in person and joins their company; his guards give out, in answer to all challenges, that the passengers within are his own family being taken down to a famous bathing-ghat close to Cawnpore. The enemy upon the bank, however, are often unsatisfied with this, and insist upon having a reply from the chief himself, whose peculiarly harsh and powerful voice never fails to convince them of his identity. 'On we went without interruption for some miles, when the stream carrying us close inshore on the right bank, we came, on rounding a point suddenly, on a considerable body of people, some bathing, and some sitting on the bank. On Dhunna Singh replying in the usual manner to their challenge, what was our delight and surprise to hear the party, who were completely deceived about us, earnestly warn Dhunna Singh not to proceed much further down the river, as he would in that case inevitably fall into the hands of the Gora log (Europeans), who were in force in Bithoor, and would kill all in the boat. Dhunna Singh, with his usual presence of mind, affected great alarm at this intelligence, and winking coolly at me as I lay inside the covering, eagerly inquired of those ashore where our troops were posted, and how far we could proceed down the stream with safety. He was told the exact spot; and then, saying he would avoid that point, and cross to the Oude side of the stream, told the rowers to give way. We shot rapidly away, and thus escaped a most imminent danger. So near were we to the party on shore that Probyn and I each caught up one of the children and kept our hands on their mouths, lest they might speak or cry out, which would have betrayed us at once, and we must have been lost.'

In passing Bithoor, they had another narrow escape; but at length Cawnpore itself is seen in the distance. 'Soon after, we came upon a picket of Sikhs posted near the old magazine. This was the most joyful sight our eyes had seen for many a weary day and night. The party, not imagining that by any possibility the boat could contain friends, came down to oppose us, and were capping their muskets to fire, when Wuzeer Singh hailed them in their own dialect, informing them who we were. The native officer in command, and all the men, then came forward to congratulate us on our escape; at which they seemed as heartily rejoiced as if they had been our own countrymen. They told us to drop down the stream until we came to the camp where our troops were intrenched, which we should know by a steamer being moored below. We left them, and in about half an

Digitized by Google

hour reached the landing. After some trouble, owing to the violence of the wind and strength of the current, we succeeded in making our boat fast to another alongside the steamer. Then, indeed, with grateful and overflowing hearts, we stepped on shore, feeling that at last we were saved and among our own countrymen.'

Surely never was a more exciting voyage than this, or one with a more delightful termination. We have no doubt that this part of the book will be the most eagerly devoured by the public; but the whole volume, from beginning to end, is interesting in a very high degree.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

III. THE TRAVELLERS' REST.

The door of the Travellers' Rest always stands hospitably open, as is becoming in a roadside house of entertainment. On this particular stormy night, the snow came drifting in furiously; and the wind, whistling along the wide passages of the old-fashioned public-house, disturbed the whist-players, who were enjoying their usual evening rubber in the little bar-parlour. Mrs Dawson, from her *sanctum* (the bar), where she sat in attendance on her customers, observed this, and called out to the servant:

'Bet, my lass, thou mayst shut the front-door; we shall ha' no more visitors to-night for certain; nobody would venture out in such a storm; so get thy supper, and to bed wi' thee—thou hast to rise early to-morrow. If the morning turns out fine, we shall ha' lots o' fair-day folk here by seven o'clock.'

Betty went to obey her mistress's orders, but immediately rushed back, screaming with terror, and crying out: 'A ghost, a ghost!' she took refuge in the kitchen, slamming the door after her, to keep the spiritual intruder at a respectful distance.

'A ghost! why, what does the silly wench mean?' said Mrs Dawson, as she put her knitting down, and came out of the bar to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary conduct. On arriving in the passage, she might have echoed Betty's cry—that is, if she, too, had been given to a belief in ghosts—for there, leaning for support with one hand on each doorpost, stood a figure ghastly to behold!—a man, gasping and struggling for breath; his eyes bloodshot, and glaring wildly around; his hair matted and dishevelled; shoeless; and, in such a bitter night as that, wearing only the thin garments of a street-tumbler, and those saturated with snow. At last, the mountebank had reached the Travellers' Rest, whose friendly lamp had guided him to the door.

'Bless me!' cried the landlady, 'here 's a poor chap that looks as if he was dying. He 's one of the show-folk, I see. Come in, good man; don't stand there—come to the fire; thou seems perished.'

The mountebank essayed to accept her hospitable invitation; he staggered forward a few steps; uttered, in a hoarse whisper, the word 'water,' when a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell heavily, face downwards.

The house was all astir directly; the rubber came to a sudden close, and the village doctor, who was one of the card-players, hurried out to the sick man's assistance. With the help of the other members of the whist-party, he raised the patient up, and bore him carefully into the bar-parlour, where he was deposited on the sofa. Joe Ostler, and Betty too, now that her fears of 'the ghost' were dispelled, hastened to offer their services in his behalf.

'Blankets made quite hot, Betty! Warm water and a sponge, Joe! A glass of weak port-negus, Mrs Dawson!'

Such were the doctor's hurried orders; in compliance with which, the persons addressed disappeared instantaneously, and returned anon with the appliances above named. Every one present lending a hand, the hot blankets were quickly spread, and the insensible form of the mountebank enveloped therein; his mouth and eyes were sponged unceasingly for many minutes, but no signs of returning consciousness appeared.

'I'm afraid the poor fellow 's gone,' said the sympathising Mrs Dawson.

'No, no,' replied the doctor, 'but he 's in imminent danger; he has burst a blood-vessel, from over-exertion, apparently. We 'll try the effect of the negus;' so saying, he slowly poured a small portion of it down the patient's throat. With much difficulty, the latter contrived to swallow it. It somewhat revived him, for presently he opened his eyes, and gazed inquiringly at the anxious faces assembled round his couch; the doctor took this opportunity to administer a second dose; and having laid the stranger in as easy a posture as he could, began to make his arrangements for the night. Taking the patient's dangerous condition into consideration, he resolved to sit up with him all night. Mrs Dawson and Joe Ostler volunteered to watch too; and it was agreed upon that, at six in the morning, they should be relieved by the other members of the party. Fain would the good-natured trio of card-players have remained all night; but this the doctor would by no means allow; so, with many kind wishes for the invalid's speedy recovery, they took their departure. Betty retired to rest; and Mrs Dawson brought the doctor a stiff tumbler of his favourite beverage (brandy and water, hot); also a glass of strong rum-punch for Joe, 'to help him to watch.' It didn't produce the desired effect though; for Joe, tired out with a hard day's work—he was ostler, boots, gardener, and waiter, too, sometimes—after tossing off the steaming potion, leaned back in his chair, and fell fast asleep. Mrs Dawson employed herself in knitting a stocking, and sipping green tea; the doctor, with his feet on the fender, was soon deeply immersed in newspaper politics; and the mountebank slumbered uneasily. This was the state of affairs in the little bar-parlour until three o'clock, when suddenly the patient started up, seized a chair which stood near him, waved it over his head, and finally balanced it on his forehead by one leg, exclaiming in a hoarse voice: 'Bravo, bravo, Alfy! A capital *pose* that! Ha, ha, ha! We shall soon eclipse Risley and Sons! Bravo! Now, little Midgkins, it's *your* turn! Now for a somersault! Here goes!'

Suiting the action to the word, he was about to precipitate the chair across the room, and through a large looking-glass which hung over the mantelpiece; when the doctor, being on the alert, woke Joe with a hearty kick on the shins, and, by their united efforts, they wrested the chair from him, and forced him to lie down.

'Joe,' said the doctor, 'run across the road; ring the surgery-bell as loud as you can till my young man answers it, and tell him to send me a composing-draught.'

Joe hastened away on his mission, while the doctor and Mrs Dawson held the patient down, and tried with soothing words to calm his agitation, but in

Digitized by Google

vain. He trembled violently, his eyes flashed fire, and he raved unceasingly about his boys—his darlings! about hunger—poverty—snow—the workhouse—death!

Joe reappeared with the draught; this the doctor put into a tumbler, and applied to the patient's burning lips, with, 'Come, drink, my man, drink! a glass will drown care.'

The mountebank shook his head; but, on hearing the landlady in a kindly tone add her entreaties to those of the doctor, he said quietly: 'Well, well, Agnes, if *you* wish me to take it, I will;' and he held out his hand for the glass, the contents of which he drained at once. Its effects were instantaneous: the poor man laid his head on the pillow, and soon slept tranquilly.

At the appointed hour, the gentlemen who had promised to relieve the watchers assembled at the Travellers' Rest. Mrs Dawson, however, declared that she 'didn't feel fatigued—that it warn't worth while to go to bed, for the fair-day folk would be meeting in an hour or two, and that she would rather stay up.' So said the doctor too, and Joe agreed with them.

'Bring breakfast, then, for the party, at my expense,' cried Hopkins, the exciseman; 'and let it be of the best.'

The landlady bustled about, aroused Betty to assist her, and between them they quickly prepared a capital breakfast, to which all present did ample justice. As the meal drew towards a conclusion, the mountebank slowly arose, and assuming a sitting-posture, surveyed the room and its occupants with unfeigned astonishment.

'Well, my man,' said the worthy doctor, 'you've had a tolerably long nap; now, take this cup of coffee, and, if you can, eat a slice of bread and ham; it will do you no harm.'

The poor man made no answer, for he was completely bewildered, but, mechanically, he took the cup in his hand, staring vacantly around until he chanced to see the portly form of the landlady, who was presiding at the breakfast-table, when, with the speed and force of lightning, yesterday's incidents rushed in a crowd upon his memory. 'This is the Travellers' Rest, then,' said he. 'Don't you remember me, Mrs Dawson? You used to call me Belphegor, because, like him, I was a mountebank, and, like him, had a pretty wife and a family.'

'So it is, I declare,' replied Mrs Dawson; 'it's the father of them two lovely boys as were here last fair.'

At the mention of his boys, the sick man's face became absolutely livid with fear, and his lips quivered as he gasped forth: '*My* children—*are they safe?*'

There was a dead silence, for the dreadful truth flashed upon every one present. The father had been compelled to leave his darlings on the moor, exposed to the fury of that terrible tempest, while he sought aid in their behalf. The doctor was the first to speak; 'We'll hope so, my good friend.'

'*Hope?* Are they not *here?* Speak!—quick! quick! quick! You won't answer me. O my boys! Dead!—dead! Wretch, inhuman wretch that I was, to abandon them!'

Again the benevolent doctor was the spokesman; he hastened to assure the unhappy father that immediate search should be made—tried to cheer him by expressing a hope—which he certainly did not feel—that the children would be found safe, and promised that everything possible should be done for them.

'It's my delight, of a shiny night, in the season of the year!' roared rather than sung a rough, good-natured voice, as its owner drove up to the inn-door in a light cart.

'There's Tom Whitlock!' exclaimed the mountebank, and, exerting all his strength, he gathered his blanket round him, rushed out of the room, and opened the street-door.

'Whoy, Jem, lad, be that thee?' cried the Yorkshireman; 'I be reet glad to see thee, mun! But what's up? Thee looks mortal pale and thin; hast been badly?'

'Your cart—it's empty, isn't it?' was the hurried reply.

'Ay, for sure,' said Tom. 'I unloaded t' goods down t' fair ground, and now I'm for putting Topsy into t' stable here.'

The party, having followed the patient to the door, now rapidly explained matters to Tom, who, with the characteristic kindness of his countrymen, immediately placed his vehicle at his friend's disposal, resumed the reins, and would at once have set forth in search of the little ones, but that the doctor insisted on the mountebank's having some refreshment before he started. Eat he could not; so he and Tom were each supplied with a dram to keep out the cold; the exciseman lent his large blue cloak to father; the schoolmaster supplied him with a thick woollen comforter; Joe Ostler produced his Sunday boots and stockings, and a warm sleeved-waistcoat; and Mrs Dawson contributed a pair of trousers and a hat that had belonged to her late husband. The doctor having declared that unless his patient consented to put these things on, he should be detained by main force, the mountebank reluctantly consented to allow Joe to equip him in them, although his impatience during the operation amounted to agony. In a few minutes his hasty toilet was completed; Joe assisted him into the cart; the doctor, furnished with wine and other restoratives, took his seat; and the ostler threw in a bundle of horse-cloths and a spade.

'Now, Topsy, old lass, as quick as thee canst!' shouted Tom; but the depth of snow rendered speed impossible. All the inmates of the Travellers' Rest, except its mistress, followed; not a word was spoken; suspense is generally silent. The travellers had proceeded nearly four miles without finding any traces of those whom they sought, when suddenly the mountebank, who had hitherto been perfectly motionless—if we except a quick, nervous twitching about the corners of his mouth—hastily clutched the doctor's arm, whispering: 'See! see!—there!' The doctor looked in the direction indicated by his patient, but shook his head. The dim gray of the morning presented nothing to his gaze but one unbroken surface of snow; his vision was not sharpened by parental love and fear. The father now attracted Tom's attention to the same spot, and bade him drive that way. 'See! see!' said he—'*their grave!*'

'A snaw-drift, loikely,' replied Tom. 'Keep up thy heart, mun; we'll soon see what it is. Get along, Topsy! Gee! gee! lass!'

As they neared the place, every one perceived, indeed, a mound of snow, presenting exactly the appearance of a grave; and to complete the resemblance, there stood a headstone.

'On! on!' said the father. 'O Tom, drive on! How slowly we get along!'

At last they stopped; the mountebank pushed aside the hands extended to assist him, leaped wildly out of the cart, and stood for a moment silently contemplating their grave. Joe took the spade, and began removing the tall white heap that looked so like a headstone. In a little while, having shovelled away a quantity of snow, the top of a large drum became visible: at sight of this, the mountebank's face was alternately flushed and pale, pale and flushed. Keen anxiety marked the countenances of the whole party, and all eyes were so intently fixed on Joe's operations, that none had observed a recent addition to their number. It was a woman—young, fair, and of an interesting appearance. Presentiment, destiny's grim

Digitized by Google

shadow, had whispered to her the sad tale of her children's luckless fate; and leaving the two younger ones to the care of a neighbour, she had set out for Eglinthorpe, resolved to know the worst. Softly she went up to the mountebank, gazed mournfully upon his altered countenance—for illness and anxiety had done their work—and pressing his hand affectionately, she said: 'Husband!' The effect of that one word was truly magical. The unhappy man, whose eyes were burning with fever, and whose pent-up grief was driving him to the very verge of insanity, was now relieved by a copious flood of tears. 'Gently, gently,' cried he, as Joe began to dig away the snowy mound which, it was now certain, covered his children—'gently! Don't disfigure my pretty darlings.'

Joe threw the spade down, tenderly drew away with his hands the remainder of the snow, and revealed to the expectant parents the lifeless forms of their dear offspring. There they lay, as in a tranquil sleep. Alfy's right arm encircled his little brother's neck; his left hand grasped firmly the collar of the old coat in which they were enveloped, and it was evident that to the last the loving boy had striven to pull the garment tightly round Midgkins to shield him from the cold.

'Dead, dead!' cried poor father, with a groan of anguish: 'I knew it.'

Mother fell on her knees beside her little ones, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly. The doctor lost not a moment in parleying, but stooping down, began chafing Alfy's frozen limbs. 'Joe!' said he abruptly, 'the wine! look sharp! There 's hope yet.'

What sweet music was in that simple sentence! music that stayed the torrent of mother's tears, and caused father's countenance to beam with hope. Half-a-dozen pair of willing hands were soon employed in using every means suggested by the doctor for the resuscitation of the young sufferers. Happily, their earnest endeavours were crowned with success; for anon, Alfy half-opened his eyes, and on seeing his father bending anxiously over him, he said—somewhat indistinctly as one speaks in a dream: 'Father, have you come to fetch us?'

'Yes, my love—yes,' replied father.

'But where's Midgkins?' murmured Alfy. 'I thought I had my arms round him'——

'Your brother 's quite safe,' interrupted the doctor; 'but, no more talking now; wait till you 're stronger.'

'Look! he 's breathing freely, and moves his hands,' said mother, referring to Midgkins—to whom she and Yorkshire Tom had been directing their care and attention. The doctor now gave orders that the boys should be wrapped up in the horse-cloths, and desiring their parents to get into the vehicle, he placed the little ones in their arms, and whispered to Tom to drive on, as fast as he could, for that much remained to be done before he could pronounce the young invalids out of danger. Moreover, he dreaded the effects of the keen morning air on the frame of the mountebank, shaken as it had been by the excitement of recent events. Arrived at the Travellers' Rest, every means that kindness and experience prompted was put into requisition for the behoof of the distressed family—warm baths, good beds; in short, all that her house afforded, Mrs Dawson freely placed at the doctor's disposal for their advantage, and was rewarded by his declaring, on the following day, that all that his patients now required was plenty of 'kitchen physic,' seconded by good nursing.

These two important adjuncts to the physician's skill were not wanting on the present occasion, for the kind landlady was indefatigable in her superintendence of broths and jellies for the invalids; and as for nursing, why, mother was there. The consequence was, that in a few days the doctor discontinued his visits.

'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' So said Shakspeare. With the subjects of our tale this 'tide' had now set in, and that which all their professional talent had failed to achieve, accident gained for them—notoriety, the very life of public professors in whatsoever department they may be. The newspapers that week published accounts of the 'hair-breadth 'scape' of the children; men who make a scanty livelihood by bawling through the streets recitals of the various casualties that are daily befalling their fellow-creatures, were heard in every town retailing the substance of the foregoing narrative, with sundry additions, alterations, and moral observations. The mountebank, as Byron phrases it, 'awoke one morning and found himself famous.' He received a letter from the manager of one of the London minor theatres, with an offer to Mr and the Masters Lethbridge of L.5 per week, for their joint salary, to perform in a new drama, founded on fact, and entitled *The Snowstorm*; the engagement to terminate when the run of the drama was over. Said 'run' might continue only three weeks, or—if the piece turned out a great hit—might last as many months, just according to the success of the production. Then came, post-haste, a modeller in wax-work, who, with father's consent, took plaster-casts of his and his children's heads. Their well-worn professional attire was eagerly purchased by this gentleman, who went away delighted at having it in his power to add to the attractions of his wax-work exhibition 'the life-like models of the renowned Professor Lethbridge and his Infant Progeny, dressed in the identical apparel worn by them in the late disastrous snow-storm.' Nor was the mountebank less pleased with the five-pound note which was the result of the modeller's visit. *He* had scarcely left the inn, when a very showy carriage, driven by a very showy coachman, stopped at the door, and a stout elderly gentleman alighted. His dress was ultra-fashionable, and he was be-jewelled, be-whiskered, and be-ringleted *à merveille*. He inquired politely for Monsieur Latebrege, to whom he introduced himself as the *directeur* of a celebrated foreign circus, at present located in London. The interview between the parties was short, but decisive, and terminated in the engagement of Lethbridge and the boys by the Frenchman at a liberal weekly salary, the engagement to hold good for three years certain. The directeur hastened back to town to set the printer and the bill-sticker at work *instanter*; and in a day or two London was placarded with gigantic posters, representing a snow-scene, wherein, arrayed in gorgeous Roman costume, the mountebank appeared, the extreme point of one foot resting on a diminutive glass globe, the other gracefully extended in the air. On his forehead he supported, pyramid-wise, his two boys—dressed in Turkish flies and Greek caps—Midgkins, who formed the apex, waving in each hand a small flag, emblazoned with the arms of France. To complete the picture, father's hands were industriously employed in tossing up and catching at least a dozen oranges, and as many formidable-looking two-edged knives—and all this during a heavy fall of snow; not very natural, but highly effective.

Four years have passed away since the mountebank and his family, with tears of gratitude, bade adieu to their generous Eglinthorpe friends. Since then, they have travelled professionally, even as far as Constantinople. Last year, having completed the term of their engagement with *Monsieur le Directeur*, they returned to their native country, greatly improved in appearance, manners, and knowledge. All the family speak French and German fluently; and the boys are considered by the best judges to be first-rate acrobats, horse-riders, and rope-dancers; consequently,

Digitized by Google

their services are greatly sought after. They can now command excellent salaries, and, in short, are looked upon in their profession as holding rank A1.

THE FAUSSETT COLLECTION.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

In thus resuming our article upon the fine Anglo-Saxon antiquities possessed by Mr Mayer of Liverpool, we must not omit to notice one or two other points in relation to the excavations at Gilton, before we proceed to some description of Mr Faussett's interesting labours at Kingston Down and Bishopsbourne.

His Gilton researches brought to light a set of scales and weights; the former small, and not unlike such as are used by goldsmiths at the present day. Mr Roach Smith considers that they were used for weighing the numerous varieties of foreign coin, both gold and silver, which must necessarily have been current in Britain in the early Anglo-Saxon times. The weights were eighteen in number, of copper, and of different sizes. A few of these had been originally Roman coins, and had been clipped, or ground, to adjust them to variations of weight; others had been expressly made for their intended use. In the same grave with these relics, the usual weapons of war were found; thus suggesting, as Mr Roach Smith well observes, that the occupant had laid by the implements of his early vocation to follow a more peaceful and humanising profession. Another object found in one of the graves consisted of part of a small pail or bucket. Mr Faussett conjectured that it had originally formed portions of a shield; but the discovery of a large number of much more perfect specimens since his time, in various parts of England and on the continent as well, has cleared up the point completely. They are always found in the graves of men. The staves, generally speaking, are formed of ash—the favourite wood of the Anglo-Saxons; and the hoops, handles, and other ornamental portions, are of brass or bronze, and in extremely good taste. A beautiful specimen is given in the plates of Mr Akerman's valuable work, *Remains of Pagan Saxondom;* and both he and Mr Wright consider that they were used for bringing ale or mead into the hall—a conjecture strengthened by a passage in the poem of *Beowulf,* and by another in the Anglo-Saxon translation of the book of Judges. As the reader may perhaps be aware, the Anglo-Saxon culture of the cereals for brewing purposes was very large—so generally was beer drunk, that even the serfs were allowed a daily measure; and where rents and dues were paid in kind, as was of course largely the case in all early historic periods, a portion—as the chartularies still extant shew us—consisted of winter-brewed ale under various names. The honey of both wild and domesticated bees was also carefully gathered for brewing mead.

In no less than eight graves, Mr Faussett found, in a perfect or broken state, specimens of glass urns or vessels. They had been placed at the foot of the corpse or coffin, and were for the major part marked by the spiral thread or line, which is so distinguishing an ornament of Anglo-Saxon glass. For a long time, it was considered in this country that glass-making was an art unknown both to Romans and Saxons; but the disinterment of Pompeii, and the excavation of Roman sites in Britain, have quite set the matter at rest so far as regards the Romans; whilst the opening of so many Saxon graves of recent years has fully proved that the Saxons—probably deriving, in this country at least, much of their knowledge from the Romans—were skilful manipulators, and this with a distinctive style of their own. Led by a passage in Beda's *Ecclesiastical History,* who therein relates that Benedict, bishop of Wearmouth, had to procure men from France to glaze the windows of his church and monastery, English historians, till quite a recent date, repeated the worthless fiction, that the manufacture of glass was unknown to the Anglo-Saxons. Even Sharon Turner gives this fable in his own way, forgetting that Beda's disciple, as well as Beda himself, dwelt on a remote north-eastern shore of England, from whence it was much easier to send by ship in search of workmen to France, than to cross miles of trackless morass and dense forests to the cities of Southern Britain. Even centuries after, during the middle ages, the counties of Lincoln and Cambridgeshire were indebted to their sea-board position for the magnificence of the brasses and stained-glass which still distinguish their churches, and which were procured from the Low Countries.

It is probable that some, at least, of the glass vessels found at Gilton and elsewhere by Mr Faussett, were connected with the heathen rites and superstitions which so long survived the introduction of Christianity; but many were certainly drinking-cups, by the rounded or tapering bottom, which fits them for the hand, but unfits them for standing upright. This was a favourite shape for the Anglo-Saxon drinking-cup, as we see by the illuminations in the missals, gospels, and manuscripts which have come down to our time; and that these existed in abundance, we may judge by the number found in all tumular excavations of the Anglo-Saxon period. Towards the close of the last century, as many as thirty were found at one time at Wodensborough in Kent; but so little value was set upon them, that they were used commonly in the kitchen of the farm upon which they were found. Only one of them, therefore, has reached our time. There was another form of drinking-cup, quite peculiar to the Saxon fabricators of glass—that in which they are adorned with two rows of hollow protuberances or claws, for the purpose of handles perhaps. They are more curious than elegant; but the type was spread over a wide area, as examples have been found both in France and Germany, so it is probable that glass-making was carried on, contemporaneously, in the three countries. One great mistake was made by Mr Faussett and other antiquaries of his period: they considered that the iridescent and hazy look which is the peculiar characteristic of so much ancient glass, was due to an artificial coating of what they called, in somewhat alchemist style, electrum and armatura; whereas this variation of colour proceeded simply from partial decomposition, hastened or retarded by the nature of the soil in which the glass had been deposited. In the case of Saxon glass, this change of colour is more marked than in that of Roman glass, as both it and the Saxon pottery were in all respects decidedly inferior.

Kingston Down, the next scene of Mr Faussett's excavations, forms part of a lovely tract of country called Barham Downs, a ridge of chalky upland lying about five miles south of Canterbury. The tumuli crowned a hill above the little village of Kingston, which, with its pleasant farms and fields, its rivulet or bourn, its lanes, its rich woodlands, and what has been spared from the plough of the tracts of high-lying chalk, is a place, even now, that one would like to choose for a long summer's holiday. Here, in the years 1767-71-72-73, Mr Faussett excavated no less than 308 graves; and the result was, in some few cases, remarkable. From what we may gather, it appears to have been the cemetery of a more rural population than that of Gilton; as compared with the number of graves, fewer warlike weapons were found. Fewer bodies had been encoffined—a circumstance which in itself points to a period either anterior to the introduction of Christianity, or in

Digitized by Google

the infancy of its promulgation; and the majority of burials seem to have been those of women and young persons—a fact perhaps explained by the withdrawal of the adult male population for the exigencies of war. A good many graves contained little more than bones, with perhaps a rusty knife, a few beads, or other appendages of equally homely character. But, generally speaking, the Saxon cemeteries were used by an affluent people, according to what was then considered as wealth. The question, then, is, what became of the miserably poor—the vast mass of those who were serfs either through the fortunes of war, necessity, crime, or birth? Mr Akerman very justly observes, that even allowing for the obvious destruction of many Anglo-Saxon cemeteries, and of others, the barrows of which, long swept away by spade or plough, may still lie undiscovered beneath arable and pasture lands, there certainly exists no proportion between the places of burial and the known amount of population. The cemeteries received the bodies of those who were in any degree removed from indigence; but we may be certain that for a long period the great mass of the unfree were thrust beneath the sod of the next pasture, or amid the leaves and brushwood of the adjacent forest. With the formation of churchyards in the eighth century, and from the care which the clergy took, for their own sakes, to convince the population of all classes that salvation was to be insured by burial in consecrated ground, a better state of things slowly grew; and however much the propinquity of such receptacles to houses is to be deplored early in the middle ages, and giving rise to pestilent disease, there can be little doubt that the gathering together for ages of the dust of both poor and rich had a civilising and beneficial effect.

Mr Faussett's Kingston excavations had already been productive of some beautiful objects, when, upon the 5th of August 1771, his labours were rewarded by the discovery of the magnificent fibula already spoken of. The grave in which it was found was the 205th of these Kingston excavations, and it was of unusual size and depth. It was that of a female, the wife, probably, of some wealthy thane, whose child seems to have been previously interred therein. The coffin had been of great thickness, and secured at the corners with large clasps and riveted pieces of iron. The skeleton was small, the bones much decayed, and the skull indifferently developed. The fibula was found near the right shoulder. It is formed entirely of gold, is three and a half inches in diameter, and weighs between six and seven ounces. The stones with which it is set are garnet and turquoise—the white substance with which these are varied being apparently mother-of-pearl—and the effect of the garnets is heightened by layers of gold-foil. The reverse of the fibula is also richly decorated; and its safety is provided for by a loop by which it could be sewn to the dress. No mere written description can give an adequate idea of this costly relic of the Anglo-Saxon age; and as there is nothing Roman about it, beyond perhaps the effect of indirect influence, so far as manipulation went, it gives us perfectly new ideas as to the original taste of the Saxons in certain directions, and assures us that their fame as smiths in iron and the more costly metals was well deserved. Mr Roach Smith is decidedly of opinion that this and other fibulæ of a like character, as well as other Anglo-Saxon ornaments, were of home-manufacture, as none of the Frankish or German remains shew a like excellence; and he further adds, that these richly ornamented circular fibulæ seem peculiar to Kent. They are sparingly and exceptionably found beyond the district occupied by the earlier Saxon settlers.

In a previous grave, a fibula of silver set with ivory and garnets, and a pendent ornament of gold enriched with the like stones, were found; while a subsequent excavation brought to light another beautiful fibula, smaller, but set somewhat in the same manner. The grave we have first referred to in these Kingston excavations, contained, beside its master-piece of Saxon art, a golden amulet for the neck; and amid the fragments of what had once been a box, were two silver fibulæ. There were also the rusty remains of a châtelaine, an urn of coarse red earth, two brass or bronze pans, a trivet, and a very beautiful urn of green glass. The coffin seems to have been made purposely large to receive many of these things, and altogether it was one of the richest graves opened by Mr Faussett. It is mentioned by his descendants, that the famous fibula was discovered by his son as he superintended the opening of this particular barrow on Kingston Down. On finding it, he carried it with great glee to his father, who was in his carriage hard by, suffering under an attack of his old enemy the gout. Mr Faussett drove off with it, and next day a report was spread that the carriage had been so full of gold that the wheels would scarcely turn! It is added, that in consequence of this, the lord of the manor would permit no further excavations on the downs; but this must be incorrect, as we find Mr Faussett's labours on this site were carried on through two subsequent years. Mr Mayer, like a genuine successor of Bryan Faussett, shews the Kingston fibula with great unction to his guests, to whom we have reason to say he is the most generous and courteous of hosts. A day or two previous to the delightful evening we had the pleasure of spending amid his treasures of so many kinds, Dr Waagen had travelled purposely from London to Liverpool to see these Anglo-Saxon remains; and many others distinguished by rank, or, what is higher still, by capacity and education, go thither on the same errand. In time, the generalisers of history will go also, to find it one of many garners for the materials of their great work.

Articles of gold were found in no less than six of these Kingston graves; and the evidence which always exists that treasure-seekers have been at work before, proves how great was the amount of the precious metals originally interred, and how intense the superstition which led to such a perversion of common sense. Several causes combined to render the burial of treasure common in early and heathen periods. It was considered a point of honour for an individual to carry as much wealth with him from this world to the next as possible, and it was a recognised duty of the *comites* and household of the chief to sacrifice at his funeral whatever chattels they might have gained in his service. Thus we learn from *Beowulf* that when a chief was buried—

> They put into the mound
> rings and bright gems,
> the gains of noble men:
> gold in the dust,
> where it doth remain
> useless to men,
> even as before it was.

When we consider the truly extraordinary number of heathen burial-places which are mentioned in the boundaries of Saxon charters, we cannot doubt that large quantities of the precious metals were committed to the earth. Causes of a more practical nature also wrought their effects: one was the insecurity of the times; another, the want of all kinds of investment for property. The Britons, previous to the Saxons, were great treasure-hoarders; for William of Malmesbury mentions the hoards which were discovered in his day; and the same was a general habit with the continental as well as Irish and Scotch Celts. The charming works of the French antiquarian

Digitized by Google

savans, and the provincial museums, especially those of the north and north-west departments, give a curious insight into this habit of heathenism; and in so recent a book as Mr Weld's *Vacation in Brittany* —a most delightful little volume—we find that weighty collars, bracelets, and other articles in gold, are still occasionally found in tumular excavations, especially in the wild region covered by the stones of Carnac, and swept by the surges of the Atlantic. In Ireland, accident, as well as research, has brought to light from time to time extraordinary treasures in wrought gold, as the single collection of the late Mr Croker would have shewn; and Scotland, with so much native gold as she originally possessed, fabricated largely for her own races, as well, doubtless, as spared much to distant heathenisms. Of the amount of gold in a rudely wrought state found in this latter country, some idea may be gathered from one of the most readable books we know of in the whole range of antiquarian literature, Wilson's *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, though we decidedly doubt the logic of its subdivisions into material periods.

This similar habit of the Saxons to bury treasure with their dead tended to increase the quantity of gold and silver drawn from general use. At length some conviction of the mischief done to society by this habit led to its reprehension, and also to severe laws against the concealment of treasure-trove. But two powerful circumstances must have modified for a considerable period this growth of common sense: these were the barbarous love of ornament, and the ease with which articles like coins, gems, and rings could be concealed and carried from place to place; and so conquerors, as well as the conquered, were willing to realise their gains in a fashion thus portable. The dignity of each petty king—and for a considerable period each division of Saxon England seems to have had several—was marked by a circlet of gold worn round the head, that of the ealdorman or duke by a like sign; and the free women wore gold, silver, and jewelled pins in the long hair which was the sign of their freedom. After the promulgation of Christianity, the gifts of the laity to the clergy became enormous; and, not confined alone to land and serfs, included jewels, cups, rings, crosses, caskets, and money. Some of the clergy themselves were skilful fabricators of the precious metals, for they were admonished to learn and practise handicrafts; and it is not unlikely, tracing as we do some likeness between the ornamentation of the more beautiful Saxon missals and that of the later fibulæ and buckles, that the monks were the fabricators of the richer portion of the jewellery we have record of, though that gathered from the Saxon barrows belongs, with but few exceptions, to the heathen period. One monk was made an abbot on account of his skill in gold-work. The heriots belonging to the king or chiefs comprised not only arms and horses, but gold and silver cups and rings of price. The Saxon wills bequeath a large amount of jewellery. We read of a golden fly beautifully adorned with gems, of gold vermiculated bracelets, golden head-beads and necklaces. The men wore jewelled ornaments even more profusely than the women. Besides armlets and rings, gold and silver were also applied to their sword-hilts, their saddles and banners. The wills also make continual mention of silver cups, gold dishes, and basins. A king in 833 bequeathed his gilt cup, engraved on the outside with vine-dressers, probably, from the design, a relic of the Roman period; and the magnificent presents in gold and silver which the father of King Alfred took with him in his embassy to Rome must have been of enormous value. One Ethelwould, in Edgar's reign, is said to have made a silver table worth L.300 in the money of the period.

The question naturally arises, whence did this enormous amount of the precious metals come? Silver was in a great measure an imported commodity, but gold was the earliest metal known, and was, there can be little doubt, found in this country in great abundance in the early historic ages, though its prolific sources had been worked out by races prior to the advent of the Romans. The hope, however, of obtaining the precious metals was one, among other causes, which led them to the invasion of this country, and they seem to have subsequently worked gold in four localities. 'We have no evidence as to gold-working in the Anglo-Saxon times,' says Mr Calvert, in his clever book, *The Gold Rocks of Britain*; 'still it is probable that it was yet found in small quantities. It could be obtained from the tin streams, and occasionally in nuggets and scales from the rivers of Wales and North Britain.' Analysis shews that the gold found in tumular excavations, is metal obtained from river-washings. The articles are always of very pure gold, and, being softer, could be the more readily worked; for alloys, that might add to the weight or strength of the metal, are the invention of a later day; hence the avidity with which tumular gold has always been sought. The Saxon or Danish barrow was a treasure-house to our medieval kings; and the smelting-pots of far later days have had things consigned to them, whose value, in a historical point of view, was incalculable.

Amongst the greatest rarities of the Kingston excavations, were five large ivory combs: one had been mended, and two were in almost a perfect state, and much like those which are found amongst Roman remains. In one woman's grave were found two ivory spindles; in another, was a Roman *patera* or dish of fine coraline earth. Much of this beautiful pottery seems to have been preserved by the Saxons; and some has descended to our own time. Mr Roach Smith mentions in his notes, that 'it is not an uncommon incident to find a specimen at the present day here and there in cottages and country-houses in Kent.'

The sherds of bone-urns, or ossuaries, were found in considerable numbers in both the Gilton and Kingston excavations. Many of such fragments were placed one within the other—the upper in the lower—and this with a regularity and care which could not have been the result of accident. They were usually of coarse black earth, varying in size; and their existence shews clearly the interesting fact, that these Saxon cemeteries had been in previous use during the Roman as well as the Romano-British period, and while burning the corpse and garnering its ashes was the ordinary custom. Cremation, or burning, was also a usage of the Teutonic races so long as paganism existed among them; and some curious facts connected with the urns dug up in Norfolk in the reign of Charles II., and which were the subject of Sir Thomas Browne's curious tract *Hydriotaphia*, shew clearly that a body of Saxons were located in that part of Britain as early as the close of the third century. In fact, the Saxons drove, as far as possession went, a wedge into this country, whenever and however they could; and the whole south and south-eastern shore—from what is now Portsmouth to Wells in Norfolk, was, as Mr Kemble shews, more or less colonised by the Saxon race from a very early period. Thus eating their way, as it were, into the heart of a country, whose pastures, forests, and herds were the objects of their longing desire, each tribe, even during the shadows of its pagan state, seems to have used its own peculiar customs, with respect to the dead—as, 'in the cemeteries of Kent and Sussex,' observes Mr Akerman, 'inhumation appears to have been the almost exclusive practice. In Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Northamptonshire, and Gloucestershire, the practice of inhumation and cremation was contemporaneous; whilst in some

Digitized by Google

districts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Derbyshire, cremation appears to have been the sole observance.'

None of the wide-mouthed or other urns found by Mr Faussett seem to have been applied to the purposes of cremation, but may have been placed in the graves for other uses, or as relics. The Saxon pottery, distinctly as such, is but a degraded copy of the Roman. 'It wants,' remarks Mr Roach Smith, 'the graceful form of its Roman prototypes; the ornamentation is less tasteful, and its material is very inferior.' Yet it is all marked by the influence of local fashion, for the pottery of Kent differs essentially from that of other counties, and theirs, again, one from each other; so that, in fact, if the Saxons were copyists, they manifested at least the germs of originality. This is a curious fact, and gives a clue to some points of considerable value.

As far as regarded ethnological observations, Mr Faussett did little with his discoveries. He makes some occasional remarks as to the frontal suture in a few of the skulls, as well as to cranial deformity; but he might have elicited much more had the knowledge of his time been favourable thereto; for, considering the very lengthened period which had elapsed since burial, the bones in the Kingston graves, more especially, were in a well-preserved condition. In the hands of one like the illustrious American Morton, the revelations of so many graves as those recorded in the *Inventorium Sepulchrale*, would have served for inductions of the highest value; for, after all, the study of man himself must range higher than man's works, in whatever point of view they be considered.

Excavations upon Sibertswould Down—a high and somewhat solitary district—occupied Mr Faussett at different periods through 1772-3, but the general results are so much like those already described, as to make remark unnecessary. The only objects of novelty were two wooden bowls or drinking-cups of wood, rimmed and strengthened with brass, and one curiously mended. In another grave were some pendent ornaments of great beauty for the neck; and in a third was found a small bronze box, in which were silken strings, wool, and hair, in a state of excellent preservation. About two years previous to Mr Faussett's earliest excavations on this down, some men while ploughing had brought to light various articles of Roman pottery of great beauty; but they had wantonly destroyed them before their master could arrive. This has been only too often the fate of similar treasures.

In the latter year, namely, 1773, Mr Faussett opened some tumuli at a place called Beakesbourne; but the results were not of much account beyond that of the discovery that its site had been used from a Celtic period as a place of interment. His next and final researches were made at Chartham in the same year. The barrows opened proved it to have been a great Saxon burial-place; but at the present date, even these hillocks have disappeared, through the whole down having been brought into cultivation. The discoveries made were not remarkable, though including a Roman stylus or pen, with some remnants of its leather case, and a key of the same period, looking curiously like those of the Chubb locks in present use.

Mr Faussett's explorations at Crundale had, as already mentioned, preceded the others, having taken place in 1757 and 1759. The Earl of Winchelsea, conjointly with the then rector of the parish, had dug there in 1703 and 1713, and brought to light some Roman pottery. An account of this in a local history induced Mr Faussett to turn discoverer. His first diggings were most prolific, his subsequent ones less so. The results consisted chiefly of Roman pottery; though most of it perished during excavation, or fell in pieces almost as soon as found. That which had been most covered by the chalk was best preserved. What was found included bone-urns, urns of other kinds, paterae, or flat dishes, bottle-like vessels, and some few things in glass. A portion of the pottery was true Samian; the rest probably of local manufacture. Towards the close of the excavations, remains were brought to light which proved that the later interments had been Saxon.

We have thus faithfully given, so far as mere summary can, some account of the celebrated Faussett Collection, so well known to the *literati* of both this country and the continent. We have necessarily passed over many objects of great interest; but sufficient has been referred to for the reader to perceive that much of Saxon history, Saxon social life, and Saxon usages, is very different in reality from what romances and common-place histories set down. Liverpool will soon possess a museum worthy of this and similar collections; but whether now or in time to come, these Saxon antiquities will not be justly viewed without due remembrance of the enthusiasm and diligence of Bryan Faussett, and the liberality and enlightened patriotism of Joseph Mayer.

THE OLD VILLAGE AND ITS INMATES.

In spite of railways, electric telegraphs, and all the other annihilators of peace, quietness, and silvan solitude, there are *some* quaint rural districts in Old England still—some old villages where everybody does *not* know, day by day, what all the world is doing; where the villagers are content to dwell from youth to age amid their own people; as primitive as ignorant, as old-fashioned as if the great clock of time had stood still for them since the penultimate peace.

Such is the village of Thyndon. Left between two great lines of railway, five miles from a post-town, with only one 'great house' in its vicinity, and scarcely any country neighbourhood, it is the Thyndon of a century ago, unchanged, and with comparatively little chance of changing.

Of course, being a place in which modern bricks, stones, and mortar are almost unknown, it has a most magnificent church, the delight and pride of the village, as well as the admiration of every architecturally disposed visitor. Such aisles, such a chancel, such a screen! You would go far to find any like them. The centre aisle is so wide, that three can walk abreast up it, although the school children sit in double rows on each side, between the pew-doors. The monuments are old and singular; the wood-carved pulpit and screen, gems of art; and the windows worthy of recalling Milton's delicious lines to memory by the 'dim religious light' which streams in rosy or purple glory through their tinted panes. The belfry, too, is worthy of great admiration, and has a sad story attached to it—too horrible indeed to be given here. Poor Joe Milward! he was as good a husband and father as the village ever boasted, and well beloved besides as a kind neighbour and 'good fellow.' The catastrophe by which he lost his life made people wish that the vacant little cottage which stood close beside the churchyard might be given to widows instead of to the eldest unmarried woman of the village; but the rector could not alter the will of the founder. It must be a more modern charity that would come to the aid of the widow of Joe Milward; and she was taken care of and provided for, both she and her six little ones, though not in that way.

The houses near this glorious church deserve our first attention. They are as ancient as the holy pile itself, and of the most picturesque description. On each side of the entrance stand two small detached cottages, destined—as we have hinted above—the one for the eldest spinster, the other for the eldest bachelor

Digitized by Google

of the parish, provided they were of respectable character. A small meadow is attached to each tiny dwelling, which itself looks like a bee-hive, buried amidst green leaves and flowering shrubs. On one side of the church stands the parsonage, a long rambling dwelling with high gable-ends, tall chimneys, and a clock-tower; it also is imbosomed in trees, and covered with ivy. Its quaint old garden opens into the churchyard, and is rich in old-fashioned roses (not standards), lilies of the valley, and all the fair blossoms, now half-forgotten, which perfume, as it were, the poetry of the *Winter's Tale* and *Lycidas*.

Here dwells the good old rector, a widower with one unmarried daughter. The other lives at Merton's End—the 'Home of the Old Ladies' as it is called even now—as a happy and adored wife. But we have something to tell of that fair dame before we quit the time-honoured rectory for her present dwelling, which is also the squire's—a deed so courageous that the village has been two or three degrees prouder of itself ever since it happened.

The squire had fallen in love with the fair Adelaide, and the wedding-day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize-fight which had taken place in the neighbourhood.

That night, Adelaide, who occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, &c. She was consequently still dressed when the church-clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter wind for many minutes afterwards. Housebreakers were mere myths in primitive Thyndon, and the bride-elect, without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart-complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: 'You are come,' she said, 'to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you.'

The fellow was astonished and cowed. 'We won't make no noise,' he replied sullenly, 'if you give us everything quietly.'

Adelaide drew back, and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love-gifts, remarking at the same time that two more masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel-case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative: 'he wasn't agoing to run a risk, and leave half the tin behind!' She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying: 'I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you.' The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley, they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage, and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys, and desk, gave them up to the robbers, who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied, that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below, but that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding-breakfast had been laid, to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves, and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding-cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed, and joked; and Adelaide, quick of eye and ear, had thus time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together, and glancing at the young lady. For the first time, Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her, as it proved. The leader, approaching her, told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was 'a jolly wench, reg'lar game,' and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give an alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this she was of course obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family the next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the 'three-fingered Jack' being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his eldest daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition, on the part of the young heroine, to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residence soon effected its cure.

The house to which this strangely preceded marriage led Adelaide, was a fine old mansion, dating its erection from the very days of Elizabeth. A straight drive through two gates, such as is peculiar to the entrance of old French châteaus, leads up to the entrance, on each side of which stand two very old tulip-trees, of unusual size and beauty. There is something very picturesque in the quaint gables, and the bell-tower in the centre between them; and against the side of the house is a wall-dial, the only one of its kind to be seen, perhaps, now in England. Here, on the weather-stained bricks, it has counted the hours of human life for three hundred years.

The last occupants were three aged ladies, whose long residence and venerable appearance gave a new name to Merton's End, which, from their time, has been called by the villagers the Home of the Old Ladies. The eldest of the three was but twenty years

Digitized by Google

old when she came to live there; she was ninety-five the very day the old wall-dial pointed to her last hour. So long a continuance in so quiet a place might seem to imply a life of unbroken tranquillity, and doubtless the great age to which they attained might have proceeded from the peaceful lapse of time; and yet *they*, too, had a history. There was a tinge of romance about their youth which had coloured their long slow life.

When, in the bloom of early years, they had come to dwell at Merton's End, it had been judged proper—the eldest being only twenty—to place them under the care of a widowed lady, distantly related to their family. Now, it so chanced that this gentlewoman had been educated in Paris, and had there imbibed much of the literary tastes and affectation of philosophy which were the fashion of the day. She delighted in believing herself an English Du Deffand, far superior to the prejudices of her time and country; and read and discussed with great vivacity those gay French writers who, by their wit and sentimentalities, divorced from common sense, were sowing the dragon's teeth of the Reign of Terror. This lady had a nephew—English by birth, but brought up in France—a man about thirty, who held an office in the French court, and was as really learned and witty as his aunt dreamed of being. This gentleman was, soon after their establishment at Merton's End, invited to visit his relative.

One can fancy how gay the old house was in those days—the three fair sisters brightening it with smiles, and glad voices, and merry household ways—and how the neighbouring young squires would ride slowly by, on summer eventides, to catch a glimpse of the young ladies of the manor, as they sat talking beneath the old tulip-trees. It was thought they would soon wed, for they were all well grown and fair, and co-heiresses; and in those days, celibacy was less common than now. There was *the* old maid of Thyndon itself, and in families, rarely more than one remained unmarried. It was because it was rare, perhaps, that the single state was more marked then than at present; just as people then talked of *the* beauty of a county or of a ball—probably some damsel who had escaped small-pox—whereas now so many stars twinkle, that selection can scarcely be made, thanks to vaccination and refined education.

But the suitors who already aspired to the favour of the sisters, had small chance of success when the expected guest arrived. Truly, that same Walter Selby *was* a contrast to the somewhat clownish Nimrods of the vicinity. The man of dogs and horses stood no chance beside the finished French courtier, who preferred ladies' society to the hunt, drank tea with them out of diminutive cups and saucers, understood and appreciated a graceful fashion, and told them fascinating stories of the brilliant world of Paris, with its gaiety, its bons-mots, its mesmerism, its mixture of fantastic superstition and bold infidelity: how Marie Antoinette, choosing to wear shoes of a mixed green called *l'uni-vert*, which did not take the fancy of her court, appealed to the judgment of a reverend abbé, supposed to be the very 'mask of fashion;' and how the gallant priest replied by a punning compliment: 'Madame, l'univers [l'uni-vert] sied bien à vos pieds.' Or he told of the wonderful Count of St Germain, who contrived to persuade the Parisians of his immortality on earth, till he died—he was not dead then—and guest and damsels gravely discussed the possibility of prolonging even to infinitude that life, their own portion of which was destined to drag on till its light and freshness had long perished. What, after such an abbé and such a magician, was the quiet, broad-brimmed young parson of the village, who coloured and stammered at the slightest approach to a compliment; and the country doctor, whose patients died without at all surprising him. And after this modern Othello, how could they listen to the untravelled youth around them?

The stranger gave a new charm to Merton's End, and, alas! threw an unhappy glamour over its fair inmates individually. Skilled in coquetry, he managed to persuade each that she was the object of his especial preference, the spell which bound him for so long to Merton's End. He had held the hand of one, as if involuntarily, and resigned it with a sigh; another had found him continually beside her in her walks: all three could recall tender glances and soft tones, gentle words, and those indefinable nothings that are the silent language of undeclared affection. Yet not one could be sufficiently certain of his intentions to confide in her sisters, and thus rend the veil of deception. He deceived all three at the same moment—an easy feat, when those betrayed are simple-minded and honest, and the betrayer an experienced swindler of affection.

At length his visit ended, with the promise of a speedy return; and a meaning in each parting clasp of their hands, and farewell in their ear; and for years that return was expected with something of the feeling, as time sped on, of Mariana in the moated grange. How often did the sisters gaze mournfully across the wide heath from the drawing-room windows, in hope of *his* coming whom they might see no more! It was this unspoken hope, this secret affection, that caused suitor after suitor to be rejected, till youth glided by, and lovers ceased to woo. The old aunt died; the French Revolution had long since shaken Europe—they believed *it* had somehow occasioned Walter's absence—and the sisters settled down into grave middle-aged ladies.

The eldest, who had been most infected by her aunt's tastes, preserved all her life a withered rose Walter Selby had given her, in a painted tiffany-case, and wrote poetry upon disappointed affection; some of which, very yellow, very oddly spelt, and a little lame in the feet, Adelaide has found since she took possession of the old lady's boudoir, or, as *she* would have called it, 'her closet.'

The others took to lapdogs and parrots; and one, the youngest, was the Lady Bountiful of the village. All did good in their several ways, and, however blighted and saddened, were not imbittered by the disappointment. When the tulip-trees, beneath which they had sat in blooming girlhood, were in fuller beauty than ever, and their own loveliness had become a myth, Walter Selby came to Merton's End once more.

The letter announcing his approaching visit excited quite a sensation in the minds of the quiet ladies. Time flew back, as it were, or at least parted with a quiver of his wings the mist spreading over the past; and the courtier of other days returned so vividly to their mental vision, that it was with a feeling of surprise and unconscious disappointment they beheld a thin, gray-headed old gentleman—an aged *petit maître*—instead of the graceful personage they had known of yore. Walter was as bland, as courteous, as would-be-fascinating as ever. The flirt was the flirt still, even in undignified old age; but the days of working mischief were gone by. The ladies saw him depart, after a brief visit, with friendly feelings, but no wish for his return.

Of the sorrow he had once caused—of the shadow and the solitariness he had brought on their lives, they now retained little perception. They had, by their cheerful habits of content, grown like the wall-dial, that only counts the sunny hours; the shadows glided unnumbered by them.

In due time, the beautiful church imbosomed them; and the dial now tells hours of happiness for a young distant kinsman and his bride, the 'Adelaide' of the

Digitized by Google

rectory; and probably Merton's End will regain its real name once more.

The village is not without a haunted house, of course; but in this case there is a marked singularity in the site of the goblin's freaks: it is the school which is haunted! Nobody knows why, or by whom. Luckily, ghosts shun daylight; and the dame who lives above the school-room has, as she phrases it, 'got used to its ways,' so that many little ones still are taught there, and things go on much as if the ghost were quite an ordinary inhabitant of Thyndon—a harmless eccentricity, doing no injury to any one.

Many an ivy-covered cottage, dotted about in green lanes, or clustering down the single grassy street, forms the remainder of the village; and the inmates of these dwellings are, as we have said, a primitive and old-fashioned people, though they are getting good teaching—which threatens to lay the ghost—at the village-school, and are quietly gliding into the superior knowledge and some of the arts of the present. To those who love that favourite of our youth, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and would fain see something of such as Auburn was in its bright days, we recommend a visit to Thyndon.

MÆCENAS.

O Mæcenas, thou progeny of Tuscan kings, in thy disconsolate wanderings by the gloomy Styx, thou canst surely hear the piteous wail of a thousand poor writers, who led lives of penury, and died miserably under the debasing system of patronage which thou didst inaugurate with such magnificence! Draw thy little hood tight about thy ears, to shut out the din of these half-starved students and Grub-street hacks! Fold that loose and slovenly robe, which thou didst whilom wear with an ostentatious simplicity, close around thee; and let thy slaves, thy musicians, thy buffoons, and thy beloved poets encircle thee, or perchance these clamorous shades will wreak their vengeance upon thy ghostly person!

Father of literary almsgiving, thou didst little think what a storm thou wert brewing in that lovely tower-crowned villa of thine on the Esquiline Hill, overlooking the smoke and opulence of flourishing Rome, when thou didst begin to pamper men of genius with the flesh of young mules, and wine from the Calenian press! Had you possessed one atom of foresight, you would have perceived the disastrous consequences of your generous hospitality, and would have avoided setting a fashion which would inevitably be burlesqued by your unworthy successors. Had you not crowned the smooth narrow forehead of Horace with roses, Scroggen might have found a more dignified head-dress than a stocking night-cap. Had you not poured out the choicest Cæcuban and Falernian at your banquets, some more kindly fluids than Calvert's butt-beer and Parson's black champagne might have regaled the poets of later times. Had you not loaded Virgil with favours, we should not have heard of great authors being dunned for milk-scores. In a word, had you not elevated the men of letters of the Augustan age, their poor brethren of the last century might have been spared the degradation of petitioning your professed disciples for eleemosynary guineas. Truly, dear knight Mæcenas, you have much to answer for, but you were a right good fellow for all that; and were you still in the land of the living, we know a deserving though obscure literary gentleman who would be proud of your friendship, and who would be content to share even your sober cups of ignoble Sabine wine, and the quiet pleasures of some towerless Islingtonian villa.

Our thoughts have been sent wool-gathering on the Esquiline Hill, by a rare work, entitled *Athenæ Britannicæ, or a Critical History of the Oxford and Cambridge Writers*, which was indited some hundred and forty years ago, by Myles Davies, a Welsh clergyman, who abandoned his Flintshire parsonage, and came to London intent upon making his fortune as a man of letters. Poor Davies! profound scholar, linguist, critic, and politician as he was, he left his simple home as ignorant of the world as one of the sheep of his native mountains. He had to learn wisdom from the harshest of all teachers—experience, and was not long in discovering that this populous London was a very Sahara for a poor scholar who was forced to become the hawker of his own books. These books are now very rare, and are known only to the curious; the British Museum copy now before us, though incomplete, is considered to be a great treasure. The six volumes comprise a history of pamphlets and pamphleteers, a large amount of political and religious lore, and some highly interesting fragments of personal narrative. We value this literary hotch-potch for the vivid picture it gives us of a mendicant author. 'The avarice of booksellers, and the stinginess of hard-hearted patrons,' he writes, 'had driven me into a cursed company of door-keeping herds, to meet the irrational brutality of those uneducated, mischievous animals called footmen, mumpers, apothecaries, attorneys, and such-like beasts of prey.' Samuel Johnson, in after-years, had to complain of the same grievance, so we must not consider Myles Davies's case a solitary one. In vain does the learned Welshman write ode after ode, the Mæcenases of 1716 are poetry-proof: 'These squeeze-farthing and hoard-penny ignoramuses,' as he politely designates them, either refuse to accept his books and odes, or receive them and omit to pay for them, retaining the poor scholar's property *gratis et ingratiis*. His account of an interview with his grace of Dutch extraction, upon whose graceship he had written an elaborate ode, is rather too coarse for modern ears. 'As I was jogging homeward,' he observes with pardonable acerbity, 'I found it true that a great many were called *their graces*, not for any grace or favour they had truly deserved with God or man, but for the same reason of contraries that the Parcæ or Destinies were so called, that they spared none, or were not truly the *Parcæ, quia non parcebant*.' This play upon words reminds us of that pathetic kind of punning which Shakspeare sometimes introduces in his most serious scenes. Davies, though ordinarily a dull writer, grows eloquent under the pressure of his misfortunes. 'I can't choose,' he says, 'but make one observation or two more upon the various rencontres and adventures I met with, all in presenting my books to those I could anyways hear of that were likely to accept of them for their own information or improvement sake; or for the sake of the novelty of the present; or for the sake of helping a poor scholar; or for the sake of vanity and ostentation, which most people are subject to that have a mind to appear great, or more wealthy or learned than others. Accordingly, some parsons, as well as other persons, would call and hollo to raise the whole house and *posse* of the domestics to raise a poor crown; at last all that flutter ends in sending Jack or Tom out to change a guinea, and then 'tis reckoned over half-a-dozen times before the fatal crown can be picked out, which must be taken as it is given, with all the parade of almsgiving, and so to be received with all the active and passive ceremonial of mendication and alms-receiving; as if the books, printing, and paper were worth nothing at all, and as if it were the greatest charity for them to touch them or let them be in the house. "For I shall never read them," says one of the five-shilling-piece-chaps. "I have no time to look in them," says another. "'Tis so much money lying dead or quite lost," says a grave dean. "My eyes being so bad," says a bishop, "that I can scarce read at all." "What do you want with

Digitized by Google

me?" says another. "Sir, I presented you my *Athenæ Britannicæ*, being the last part published." "I don't want books," says he; "take them again; I don't understand what they mean." "The title is very plain," says I, "and they are writ mostly in English." "However," says he, "I'll give you a crown for both, though they'll signify nothing to me." "They stand me, sir, in more than that out of pocket, and 'tis for a bare subsistence I present or sell them; how shall I live?" "I care not a farthing for that," says he; "live or die, 'tis all one to me." "Curse my master!" says Jack; "'twas but last night he was commending your books and your learning up to the skies, and now he would not care if you were starving before his eyes; nay, he often makes game of your clothes, though he thinks you the greatest scholar in England. I could no more do so," continues Jack, "than hang myself. If I had but a shilling in the world, I would carry it five mile to a poor author whose books I esteemed or read."' Well done, Jack! The true Mæcenas spirit speaks out from beneath thy plush waistcoat, and puts to shame such miserable pretenders as thy master!

Poor Myles Davies! we know not what became of him. We wish we could hear of him once more at the little parsonage of Trerabbat, but we fear his latter days were too sad to have been recorded.

Literature is in leading-strings no longer; the child has outgrown the go-cart of patronage, and walks alone. Authors have ceased crawling on all-fours, and walk erect before that greatest of all Mæcenases —the public. 'Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?' So wrote brave old Samuel Johnson to his courtly Mæcenas, in that celebrated letter which Carlyle terms 'that far-famed Blast of Doom, that proclaimed into the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and through him to the listening world, that patronage should be no more!'

A LEGEND OF SAINT BEES.

I.

Hard by the Abbey's hallowed walls—
The fame of old Saint Bees—
The mellowed sunshine flick'ring falls
Beneath o'erarching trees,
And glints upon the rose-clad bower
Where Bega sits at noontide hour.

The falcon pluming on her sleeve
Hath not her eyes' dark gleam;
Yet softened now, as tints of eve,
With holy love they beam:
She thinks of him who yesternight
Had knelt him there his faith to plight.

And well that flush of maiden pride
Befits her forward dream;
The noblest chief by Solway's side
Is he, its golden theme!
What foe can scathe, what danger daunt,
Young Edgar, lord of Egnemont?

A league toward the mountain land
The hunter tracks his way
To where yon turrets frowning stand
O'er his ancestral sway:
Beyond the ken o' the warden tower
Is stretched his heritage of power.

No daughter of the castle-halls
From Calder to the Tyne,
But would the race her name recalls
Were blended with his line;
But rank and dowry—all, are vain
To break the spell on Edgar lain.

The spell of Beauty, in the light
Of youth's empyrean glow,
With tresses like the locks of Night
About a brow of snow!
Meet mansion for the queenly guest—
The soul that reigns in Bega's breast.

And who is she?—The abbess' ward,
A child of Erin's shore;
From life's gay follies self-debarred
And higher fain to soar,
When mortal Love's immortal leaven
Thus touched the heart half-wooed to Heaven!

II.

Is it that Heaven just vengeance takes
To lose a bride so fair,
So soon your dream of joy awakes,
Ye fond-enamoured pair?
Where sunshine lit the rose-clad bower
Now shades of sorrow darkly lower.

War, war's dread trump, on hill, in dale,
Hath echoed back the call
For Albion's sons, with sword and mail,
To meet by Carlisle wall—
Whereon the royal banners wave
That lead to freedom, or the grave.

Full many a chieftain's flashing crest
Gleams o'er the long array,
Awaiting there the stern behest
Of Battle's fateful day;
And statelier than his proudest peers
Lord Edgar heads the Cumbrian spears.

Stray news of conflict wildly stir
The lonely maiden's heart;
But soon the tidings come to her
To bid all hope depart:
That from the flying Northmen's track
The chief who led returned not back!

They tell how in the headlong charge
That broke the Danish horse,
'Twas HE swept through the serried marge
O'er steed and rider's corse;
And with threescore true yeomen's swords
Had chased till night the stricken hordes.

They tell, alas! how that grim night
Closed round a 'wildered band,
Where every blazing beacon-light
Betrayed a foeman's hand;
They tell, how 'mid the watchfires' glare,
Death's grimmer night had gathered there!

Farewell, brave lord of Egnemont!
No more, in field or bower,
Thou 'lt wave the sword in battle's front,
Or share Love's charmèd hour.
Farewell! and sacred be the shade
Of that lone tomb where thou art laid!

The grave of two unsullied hearts—
The living, and the dead;
For nought, O Bega, longer parts
Thee from the life thou fled!
The bridal veil that decks thee now
Hath fluttered with a vestal's vow!

X.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 246. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

WASTE.

A MOST important inquiry might be instituted, as to the proportion of the industry of mankind which is misapplied, and of its fruits which is wasted. To most people it would be a piece of knowledge of a very startling character. If it could be proved, as the present writer has no doubt it could, that a full third of all that is grown, and all that is manufactured, of all the results of the hard work, and even of the frugality and self-denial, of the British public, is the same as thrown away, and that, under the influence of ignorance, cupidity, and wilfulness, this goes on from day to day, and year to year, without cessation, some good effect ought surely to follow. It is a subject, notwithstanding its importance, remarkably little reflected upon—obviously because the great bulk of men, even of those called educated men, do not know what waste is when they see it.

Without a careful collection of statistics, we cannot of course give conviction as to the amount of waste going on in our country. But something may be done nevertheless. It will be much to impress on the many *what is waste*. Whenever, then, two shops are opened where one might serve; wherever there is a glut of manufactures in a particular direction; wherever anything meets what is called a bad market, and causes loss to the merchant; wherever a joint-stock concern fails to return a fair dividend; wherever a merchant is found losing instead of increasing his capital; wherever a workman *strikes;* wherever a trader fails; wherever damage and destruction of property of any kind takes place—there, there, is waste. Consider how much there is of such things in the world, and how much, moreover, of almost everybody's income goes in things useless or half-useful, unenjoyed or scarcely enjoyed—how much in what is positively hurtful, if not vicious—and you will see what an enormous principle is represented by the word WASTE.

The real wealth of the world is in the fruits of well-applied labour. The material happiness of the world consists in the judicious application and use of the results of labour. The measure in which any community labours diligently and to good purpose, and judiciously applies and uses the results of the labour for support and innocent enjoyment, is the measure of the success of that community in working out the great divine purpose as to the creature man. It may further be said, with equal truth, that wherever labour and its fruits are wasted, there a great contravention of that divine purpose takes place, and thence must proceed, as from all such contraventions only can proceed, injury, disappointment, and suffering.

We can tell in some large departments of the national economy the amount of waste. The national debt having been incurred for wrong purposes, its annual interest of about twenty-eight millions represents the portion of the annual results of the national industry which goes as waste in consequence of the errors of our predecessors. Reckon up the amount of the sums for which merchants have failed during the year, less the total of the assets presented to the creditors, and you have the sum of the annual waste incurred to the nation through the imprudence, unskilfulness, and unavoidable mishaps of individual traffickers. In the case of a joint-stock company, the degree in which its dividends fall below the average profits of capital, and the loss sustained by the shareholders at its winding-up, if that be necessary, represent the amount that has been wasted. A great bankrupt is simply a great waster. One of the Macdonald species has the honour of reflecting that he has wasted a few hundred thousands in a business which he conducted as a kind of Ishmaelitish war; one of the Waugh type may have the more flattering reflection that he was clever enough to get similar sums of other people's money to waste on his own vanities and sensual indulgences. All, however, was equally *waste*. The difference between the liabilities and the assets is so much good property wasted, just as much so as if it had been thrown into the sea. Suppose two hundred pounds to be the sum required on an average to bring up a child to manhood, and give him a sound education, it may be a strange consideration to one of the grander class of bankrupts, that he has been the means of destroying and putting out of the world what would have sufficed for the nurture, bodily and mental, of a family of two thousand sons and daughters.

The railway enterprises of our country supply a superb example of waste. Take the princely Great Western as a specimen. It had originally a line of a hundred and eighteen miles, which, being one of the great thoroughfares of the island, could not have failed to remunerate the shareholders. Indeed, it was at one time doing so at the extraordinary rate of ten per cent. But, to keep its ground against competitors, it has been tempted to make branch and side lines to such an extent that its total mileage is now four hundred and sixty-six, or more than triple. These latter lines do not pay, and form so heavy a burden on the main line, as to have, temporarily at least, deprived it of all profit. We see here an outlay of twenty-three millions, and a weekly receipt of

Digitized by Google

£35,000, yet not a penny of dividend to the shareholders, all receipts being absorbed in working expenses and other charges. If this continues, we must pronounce that twenty-three millions have here been *wasted*, for all the real good accomplished for public ends by this railway company might of course have been secured by an outlay which, from its ample return, would have been completely replaced. The other principal railways of the kingdom are more or less in similar case; and the amount of waste in each instance is to be measured by the degree in which the dividends fall short of a fair profit. The total annual waste to the nation through this cause must be many millions. The continental railways stand in striking contrast, for they are generally remunerative. If we search for the cause of this, we soon find that continental people are, in business matters, slow and pedantic as compared with the English, and their governments only permit a railway to be formed where it is needed. They have few branch-lines, and no competitory lines whatever. Rather oddly, our government affects to be very scrupulous about permitting lines which are not strictly required. But it is all a question of money. The English government machinery for the sanctioning of railways can be worked upon by clever pleaders and adroit witnesses to almost any issue. It has only cost the English railway shareholders *seventy additional millions* to obtain parliamentary sanction for the ruinous waste they desired to commit—in itself surely a very magnificent amount of waste. It may be said they half-ruin themselves in buying leave to do so wholly. To all appearance, the impetuous spirit of our countrymen might have been allowed to make what railways it pleased, without any worse result than what has arisen, and the seventy millions might have been spared. But a true remedy for the evil is only to be found in an enlightenment of the public mind as to proper objects for the outlay of capital, and a moral castigation of that spirit amongst us which is perpetually seeking wealth by dexterous anticipations and out-manœuvrings, and reckless damage to others, instead of the fair course of industry. Only look at the policy avowed and acted upon by many of this class of companies. To snatch traffic out of the teeth of some other company, although with small good result to itself compared with the loss to its neighbour, is the highest point of craft in a railway directorate. Is that a kind of work which can ever truly succeed, or deserve to do so? Surely in a professedly Christian land, it were superfluous to ask the question; yet to this policy have the railways of Britain been reduced by the very waste they have committed in the starting.

England has happily overcome one source of waste, and a prodigious one, in her liberation of the industrial energies of the people; but she has another to put under her feet before these energies can be rightly directed or yield truly good results. She must learn to avoid the waste produced by unnecessary competition. It is not to be expected that moral considerations will here avail much; but if it can be shewn that the highest wisdom comes to the same conclusions as a high morality, we may look for some good results. Now, a just political economy can never sanction two doing the work of one, or two outlays being made for a work useful to the public where one outlay is enough. Where the principle of competition passes beyond a fair and reasonable emulation, and goes the length of committing murder, science steps in and tells us that we are abusing a good principle.

To counteract the enormous waste practised in our mercantile system generally, we must look mainly to the supply of a knowledge now wanting in the people. It is literally true that we rarely meet a so-called educated man who knows that money misspent is money lost, and that the loss of one is the loss of all. The general belief is that money laid out unprofitably, or on vice, is still somewhere—some one, they say, has been benefited by it. Few are aware that, being the representative of so much labour, it becomes, when misspent, so much labour lost—that is, so much money lost. We have such an opinion of our kind as to believe that, if there were true instead of false views on these and kindred points, there would be fewer foolish speculations, fewer foul competitions, and consequently much less waste to afflict and impoverish the earth.

THE KILLING PRINCESS.

When Catherine II. had safely deposited the crown of Poland, with the sixteen northern diadems which the industry and enterprise of her predecessors had collected, in the jewel-chamber of the Winter Palace, her imperial majesty found it necessary to inquire after the revenues of certain domains which had always been considered its appendages. In the late uncertainties of the Polish throne, they had been farmed and superintended by so many hands, that the accounts were in more than ordinary confusion. Moreover, Catherine the Great wanted money, and the Princess Prestovia Nicola Grodizoff had offered to purchase a large estate of the crown-lands situated on the Vistula, in order to build there a southern residence for herself and suite in severe winters.

The princess was one of the richest subjects in Russia. She owned forests in Livonia, fishing-towns on the White Sea, and mines in Siberia. Her family were among the oldest of the Russian nobility; the blood of the ancient czars flowed in their veins, and they claimed a left-handed descent from Ivan the Terrible. Her excellence was accustomed to boast of these honours, though rather in a private way, for Catherine had too much trouble in getting the throne to tolerate such imperial recollections; so the princess contented herself with publicly mentioning, when occasion served, that she was of the real old Muscovite race, unmingled with any Swedish or German cross. Spiteful people, who had not so pure a stock to boast—and there were many such in St Petersburg—said as much might have been guessed from the Tatar features of her excellency, who, notwithstanding, went further in foreign fashions, follies, and luxuries than any of the court. Her balls, masks, and dinners *à la Française*, rivalled those of the czarina herself. She kept a French milliner in constant occupation in her palace, had three cooks and two hair-dressers duly imported from Paris every year, that period being as long as any of them could be induced to remain in the service of her excellency; kept a French secretary for conducting her correspondence, and talked occasionally of the verses she had written in imitation of Rousseau.

Princess Grodizoff was a widow of unknown years—for hoops, false hair, rouge, and patches rendered age in those days a matter rather difficult to make out—but it was said that her name-day had been celebrated before a stone was laid on the banks of the Neva, or a Finland peasant perished in its marshes. In short, her excellency was older than the modern capital, yet she bade fair to employ the French milliner and her congeners for many a year to come, and keep a firm hold of her broad possessions. These had come partly by marriage and partly by inheritance; the princess was the heiress of her family, and, as sometimes happens to noble houses, all the rest impoverished their estates, and got into debt through vain endeavours to emulate her splendour. People said she did wonders for them all; brought out their daughters, found places for their sons, and kept them all on their estates, to guard against extravagance;

Digitized by Google

while others sought after the motive for such benefactions, her highness not being the woman to part with a rouble easily. Her turn for hard bargain-making was universally acknowledged; even Catherine was well aware of it, for the princess had bought crown-lands before; and the inquiry into the Polish accounts was accordingly instituted.

The czarina was too well acquainted with her faithful subjects to intrust that investigation to their hands. After the fashion of czars past and future, she looked out for a foreigner worthy of such confidential employment, and found one in the person of Count Thienville, a young *attaché* of the French embassy, and strongly recommended by her majesty's agents at Versailles. The powers that preside over the exigencies of princes seemed to have cut out Gaston de Thienville for his work. The son of a farmer-general, whose good-fortune died with Madame de Pompadour, he had an early acquaintance with what might be called the more delicate details of business. Fortune had given him no estate but his wits. Nature had made him cool, keen, and clear-headed, always alive to his own interest, but true as steel where his honour was engaged, and as ardent as the best of his countrymen in either love or war. Gaston was not very brilliant nor very handsome, but determined to be somebody; and finding himself unable to fulfil that resolution in France, he came to try the northern market, like other wares that would not sell at home. There was not a town from Berlin to St Petersburg in which he had not looked out for his fortune in vain; the Russian capital had afforded him nothing but the empty title of attaché, which he had assumed after waiting three weeks in the ambassador's anteroom, and the hospitality of a poor state-councillor, to whom he had brought letters of introduction from a relative in the embassy at Paris.

This councillor was an old man nobly born, but very poor. His family had lost their fortune in building a palace to please Peter the Great, and ornament his new city; three inundations of the Neva had successively swept the building away; and at length, when their lands and roubles had been thus submerged, the noble proprietors were obliged to take up their residence in the only corner of the palace which the waters had spared, where they lived with great economy, and quite forgotten by court and czar—timber huts and dirty warehouses multiplying round them, as that quarter of the town went out of fashion and grew low. The councillor considered himself the last of his family; his wife was long dead; and he had but one daughter, Sophia, whose prospects, as frequently rehearsed by her father, were to sell the old house, with all it contained, pay the expenses of his funeral, and retire into the convent of Fasting Sisters, to which the ladies of her house had a hereditary right of admission. The family were distantly related to the Princess Grodizoff; but her good graces had been lost by the councillor thirty years before at a game of cards, and in consequence, Sophia and her father were left to their own resources. The old man had a winter asthma, and was seldom in good-humour. The house was poor and cold; they had no servant but a mujik who was never sober when he could get anything to drink. But the councillor welcomed the stranger to his stove and table as heartily as if both had been better furnished; and the stranger was glad to stay—first, because he could not find more comfortable quarters; and, secondly, because Sophia, one of the prettiest and best girls in St Petersburg, kept that remnant of a palace habitable by her presence, doing not only all the household work, but all the good-humour and cheerfulness for the whole establishment.

Gaston had often wished to be rich; but he did so still more fervently after his admission to the state-councillor's home. Sophia had no fortune; her education had been so neglected, that she could speak nothing but Russ, and she never wore patches. But she put his laced waistcoat in repair, when he could not buy another, to appear at the embassy; always smiled when he came in; and he thought a court-dress would become her. His energy had been great in looking for place and employment all the way from France, now it became tremendous: he laid siege to the hearts of courtiers, and the hands of valets, though his munitions for the latter kind of warfare were growing extremely slender, and fortune rarely favours the importunate. Through some of these channels, however, his name came to the imperial ear, and Catherine fixed upon him as the man wanted to go quietly through her Polish accounts, and make a true report of the same. According to northern custom, he was not trusted so far without a check; her majesty's private secretary, who had been deputed to manage the business, assigned him a humble dependent of his own, named Michal Clozoff, by way of clerk and assistant.

Clozoff had been a merchant in his day, and supplied the court with furs; but his trade went out of fashion after the French architect heated the Hermitage, and nothing thicker than taffeta was allowed to be worn; so Clozoff gave up fur-selling, and, with his five sons, hung about the outskirts of the palace, living by small quiet jobs, and especially at the service of the private secretary, from whom they got more promises than pay. If the ex-merchant had been placed as a spy in that low dingy office behind the admiralty, where the two worked night and day at the Polish account-books—for the czarina was in haste—he had nothing to report, but that Gaston spared neither pen nor calculation to make out the subtractions from her majesty's new revenues, which at length were found so considerable, that it was expected there would be two or three villages in Siberia peopled by the delinquents. The estate on the Vistula was, however, most clear of such encumbrances, the discovery of which fact brought the private secretary to assure Gaston of her majesty's satisfaction, to pay him five hundred roubles for his work, and to receive fifty back as his own perquisite for allowing him to be employed. Perhaps it was the probability of imperial favour shining on the stranger, that induced his excellency to become condescending and chatty; discuss the opera, which had just been opened; and tell the news of the day, that the Princess Grodizoff intended to purchase the Polish estate without delay, and had signified her intention of taking a poor relative whom nobody knew, named Sophia Petrova, under her protection. In pursuing patronage, Gaston had acquired considerable command of countenance, and the secretary's news made it all requisite. The poor relation whom nobody knew was the very girl who had repaired his lace waistcoat, and smiled when he came; and a vision rose before his fancy, of Sophia declared heiress of all the princess's possessions, and himself invested with the most noble order of St Nicolas. It was suddenly cut short by an exclamation from Clozoff, who had been industriously writing in the further corner of the office, as became an assistant-clerk, and was expected neither to talk nor hear; but he groaned out 'Poor Sophia' so audibly, that Gaston started, and the secretary looked round. The observation must have escaped the honest Russian unawares; he cowered under the secretary's eye like a man detected in the act of a flagrant crime.

'Do you know the girl?' inquired his excellency with evident curiosity.

'Yes, my lord; her father is a state-councillor; but very poor. They live in the Moscow quarter, in the

Digitized by Google

same street with me, behind St Olga's Church, your excellency. She was the only person who would enter our house when we had the fever, of which my poor wife died three winters ago.'

'A good girl,' said the secretary. 'No doubt Providence means to reward her by the princess's kindness. It is a noble prospect for her. You know the princess has provided for most of her female relatives; in fact, I believe Sophia Petrova is the last of them; doubtless she will be provided for also.'

'No doubt, your excellency,' said Clozoff, but the looks of both speakers somehow reversed their words. With the secretary, it was cold-blooded sarcasm; with Clozoff, it was a Russian's resignation to the things and powers that be; and after a few more observations on the brilliant prospects of the state-councillor's daughter, wound up with congratulations to Gaston, whose face he had been attentively studying, his excellency took his leave.

The news he brought was true, however. Gaston found the old house in a general commotion of gladness and grandeur; the princess had astonished the whole street by coming there in her calash; a bag of roubles had been left for Sophia's outfit; the young girl's friends had assembled to advise her what she should buy; the mujik had got very drunk on the occasion; and the state-councillor was so elated that he decidedly refused the considerable present which Gaston offered in return for his entertainment. 'No,' said the old man; 'you have not got much to spare yet, and my daughter is going to be provided for, taken to court, and made an heiress, perhaps. The saints guard my Sophia! I would not part with her, after what has happened to so many girls of our family; but there is nothing before the poor child but the convent of the Fasting Sisters, and that is a poor look-out for one's only daughter.' His last words tallied so strangely with Clozoff's groan, and the secretary's cynical look, that Gaston felt there was some Russian meaning in them; but no endeavour could bring the state-councillor to plainer speaking; on the contrary, he at once altered his tone, enlarged on the excellences of the princess, her liberality to her relations, and the certainty Sophia had of getting handsomely portioned and well married, if she only pleased her highness. The buying went on. Friends and relations who had not visited the house for years, crowded in to rejoice with father and daughter. There was good cheer, and even feasting in the old house; the mujik said it never had been so much worth while to serve there before. Sophia was sorry to leave her father, and glad to be made a lady; besides, it was her belief she would see Gaston sometimes at court; but the Frenchman's heart misgave him: there was a dark background to her promotion, which he could not make out. Pumping Clozoff was of no avail; the ex-merchant had got his cue, and would talk of nothing but the great good-luck of Sophia Petrova, and how well she deserved it. Gaston had begun to know something of the country he was in; there was but one way of coming to a knowledge of the mystery, and being interested as well as curious, that way he determined to take, though it cost his entire exchequer. All the money he could command by this time amounted to four hundred roubles. Armed with this sum, he sought a common tea-shop, which Clozoff was accustomed to frequent when he had nothing better to do, because it was kept by his own son-in-law, and had very little custom. The old man could fortunately speak French, and was very proud of that accomplishment, as none of his neighbours in the Moscow quarter understood it. It gave Gaston an opportunity of dealing with him privately, where he found him alone in the back-room of the tea-shop, sitting as close as he could to the stove.

'Clozoff, you are a prudent man, and I want you to tell me something,' said Gaston, producing the silver, when their salutations were fairly over. 'Here are four hundred roubles, which shall be yours on the spot, if you will tell me plainly why you said "Poor Sophia" in the office three days ago, and what is the story about the Princess Grodizoff and the ladies of her family.'

Clozoff was a Russian, and going to be paid for his tale; he therefore made no prologue, but that he was a poor man, and would be ruined if it ever came to the princess's knowledge that he had told any report about her highness; on which Gaston assured him of his absolute safety, and chinked the four hundred roubles.

'Well,' said Clozoff, 'since you must be told, it is known to all St Petersburg that for the last twenty years the princess has taken nieces, grand-nieces, and cousins of every degree, one after another, to bring out and provide for. She dressed them in the height of the fashion; she took them to all places of entertainment; she gave them everything that money could buy, or girls could wish for, but none of them ever lived a year after entering the palace. Seven-and-twenty girls of the Grodizoff line lie in the vaults of our Lady of Kazan. I must say she gave them handsome funerals; and her highness's family have scarcely a daughter left, though it was once the wonder where husbands would be found for them all. Count Vezkin, her nephew, has not one girl out of five. Alexia Paulova, her cousin's widow, sits alone in the house where she had three daughters to marry; and they say her old aunt at Smolenski has lost her wits long ago with thinking of seven girls who went to the Grodizoff palace, one after another, to be made heiresses, and followed in the same order to the vaults of our Lady of Kazan.'

'Did so many deaths attract no attention? Was there no inquiry?' said Gaston.

'O yes, there was every inquiry that could be made about a house of such high rank,' said Clozoff. 'Some of them died of strange diseases, which no physician knew. Some of them met with still stranger accidents. There was one, I remember, who fell down stairs in the dark; another went to the German spas, and the water disagreed with her. In short, they went by all manner of ways; and I have heard say that the old aunt's youngest daughter, who died very suddenly, had a blue mark round her neck. The princess has taken no girl since, and that is three years ago. People thought she would not try it again, there was such a whisper. Her highness lamented sorely over the delicate constitution of her family, and all her friends sympathised with her; but now she is going to have another heiress. That is all I can tell you; and I would not say as much for a thousand roubles, only to yourself; it is putting my life in jeopardy'—and Clozoff clutched the bag of silver with many additional groans over the risk he was running, and an intimation that his son-in-law knew there was money going, and would expect half of it. Had Gaston been possessed of a larger bag, he could have distributed its contents in ferreting out further details of her highness's domestic history. As it was, he determined that Sophia should not go to the palace without him. Her father was now restored to favour; and the worthy state-councillor looked rather astonished next day when his prosperous guest, fresh from a court employment, presented himself with a very long face—a penitent declaration that he had lost all his money at the gaming-table, and an earnest request that he would get him the humblest post in the princess's service. There was a liberal bestowment of sound rebuke and sage admonition. The councillor smoked two full pipes in its delivery, though he admitted there was some apology for Gaston, considering that he was neither a Russian

Digitized by Google

nor brought up in the Greek Church. As to a post in the princess's household, there was none vacant just then, but that of second-valet, which could not be thought of for a man of his quality; but Gaston was welcome to stay in his house till something turned up: he would be lonely now without Sophia, and wanted somebody to help in the reformation of the mujik, which he intended to begin without delay. Gaston made all suitable acknowledgments for his hospitable offer, hinted his own unfitness to assist in the revision of the mujik's morals, and added in a penitential tone, that he considered the post of second-valet quite sufficient for his deserts; but as there were probabilities of preferment to come, he requested the councillor to see that mademoiselle, his daughter, did not recognise him in the Grodizoff palace. The old man was much edified by the present humility and future prospects of his young friend. The second-valet's place was speedily obtained. Sophia was duly warned to know nothing of the new servant; and under the name of Jacques le Noir, Gaston entered on his humble duties.

The office of second-valet was not a sinecure in the household of her excellency. Like most of the great ladies of that age, half the duties of her toilet, and all her confidential errands, were done by the gentlemen of the chamber, which courtly term included the above-mentioned Jacques and his commander, an Italian, named Paulo, who had been first-valet ever since the princess became a widow. Paulo did nothing but eat spiced macaroni and prepare it for himself in a private kitchen, which he had constructed behind his suit of apartments. He also kept the keys of her highness's shoe-room, and all the other rooms in which the treasures of her wardrobe were laid up, and a very strict eye over the second-valet, who was expected never to go out but when sent on an errand—then to make no delay in returning; to attend the bells of the princess, her three ladies-in-waiting, her two hair-dressers, her secretary, and, chief of all, Paulo, who liberally scolded him when there was an opportunity. Of these rites and duties the *soi-disant* Jacques had a full allowance. The eight bells rang him up at all hours. The ringers sent him to every corner of St Petersburg in all weathers, and no city in Europe enjoys such a variety of the undoubtedly bad. He ate with the serfs, he slept above the horses. The housekeeper had to get presents for not finding fault with him; the laundress tore his shirts; Paulo called him names in Italian, French, and Russ; and the entire household laughed at him for having white hands and expecting washed dishes. It was not a congenial life for a young man fond of elegance, and anxious to be somebody; but Gaston kept his post for almost six months, with a self-devotion and endurance of a Jesuit missionary; yet not the smallest thread of the Grodizoff secret could he unravel. If Paulo had any good graces to be gained, they were beyond the reach of his Gallic subordinate. All the French servants were new, and could tell nothing. The secretary, though gracious to a countryman, had been long in Russia, and spoke little except in praise of his employer. All the maids were Russians from the princess's estates, and all Gaston's efforts failed to make an impression on any of their hearts. The errands they sent him were of the most commonplace and overt description; indeed, there was nothing strange about the palace but that inexplicable tale. Like other great Russian houses of the period, its chief apartments were all magnificence, its inferior ones given up to dirt and squalor. There was a constant succession of festivities, and no lack of card-tables, at which he got an occasional view of the princess, conspicuous by the magnitude of her hoop, her diamonds, and her immovable face of the north. Sometimes, too, he caught sight of Sophia, richly dressed, attended by waiting-women and pages, keeping well in mind the charge against recognition, yet now and then looking as if she had not forgotten him, too.

It was marvellous that the poor girl's head was not turned by her sudden transition from the old house with all the work to do, the mujik to keep in order, and the state-councillor in good temper; but Sophia kept her balance, and seemed to make her footing sure. At the end of the first month, the princess was boasting of the accomplishments her young protégée had acquired from the half-score of masters and mistresses retained for that purpose. Before a second had expired, all her highness's circle voted Sophia brilliant; and with a Frenchman's perception of such matters, the second-valet at length discovered that Feodor Baselovich, one of the Orloff family, was about to offer his hand and fortune, lands and peasants, at the shrine of her charms.

That was a discovery for which he had not bargained; but common report soon assured him of its reality. The wealth and rank of young Baselovich would have made him a welcome suitor to the best families of St Petersburg. Like most of his line, he was tall and handsome. The princess openly favoured his suit, the state-councillor concurred in the background he was expected to occupy, and everybody agreed that the bride-elect must be well inclined if she were in her senses. Gaston had observed her looking absent and thoughtful, as if balancing something in her mind. Was it for this he had become a second-valet, answered Russian bells, and abstained from kicking Paulo? The thought was sufficient to send a less sensitive subject upon the road to self-destruction. Gaston was nearing the borders of that romantic land one evening late in the St Petersburg winter, when the princess had given her last ball before Lent. From a corner in the picture-gallery, where he stood as if in waiting, he could see through the open doors of the ball-room Sophia dancing the *minuet de la cœur* with the young scion of the Orloff line. The lady was gay with frills of Flanders lace and pendents of pearl; the gentleman was grand in his uniform as a colonel of hussars. A consciousness of their approaching alliance seemed to pervade the company; the princess smiled graciously on the pair: it was afterwards remembered that her highness said she hoped Providence would permit her to send one bride from the Grodizoff palace; and Gaston, like other disappointed men, was making severe reflections on the fickleness, vanity, and mercenary mind of the sex, when Paulo's bell recalled him to his humble duties. He was received at the foot of the back-stairs with the usual volley of names. A carrier from the south had just arrived, bringing, among sundry packages of less value, two small cases of polished ebony, which Gaston was commanded to place on the toilets of their owners—one was addressed to the princess, and the other to Mademoiselle Petrova. Both were labelled '*l'eau d'or*,' and Gaston's Versailles education made him acquainted at least with the repute of that article. In it the rank and fashion of those days put faith as a specific against all their dreaded ills, the loss of spirits, the decay of charms, and a thousand other evils quite as serious. Its composition was kept a profound secret by the manufacturing chemists. It was believed to be made only in Paris somewhere about the Sorbonne, and if not extracted from the precious metal, it cost nearly its weight in gold; to the vulgar eye, however, there was nothing remarkable about it but a clear tasteless fluid, thicker than common water, which, according to the invariable direction on the label, was to be drunk up the moment it was opened.

It was a long way up to the dressing-rooms of the princess and her protégée: they were situated in the

Digitized by Google

eastern wing of the palace, and at the opposite ends of a long corridor. As Gaston went up with the cases and his lantern into the darkness and silence of the upper floors, which the sounds of the festival scarcely reached, strange thoughts came over him. Why were the cases so distinctly addressed, and forwarded from Paris? Was he carrying to Sophia's toilet a passport to the vaults of our Lady of Kazan? Perhaps she meant to marry young Baselovich? Well, she had made him no promise, and he would disappoint the princess. Paulo's bell rang till the whole palace could hear it. He shouted on his lagging vassal, and cursed him in his three languages, for the carrier's bringings were all to be put away; but in her highness's own magnificent dressing-room, inlaid with mirrors, and hung with rose-coloured damask, the cards of address were removed, skilfully transferred so as to leave no trace of tampering, and the exchanged cases deposited on each lady's toilet.

The ball was not over till five in the morning. Her highness and the whole household retired soon after. There were yet some hours till the breaking of the Russian day, but it was long till Gaston slept; his attic above the horses had never seemed so full of moaning wind and creaking rafters; and when he did sleep at last, it was to dream that he was following Sophia's funeral arm-in-arm with Clozoff, who rehearsed to him the whole history of the seven-and-twenty girls as they went. Suddenly, his slumbers were broken by a sound of loud and mingled cries. It was broad day, but the whole palace seemed to be turning upside down; there were hurrying feet and wild lamentations, for her Siberian maid, the oldest and most favoured, who always drew the princess's curtains, had found her highness seated at her toilet, as the maids had left her duly dressed for the night in her satin pinner and lace lappets, but stone-dead, and nothing to account for the fact—only an empty phial, labelled '*l'eau d'or*,' lay on the carpet at her feet.

There was a great gathering of her highness's family, and a strict investigation commenced, but not proceeded with; for the same day a stranger presented himself at the gate of the Hermitage, craving an audience of her majesty's private secretary, by whom he was conducted through one of the secret corridors to the imperial closet. He was seen to leave the palace within an hour; immediately after the Grodizoff family received certain intimations, according to which it was publicly announced that the princess had died from a stroke of apoplexy; that Sophia Petrova was heiress of her Finland estates; that the rest of the property should pass to the male heirs; but whoever the young lady married, must take the name and arms of Grodizoff. After her highness had been laid with becoming pomp beside her twenty-seven protégées, the fashionables of St Petersburg mourned over the shutting-up of her palace for some time; but it was opened again, though with reduced splendour; for Sophia, the heiress, married a French nobleman, who appeared at court as the Marquis de Thienville, sent on a secret embassy from Versailles. The princess's papers and all the water of gold which could be found were carried off at an early stage of the business by a messenger from the Hermitage. Among the former were the title-deeds of the newly purchased estate on the Vistula, which once more reverted to the crown; and also a prediction, written in the old Slavonic language of Russia, by one who called himself Vlademer of Kioff, setting forth that her highness would never die except by a girl of her family, who should inherit her wealth. All inquiries failed to discover either the prophet or the chemist with whom her highness had dealt; nor did time or chance throw any further light on the doings of that singular and most unscrupulous lady, who is still remembered in the traditional gossip of St Petersburg by the equivocal title of 'The Killing Princess.'

THE NEW GOLD-DIGGINGS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

STRANGELY enough, it was reserved for the middle of the nineteenth century, the period fruitful in wonders of art, to be the great era of gold-discovery—the diggings of California, Australia, and British Columbia having all come into notice within the space of a very few years. So strange, indeed, is the fact, that one is puzzled to say what people were about that they never made these notable discoveries before. The circumstance, we think, shews that, after all, our knowledge of the earth's surface is still exceedingly imperfect. For anything we can tell, there may yet be many other places abounding in unheard-of mineral wealth, which is destined to alter the tenor of commercial transactions, and to work extraordinary changes in matters of social concern.

As regards the last of the gold discoveries, England can claim little credit for penetration or promptitude. The discovery was at first treated with due official reserve. Douglas, governor of Vancouver's Island, writes on the 16th of April 1856 to Labouchere, as head of the Colonial department, that gold was found within 'British territory on the Upper Columbia, and that he is, moreover, of opinion that valuable gold-deposits will be found in many other parts of that country.' The dry reply which ensues is followed by a correspondence which gradually increases in interest; but only by means of parliamentary reports and public rumours does the great discovery become finally known in the summer of 1858, when suddenly the whole world is in a blaze on the subject, and from all parts—California, in particular—there is a rush to the almost unknown territory, which has hitherto been held as little else than hunting-ground for savages, and certain fur-trading companies.

In looking at any recently constructed map of this part of the western hemisphere, we see, yet fail adequately to realise in imagination, the vastness of the stretch of territory belonging to the British crown, amounting as it does to one-half of the continent of North America. The more western and northerly portion of this extensive country, receiving its name from an inland sea in its centre—Hudson's Bay, into which might be dropped, without incommoding it, the island of Great Britain—has, as is well known, been held chiefly by the Hudson's Bay Company, an English joint-stock concern of long standing, that has its head-quarters in London, and with which, about forty years ago, a rival undertaking, called the North-west Company, was successfully incorporated. Clerks, factors, voyageurs, and other functionaries established at trading-posts, or roaming over thousands of miles of this great wilderness, and acquainted with the principal rivers communicating with the Pacific, might be supposed in their searches to have long ere now seen the glitter of golden nuggets; yet, as if fate had settled it otherwise, such was not the case; or at all events, if they knew that there was gold, the fact was not generally communicated, and it became known only by casual circumstances. Governor Douglas's first communication

Digitized by Google

to the Colonial Office, in August 1856, appears to have been the result of a report obtained from Mr Angus M'Donald, a clerk in charge of Fort Colville, one of the Company's trading-posts in the Upper Columbia District. Already, according to M'Donald, persons had begun to dig and look for gold-dust, and were earning daily as much as from L.2 to L.8 each man. Finding its way, in the course of trade, to Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island, the gold excited some commotion; and persons began to migrate, for the purpose of mining, from adjacent parts of the United States, although the Indians, who had an interest in the soil, were not very favourably disposed towards the intruders. The spots alleged to be most prolific of gold lay from one to two hundred miles inland from the narrow channel called the Gulf of Georgia, which separates Vancouver's Island from the mainland. Into this channel, at Fort Langley, about the 49th degree of north latitude, falls the Fraser River, an important navigable river, which receives a number of feeders; the chief of these being the Thompson River, which joins it on its left bank about the 50th degree. On these rivers, gold was said to exist at various places in sufficient abundance to arouse the keenest spirit of adventure, and we can therefore fancy the excitement which prevailed soon after the reality of the discoveries was put beyond doubt. According to the Francisco correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, the first skilled miner who worked on Fraser River was a Scotchman named Adams. He happened to be travelling in this part of the Hudson's Bay territory early last year, on his way to see some relatives, and he stopped at one of the trading-posts, where he met an old acquaintance named Maclean, who told him that the Indians living on Fraser River had been bringing gold-dust to the post to trade with, saying they had dug it on the river-bank. This statement was listened to by Adams with greedy ears, and his resolution was soon taken to examine into the matter for himself. He had been a miner in California, and knew how to go to work. He accordingly provided himself with a pick, shovel, and large tin-pan, and went to the dwelling of a family of Indians who had been in the habit of bringing gold and gold-dust to the post. He found the squaws engaged in washing for gold with baskets, and from appearances, was satisfied that he was in rich diggings. He returned to the post, made a rocker, purchased some provisions, went back to the diggings, hired a couple of Indians to help him, and worked industriously for three months, in which time he realised upwards of a thousand dollars. Becoming tired of living away from white society, he went down to Puget Sound—an inlet diverging into Washington territory from the Gulf of Georgia—and there told his story to some American sailors, who returned with him to the diggings on Fraser River, and by them the search for gold was prosecuted with considerable success. In this way, reports concerning the diggings spread abroad; the inhabitants of Victoria, and finally of San Francisco, caught up the marvellous intelligence, and in the early part of the present year, a run to the new diggings had commenced.

The arrival at Victoria of steamers from San Francisco, bringing a host of American adventurers on their way to the new Dorado, appears to have somewhat alarmed Governor Douglas. Under date April 27, 1858, he wrote on the subject to the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, by whom the communication was handed to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the new head of the Colonial Office. 'I have,' said he, 'to communicate for the information of the governor and committee that the steam-vessel *Commodore* arrived in this port on the 25th instant, direct from San Francisco, with 450 passengers, chiefly gold-miners, who have come here with the intention of working the gold-mines of the interior. About 400 of those men were landed on the same day, and, with the exception of a few who left yesterday for Fraser River, are now engaged in purchasing canoes, and making arrangements for continuing their journey by Fraser River into the Couteau country. They all appear to be well provided with mining-tools, and there seems to be no want of capital and intelligence among them. About sixty of the number are British subjects, with about an equal number of Americans, and the rest are Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians. Though our little town was crowded to excess with this sudden influx of people, and there was a temporary scarcity of food and dearth of house-accommodation, the police force small, and many temptations to excess in the way of drink, yet they were remarkably quiet and orderly, and there has not been a single committal for rioting or drunkenness since their arrival here. The merchants and general dealers of Victoria are rejoicing in the increase of wealth and business produced by the arrival of so large a body of people in the colony, and are strongly in favour of making this place a stopping-point between San Francisco and the gold-mines, which, so far as respects the prosperity of the colony, is evidently an object of the utmost importance, as, both in going and returning, the miners would make purchases, and spend a great deal of money; the value of property would be vastly enhanced, while the sale of public land and the colonisation of the country would be greatly promoted. The interests of the empire, if I may use the term, may not, however, be improved to the same extent by the accession of a foreign population, whose sympathies are decidedly anti-British. From that point of view the question assumes an alarming aspect, and leads us to doubt the policy of permitting foreigners to enter the British territory, *ad libitum*, without taking the oath of allegiance, and otherwise giving security to the government of the country. In the meantime, the people who have gone into the interior will meet with innumerable difficulties of route in their progress towards the mines, both from the nature of the country and the dangerous state of the rivers. The principal diggings on Fraser and Thompson Rivers are also at present, and will continue, flooded for many months to come; there is, moreover, a great scarcity of food in the gold-districts; so that those united causes will, in all probability, compel many of the ill-provided adventurers to beat a retreat, and for the time to relinquish the enterprise. The licence-system has not been yet carried into effect, and it will be difficult to bring it into a general operation. It has since occurred to me that by levying an import-duty on goods, the gold-districts might be taxed to any desirable extent, without clamour or exciting discontent among the people; an object which might be effected at a moderate expense, by means of a custome-station on Fraser River, and another at the point where the road from the Columbia strikes the ford of the O'Kanagan River, those being the only two commercial avenues of the Couteau country. I shall soon address her Majesty's government on the subjects referred to in this communication, and it is also my intention to represent how seriously the peace of the country may be endangered by the presence of so many people wandering over the interior in a vagrant state, especially in the event of the diggings proving unremunerative, and the miners being, as an inevitable consequence, reduced to poverty, and destitute of the common necessaries of life. We have this moment

Digitized by Google

been informed of the arrival of the Pacific mail-steamer *Columbia*, at Port Townsend, with eighty passengers from San Francisco, who are also bound for the Couteau gold-district; and we observe by the latest San Francisco papers that several other vessels are advertised for the same destination.'

About the same time, in a letter to the secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company, Governor Douglas says: 'The tidings from the gold-district are of the most flattering description, but are not supported by a large return of gold-dust. Mr Simpson reports that gold is found in more or less abundance on every part of Fraser River, from Fort Yale to the Forks; but I presume those diggings cannot be very productive, or there would have been a larger return of gold. Chief-trader Yale reports that parties are proceeding up Fraser River towards the gold-diggings almost every day.' Subsequent communications in the Blue-book whence we make these extracts shew that the flocking of Americans to the new diggings continued to excite serious apprehensions; but in these fears the home authorities did not participate; nor would the people of the United Kingdom sanction any plan to exclude foreigners from settling among, and working the mines within a British territory. Accordingly, on the 1st of July, the colonial secretary, now roused to the importance of the discoveries, wrote to Mr Douglas, stating that her Majesty's government, while determined on preserving the rights both of government and commerce which belong to this country, and while having it in contemplation to furnish such a force as will preserve law and order, declare it to be 'no part of their policy to exclude Americans and other foreigners from the gold-fields. On the contrary, the governor is distinctly instructed to oppose no obstacle whatever to their resort thither for the purpose of digging in those fields, so long as they submit themselves, in common with the subjects of her Majesty, to the recognition of her authority, and conform to such rules of police as it may be thought proper to establish.' Douglas is further instructed to exercise caution and delicacy in dealing with those manifold cases of international relationship and feeling which are certain to arise. By these concessions, the liberal policy of the Americans in freely admitting British subjects to a participation in the mineral wealth of California is gracefully reciprocated, and, along with other explanations on the subject, have been received in a becoming manner by the citizens of the United States.

It being necessary, in the strange position of affairs which had evolved, to adopt measures for governing the country of the new diggings as a free crown-colony, the subject, as newspaper readers know, was lately brought before parliament; the result being that a distinct colony was formed with a constitution to last for five years. And here we may be allowed to express surprise at the paucity of invention which from first to last has been demonstrated in giving a name to this portion of British America. At first, when the matter came before parliament, the appellation of New Caledonia was fixed upon—a name not only bad in itself, as every name embracing the word *new* is acknowledged to be, but bad as being a repetition of the title given to an island in the Pacific which was lately settled by the French. Dropping New Caledonia, the Colonial Office at length fixed on British Columbia, which is about as clumsy as its predecessor, and will no doubt have afterwards to be abandoned for something shorter and more pointed. British Columbia, as it seems we must call it, is legally defined to comprise 'all such territories within the dominion of her Majesty as are bounded to the south by the frontier of the United States of America, to the east by the water-shed between the streams which flow into the Pacific Ocean and those which flow into the Atlantic and Icy Oceans, to the north by the 59th parallel of north latitude, and to the west by the Pacific Ocean; and shall include Queen Charlotte's Island and all other islands adjacent, excepting Vancouver's Island'—this last being a settlement of the Hudson's Bay Company, according to a special grant which expires a year or two hence. The frontier of the United States being on the 49th parallel of north latitude, the new colony of British Columbia lies within ten degrees from north to south, and so far may be described as a block of 200,000 square miles stretching westward from the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific.*

In making regular settlements in Vancouver's Island, the Hudson's Bay Company engaged to dispose of crown-lands to immigrants; and thus Victoria has latterly increased in size and population. Extending gradually as a resort for traders, it experienced an extraordinary accession of inhabitants, and land in its environs came rapidly into demand as soon as the tide of gold-seekers fairly set in. The accounts of its sales of town-lots remind us of similar affairs in San Francisco and Melbourne. The land-office is beset from early morning, and such was the amount of business done that there were not means for making out titles fast enough.

The following letter from Victoria, dated June 20, appears in the *San Francisco Bulletin:* 'There are two beautiful harbours here; the lesser one is where the city of Victoria has been commenced, and three miles to the north-west of Esquimalt Bay, where the largest ships in the world may safely enter and lie. This harbour, however, will admit ships drawing sixteen feet of water at low tide; and such boats as the *Pacific*, *Commodore*, or *Columbia*, may come readily to the town. Victoria has been the fort and principal trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company for a number of years, and a careful examination of the geography of the country at once shews their wisdom and foresight. The site of the town is beautiful, rising gently from the banks of the harbour, extending back and spreading out into a plateau, forming a beautiful site for a city. Already buildings have been commenced to accommodate the rush of people. Stores go up as fast as the material can be furnished.

'The people here had not anticipated so sudden an influx of population, and consequently no preparation in the way of lumber for buildings, or provisions for the people had been prepared, so these things are now scarce and very high. The supply of provisions was so small—people were coming from many points around the Sound, daily increasing the numbers—that several small vessels were despatched to Bellingham Bay, and forthwith cargoes of their surplus supplies were brought in; and with them, within the two weeks past, some eighteen traders and merchants have changed their places from that point, bought lots, and commenced the sale of their goods here. Arrangements are already perfected to send the steamers *Surprise* and *Sea-bird* up Fraser River to Fort Hope. Three trips have already been made. The time occupied is three days, up and back. The river—which interested scribblers for paper-towns have represented as a wild mountain-torrent—is beautiful, and its navigation not only practicable, but perfectly

* The governor appointed to this new and hopeful colony is, we believe, Colonel R. C. Moody, R.E., at present commanding the Royal Engineers in Scotland, in which capacity he has conducted the structural alterations on Edinburgh Castle. Both as regards accomplishments and general experience, no one could better fill this important post. Colonel Moody was formerly lieutenant-governor of the Falkland Islands, which he with a party of his corps prepared for colonisation, between 1841 and 1848. According to the newspapers, the gallant colonel will shortly proceed to assume the duties of the new government, embarking at Southampton, and proceeding to the colony *viâ* Chagres and Panama.

Digitized by Google

easy and safe. As to the extent and richness of the mines of Fraser River, abundant evidence is on every side here to prove the truth of the extravagant stories before related. I have talked freely with a number of my friends who have worked on the river-banks, and have exhibited to me hundreds of ounces of the dust collected there before the waters commenced to rise.'

'Another writer in the same paper says of Victoria: 'This place improves on me on acquaintance. There is plenty of fish in the bay; both large and small are caught from the bridge. There is a great variety of pleasant walks in the neighbourhood. We went about six miles to the sound shore. It is a curious beach, and consists of millions of tons of pebbles, from the size of an egg down to peas and beans. They are used a great deal in town for the streets, and in gardens for walks, and wherever there is much travel. 'In two minutes' walk from the fort, you are in the fields, and the grounds are covered with ripe strawberries and blackberries. The wild rose-bushes are in full bloom. There is an abundance of young oaks, aspen, and other shrubs, on up to the big old oak and lofty pine. The ground is not a dead-level, but just even enough to make it pretty, and the brush and trees are so thick that it is pleasant walking among them. The temperature is just right for walking; and the prevailing wind from Mount Olympus and the Coast Range makes the otherwise too great warmth delightfully bracing.'

A third correspondent describes the place as 'growing like wild-fire;' and in the account given by a fourth, we have a graphic detail of the process of buying town-lots. 'The great event since I wrote you last, in this place, was the sale of town-lots, under the direction of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the 21st. The sale created a great deal of interest, and, long before the hour of opening the Land-office, its doors were besieged by an anxious crowd of people, eager to invest their money in lots they knew not where situated, or when they would receive deeds to them. The Company owned some 6400 acres of land, upon which the town of Victoria is located, and had sold, from time to time, the most eligibly located lots, of 60 feet front by 120 deep, at first for 25 dollars, then 50 dollars, then 75 dollars each, until all the land lying within seven or eight blocks of the water had been disposed of. The rapid and wonderful rise in the value of this property was so great, and the demand such, that the Company determined to throw some 1200 additional lots in the market, and raise the price to 100 dollars per lot. The land was hurriedly surveyed, and written notices posted on the door of the office, stating that the lots would be sold at the above rates, the purchaser to receive a receipt for the amount of money paid, and when the map should be completed, to be entitled to a choice of the same according to the number of his receipt—the receipts to be numbered as issued. This receipt is very brief, and merely expresses that a certain sum has been received on account of town-lots. It will be some ten days before purchasers get their title-deeds, which are very brief and simple in form, discarding *in toto* all the usual local phrases and terms. It is estimated that about 25,000 dollars were paid into the Land-office during the day. No person was allowed to purchase exceeding six lots. Notwithstanding this large amount of real estate thus suddenly flung upon the market, prices remain firm, with a strong upward tendency. Building-lots five and six blocks back from the water-front are selling at from 1000 to 2000 dollars each, according to location.'

A demand for land, not very dissimilar, prevailed in connection with some other places in Vancouver's Island; the universal expectation, of course, being that much of the gold to be discovered would find its way thither, and not a little of it be spent with a recklessness according to the ordinary improvident habits of gold-diggers.

WHEN I WAS A SCHOOL-BOY.

WELL do I remember those delicious half-holidays at school, when we started off in groups to spend the afternoon among the hills, or by the river-side. With arms twined round one another's necks, in school-boy fashion—my group consisting of three sworn chums besides myself, and our exact destination kept as an important secret from the other groups—would we start off, and plod onwards towards a certain moor-burn far up among the green hills. On our way thither, if a small bird chanced to be *churling* its happy song in the hedgerows, how instantly were our deliberations stopped, and our curiosity raised to discover the nest: the nest found, how eager to hear the report—eggs or young. We were all naturalists in our own special ways: one had a *penchant* for beetles; another for moths; a third was ever on the *qui vive* for birds' eggs; while a fourth, perhaps, kept a heterogeneous collection of caterpillars, to see what they would turn to. Caterpillar-collecting, I may as well observe, was considered capital fun; so was pupa or chrysalis hunting; and I remember, when one of the latter was found, it used to be conveyed to a certain defined portion of ground, the property of its captor, and there buried, and zealously guarded till the time came for its wondrous transformation into the perfect insect. The boy whose chrysalises changed into the greatest variety of insects, was considered exceedingly fortunate, and held a greater rank in our estimation than before.

As 'we four' wandered along towards our destination—the hill-burn—the objects that crossed our path were always carefully noted and commented upon. Birds were the chief objects of our solicitude, and many a weary search we made for their nests. Sometimes the skylark would rise mounting before us, with her glorious flood of song; but she, and her song too, passed comparatively unheeded by us, being of secondary importance to the tuft of grass from whence the bird rose, with the possibility of a nest therein. Poor larks! many an egg was stolen from them to grace our collections, and yet the skyward messengers seemed to be as plentiful as ever in the following spring.

At the foot of the hills was a small sheet of water termed the Pot Loch, the margin and depths of which supplied us with many interesting subjects for our collections. We always visited it on our way to the moor-burn, to set lines for pike against our return and to institute a diligent search amongst the adjacent weeds and grass for anything we could find. During those investigations, we always separated, each having his own beat. An exclamation of mingled delight and surprise would cause us to rush to the spot, to be rewarded perhaps with nothing more than a quantity of frog-spawn, or a colony of tadpoles, or, as we called them, *paddle ladles*. Then an eager cry from the foot of the loch, with shouts of 'Quick! quick!' would bring us panting to the side of the discoverer, our steps thither accelerated from the fear of being too late, and our fears too often realised; for just as the spot was gained, we would receive the annoying assurance that if we had arrived a moment sooner, we would have seen *such* a monster of an eel—said monster having just wriggled out of sight into the water-weeds. These little accidents only increased our zeal, and were more than made up for by the many curiosities discovered and appropriated. Water-lilies were severed from their sub-aquatic stems; their broad leaves supplied with masts of reeds, and with paper attached, set adrift on the loch.

Digitized by Google

The much-prized but rare bull-rush would sometimes fall to our lot. Gold-coloured beetles were rich treasures, and as such were eagerly sought *for*; but I confidently affirm, that my delight at finding a beetle more variegated in colour than any before met, could hardly be equalled, certainly not surpassed, by any other pleasure that could have been offered to me.

Then there were water-hens, coots and baldkites; but these were seldom spied, as they usually remained *perdu* in the weeds; we *knew* they were there, however, from a peculiar single note they occasionally uttered. The heron, from our long acquaintance with him, became a great friend. I do not remember having ever seen two of these birds at once on the margin of the loch, so the solitary individual invariably encountered became *the* heron. He was, like all his brethren, a very patient, untiring fisher; nor was he very shy either, for, when roused from his meditative position by any of us, he would flap slowly over to the opposite side, and *vice versâ*. If, however, he was much disturbed, he flew sulkily away to the neighbouring hillside, there to await our departure; and when we *had* left the water-side to continue our journey to the hill-burn, we often, upon looking back, just caught sight of him dropping quietly down again to his favourite position on the loch. Besides the heron, there was the hawk. This bird we almost always saw hovering over a deserted slate-quarry on 'the hills,' we believed to be the same individual from week to week—to have, in fact, an individuality similar to that of the heron; and the exclamation of: 'Eh! there's the hawk!' was constantly uttered when he was seen for the first time that day. This hawk frequented, for the most part, the deserted quarry; but we were always at a loss to know what he lived upon, as we never saw him bear away anything in his talons or beak, though he stooped frequently; but he must have lived upon *something*, as he was as thoroughly wedded to the hills as the heron was to the loch. The quarry was a favourite resort of ours on our way to the hill-burn. In it we found soft pieces of slate which formed excellent slate-pencils, besides capital missiles to send skipping along the water.

Those breezy hills were truly our delight. Many a chase we had after the peeweets that feigned broken wings to decoy us from their nests—an old trick *now*, but *then* endued with delightful, teasing novelty. Once, and once only, was a young peewee discovered. Three of us had bounded away after the parent lapwing, and were too eager in our impetuous chase to hear the fourth boy, who had remained behind, calling to us at the top of his lungs to return, as he had found the young one within a very few yards of where he was lying. At last we three gave up the pursuit in despair; and upon returning to our starting-point, were greeted with hurrahs, and could scarcely believe our senses when we were told to 'search, and we should find a wee peeseweep close by.' We did find it too, easily enough; examined the little hairy ball, and left it in its heather-nest. *Whaups* (curlews) were plentiful, too, and elicited many a wondering exclamation by their peculiar dreamy cries. These we each learned to imitate, an accomplishment intended by us to beguile the birds into coming within our reach; but our imitation was incomplete, or possibly so *like* the cry, that the birds never thought of responding, and the result was, that we never got very near them. The plantation on the hillside was at once mysterious and awful to our imaginations. Somehow or other, we always deemed it trespass to set foot within its enclosure, and that if 'the man' came, we should be consigned to prison; and yet we could not resist the temptation of wandering through it in search of *cushie doos*. These cushies or wood-pigeons were rather numerous, and built on the larch-trees. But unless the nests were near the ground, we never meddled with them, as the idea of 'the man' catching any of us in the wood, and still worse, *speeling*, was intolerable, and had the salutary effect of restraining our longings to climb. Now, we could have enjoyed rambling through this plantation, and would most probably have devoted a good deal of time to it; for the roots of the fir and larch trees were capital for beetles and pupas, and the cushie doos presented splendid shots for stones; but a wholesome dread of 'the man' perpetually curbed our inclinations, and kept us, for the most part, without its dreaded precincts. And how needless were our fears, as we afterwards discovered that 'the man' was a mere *myth!*

Arrived at the hill-burn, the first thing we did was to bathe in a large pool. Our dip was usually of short duration, however, as the dread of eel-bites generally hastened our exit from the cooling element. After running about *in cuerpo* to dry ourselves, we donned our attire, and then commenced the grand business of the day—*gumping for trout*. I am an angler now, of some experience and tolerable skill; I have all the appliances of rods and reels, fine tackle and nicely dressed flies, and I do not think several dozens of good-sized trout a very great haul on a good day with the water in trim; but what are my later experiences of fishing to those dearly cherished gumping memories! The novelty of handling a five-pounder has worn off considerably; and though it is yet, and always must be, a very jolly thing to hook and play a fine trout, yet the flush of triumph which attended these very juvenile successes can never be restored to my heart or my cheek. The burn where we *gumped* —that is, caught fish by the hand—was pretty deep in some places, and was skirted by *foggy* (mossy) banks. Under these banks we groped carefully, and wore the trout into a corner or hole preparatory to grasping it. Sometimes when wearing the trout in this manner, the hand and fish would be in contact the whole time, without any disturbance or attempts to escape by the latter; and this remarkable peculiarity we always ascribed to a sort of mesmeric influence, exercised by the hand upon the charmed victim. The process was termed 'tickling their tails.'

Great indeed was our joy, upon a certain occasion, when one of us landed a trout, one pound in weight, upon the bank. How we gazed and admired, and fondled and gently handled the sparkling prize, fearful of shedding a single scale from his matchless form; how exultingly we beheld him lie panting on the turf, little dreaming of his agony; how, almost fearfully, we gazed around to see if any one else had witnessed the deed, and finally, how carefully we rolled him in a pocket-handkerchief and bore him home. A feat like that was food for a month to us, and served in a measure as a date: thus, to recall some event or other, we reverted to the time the big trout was gumped.

The return from, was a weary job compared with the journey to, the hills. We were always tired long before we reached the school-house, and were glad to get to bed; but next week, the events of last Saturday were recounted, and plans for the following one discussed and matured. The *anticipation* of these half-holidays was, I am convinced, more delightful than the pleasure itself, great as that pleasure was. How we each thrilled with eager joy when any one proposed something peculiarly novel to be done the following holiday. How we chummed together in our dormitory, in school-hours, and in the playground, and strove to be amongst the number of 'those who wished to go to the hills' on Saturday. This privilege being only extended by the master to those who deserved it by good conduct, was one we four

Digitized by Google

always tried hard to merit; and on several occasions, how great was our grief when the list came back from the master's room with one of us on the *cancelled* side. This entailed the remainder of the quartett staying in the playground to keep company with the unfortunate spoiler of the day's fun, for it would have been considered a disgraceful meanness to have left him alone.

Those cherished scenes were revisited by me years after I had left school; but the Pot Loch looked smaller and less imposing, the hills lower, and the quarry had dwindled down to half its original size; the school-house remained unaltered, and the playground and solitary fir-tree we used to climb, were the same; but how changed to my mind's eye was everything. Alas! it occurred to me that the school-boy alone sees things as they truly are, while the perceptions of the man are clouded and distorted by the ceaseless train of new objects. On the faces of the boys I saw, upon revisiting my old school, were evidences of fresh feeling which I recognised as akin to mine when I was in a similar position. It was the flush of anticipation—the greatest happiness of life. Musing in this manner, I took my way towards the Pot Loch to see what it was like. There it was in precisely the same place, smaller to my sophisticated fancy, but still there; and a thousand olden pleasures rushed upon my heart, and blinded my eyes, as I actually scared away *the heron*.

OXFORD ASSOCIATE-IN-ARTS EXAMINATION.

Oxford, the ancient and magnificent home of the Tory and High Churchman, the gorgeous city of palaces on the banks of the classic Isis, presented an unusual appearance in the week between June 21 and June 28. The 'men,' that is, the collegians, the flower of the English nobility and gentry, the pale scholar just released from his books and his examiners, and the stylish freshman, half intoxicated with the full tide of pleasurable excitements that throng the 'summer-term,' the antique old-world heads of houses, the active keen-looking college-tutors, and the stately proctors, with their velvet-sleeved gowns, set off on Sundays and holidays by the quaint old cloth-of-gold hoods—all these had gone down the week before; and, as the sun shone upon the gray towers on the morning of June 21, it beheld them all alive with denizens of another type. The age of Chaucer's boy-scholars seemed to have returned. The ghosts of some of the 30,000 *alumni*, who were walking the streets in 1358—five hundred years ago—seemed once again to have started into being—not now in frieze hoods and tippets, but in jackets of good broad-cloth, and morning-coats of alpaca. Go where one would, the cheerful and expectant faces of these boys and youths turned up on every side. Addison's Walk was alive with them; so were the venerable avenues that skirt the far-famed Christ Church Meadows, the quiet gardens of Worcester and St John's Colleges, and the hermit-like Lime-walk of Trinity. By and by, the streets were emptied, and the gardens deserted. But if you had gone into the great quadrangle of the schools, and peeped into a window here and there, you would have seen these youthful aspirants at work in good earnest, seated at long rows of tables, and writing away as hard as any Ireland or Craven scholar ever wrote before them. They had assembled in the Convocation House, where Charles I. held his parliament, and where Tract 90 was condemned; and they were now dispersed, some in the Divinity-school, where one General Cromwell stabled his horses, and some in the Writing-school, where Peel, Whately, Arnold, and Gladstone won the first pledges of their future renown. A measure of university extension had been carried out, on a noble scale, and with an almost startling rapidity, and these were the first palpable indications of the measure. Here were these 'Chaucer-scholars,' not now, as in those bygone times, come up to Oxford to live an uncomfortable and questionable life in lodgings, and abandoning respectable and remunerative callings, merely for the sake of attending a few professors' lectures. We have made at least this advance on the 'good old' days; namely, that, by the help of books, newspapers, and the public lectures which are becoming everywhere abundant, our youth may enjoy almost as much intellectual pleasure and instruction in their own homes, as our forefathers managed painfully to extract from the universities. But they were come for a wiser and a better purpose—a purpose admirably suited to the requirements of this present age; they were come that the knowledge and attainments in general, which the aforesaid march of book and newspaper instruction has enabled them to acquire, might be tested by the old-established discipline, the wise and steady estimate, the experienced handling, and the unimpeached honour of an Oxford examination. The authority and *prestige* of the ancient university had been directed to the task, not of checking or of discouraging, but of sympathising with and aiding the laudable efforts of self-taught students, and the varied machinery of commercial and grammar schools.

On the 18th of June 1857, the university of Oxford passed a statute, establishing two examinations for 'those who are not members of the university:' one for youths under eighteen and above fifteen, another for boys under fifteen. The convocation created a delegacy (or commission) with legislative and executive powers for the special purposes defined by the statute. These powers have a duration of three years only, and convocation will then have again to take the subject into consideration. In the meantime, it has devolved on the delegacy to frame a scheme of examination, to appoint examiners, to fix the scale of fees, and to arrange all other details. The Rev. J. E. Sewell, of New College, Oxford, has been appointed secretary, and no less than ten local centres of examination were established this year in communication with Oxford through that gentleman as the medium. These provincial 'centres' are each managed by a proper committee, which undertakes to conduct the local details, and to provide for all expenses incident to a local examination. The localities, together with their respective contingents of senior and junior candidates, are specified in the following table:

Name of Place.	*Seniors.*	*Juniors.*
Oxford,	56	77
London,	114	237
Bath,	14	60
Bedford,	12	23
Birmingham,	36	58
Cheltenham,	38	36
Exeter,	29	55
Leeds,	35	73
Liverpool,	38	60
Manchester,	26	99
Southampton,	25	22

The total number of persons to be examined at Oxford and the ten provincial centres was 1223—800 being juniors, and 423 being seniors. The examination was open to all persons of whatever social rank or religious denomination, age and non-matriculation being the only limits. Candidates must all satisfy the examiners that they have mastered the elements of a plain English education, after which a very wide latitude is allowed in the selection of subjects of study. The junior candidates, when successful, obtain a certificate; the seniors, who pass

Digitized by Google

the higher examination, receive the title of Associate-in-arts, the symbol of which is the letters A.A. Any person who can obtain, or who has obtained, a sight of the examination lists which appeared in the *Times* of the 5th of August, will at once discern the method of classification. Candidates, both senior and junior, may obtain 'honours' in addition to their certificate or A.A. degree, by attaining a place in the first or second of the three classes. The first class is, of course, the place of distinguished success; it is arranged in order of merit, while the second, or 'inferior honour' class, and the third, or 'pass' class, are arranged alphabetically. The chief difference between the classification of the seniors and that of the juniors is, that the bulk of matter in which the former have to be examined is arranged under six sections—A, B, C, D, E, F, and a first and second class is appointed for each section; the junior candidates having been arranged in two general 'honour' classes, without reference to sections. The same *principle* of arrangement is, however, adopted in both cases; the first class being always in order of merit, the second alphabetically arranged. Seniors and juniors alike, who have done well enough to obtain the certificate or the degree, but not well enough to merit any special distinction, are placed, without reference to sections, in the large alphabetical third or 'pass' class. It will give some notion of the care and strictness which have marked this examination, if we state the numbers of those who have obtained first classes in the six sections of the senior examination. In the A section (English literature), there were only fourteen 'firsts'; in the B section (languages), there were 25; in the C section (mathematics), 10; in the D section (physics), only 6; in the E section (drawing and architecture), only 3; and in the F section (music), 1. This, it must be borne in mind, was a selection out of no less than 423 senior candidates. We stated above that all candidates were obliged to satisfy the examiners in the elements of a plain English education. The meaning of this phrase, in the Oxford sense, will be best understood by learning that both boys and youths have to write from dictation, to analyse and parse English sentences, to write a short English composition, and to take in arithmetic, geography, and the outlines of English history. The younger candidates have also to read aloud a passage before the examiners, a part of the examination which has elicited the most favourable remarks in the case of the Liverpool boys. In the case of the juniors, a book is set to be 'got up' in the part of the examination which has to do with languages. These books are very well chosen, being such as Schiller's *Revolt of the Netherlands*, in German, and part of *Cæsar de Bello Gallico*, in Latin. The seniors are examined in the languages at large, irrespective of any special book.

We now proceed to give some specimens of the questions set in the English literature and language sections. From these the general quality of the examination is best learned; and we will append a few details relating to the other sections. The 'English Literature' comprised the four following subjects: English History, from the battle of Bosworth Field to the Restoration, and the outlines of the History of Literature during the same period; Shakspeare's *King Lear*, and Bacon's *Essays;* the outlines of Political Economy and English Law; and Physical, Commercial, and Political Geography. In this section, a candidate was open to questions like the undermentioned: 'What was the secret of the success of Elizabeth in governing, and of the failure of Charles I.?' 'State the reasons which make the accession of Henry VII. an important epoch in English history.' 'Describe with all the detail which you can, one of these three events—the death-bed of Elizabeth, the execution of Charles I., the death of Oliver Cromwell.' 'Which of the historical romances of Sir Walter Scott refer to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; in what cases has he brought out strongly any historical characters or incidents of the period, and in what has he deviated from historical truth?' 'Compare the characters of Lear and Cordelia with any corresponding characters in ancient tragedy.' 'Shew how the introduction of the Fool is necessary for the development of the character of Lear and of the moral effect of the play.' 'Compare and contrast, in connection with their history, the physical geography of (a) the three southern peninsulas of Europe, and (b) the counties of Kent, Cornwall, Somerset, and Cumberland.' 'Mention the phenomena peculiar to the river Nile.' 'Give any instances which you remember of ordinary words used by Lord Bacon in a sense now unusual.' 'In what essay does Lord Bacon treat of colonisation? Name any particular in which his views on the subject have been confirmed by recent experience?' 'What is meant by the "real" price of commodities, as distinguished from their "nominal" price? Which is of most importance in the ordinary transactions of life?'

Few judges of sound and liberal views would refuse to these questions the merit of judicious selection, and of the most equitable fairness. The subjects for a short English essay are, in our opinion, equally well chosen. The candidate might do one of four things: he might write a short account of the life and character of Lord Nelson; or he might sketch the plot of any one of Sir Walter Scott's poems or novels; or he might give an account of any one of the manufactures carried on in Great Britain; or lastly, he might suppose that a friend had written to ask for some account of the school or schools in which he had been brought up, and he might write a letter in reply.

Turning now to the section of languages, we find a Greek paper comprising pieces for translation into English from the *Iliad* (Book III.), from the *Medea* of Euripides, Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, Herodotus, and the *Olynthiac Orations* of Demosthenes. There were ten or a dozen critical questions on points of grammar and construction, and a very short passage of English, with Greek words supplied, to be turned into Greek. In Latin, the passages for translation into English were selected from the *Bucolics* of Virgil, from the *Æneid* (Book II.), from the *Odes* of Horace and the *Heroides* of Ovid, from Cicero's *Catiline Orations* and *Treatise on Friendship*, from Sallust's *Catilinarian War*, and from the twenty-first Book of Livy. In a more advanced paper, pieces were also set for translation into Greek and Latin verse. The French candidates were invited to compete in writing a letter in that language, describing a visit into the country. Here is a specimen of a piece set for translation into French:

My dear Charles—It is near Christmas-time, and it comes sadly round to me as reminding me of your excellent grandmother, who was taken from us last year at this time. Do you, my dear Charles, pay attention to the wishes of your parents while they are with you, that you may have no self-reproach when you think of them at a future period. We will remember your health in a glass of claret just about six o'clock at night; so that you will know exactly (allowing for variation of time) what we are doing at the same moment.—I am, my dear boy, always your affectionate father,

Walter Scott.

Passages were likewise set for translation into English from Nisard's *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, and from La Fontaine; and one for translation into French from Smith, *Of the Social Passions*.

Digitized by Google

With regard to the remaining sections, there were added to the papers on pure mathematics, some very well constructed ones on practical mechanics (including mechanism), on hydrostatics, on surveying, and on navigation. In order to obtain a 'pass' in mathematics, a senior candidate was required to take in four Books of Euclid, and algebra to the end of quadratic equations; the first *two* Books of Euclid, algebra to simple equations, and arithmetic, being demanded of juniors. Questions were set on the facts and principles of chemical science; and a practical examination was given in the elements of analysis. A knowledge of vegetable physiology in general, and on the functions of vertebrata in animal physiology, was also proposed for examination. Drawing was in all cases estimated at a very high value; and the drawing section included, besides drawing from the flat, models, &c., design in pen-and-ink and in colour, and the history and principles of the art of design. Candidates in music, if juniors, took in the grammar; if seniors, the history and principles of composition as well.

We cannot conclude without one word on the practical utility of the movement whose chief features we have now sketched. The adoption of this system will be beneficial in two ways: it supplies an agency primarily for testing; and, secondarily, for increasing and guiding the preliminary knowledge of persons destined for professional life. Great numbers of master-manufacturers, of railway directors, bankers, and others, have written to the university, stating their readiness to accept the A.A. degree as a guarantee for proficiency in non-professional instruction. Schools will be tested which have hitherto altogether escaped notice; and parents and guardians will have a safe guide in the selection of places of education. It only remains for the country cordially to second the efforts of the university, and a great revolution will be effected in our middle-class system of education.

A FESTIVAL IN THE ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

The Sards call themselves a highly religious people; and, indeed, if the number of saint-days, religious festivals, and religious processions be any criterion, they certainly may with justice be considered the most saintly race in the whole universe; for besides the well-known goodly array of saintly personages reverently worshipped in common with their Italian and Sicilian neighbours, they have a private supply of their own, on the recurrence of whose festas, mass must be duly attended, and all labour, however necessary, as duly neglected, under pain of mortal sin. To these too-frequent festas may be attributed the extreme love of dress which I had occasion to mention in a former paper—to these their indolence, and also, perhaps, to these the poetry which doubtless forms a component part of the true nature of every Sard.

Besides the general routine of fête-days, there are local festivals of a character so peculiar, so wild, and uniting in so strange a manner hospitality with good-humour, and pastoral simplicity with ferocity, that I would invite the reader to accompany me to one of them.

The place to which I would conduct him—in imagination, at least—is called Arsequena, and is situated quite in the north of the island; the time, a Saturday evening before the third Sunday in May.

On a beautiful hill covered with trees, and overlooking a broad expanse of richly wooded plain, there stands a small rustic chapel dedicated to Santa Maria di Arsequena. The soft, breezy *imbattu* or sea-wind, gently stirs the leaves of the acacia, myrtle, and cork trees, wafting a pleasant freshness through the heated atmosphere. The plain beneath is teeming with life, for around and on all sides there pours into it a tide of living, moving, festive humanity: not only so, but it is full of pictures—pictures altogether unique, original, and soul-stirring. O for the pencil of a Turner to depict some of these bright moving groups! At first, the effect of the setting sun fitfully glancing on the brilliant scarlet, green, and gold which predominates in the costumes of the women, is too dazzling. It is impossible to distinguish any one object from the undulating, buzzing, glittering mass; but by and by a group stands out in bold relief. Look now at yonder militia-man, with his long rifle in hand, mounted on that fiery, snorting, Arab-looking steed. How well he rides! There is positive grace in the manner in which he manages the creature. One can see, too, that he has given him a sly prick with his spur, to make him curvet and caracole just in order to draw attention, for the animal is very handsome, with its delicate, well-shaped limbs and large eyes; and he, like a true Sard, loves his horse. Now, see his own dress: there is the never-failing short, full, black cloth kind of kilt, with the equally never-failing white cotton *mutande* or drawers puffing round the knees, and secured by an embroidered and silver-buckled garter to the top of the well-fitting gaiter. These are indispensable to every Sard male costume. But there is a variety in this militia-man's attire, which may perhaps deserve a moment's consideration. The bright scarlet tight-fitting vest is cut square at the neck, so as to shew to advantage the snowy folds of the finely worked shirt. How well it sets off his well-formed figure and bronzed complexion! And then that brilliant array of silver buttons pendent on each side, and decorating each sleeve as high as the elbow—how they jingle with every slight movement of the body! The very sound seems to give a piquancy to the whole picturesque effect, especially as the eye rests on the hilt of that wonderful stiletto, sheathed within the broad, grandly embroidered, and silver-buckled leathern girdle.

Next, we have a few family groups from Tempio. They are mostly on horseback, the women sitting, pillion-fashion, behind the men. And how terribly ferocious-looking are those same Tempiese, with their long black hair and wild beards! No wonder the pirates from Barbary, who so often and so grievously in time of yore infested these shores, imbibed the habit of distinguishing Christians—meaning by that, civilised people—from Sards. However, the women, so comfortably seated behind, seem by no means to be of this opinion. How joyous they are, and how well do the brilliant colours of their exquisitely picturesque costume contrast with the large black eyes, glossy braided hair, and fine white teeth, which seem to be so general among them. It is wonderful, too, how and where they could have collected that jewellery. Those exquisite chains, ear-rings, and filigree studs are positively costly; and then some of their hands are laden with rings besides. They are all of gold, too. Perhaps the workmanship may be coarse; but they are set with real stones found in their island. But we must not stay to examine them much longer. The plain is filling fast: here are priests on horseback brandishing umbrellas, mostly pink; monks, even, are not wanting; and I declare, besides you and me, dear reader, there is another Anglo-Saxon. You may know him by his fair skin, ruddy cheek, and blue-gray eyes. Yes, even here, I suppose—though here they seldom penetrate—the scene would scarcely be complete without some son of Britain.

This one, however, has but little more than his

Digitized by Google

bright British blood to boast of: he has but a dim recollection of his fatherland, rendered even more obscure by an ideal fog and small rain which in his mind constantly envelops it. He has long led a half-wild life in this half-wild country; he has established his head-quarters in a brig, moored sometimes near one part of the shore, sometimes near another; and here he is to-day on his brown horse, and with his long rifle, both of which he loves as dear friends. He is a strange being, having no particular country, no particular language, and no particular religion; his outward man, too, is singular: the short light-brown curly hair, and gold-coloured glossy waving beard, to which no razor has ever been applied, are very classical, or rather they remind one of a head by Carlo Dolce. But enough of our Anglo-Sardo.

Just watch that group of black-bearded shepherds, how earnestly they talk, how eager are their gestures; their dress, all coarse, dark, and singularly wild as it is, is still handsome in its kind. The linen shirts and *mutande* are passing white, and there has been evident care in the arrangement of their rustic toilet. They are *capo-pastori*, or owners of large flocks. To-day, that group, numbering between thirty and forty, are called *soprastanti*, or masters of the ceremonies during the festival. Each one of those wealthy shepherds must furnish forth a sheep or a goat, twelve pounds of cheese, thirty pounds of bread, a supply of oil, candles, fuel, cooking-apparatus, and four or five hundred bottles of wine; to which he will invite gratuitously all who choose to partake thereof. See, they are already strewing the ground thickly with branches of myrtle, rushes, the *scilla maritima*, acacia, heath, &c., that is to form a table for this picnic *en gros*. Napkins are being neatly spread here and there for the élite. If you, dear reader, were to go, you would be thus honoured of a surety; the strict laws of hospitality are sacred here for the stranger—note this, for it is one of the many traits which mark their eastern origin. And where, you ask, are the dishes? Where is the feast, the preparations for which are on so large a scale? We will pass by that clump of trees.

Do you see the ground is there strewn with hides, hoofs, and feathers; there is the impromptu slaughter-house; and a little further on you may see a truly primitive *cuisine*. A small bird has been placed within a very small sucking-pig, the sucking-pig within a lamb, and the lamb, in its turn, within a wild boar or sheep. This curious mass has been placed in a large hole in the ground, surrounded with red-hot charcoal embers, covered well over, and thus gently allowed to cook. There are many other dishes much in the same fashion, and cooked in the same manner. There are quantities of macaroni, quantities of fruits, and of sweets made of almonds and honey, and now the feast has begun. No need of dishes—the myrtle leaves are more delicate than any dish; no need of forks, for they grow beside you on the myrtles. Then for knives—why, those formidable stilettoes, or hunting-knives, to be found within each embroidered leathern belt, answers the purpose very well. No need of music either, for that wild-looking trio have never ceased playing the most monotonous of airs on the ancient launedda; while guitars and ceteras are piping and squeaking in all directions. The horses, too, are neighing, and, like all Sard horses, are trying to get up little kicking-matches; and as there is scarcely a bush within half a mile on each side without one tied thereto, why, this adds to the concourse of sweet sounds. Reader, imagine, if you can, this motley multitude, these motley sounds. Vain would it be to describe the endless slight varieties of costume, as each calling and each village has some distinctive peculiarity. Now this Celtic feast is ended; the soprastanti have well acquitted themselves of the duties of hospitality; it is they who have provided for all, arranged for all, and waited personally upon all. Mirth is at its highest; the excellent wine of the country has made the bounding Sard blood bound a little faster; the laughter and the song are a trifle louder, that is all. The black-eyed, half-clothed little ones are rolling over the heath-covered ground, gathering lapfuls of lovely wild-flowers; dogs are crouching beside them; the clear dark-blue sky is suddenly studded with its myriad bright lamps; and oh, how beautiful it is, that Sardinian sky! The *ballo tondo* is now in full activity; and how can I describe this ancient, singular, and truly purely national dance? Dance did I call it?—nay, the word suits it not; aërial graceful movements on the light fantastic toe have nought in common with the national tramp of the ancient Icnusa.

Picture to yourself, imaginative reader, a dense multitude, hand in hand, forming a measureless chain, coiling and uncoiling, in one solemn monotonous tread, to a solemn monotonous cadence, bellowed forth from the stentorian lungs of a group of solemn choristers fixed in the centre; just imagine this undulating mass of brilliant colouring winding and unwinding, one incessant buzz, and glitter, and whir, one steady tramp for hours together, to a perfect diapason of unearthly sounds, and I think you will have realised the *ballo tondo*.

Apart from these are smaller parties. See, there is a circle gathered round a poet, who is steadily and volubly declaiming in his extempore verse. You and I do not much admire so harsh and guttural a voice—but it must have many charms for his audience, for their attention has been riveted upon him for the last three hours.

Here is a knot of gay young shepherds from Chiaramonte dancing the *salto Sardo*, and others, again, stepping through the lively *pelicordina*. Ah, there is the young Anglo-Sardo trying to teach a pretty young Tempiese girl to waltz. Ah, sir, you have good taste—she is very lovely, and she seems pleased too—she considers it an honour evidently: an English gentleman is, after all, quite a *rara avis* here; he is no doubt considered a *Milordo Inglese*.

But evening has deepened into night; the beautiful sky is purple now; still the *ballo tondo* whirs along; it is, however, considerably diminished in density. The poet, too, is still pouring forth his unmusical ditty—pity he has by nature so harsh a voice, for the language is the most beautiful of patois, made up of Spanish and Arabic, with a dash of Italian.

Night advances. The women and children are coiled up in snug little heaps, and are fast asleep beneath the trees; they have taken good care to cover up their pretty heads, for they have a secret horror of night-damp. How beautiful are the fire-flies and glow-worms! Do you hear the note of the nightingale? Listen; perhaps you may, in this far-off island; she will remind you of your northern home. Yes, there are very many of those sweet songsters in yonder cluster of bright-leaved trees. And now, look a little further: do you see those dark forms stretched in every variety of recumbent positions? Study them well—they are bandits. See, one is always awake to give the alarm in case of need. But there are no Piedmontese soldiers about—no need, perhaps, of such watchfulness. Strange, you think, that they should venture hither from their strongholds. Some have come to do honour to the festa of Santa Maria; and, barring the one deed of vengeance which branded them as bandits, are kind and gentle beings, ready to extend their hospitality to all who put faith in them. Others are of a far different mould; and he of the grizzly beard is the most ruthless of assassins: his name is Andrea Puzzu; but even he,

Digitized by Google

whose very name spreads terror, would not invade the laws of hospitality.

It is Sunday morning now; the chapel bell is ringing; the whole multitude throng towards it, to see the sacred banner of Tempio brought hither in procession. See, there is a horseman waving it aloft—he is one of a family privileged to bear it—see how eagerly its rich folds are caught and kissed by the devoted multitude. Prayers are on every lip; the little children, too, how earnestly are they lisping out their *aves*. There is nothing in life so beautiful as the prayer of infancy—nothing so heart-stirring as to see the hardened hoary sinner striving to recall the prayer his mother taught him when he was yet a child. To the prayers, again, succeed the poems, the dances, and the songs of the preceding day; dinner at noon, and supper at sunset, conclude the day. Night still finds them there. But on the Monday, the vast crowd, if so inclined, move on a few hundred yards to another chapel, dedicated to San Pietro di Baldolinu, where the ceremonies and the feasting continue during the day.

I have told of the hospitality, of the good-humour, of the rusticity of this Sardinian festival; truth obliges me to add that seldom, very seldom, does this beautiful annual fête take place without the sacrifice of one or more lives; for while the Sard would on no account injure a hair of the head of his guest, he will not hesitate to take deliberate aim at the heart of the man whom he suspects of flirting with his wife or trifling with his sweetheart. It is enough to see him clasp the *palm* of her hand within his to make that man his deadly enemy; and the fiery Sard forgets every consideration in his burning thirst for revenge.

THE RAILWAY NURSE.

Some people, figuratively speaking, always fall upon their feet—others fall exactly where they are most likely to hurt themselves; and I regret to say that I am among the latter, and I always do hurt myself. I will merely take my travelling-luck as an instance. There are friends of mine who have for their *vis-à-vis* in railway-carriages females of fascinating appearance and charming manners, with whom they carry on a delightful conversation. I have never any such good-fortune. Agriculturists of heavy demeanour and person, widows who will not be comforted, gentlemen hand-cuffed to policemen, and other companions more or less unpleasant, are always next me, and opposite me, and around me. That the public may know that I do not complain without cause, I will relate what befel me the very last time I journeyed by rail.

I cannot say that I rejoice in, for that is not true—but at anyrate I possess the name of Mutton. A long line of Muttons have handed down to me the name, and nothing else; I have therefore to do something for bread and vegetables, and that something I do in a government office for a hundred pounds sterling per annum. Unfortunately, my feelings and my income do not keep pace, and, in an unguarded and extravagant moment, I offered my hand and heart to a very charming maiden, and was accepted. Marriage at the time was out of the question; we were to wait until something turned up, and waiting we have been ever since. My Clara Amelia resides in a town on the Great Northern Railway, about fifty miles from London; and thither I repair for a fortnight once a year, and enjoy fourteen days of uninterrupted happiness; but on the principle, I suppose, that before one can reach the Elysian fields, he must pass over Styx, it has hardly ever been my lot to have had even a tolerably pleasant journey; the last, however, was dreadful. I have a very bad habit of being late; consequently, when I arrived at King's Cross one morning in June, I found the express just about to start. I dashed into the first second-class carriage I came to, and sat down. Opposite to me, and the only other occupant of the carriage, was a respectable-looking woman with a baby in her arms. I had hardly sat down when the woman, seeing a female friend on the platform, cried out: 'My word, if it isn't our Sarah!' and putting the baby on to my lap, leaped out of the carriage: a moment afterwards the whistle sounded, and we were off.

I should mention that I am an only child, and that I had scarcely ever looked at a baby before, much less handled one. What was I to do? It was impossible to get rid of it except by throwing it out of the window. That would hardly have been legal, although the circumstances were very cogent; but in the meantime I felt that I was doing something nearly as bad, by taking it every moment further away from its friends. The train being express, did not stop till I had ample opportunity to consider my position; but that was not at all an advantage. At first, my sensations were all horror; but after a time curiosity began to mingle with the sensation, and the first thing that struck me was, that the legs of the child must be of an astounding length, for as it sat in my lap, its gown trailed on the floor. I found afterwards, however, when it was seized with spasms, that this was a deception, as it kicked very high up indeed. It did not indulge in any conversation, but contented itself with alluding, in a very offensive manner, to my unfortunate name by constantly exclaiming, clearly and audibly: 'Baa!' to which it added a word still more disagreeable to my feelings—'Papa!'

But all this was light and pleasant, compared with what took place afterwards. I don't know which was worse—its spasms or its continued indisposition. I fancy the ignorant little creature supposed by the motion of the carriage that it was on shipboard, fancied itself sea-sick, and behaved accordingly. The consequence was that a lovely waistcoat I had specially provided to dazzle my Clara Amelia withal, was rendered horrible; a new hat I had incautiously put on the seat beside me, fared the same way inside and out; and as for my new and expensive pair of kid-gloves, I was obliged to throw them out of the window before twenty minutes were over. The only thing about me for which it seemed to have any affection was my watch, a silver hunter, and until then a good goer—this, when there was nothing of more importance going on, it put entire into its mouth, and sucked so effectually, that the wheels stopped soon after from rust, and have not kept time from that moment.

But, as Shakspeare says, 'time and the hour run through the roughest day,' and we got at last to the first stopping station, where I was to meet the object of my affections, draggled, dirty, gloveless as I was, with an awful hat in my hand, dishevelled hair, and a very young infant in my arms, who, when not occupied in making me horrid, kept mocking me with its 'Baa!' and calling me 'Papa' in the plainest English. Such were the circumstances under which I presented myself before my Amelia's expectant eyes. Need I say that she fainted? that her hitherto unexceptionable parent shook his fist in my face, and called me villain—and that her big brother, dancing before me like a bear, defied me to mortal combat on the spot? All this had such an effect on my nerves, that I was on the point of leaping down and placing myself and the baby on the rails before an arriving train, when I saw, to my joyful surprise, the mother of the deserted child coming towards me, from our own train! She seized her wretched offspring, smothered it with kisses; and then, explaining to me hastily that on taking leave of her friend, she had

Digitized by Google

got into the wrong carriage, from which, of course, it was impossible to change, as the train that moment started, she hurried off her prize without ceremony, saying to the baby: 'And did it come in a coachee-poachee with a nasty, dirty gentleman—did it then?'

Explanations were entered into between my Amelia's family and myself, which ended so satisfactorily, that her brother offered to place his wardrobe at my disposal; her father unclosed his clenched fist to clasp my hand; and my Amelia herself awoke from her swoon, and took my arm affectionately, though of course at considerable distance, and only with the tips of her fingers.

THE TRAVELLER'S VISION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

It was midway in the desert; night her dusky wing had spread,
And my Arab guides were sleeping, sharing each his courser's bed;
Far and near where streams of moonlight lay on Nile's time-honoured plain,
Silvery white, amid the sand-heaps, gleamed the bones of camels slain.

I lay wakeful—where my saddle made a pillow hard and cool—
With the dried fruits of the palm-tree I had heaped its pouches full—
I had spread my loosened caftan over knee and over breast,
Naked sword and gun beside me: thus had laid me down to rest.

All was still—save when the embers of our sunken watch-fire stirred;
Save when, hurrying to her homestead, screamed some wild belated bird;
Save when, slumbering, stamped the charger, bound beside his Arab lord;
Save when, dreaming of the battle, grasped the rider's hand his sword!

Heaven!—the trembling earth upheaveth! Shadowy forms are dimly seen!
And the wild beasts fly before them far across the moonlight sheen!
Snort our steeds in deadly terror, and the startled dragoman
Drops his ensign, murmuring wildly: ''Tis the Spirit-caravan!'

See, they come! before the camels ghastly leaders point the way;
Borne aloft, unveiled women their voluptuous charms display;
And beside them lovely maidens bearing pitchers—like Rebecca—
And behind them horsemen guarding—all are hurrying on to Mecca!

More and more! their ranks are endless! who may count them? more again!
Woe is me!—for living camels are the bones upon the plain!
And the brown sands, whirling wildly, in a dusky mass uprise,
Changing into camel-drivers—men of bronze with flaming eyes.

Ay, this is the night and hour, when all wanderers of the land
Whom the whirlwind once o'ertaking, 'whelmed beneath its waves of sand;
Whose storm-driven dust hath fanned us—crumbling bones around us lay—
Rise and move in wan procession, by their Prophet's grave to pray!

More and more! the last in order have not passed across the plain,
Ere the first with loosened bridle fast are flying back again.
From the verdant inland mountain, even to Bab-el-mandeb's sands,
They have sped ere yet my charger, wildly rearing, breaks his bands!

Courage! hold the plunging horses; each man to his courser's head!
Tremble not, as timid sheep-flocks tremble at the lion's tread.
Fear not though yon waving mantles fan you as they hasten on;
Call on Allah! and the pageant ere you look again is gone!

Patience, till the morning breezes wave again your turbans' plume;
Morning air and rosy dawning are their heralds to the tomb.
Once again to dust shall daylight doom these wanderers of the night;
See, it dawns!—a joyous welcome neigh our horses to the light!

Z.

LIFE-BOAT STATISTICS.

It appears that, from some valuable returns made to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, by the officers of the Coast-guard Service and by some agents to Lloyd's, there are sixty-four additional life-boats considered to be required on the coasts of the British isles. The average cost of a complete life-boat establishment, such as that provided by the National Life-boat Society, is L.300. This amount includes the cost of life-boat, life-belts, and gear, transporting carriage, and a substantial house for their reception. It will thus be seen that a considerable sum will be required from the public to make the life-boat system practically complete on our coast. The institution has already seventy life-boats in connection with it. To maintain these boats in a state of thorough efficiency, requires a large permanent annual outlay. Last year, the life-boats of the Society and those of local bodies rescued 399 persons from shipwrecks on our coasts; and during the last three years, 1022 persons were, by the same invaluable means, saved from a watery grave. On the other hand, it is melancholy to add, that, during the same short period, 1522 poor creatures perished on our coasts from these sad disasters. It is believed that a considerable proportion—probably one-half—of this large number, might have been preserved to their families and their country if additional life-boats were on the coast.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 247. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

THE MAN OF MEN:

ACCORDING TO OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.

CERTAIN classical works resemble ghosts—which everybody hears of, and nobody sees. How few even among their professed worshippers really know enough of the two grand idols of English literature, to stand an examination in Milton or Shakspeare—not requiring verbal quotations, but merely a general acquaintance with the argument of the poems, the characters and plots of the plays. Also, in spite of the grandiloquent nonsense talked about the father of English verse, who but a true poet ever appreciates Chaucer? And did any reader, even a poet, fairly get through Spenser's *Faerie Queene*? Is it the blame of the public or the publishers that a late much-advertised edition of the British classics stopped at its second or third volume? Has the world grown stupider than of yore, or is it only suffering from the reaction of obstinacy, after several centuries' imposition of celebrated authors, whose works 'no gentleman's library should ever be without'—and seldom is; for they are usually found—on the shelves.

How few, for instance, of the novel-readers of the present generation have the slightest knowledge, other than by name, of the hero of our great grandmothers—the 'man of men,' as his author frequently entitles him. Who of them could answer affirmatively the simple question: 'Did you ever read *Sir Charles Grandison*?'

Some may plead sarcastically: 'No—but I *tried*.' Cruel condemnation! Poor Mr Richardson, may it never reach thee in thy already-forgotten grave—and may it prove a warning to all voluminous writers depending on future as well as present celebrity! And you, ye venerable ancestresses, whose tastes were simple, and whose books were few, who used to adore the portly old bookseller, even as the romantic maidens of to-day adore Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray—haunt not in rustling brocades and ghostly heeltaps your degenerate descendants, because they own to have *tried* to read *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Yet the undertaking requires courage. First, to drag from dustiest, topmost shelves, or meekly request at the oldest of circulating libraries, a work—not exactly the 'last new novel,' nor very likely to be 'out.' Then, having carried it home, for which purpose may be recommended a porter's knot or a small carpet-bag—resolutely to open vol. 1, with its yellow, grimy, torn and mended pages—its brown antique type and eccentric spelling—its fly-leaves and margins adorned here and there with out-of-date caligraphy—comments on the text, or scrawled dates and names, the owner of which may be presumed long since to scrawl no more. Something melancholy is there, even in the queerness of this old-world book, resuscitated for the criticism of a new generation.

Let us take the title-page:

THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON,
In a Series of Letters.
By Mr SAMUEL RICHARDSON,
Author of *Pamela and Clarissa*.

In Seven Volumes.
The Eighth Edition.

Printed for T. Longman, J. Johnson, G. G. and J. Robertson, R. Baldwin, J. Nicholls, S. Bladon, W. Richardson, W. Lane, W. Lowades, G. and T. Wilkie, P. M'Queen, C. D. Pinquenit, Cadell and Davies, and S. Bagster.'

A long list of names, of which we know absolutely nothing, except the certainty that every one of them might be found in some churchyard. Opposite—a frontispiece, representing a charming young lady in hoop, long waist, and turreted hair, stepping out of a coach, over one prostrate gentleman, into the arms of another, who is magnificent in wig, queue and sword: in coat long-vested, long-tailed, breeches, stockings, and shoe-buckles. Behind, two other figures on horseback appear discoursing amiably together, with great composure, considering the circumstances, and pointing admiringly to the aforesaid standing gentleman. Need we doubt his identity? He is—he must be—Sir Charles Grandison.

His name at least is familiar still. It has become proverbial. Its very sound conveys images of courtesy, elegance, loyalty, chivalry, the chivalry of the days when 'during the troubles in Scotland this summer,' Prince Charlie's friends died kissing the white rose at their button-holes; the loyalty with which King George and Queen Caroline, going in state to hear 'the oratorios of young Mr Handel,' were regarded as beings of a superior order, in whom the divine right of kings was unquestioned and unquestionable.

To this age, and none other, does he belong—this faultless hero, exact in all religious, moral, and social duties, blameless of life and conversation, incapable alike of breaking the smallest rule of etiquette and the Ten Commandments; rich, handsome, well born, well bred, fitted by all combinations of nature and circumstance to be the master of Grandison Hall. But we are forestalling—a thing not to be endured in this century-after-date criticism upon a work of which few readers may even know the general outline of the story.

Digitized by Google

It is of the simplest kind. Harriet Byron—a lovely young Northamptonshire lady, long orphaned, but blest with a circle of adoring relatives—a grandmother Shirley, an aunt, uncle, and cousins Selby, and a godfather Deane—goes up to London, in order to avoid three lovers, and is shortly haunted by about six more. All are refused, and not unkindly, though a little saucy vanity peeps out in this provincial Helen, everybody's darling, who sets all hearts aflame. But the boldest and wickedest of the lovers, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, carries her off, in order to compel her into matrimony. She is timely rescued by an unknown young gentleman, who conveys her home to his sisters, and wins her eternal gratitude. Of course, this gratitude very speedily becomes love, for the gentleman is Sir Charles Grandison.

All is now over with our saucy little Harriet. The gradual change from girlish conceit to humility—from mischievousness to meekness—from an excellent good opinion of herself to an absorbing admiration of somebody else, is charmingly done. One wonders how honest old Samuel got his accurate knowledge of girl-kind, though not of woman-kind. 'The frankest of women,' which she certainly is, finds her love apparently unreturned; and after various mysteries, and much 'brother-and-sisterly' nonsense, which indeed all the characters are very prone to, Sir Charles delicately informs her of a certain Italian lady, Clementina, who, hopelessly loving him, has gone mad for his sake, and whom he feels himself bound to marry. He tells the whole story to the girl whom he really loves, but dares not sue—poor Harriet Byron—asks her advice upon it; which she gives, good generous soul! now raised by sorrow far above all her little follies—namely, that he should go at once and marry the Italian lady.

This situation, and a few parting scenes between the unacknowledged, honour-silenced lovers, whom all their mutual friends are longing to see united, is the finest portion of the book. Sir Charles, generous, tender, and full of knightly honour, is modesty itself towards both women, and indeed all the fair ones who bestow on him their regard—he pathetically observes, poor fellow! 'that he has suffered so much from *good* women;' while the fond, hapless Harriet has just pride enough to hide her affection from its object, and nobility enough to follow his lead in the cruel struggle between duty and love. Few authors have conceived a finer 'position,' or maintained it more successfully.

But afterwards, interest wanes, and the story drags in a manner intolerable to modern readers, who like to gallop through three volumes of exciting fiction at the rate of a volume per hour. Conversation after conversation between Sir Charles and the noble Italian family, who are thankful for even a heretic son-in-law in order to save their Clementina—between him and Clementina, who, loving only 'his Mind,' with a capital M, refuses her beloved for conscience' sake; his pleadings—her pleadings—everybody's pleadings: scene upon scene of 'exaltation,' generosity, and woe, terminate in an agreement that the Chevalier Grandison shall become her 'fourth brother' (again our author's favourite adopted relationship), and return to England a free man. Upon which, nothing loath, though somewhat distracted by this 'double love'—he, after amiably declining a third too-devoted lady, Olivia, offers himself to Harriet Byron—or, rather, to her grandmother—and, after a whole volume of punctilio and hesitation, finally marries her.

Finally, said we?—good Mr Richardson knows not the meaning of the word. After the marriage, we have a volume and a quarter more. Lady Clementina, in an accession of insanity, flies to England, is met and protected by her 'fourth brother,' comforted by his wife, and restored to her friends, with a good hope that she will neither die nor become a nun, but the wife of a faithful Italian lover. Emily Jervois—Sir Charles's ward and another of his involuntary lady-killings—also survives to marry some one else; his sisters, Lady L. and Lady G., take a brief opportunity between the numerous weddings, to present him with a nephew and niece; and other minor characters, bad and good, have their affairs settled. At last, the book ends quite abruptly: just as you have grown to like its lengthiness, and expect it to go on, winding and unwinding interminable histories—like life, lo, it ceases! Sir Charles and Lady Grandison—their aristocratic kin—their worthy Northamptonshire relatives—their friends and acquaintance, good and bad—all vanish into air. You close volume seven—omitting probably the 117 pages of 'Index, Historical and Characteristical'—and feel that you have performed a moral duty—you have read *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Now, one asks, in what lies the charm of this book, to have become one of the remarkable facts of literature?—for such it is, and all the ridicule of Young England will never put it down. Style is not its chief merit, for it rarely rises above the epistolary conversational, as practised in the time of our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, who certainly wrote, and may be supposed to have talked, after that pattern. Nor story—the plot is slender as a thread, and transparent as daylight—from the very first volume an acute novel-reading child of twelve would guess the dénouement.

The secret is that, with all its extravagances, or what seem so to us, the book has vitality. It is a picture, Pre-Raphaelite in its minuteness, of English life as existing a century ago. We feel throughout, that down to the merest accessories, the people therein are living people: that, in spite of their 'Sir,' 'Madam,' 'Best of men,' 'Loveliest of women'—their hoops, wigs, swords, and ruffles, they are true flesh and blood; more so than scores of the adorable women and impossible men, who yearly figure through the twenty 'best novels of the season.'

Rarely in any fiction does one meet with such a number of characters, all strongly individual, and varied as nature herself. From the mere sketches, such as droll Uncle Selby, to the secondary personages, as the inimitable Charlotte Grandison, up to the all-perfect pair—she, beloved of all men, and he, admired of all women—round whom everybody else is perpetually circumvolving in attitudes of adoration—they are all human beings. Odd as they appear in some things, one feels that one's revered ancestors of a hundred years back might—nay, must—have been very like them.

And for the long-windedness of the history, is not life itself long-winded? Do we not take up threads of interest, follow them awhile, drop them or lose them, find them again, and again they vanish? Alas for novelists and dramatists! few real histories furnish a complete plot—satisfactory in all its parts, with a death or marriage to wind up with. Life is perpetually twisting and twining, weaving and unweaving, until at last it breaks off suddenly, or we from it, and is puzzled over no more. The author of *Sir Charles Grandison* may have had neither invention nor imagination, but he certainly had the faculty of beholding life as it is, and painting it as he saw it.

And what an eye for character? Witness Charlotte Grandison, afterward Lady G, with her loveliness, her wickedness, her irresistible drollery—all but, yet never quite heartless; her half-compelled marriage with the honest devoted Lord G.; her tormenting of him, and her struggles for matrimonial victory—till at last conscientiousness conquers, and 'my fool,' 'my poor creature,' becomes heartily loved as 'my odd creature,' 'my good man,' and the papa of 'my little marmoset.' With all her haughtiness, Lady

Digitized by Google

G. is the most bewitching and lovable personage in the book—worth a dozen Harriet Byrons. Clementina, the next most prominent sketch, with her romantic love, her beautiful bigotry, and ecstasy of pious self-renunciation, is, though slightly sentimental, very touching. Some bits of her madness almost remind one of Ophelia. There is an ideal loftiness and purity about her, which reconciles one to Sir Charles's rather ridiculous position as—somebody suggests—the 'ass between two bundles of hay.' You feel that his veneration for

His spirit's mate, compassionate and wise—

'the noblest of women,' as he continually calls her, is quite natural, and will never interfere with the love he bears to the 'happiest of women'—his wife Harriet.

Harriet Byron, regarded as a woman, is—her sex will say—a failure. Trying to soften her angelic perfection by giving her a few foibles and 'femalities'—as Uncle Selby would call them—the author sometimes makes her very much like a pretty amiable—fool. She is always trying to act 'greatly,' and never managing it—except in a passive sense; and though this subdued part may be necessary in point of art—query, did our author ever think of art?—one feels as if a little more were necessary, even to constitute her as moon to the hero's sun. One instinctively pictures her at forty—fair and fat—Lady Grandison of Grandison Hall—chaperoning the Misses and indulging the Masters Grandison—a little foolish sometimes, as people always admired and petted are prone to be; a little commonplace and conventional, yet always sweet and good—the mirror of matronhood—convinced of one important fact, that the man of men—the 'entire and perfect chrysolite'—is Sir Charles Grandison.

Besides its infinite variety of character, another charm of this old book is the curious and evidently exact picture it gives of the manners and customs, principles and sentiments, of a time old enough to be now nearly forgotten, yet too modern to have become traditional or historical. We see, as before noticed, the accurate presentment of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers—in their daily life. They must have been at once a great deal more simple and more formal than we.

For instance, the 'punctilios' of courtship and matrimony strike us moderns as particularly droll. Love-making—no, let us keep to the proper word—*courtship*—for anything so undignified as love seems never to be thought of—is apparently the one business of young men and young women. The latter, from their earliest youth, are educated with one end—to be married. Old maids are quite remarkable facts. Every young gentlewoman is openly attended by her suitors—her 'fellows'—as Charlotte Grandison irreverently calls them—who, according to their natures, sue her, die for her, threaten her, squabble over her, and altogether keep up the sort of behaviour for which we should now call in Policeman X. or Detective Field.

For all these vagaries, *mariages de convenance* seem by no means so discreditable as we now-a-days are disposed to assert, however we may act. Fortunes and settlements are openly discussed by the most devoted couples. 'Treaties'—not merely from a gentleman for a lady, but *vice versâ*—are frequently set on foot by the friends of the parties. Thus, poor Sir Charles has to decline proposals for his hand from several enamoured ladies and their relatives. Even the modest Miss Harriet, when her sweet saucy stoniness towards mankind is conquered, and herself 'entangled in a hopeless passion,' does not scruple to avow it to about fifteen people, nor to take counsel from all her own relatives and those of the still silent gentleman, as to her chances of his heart. Of her own—so as he does not know it—she seems not the least ashamed; for, as she naïvely observes, 'Is not the man Sir Charles Grandison?'

This odd mixture of freedom and formality pervades all things. Young ladies, married after a fortnight's wooing, snub their unfortunate husbands for daring to beg or steal a kiss in presence of the waiting-woman. Young gentlemen, a day or two before marriage, while actually venturing in the retirement of the 'cedar parlour' upon the above terrible enormity, still address the lady as 'Madam,' 'Dearest Madam,' 'My beloved Miss Byron.' Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, never call one another by anything but their titles—as 'Sir Charles,' 'Lady L.,' 'My Lord G.;' and never, even in moments of the deepest emotion, forget to bow over one another's hands.

All this curious incongruity affects us with an amused wonderment. We pause to consider whether we have grown wiser or more foolish than our progenitors; and also what our 'dear distant descendants' will think of our manners and customs, modes of action and tone of feeling—as portrayed in these present-day novels which shall survive the century. And here, judging them by the only secure test of permanent fame—accurate, unexaggerated nature—the same in all ages, though modified by the outward impress of the time—we cannot but suspect that their number will be few; that many very clever and amusing popularities of to-day, will slip into utter oblivion to-morrow, or be preserved as mere caricaturists, and laughed at quite as much as we now laugh at Sir Charles Grandison.

The book itself may move our risibility, but the hero himself never. With all the flourish of trumpets that heralds him—the perpetual chorus of praise that is dinned into our ears about him—the raptures that all his friends go into concerning everything he is and does and says, and the slightly 'priggish' (oh, could he have heard the word!) way in which he himself is perpetually uttering grand moral sentiments, and perfectly conscious of every good action he performs—still, we are compelled to own that Sir Charles Grandison justifies the universal adoration—that he really is the man of men.

Thoroughly noble, just, and generous; pure, through the temptations of a licentious time; asserting true honour against all the shams of it then current; polite without insincerity; pious without either intolerance or cant; severe in virtue, yet pitiful to the most vicious; faithful to his friends, and forgiving to his enemies, till his last foe is conquered by the force of kindness; loved by all women, admired by all men, yet never losing a sweet humility, which, coming out as it does at times to his nearest ties—his revered Dr Bartlett and his beloved Harriet—must, we feel assured, be always his before his God. The marvel is how the little fat bookseller whom nobody ever accuses of genius, could have conceived such an ideal of a true Christian gentleman.

Hear what he says himself on the subject—worthy Samuel—whom a late serial tale has pictured in his habit as he lived, strutting through Tunbridge streets with a bevy of admiring womankind following the creator of Sir Charles Grandison.

'The editor of the foregoing collection has the more readily undertaken to publish it' [amiable pretence] 'because he thinks human nature has often of late been shewn in a light too degrading; and he hopes, from this series of letters, it will be seen that characters may be good without being unnatural. . . . . Notwithstanding, it has been observed by some, that, in general, Sir Charles Grandison approaches too near to the faultless character which critics censure as being above nature. Yet it ought

Digitized by Google

to be observed, too, that he performs no one action which it is not in the power of any man in his situation to perform; and that he checks and restrains himself in no one instance in which it is not the duty of a prudent and good man to restrain himself.'

Excellently and truthfully argued, dear old Samuel. No one can read thy musty old tomes without the conviction that thy stout body must have enclosed a greater, purer, more Christian soul than the be-wigged lords and high-heeled ladies who sailed down Tunbridge streets, the clever wits and satirical or sentimental poets that enlivened London—nay, even the admired Dr Johnson himself, ever dreamed of.

It is curious to trace how simple amid an age of formalities—how liberal in the most ultra days of bigoted religionism—is this old man's ideal of goodness, as presented in his hero: how he makes him pardon the cruelest injuries, treat kindly the lowest of the low, hold out repentance and atonement to the vilest of the vile; in all things pursuing a direct course; being, as he says, 'a law unto himself,' amenable only to his Maker, and afraid of nothing, except to sin against his Maker. In his actions as in his character as son, brother, friend, husband—fulfilling, instinctively as it were, the one law of true love and true lovableness, 'esteeming others better than himself'—he is exceptional among all fictitious heroes, ancient or modern, with which we are acquainted.

Curious, too, to see how far in advance of his age, in some things, is this Sir Charles Grandison, or rather Mr Samuel Richardson, who, in the 'concluding note,' goes on to say, with reference to a special point in the book and in the character of the hero:

'It has been objected by some persons, that a man less able by strength or skill to repel an affront than Sir Charles appears to have been, could not, with such honour, have extricated himself out of difficulties on refusing a challenge. And this is true, meaning by *honour* the favourable opinion of the European world from the time of its being overrun by Gothic barbarism, down to the present. But as that notion of honour is evidently an absurd and mischievous one, and yet multitudes are at a loss to get over it, the rejection and confutation of it by a person whom, it was visible, the consideration of his own safety did not influence, must surely be of no small weight. And when it is once allowed that there are cases when these polite *invitations to murder*' [bravo, Samuel!] 'may, consistently with honour, be disregarded, a little attention will easily find others; vulgar notions will insensibly wear out, and more ground be gained by degrees than could have been attempted with hope of success at once; till at length all may come to stand on the firm footing of reason and religion. In the meantime, they who are less qualified to carry off right behaviour with honour in the eye of common judges, will, however, be esteemed for it by every serious and prudent person, and perhaps inwardly, by many who are mean enough to join outwardly in blaming them.'

A bold doctrine to set forth, even in the year 1796—the date of this seventh edition. The first edition must have somewhat astonished the 'gentlemen' of the period.

Great indeed must have been the influence of this book in its day—a day when all new books, and especially novels, were comparatively rare. It appeared originally in serial volumes; and Sir John Herschel has somewhere related that when the penultimate volume, containing the marriage of Sir Charles and his Harriet, reached a certain enthusiastic English village, the inhabitants immediately set all the bells a-ringing! In any case, it is easy to imagine its universal notoriety; how the 'fine gentlemen' read it over their chocolate, and the ladies over the dressing of their hair; how even young gentlewomen of tender age were allowed to sit poring over it in old-fashioned gardens or upon prim high-backed chairs; for it was notable then, as now, as being one of the few fictions of the time which contain nothing objectionable. There is hardly a word in it that we, more sensitive if not more really modest than our great-grandmothers, would scruple to read aloud to our sons and daughters.

The former—bless the lads!—if at all given to 'fast' ways and satirical young Englandism, might probably make a great mock at this dignified, decorous, bowing and hand-kissing, reverently behaved and pure-minded young gentleman of a past century; who is not ashamed to honour his parents—even a bad father—to love his sisters, and to respect all women; who, a few days before marriage, can say to his wife—alas! you poor lads, how few of you will be able to say it to *your* wives; and yet the sentence ought to be written in golden letters upon every one of your consciences, for it is the utmost glory of manhood:

'Give me leave to boast—it *is* my boast—that I can look back on my past life, and bless God that I never, from childhood to manhood, *wilfully* gave pain to either the motherly or sisterly heart, nor from manhood to the present hour, to any other woman.'

But whatever the boys might feel, we are certain our girls would be, every one of them, in love with Sir Charles Grandison.

Heaven help us! are good men become so rare, that the mere presentment of such in a book is to be scoffed at by many, and regarded by almost all as unnatural and impossible? a merely good man, not one whit better, as the author himself suggests, than all good men ought to be? We believe not. We believe that neither in this, nor in the past generation, are honour and virtue left without a witness, without many witnesses. Men, not altogether perfect; the ideal must always be a step beyond the real, or it is no ensample at all; but honest men and true, who, taking up such a tale as this, need neither blush nor deride as they read; for people very often take refuge in derision when an inward stinging tells them they ought to blush.

And since on the *mothers* of a generation depends much of its future glory, it lies in the power of the mothers of ours to cultivate in their boys all that Sir Charles Grandison's dying mother so proudly praises:

'His duty to his father and to me; his love of his sisters; the generosity of his temper; his love of truth; his modesty, courage, benevolence, steadiness of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of making A GOOD MAN.'

Observe, not a great man, a clever and brilliant man, a prosperous or fortunate man—simply, *a good man*. If mothers took this more to heart, haply there would not now-a-days be so many sons who wring and break the hearts of their mothers.

But whether or no there be living good men, a novel with a good man in it is in itself a great reality; for a truth drawn from internal evidence is often stronger than a mere fact. As a reverent orthodox Christian was once heard to say, Christianity would be none the less true, in its essence, if the whole of the New Testament history were an inspired fable.

So whether or not he is, or ever can be, a living possibility, we feel that, as an example of moral beauty, this character of Richardson's is, according to the well-known phrase, 'not for an age, but for all time;' that, in spite of its lengthiness, absurdities, extravagances, some belonging to its period, and some the author's own idiosyncrasy—this history is valuable and veritable. Hundreds of our young men and maidens who stupify their brains, fire their all too tindery

Digitized by Google

imaginations, and confuse their still unsettled notions of right and wrong, over a heterogeneous mass of modern novels, would be none the worse, but all the better, for hunting out this old-fashioned tale, and carefully studying the character of that almost forgotten ideal of our great-grandmothers—Sir Charles Grandison.

THE NEW GOLD-DIGGINGS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

As yet but imperfectly explored, the colony of British Columbia can be described only in its more important features. Consisting of a stretch of land from 250 to 300 miles broad, sloping in a westerly direction, it possesses a number of rivers having their sources in the Rocky Mountains; the chief of these streams being the Fraser River, which is navigable for probably 200 miles of its course. Exposed to the placid and balmy Pacific, into which all its rivers fall, the country has a greater mildness of climate than could be expected from its northern latitude. Although picturesque and varied in aspect, and resembling in many places the Highlands of Scotland, it is said to have much good land, particularly on the Fraser and Thompson rivers. A country abounding in hills is necessarily rainy, and accordingly heavy rains prevail at certain seasons, by which means the rivers are greatly swollen, but only to the temporary inconvenience of those who attempt to gather gold from the shoals of débris which have been washed from the mountains.

The periodical occurrence of rains, and the corresponding abundance of water in British Columbia, form a striking contrast with the droughts and desiccating heats of Australia, as well as with the general dryness and equability of temperature of California. In consequence of this comparative moistness, we expect to hear that both pasturing and agriculture will flourish in the new colony. The woods are said to be productive and beautiful; the rivers and shores teem with fish—salmon in particular—and as for mineral wealth, the variety and amount are beyond calculation. Coal, lime, copper, and gold exist in profusion; the gold, so far as yet known, being mainly in the shape of dust or small particles mixed with the sandy deposits in the rivers, and apparently washed from beds of quartz and other rocky strata in the higher regions of the country. At the junction of the Thompson with the Fraser River, these mineral deposits are more conspicuous, though in all probability their richness will increase on being explored towards the sources of the respective streams; and at length, the centre of gold product may be reached among the altitudes of the Rocky Mountains. Already, as has been said, the Hudson's Bay Company, in prosecution of their fur-trade, have established posts or forts in their widely extended territory; the forts being little else than log-cabins surrounded with strong palisades, defensible with small-arms against the attacks of savages. The chief forts of this kind, in going up Fraser River, are Fort Langley, sixty miles from the open sea, and eighty to ninety miles from Victoria; next, eighty miles higher up, Fort Hope; and fourteen or fifteen miles further still, Fort Yale; about a hundred and ten miles beyond which is the mouth of the Thompson River. In Fraser River there are several rapids, troublesome to the navigator; but some of them may be ascended with care, and all are capable of being ultimately so far improved as to present no serious obstacle to traffic. No site has as yet been condescended upon for the future capital. Hitherto, Fort Langley has been selected for the collection of custom-house duties on goods entering the country. It is proper to add that, following out the principles of free-trade now prevalent in the British dominions, these duties are by no means onerous. All that is wanted is a revenue sufficient to maintain public order and make such improvements as to roads, quays, and other matters as are absolutely necessary for the convenience of the settlers.

According to the latest accounts, fully thirty thousand intending miners had already flocked to Vancouver's Island and the mainland; the greater number being from San Francisco, between which port and Victoria a regular passenger-traffic had sprung up. Numerous American steamers had not only been put on the line, but had begun plying between Victoria and the ports on the Fraser River. Parties of adventurers had, also, as we learn, endeavoured to open up trails by land from Washington territory, towards the Thompson River, in the expectation of reaching rich gold-fields, to which river-craft could not effect a passage; but the enormous labour required to perform these land-journeys, not to speak of the difficulty of carrying provisions, and the stealthy attacks of Indians, must preclude their being generally adopted; and the main river with its larger branches, partially impeded as those are by rapids, will in all probability continue to be the channels of traffic to and fro.

By a writer in the *Alta California*, a diary is given of a trip by steam from Vancouver's Island to the upper parts of the Fraser River, which, in the existing dearth of information, possesses some interest. The river is navigable by a ship-of-the-line for fifty miles from its mouth.

At Fort Langley, twenty miles lower down, the scenery becomes very picturesque.

'Now we were running around, and through, and among mountains and hills of all sizes, and of the most rugged character. Timber, timber, timber, nothing but timber, and hills, and trees, and snow, and water, with occasionally an Indian hut.' One snow-capped mountain, apparently 10,000 feet high, was so steep that it made the head dizzy to look up towards its crest. A cascade thundering down the precipice from a height of 4000 feet, and the numerous rapids of the river, now formed the adventures of his voyage; and among the persons who gave picturesque variety to the banks were Mr Dallas and his newly married wife, a daughter of Governor Douglas, camping in their tents.

The remainder of the voyage was made in a canoe, till at length they found here and there miners at work, and log-houses built or building.

The newspapers of California are crowded with letters from correspondents — some, like the above, giving tolerably favourable accounts of the new diggings; others presenting the gloomy reports of disappointed adventurers, and advising people not to emigrate in quest of mines of wealth so very doubtful. In particular, the rising of the Fraser is spoken of as extremely disastrous; nor can there be any doubt that during the melting of the mountain-snows, as well as during the severities of winter, working on the sand-bars of the rivers must be greatly checked, if not in some places altogether stopped—a circumstance calculated, as is alleged, to deter persons from quitting California. A correspondent of the *San Joaquin Republican*, of June 23, undertakes to combat adverse notions of this kind, and gives what will be thought a somewhat quizzical account of how a man may earn 150 dollars a day by only sitting still and doing nothing. 'I regret,' says this smart writer, 'to see by your paper of yesterday that you are not disposed to encourage emigration to Fraser River as much as it deserves. I do not know whether or not sinister motives are at the bottom of your course in this

Digitized by Google

matter, but let me tell you that I am well posted on the subject. By late letters, on which I implicitly rely, I am assured that a man can make 150 dollars a day there, *and do nothing*. There is not only gold in the sand in abundance there, but the river-water holds it in solution in vast quantities; and the way money is made without work is this: the miner makes him a pair of sheepskin stockings, woolly side out, and saturates them in quicksilver overnight. The next day, seating himself on a rock, in an eddy favourable to precipitation, he puts on his stockings so saturated, and holds his feet in the water all day. At night, all he has to do is carefully to rinse his stockings, and 150 dollars in gold-dust is the result. Much judgment, it is true, is required in selecting an eddy for operation, and a good deal of skill is requisite in performing the saturation properly; and great critical nicety is necessary in the manner in which you hold the feet—perfect, immovable stiffness is one condition—in order to complete success.'

Assuming that by fresh accounts the most sanguine hopes respecting the new gold-diggings are confirmed, it is important to know which will form the best route to British Columbia. At present, the most available route from England is by steam to the West Indies and Chagres; thence across the isthmus by railway to Panama; after which the transit is by steamers to San Francisco and Victoria. In his speech on the subject in parliament, Sir E. B. Lytton observed—'Honourable gentlemen who look at the map may imagine this new colony at an immeasurable distance from England, but the government had already received overtures from no less eminent a person than Mr Cunard for a line of postal steam-vessels for letters, goods, and passengers, by which it is calculated that a passenger starting from Liverpool may reach the colony in about thirty-five days by way of New York and Panama.'

Besides this line of route, we anticipate that an effort will be made to open a communication by land through Canada, for which certain depressions in the northern part of the Rocky Mountains offer facilities. Already the inhabitants of the north-western states of the Union, as well as the Canadians, are alive to the practicability of a route in this direction; for which an abundance of game, wood, and water, with a singular mildness of climate, are said to be among the facilities offered. The time on the road, however, is not calculated at less than seventy days from the north-western states. 'It would not be at all surprising,' says the *New York Tribune*, 'should the Fraser River gold-tract, which Governor Stevens states extends into our possessions as far down as Southern Oregon, be found the richest on the continent. The discoveries and yield thus far warrant such a belief. Then there must of necessity be some more direct communication with the Pacific than we now have with California; and, as an enthusiastic railway projector once said of another route, "The finger of the Almighty has indicated the route" by way of St Paul, the valleys of the Red and Saskatchewan Rivers, over the great depression of the Rocky Mountains, in about the fifty-second degree of north latitude, as the most feasible, and in all respects desirable, to the auriferous regions of the Pacific.'

Whether the gold discoveries be great or small, they cannot fail to make British Columbia the resort of a large body of emigrants, who will lay the foundation of a flourishing English settlement on the shores of the Pacific. Nor can we doubt that Vancouver's Island, with its fine natural harbours—that of Esquimault near Victoria, in particular—its rich coal-mines and fisheries, to say nothing of its agricultural and pastoral capabilities, will soon form one of the most important dependencies of Great Britain. On the commercial advantages to England, both as respects fresh imports of gold and the export of manufactured articles, it is unnecessary to expatiate.

As information evolves, we propose to keep our readers acquainted with what seems trustworthy and advantageous to be known respecting this new and interesting field of enterprise.

MY FAST FRIEND.

PERHAPS I am naturally rather sore on the subject of legacies. Several old ladies who were supposed to regard my boyhood with favouring eyes have departed, and made no sign to any document in my favour. An old gentleman to whose patronage I was a martyr for several years, left his will unautographed, and though without authentic intelligence on the subject, I firmly believe of course that *had* he put his name to the parchment—— Well, well; I only allude to these facts in so far as they may account for my thinking that it is, as a general rule, a great misfortune to a young man to be left a little money. Mind, I say a *young* man. I am no longer one; so let not my present remarks stand in the way of any intentions which may possibly exist to increase the waning balance at my banker's.

As a proof that my anti-legacy opinions are not ill founded, listen to this. When I entered a medical school in London, of which, by the by, I was the brightest ornament for several years, J—— was a student there. We became acquainted, and were soon on intimate terms. He was very good-looking, attended lectures regularly, was clever with his hands, a favourite with his teachers, and, in short, was looked upon as the most promising youth about the place. Although we were both hard workers, we began to take an occasional evening stroll through the town, which, as the reader may be aware, is particularly fascinating after nightfall. Sometimes we perambulated the Haymarket; at others, we would cross the bridge, and patronise the theatres over the water; or buying masks, the black of which was anything but a fast colour, and came off copiously on our hands and noses, we would spend an hour or two in Vauxhall, trying to realise the idea, that we were having great fun; and then would walk home with aching feet and empty pockets, but happy in the thought that we had been 'seeing life.' Now, whoever invented that phrase, so far as London-life goes, has a great deal to answer for; all the infidel and otherwise immoral publications that ever were issued, never wrought the same amount of ruin among young men as that absurd lying phrase, 'seeing life.' My dearly beloved brethren, what sort of life was it we used to pay so largely for the privilege of seeing? Was it not a sham from beginning to end? Was it not merely vice endeavouring for an hour or two to appear in a state of reckless mirth and jollity?

But J—— and I didn't believe that, not we. Was it not, we imagined, a great privilege to get into a fast set now and then, and appear to be a couple of young swells of enormous wealth and liberality; to be allowed to pay double for supper in Bazan's cellar, underneath Piccadilly; to stroll into the Haymarket supper-rooms, go up stairs, and wait an interminable length of time for lobster salad which never came; to indulge in that style of repartee termed chaff; to bury our noses and our cares in that nectar of our young Olympus, half-and-half! Of course it was; and for all my moralising, I look with tender pity upon all you young blockheads, who, thinking as I did once, are following in the footsteps of your idiotic elders.

But you'll have your eyes pulled open by Time's long skinny fingers some day, as mine have been. In the meantime, I warn you that 'seeing life' of that description doesn't make you one bit more wide awake, or subtle in the ways of the world, but

Digitized by Google

destroys your health, empties your pockets, and, what is of far greater consequence than either, blunts that keen perception between right and wrong which ought to be to you a coat of triple steel in the battle of life.

Financial deficiencies cut my career about the town very short; moreover, not being built after the Adonis model, and not being ready with my tongue, the life of a fast man was not one in which I was likely to shine. So, relapsing into a quiet plodding student, I spent my days in the anatomical rooms, and my nights in the hospital for the chance of cases of accident coming in; and at last, as all working-men do about a medical school, became a somebody in it. In the meanwhile, I became less intimate with J——, who seldom now appeared at lecture; and it soon came out that his aunt had died and left him money. 'Oh,' thought I, '*that* accounts for the snob cutting me in the Quadrant the other day, as I walked along with a parcel of books under my arm.'

I was a poor man, and of course looked with suspicion and disgust on J——, now that he was well off. Confound him! no one ever died for my benefit, except in an anatomical point of view. I felt ill used, and was never happy except when alone with my grievance.

Time passed on, and I quite lost sight of J——. The autumn vacation came and went, and then the 1st of October, with its introductory lectures and meetings with old friends; then a couple of months' earnest vigorous work, and then Christmas.

Eheu! the thought of Christmas in London almost brings tears to my eyes even now, while my wife sits by me elaborating some coat-of-many-colours for the small Joseph on the rug. There was hard and continued frost that year; and one day, skating on the long water in Kensington Gardens, I bumped up against J——. We fraternised again; but he was not, by any means, the same happy, well-to-do-looking fellow he once was, though there was far more pretension in his manner. He spoke in the peculiar drawl affected by the British swell, was smoking a cigar, and had a capital pair of skates on; but still there was a something about him I didn't like —a seedy look about his cuffs and collar, an up-all-night and home-with-the-milk appearance I had presented too often myself to mistake in others; his right lower eyelid, too, was somewhat variegated—green and yellow with red streaks. In short, said I to myself as I shot along one of the swept paths on the ice: 'J——, my boy, there 's something wrong with you; I don't feel as if I envied you so much as I used; I 'd sooner be the old slow-coach I am, after all.' And coming to the bank near the small bridge, I took off my skates and walked away up Westbourne Terrace, thinking about J—— and all our old larks we had had together.

Next day saw me on the ice again. One of the skate-strappers came up and said: 'That gent I seed you talking to last evening, sir, has bin and took my best pair o' skates with him; and though it may be a mistake, it 's hard lines on a poor cove like me, and it 'll thaw shocking before morning.' And so it did. So I went back to the old work, the dear old work, for such I hold anatomy to be. It was the custom in the schools, in my day, to dissect till one o'clock, and then go round the hospital. At each bed the surgeon or physician used to stop, and if its inmate happened to be a new one, the dresser or clinical clerk read out the case for the benefit of the students standing round. One day, about two years from the time I met J—— on the ice, I went into one of the surgical wards and found the students congregated round a bed, so as to prevent my seeing the patient; but I heard the dresser read: '*John Brown, æt.* 24; has at present no occupation, but was formerly a medical student; has no particular place of residence, and has spent the last few nights in the streets; is in the habit of spirit-drinking, and is unable to provide himself with proper food; admitted for erysipelas, following a cut on the hand received in a public-house row.'

The surgeon made one or two remarks upon the case, and moved away to the next bed, followed by his disciples. I drew nearer to the patient, and saw, to my horror and surprise, in the thin wasted face, the pinched nose, the staring, restless eyes, enough remaining to convince me that this miserable outcast from the London streets was no other than my old light-hearted companion J——.

I almost involuntarily called him by name; a flush of rage and pain passed over his face as he said in a husky whisper: 'Don't speak so loud.' He need not have distressed himself; no one there knew him except myself. He was so changed in appearance, that the surgeon could scarcely have been expected to recognise him, while the class was composed of students who had entered the school after his brief career had closed. He was in so excited a condition that I left him; but having the entrée of the wards, I returned after the visit, and sitting down on the locker by his bed, inquired how he had passed the last two years. He was very fretful and nervous, but seemed to have pleasure in talking of himself, and I gathered the following particulars. At the time he gave up coming to college, and became a man about town, he had not come into his aunt's legacy, which was about L.2000; but he was induced to forestall it by a friend, a fellow he met at a wine-party, with whom he was walking one unlucky day. They looked at some things in the Burlington Arcade, and J—— said: 'Now, I'd buy that if I'd the money.'

'Not got the money,' says his companion; 'a man with your prospects hard-up. Didn't you tell me you were down in some old lady's will for a lot of money?'

'Well, but I don't come into it for a year.'

'Oh, you innocent, don't you know you can raise the money now, if you feel inclined? I 'll put you up to a thing or two, J——, my boy.'

So the result of this conversation was, that J—— went with this disinterested friend to a loan-society, where J—— had to insure his life, at an extra premium too, because the cautious medical referee detected something suspicious in his thorax, which might carry him off before the year expired. Then J—— was admitted to a wonderfully mysterious room, in which three gentlemen sat at a green table (one of the three being the disinterested friend who suggested the proceeding), and he was asked to take a seat opposite them, which he did with that humility and respect due to great capitalists. Some financial rite having been performed, he found he had borrowed on the security of the life-assurance policy and his aunt's money in prospect, L.1000, which meant L.900, for, of course, there are a few trifling preliminary expenses attending all such matters; so he, who had entered the office almost a supplicant, so subdued was he by the dignity of the establishment, and the sublime suavity of the secretary, came out feeling himself a man of means; he took a cab to the nearest bank, accompanied by this disinterested friend, who introduced him, and got him cheque and cash books, and instructed him in the little technicalities to be observed by a gentleman with a balance at his banker's. Under the auspices of this invaluable adviser, J—— became a man about town, which means one who leads a gas-light life in the streets, and frequents places where steady-going people would prefer not being seen. He also indulged in expensive presents to young ladies of the *corps de ballet*, and betted freely with the disinterested friend,

Digitized by Google

who always won. The L.900 soon melted away, and he could not pay the insurance premium nor the interest on the loan; and having forfeited his aunt's legacy by these omissions, he became very miserable. Hard living and anxiety had by this time begun to tell severely upon a constitution never very robust. Unable at last to provide himself with proper food, he took to spirit-drinking, and at last subsisted almost entirely upon gin. He had neither funds nor inclination to return to college and resume his professional studies; while at the same time the usual refuge, an assistantship in the country, was shut to a man of his dissipated habits. For the few months previous to his admission into —— Hospital, he had hung about the spirit-stores, where he occasionally met some old acquaintance who would give him a shilling or a dram. One night, while he was drinking at the bar of the —— public-house in Oxford Street, the disinterested party came in, and affected not to recognise J——, who straightway made some insulting remark, and was turned out by the waiters. In the scuffle, his hand was cut by some glass, and the erysipelas he was suffering from was the result. 'But, old boy,' said he, as he finished his story, 'it will soon be all right, you know, and I intend turning over a new leaf: people don't die of the erysipelas *often*, do they?'

I made him no answer, for this malady was at the time epidemic, and slaughtering great numbers of such patients as himself. I knew his chance of recovery was a very slender one. It was therefore with considerable anxiety that I entered the ward next morning, and heard with little surprise that he was considerably worse; the erysipelas had spread over his neck and chest, and he was delirious. The other patients expressed annoyance at being disturbed by the abominable blasphemies he uttered, and we had to remove him into a private room. There I sat by him, administering strong stimulants till he died. Not one sufficiently lucid interval occurred in his hours of apparently great mental and bodily suffering, to give me another opportunity of conversing with him, and ascertaining his wishes upon any worldly matters.

That afternoon, as I was passing out of the hospital, there was a decent-looking girl of eighteen, with an infant in her arms, asking the porter if 'there was a patient called J—— in the house.' 'No, ma'am—none of that name.' 'That was the real name,' I whispered to him, 'of the erysipelas case in —— ward.' Her sharp ears heard my remark, and inferred the truth from it; and I found that even poor J——'s death was not unmourned, and that he had one, at least, to follow his pauper funeral.

'THE LANCASHIRE REBELS.'

After the conclusion of the long war with Napoleon the Great, which released the strained attention of the nation from the all-absorbing interest of a fierce struggle for life or death, our fathers appear to have found time hang somewhat heavily upon them. Politicians of high rank felt that the game of politics was waxing dull; politicians in lower position turned their eyes to home cares and interests, and gave to them the keen attention which had been fostered by nearly twenty years of foreign war. The village patriots, who had been wont to assemble on Saturday nights at the alehouse to talk over the news from Russia, or the last dispatches from the Peninsula, were obliged to seek a new text for their conversation; and most naturally found it in the severe sufferings which at that time afflicted large numbers of the working-classes. Bad harvests and heavy taxes made food dear; the sudden reduction of the army, and the diminution or disbandment of the still larger army of labourers maintained in the works necessary for the carrying on of a long and arduous struggle in distant lands, had for the nonce made labour cheap. The labourers were ill off, and were naturally discontented. Being but ill educated, and knowing at best nothing at all of political economy, they were apt to mistake the chief causes of their suffering, and to look upon their rulers, who were many of them personally unpopular on other grounds, as the cause of the evils which pressed so heavily upon them. Accordingly, at this time, a strong spirit of hostility to the government of the day had taken possession of a large portion of the orders debarred by the existing electoral arrangements from taking any direct part in political affairs; and we hear of Hampden Clubs, and similar societies, in every small town throughout the country, and especially in the manufacturing districts of England. The artisans of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire were, as usual, among the foremost in the political movement. It is not our intention to enter into any account of the questions disputed between them and the government, or to give any opinion upon the merits or demerits of the numerous schemes of reform which were every day started and discussed. Those who are curious in such matters may find ample information on the facts of the case in the published history of those times; and, by studying the memoirs and writings of the leading statesmen and agitators of the day, may acquire a pretty accurate notion of the feelings with which each party regarded the character and conduct of the other. The intention of this paper is merely to describe one of the incidents of that contest, of which an interesting narrative has been left us by one of the principal actors, and in which the lordly statesmen who saw in these popular agitations terrible conspiracies against the throne and the constitution were brought into direct personal communication with some of the dreaded conspirators.

One cold morning in March 1817, the streets of Manchester witnessed a singular scene. A large number of men, women, and children were assembled in St Peter's Fields, just outside what was then the town which claimed to be regarded as the metropolis of the cotton manufacture. They were all persons in the lower rank of life, and their attire and countenances spoke of distress, of hard labour, of low wages, of poor food, and grievous anxiety. Most of the men carried rugs or blankets strapped on their backs, containing some little parcel of clothes or necessaries, as if they had come from, or were about to start upon, a long and, to foot-travellers, a wearisome journey. Scarcely had the meeting collected, however, when an enemy appeared on the scene. The magistrates of the district had sent the police and the military to disperse it. Thus the orderly march which had begun to form was dispersed. Large numbers fled in irretrievable confusion; not a few were carried off to prison; and only a part of the assemblage contrived to meet again, and form in some sort of marching array on the London Road. Here the men began to take leave of wives and sweethearts, and the father to embrace the children from whom he was to be long apart, then to return after having aided to achieve great things for himself and his fellows, and obtained good government and ample food for all. These men were going to march, with their blankets on their backs, to London. They hoped to be joined on the road by thousands of their fellow-workmen from all parts of the country, and finally to enter the metropolis in grand procession, and demand with imposing force from the prince-regent their grand panacea for all social evils—reform of parliament. The march began; and about three hundred reached the bridge near Stockport, which was occupied by the yeomanry who had aided in the

Digitized by Google

dispersion of the meeting at Manchester. Here the Blanketeers wavered; some endeavoured to make their way across the bridge; some plunged into the waters, and got safe to the other side, with drenched clothes and blanket; while the swords of the troops gave a terrible seriousness to a scene. Two or three lives were lost, but the onward march of the procession continued. More than two hundred slept at Macclesfield, most of them in the open air. The next morning, about a hundred resumed their route. But no one joined them; the people of the towns they passed looked shy upon them. Their numbers dwindled; one after another fell off, and slunk away home; the party diminished to forty, to twenty, to six; and by nightfall it was no more. So ended the introductory scene of the drama of 'the Lancashire Rebels.'

A few days afterwards, the authorities, aroused by this demonstration, began to take active steps against those who were suspected to have been ring-leaders. Several were arrested; about two hundred and fifty were lodged for a time in the prisons of Manchester and Chester, and about half a score of the most active were despatched to London, to be personally examined before the assembled Privy Council. Accordingly, the next scene is laid in the Home Office, the actors therein being among the highest and the lowliest in the land. On the one hand were noblemen of the loftiest rank and the proudest political station. At their head sat one who had been the colleague and the rival of William Pitt, and once the favourite of George III.; a man vain and self-opinionated to excess. Though weak in intellectual gifts, and so inadequate to the high position he had once held, that Pitt, then nominally in opposition, but not disposed to deal unkindly by him, had exacted from his sarcastic young friend Canning a promise 'not to laugh at his majesty's government,' and especially at his majesty's prime-minister. Respectable by character, his one fatal fault had then made him a public jest; gentle and kindly by temperament, his inordinate self-esteem had involved him in ceaseless squabbles with his friends, and well-nigh proved too much for even the magnanimity of Pitt to tolerate. He had no natural vice of disposition; most foreign to his spirit were the vices of tyranny and cruelty; but his weakness and vanity had led him to delight and take pride in the functions of a political police-officer. He had made it his business to detect conspiracies, and his pleasure to expose and to thwart them. Not being gifted by nature with strong sense or sound judgment, this habit had made him at once suspicious and credulous, whenever any sign of popular discontent appeared, which his own ingenuity, or the malice of a hired informer, could attribute to seditious and treasonable plans for the overthrow of his majesty's government, or the destruction of his unpopular ministers. He was 'a tall, square, and bony figure, apparently upwards of fifty years of age, and with thin and rather gray hair; his forehead was broad and prominent, and from their cavernous orbits looked mild and intelligent eyes.'

Such was the then dreaded Lord Sidmouth—a man whose weaknesses had made him more generally detested by the people, who knew him only by his deeds, than vices far more serious might have done; and such is the sketch drawn of him by one of that class which he most feared and persecuted, and one who never could have spoken of him with temper or courtesy, but for the personal interview which gave him an opportunity of knowing the man as well as the minister. Many of his colleagues sat at the same table; and among them one whose unpopularity surpassed his own, and the intelligence of whose terrible end, some years afterwards, was received with shouts or murmurs of savage exultation by thousands to whom his name was the symbol of a detested system. Lord Castlereagh is described as 'a good-looking person in a plum-coloured suit;' and his presence seems by no means to have realised the expectations formed by men who had been accustomed to greet his name, in public meetings or in social gatherings, with hooting and execration. If the ministers were not at all such, in appearance or demeanour, as those who now stood before them had expected, certainly they must, on their part, have been not a little surprised by the aspect and the conduct of the captives who had been brought into their presence, from a distance which then required several days' journey, to be interrogated as dangerous conspirators 'against the peace of our lord the king, his crown and dignity.' Weavers, artisans, and men of like condition, including among them one village tooth-drawer, whom they dignified with the title of doctor—such were the persons accused of an attempt to subvert the throne, and destroy the constitution. Nor was their personal demeanour by any means discordant with their real condition. They looked what they were—mere working-men, some of whom possessed a little more intelligence, a little more knowledge, and perhaps a little more of the faculty of speech than is, or then was, common in their rank of life. One incident that occurred appears sufficiently ludicrous, when we recollect that the subject of it was a man supposed to be a ringleader in a treasonable conspiracy of magnitude so alarming as to require such serious precautions. The *soi-disant* doctor was asked his name, and as a doubt arose about the spelling, he was requested to solve it. He accordingly gave the spelling *viva voce*—'Haitch, hay, hah, hel, hay, why.' The assembled Privy Council did not understand broad Lancashire; so the doctor's pronunciation did not much enlighten them, and he was asked to write his name. Feeling, however, that his writing was likely to perplex the gentlemen almost as much as his dialect, he handed to Lord Sidmouth a prescription-label bearing his name, which, having been filled up beforehand by a mischievous friend or patient, not a little amused the cabinet. It ran thus: 'Joseph Healey, Surgeon, Middleton. *Plase take* 200 *spoonfuls of this mixture each* 2 *hours.*' Such were the accidents that diversified an examination of men arrested on the capital charge of high treason forty years ago.

One of these men, a Middleton weaver, and the secretary of the 'Hampden Club' in that place, made good use of the occasion. He spoke up, unabashed by the presence of the great men before whom he stood, and unexcited by the importance with which their apprehensions had temporarily invested him and his associates. He told the Privy Council, with genuine Lancashire sense and spirit, exactly what he thought and felt. He made no secret, and no boast, of what he had done, while he disclaimed the popularity and protested against the penalties likely to wait on what he was accused of doing, but had not done. No equal in society, no rival in parliament, could have told Lord Sidmouth and his colleagues with more plainness what he thought of their conduct towards him and his fellows. With perfect respect of manner, and with perfect frankness of speech, he denounced ministerial errors and parliamentary corruption before these statesmen and borough proprietors. They had seldom heard the truth so plainly spoken before, and certainly had not expected to hear it in language so temperate, and yet so decided, from a working-man examined before them on a capital charge. To their credit be it spoken, they were favourably impressed by the manliness and open bearing of the prisoner. After a short and not painful detention, they released him with courteous words and treatment, and sent him back to his fellow-towns-

Digitized by Google

men a wiser man, in appreciation at least of the motives and intentions of the governing class, if not a less earnest radical. If they did not profit as they might by the lesson they received, as to the real views of the village reformers of the northern counties, it was principally because they trusted rather to the worst possible class of information—that of their hired spies. These men, villains by profession, had of course an interest in making the most of seditious words and popular excitement. For their own purposes, they fostered the treason which they were then paid to betray. The ministers did not intend this, of course; but it was so obviously probable, and indeed inevitable, that they ought to have foreseen it. It was the repeated detection of such villainy on the part of informers that at last compelled the government to abandon the practice of employing men to attend the meetings of the agitators and their adherents, in order to reveal their plans to the authorities. But for many years this system, utterly unpardonable in the rulers of a civilised country, kept the government constantly misinformed as to the views and aspirations of large classes of its subjects, and exaggerated the mutual ignorance which the immense distance of rank and condition naturally engendered. The very men who were on this occasion released by the council were afterwards, in many instances, inveigled to destruction by the artifices of paid agents of the Home Office. Such isolated encounters as that just described could not enlighten those who took such effectual means to be kept in the dark.

KUNCHUN-CHURLOO.

I was not seriously ill, but I wanted change of air, which, even when it is not of a superior quality to that which we daily imbibe, proves frequently beneficial to the hipped and dyspeptic invalid—just as the diet, to be perfectly wholesome, requires occasional variation. I had been two years at Poonah, one of the healthiest, cheerfulest, most desirable stations in the three presidencies; but a close routine of arduous office-work, a surplusage of the red-tape slavery that somehow adheres to every system of government originated and carried out by British heads, it matters not in what country or clime, had undermined the natural strength of my constitution, which required a little repair. I love India—I loved it then, even when authorities and powers were more open to censure than they are now, for happily, not only is the schoolmaster abroad, but with him is to be found the active spirit of conscientiousness, whose rule is progress, and whose law is justice.

I wanted solitude—a little breathing-time from irksome duties, and scarcely less tiresome gaieties. I was sick of merciless field-days, monotonous balls, incessant mess-dinners, and amateur theatricals, where our Lady Macbeths and Lydia Languishes were appropriated by burly captains of the grenadiers, six feet high, and unfledged ensigns, who had not yet mastered the goose-step, nor doffed the unpitied name of griffin. I spoke the principal native languages with sufficient fluency to need no *moonshee* or interpreter; and needed no other companions in my rambles than two faithful servants, and a sepoy, whose earnest desire to accompany me, backed by my consent, had readily obtained him a month's furlough. He was an excellent *shikar* or sportsman, and a brave honest fellow, whose good qualities I had cognizance of. Determined to avoid the beaten track of mere picnic and shooting excursionists, I chose a range of country which, though then peaceably quiet, had, in the war of the Pindarrees, acquired rather an ill fame. I remembered, indeed, that some six years back, an officer and his wife, while journeying through a portion of it, had been attacked by *looties* or marauders, and that though Major Matheson escaped with his life, the body of his wife, who had been cruelly murdered, was found in the jungle some days after, whilst of their infant daughter no traces were ever discovered.

But these days were over, and report gave out no sounds of warning or alarm. My plan was to ride or walk quietly in the morning until I came upon some pretty hamlet or sequestered spot that hit my fancy, and there to await till my one-poled tent and servants came up to halt for the day—for two or three, if I chose. All places were new to me, and each was almost sure to please by reason of that very novelty. Sometimes there were abundance of plants to collect, for I piqued myself on my botany; very often there was prolific game, unattended by risk in the pursuit; and everywhere there was an old pagoda or a ruined *killa* (fortress) to sketch; perhaps the cell of some ancient anchoret beside a picturesque *bowry* or deep draw-well, over which trailed many a variegated liana, or drooped a banian-tree, laden with its bright-red figs, the favourite food of many a bird.

From those ascetic mendicants who spread their praying-carpets by the wayside, it is not difficult to win many a wild tradition by welcome courtesy, and still more welcome coin. I have seldom failed to enter into amicable alliance with the religious pilgrim, whether of Mussulman or Hindoo creed; but there is a way of doing things, and surely it is easy for all who reverence their own God, to spare animadversions on the beliefs of others; quite as sincere, perhaps, though not so enlightened.

In a very happy frame of mind I thus passed a fortnight, wandering here and there, to and fro, until at last I came to Jejurry, a place of which I had heard, and which, although only twenty-eight miles from Poonah, was in those days perfectly unknown to more than half the European community there. Yet Jejurry is not without its claims to the attention of the scene-seeker. It is a Marhatta town in the province of Bejapoor, and not void of paramount importance as a rendezvous for many a follower of Brahma. The celebrity of its *dewul*, or pagoda, renders it a favourite resort for the Hindoo religionist. So far back as the year 1792, we learn from the statistics of Bejapoor, that the priestesses, as they are called, or dancing-girls attached to the temple, amounted to 250. In 1823, when I visited it, there might probably be fifty less; but the Brahmans and beggars that haunted the purlieus of the dewul were innumerable. Dedicated to one of the endless incarnations of Siva, assumed by him to slay a redoubted and cruel giant, the pagoda has a magnificent appearance as it breaks upon the traveller's sight, newly released from leafy jungles. Situated on a steep ascent, whence a varied and striking landscape salutes the eye, it is visible at a great distance on three sides, where the country is free from wood; and though not covered with gilding, or made musical by glittering bells, like the Buddhist temples of Ava, its gray rugged walls, vast proportions, and salient abutments, here and there profusely festooned with lianas, are well worthy of a minute inspection and description. On the huge misshapen idol, which is the esoteric magnet of the place, it is asserted that, at no very remote period, L.6000 were annually expended; and when the retinue of priests, acolytes, elephants, horses, &c., which is entertained is considered, the fact becomes less a matter of doubt than of astonishment. Certain it is, that this idol is daily bathed in rose-water, and sprinkled with the sacred water of the Ganges, conveyed from a distance of upwards of a thousand miles.

Richly decorated with gems, perfumed with the most expensive *attars*, and surrounded with almost hourly and ever-fresh offerings of fruit and flowers, the idol is one of the still-existing evidences of the

Digitized by Google

reign of superstitious fanaticism on the earth. The support of the establishment is derived from houses, gardens, and fields given by devotees; nor can it be ignored that the priestesses, the dancing-girls of the temple, are a source of revenue rather than of expense.

I had passed several days here pleasantly enough, when I was asked one morning by a very courteous and intelligent *gosain*, whose acquaintance I had made on my arrival, whether I had visited Kunchun-Churloo. I replied in the negative, asking what object worthy of observation the place, if a place, contained.

'Maharaj,' said he, 'it *is* a place, and one that deserves a visit. The name, as you may know, means the Tank of the Dancing-girl; and the legend which is attached to it renders it a favourite resort to the devout; while to sportsmen, like yourself, there is such abundant variety of game in the jungles and jheels (marshes) near it, that it deserves your investigation.'

'And the legend, father—is it so brief as to admit of your relating it in a short time?'

'By your favour, sahib!' and the gosain, adjusting those robes, dyed with red ochre, which denote the strict worshipper of Siva, related the tradition I here abbreviate:

'Many years ago, when this temple was yet young, the jungle which stretches for four miles towards the west was infested by serpents of such deadly venom and ferocity, as is now only to be found in the naja or cobra da capello—a sacred emblem, and a worshipped symbol of the Deity. But, unlike this holy reptile, the snakes in the neighbourhood were diabolical spirits, the accursed offspring of the giant Manimal, destroyed by mighty Siva. Now, unhappily, when Siva, or Mahadeo, slew the monstrous oppressor, he neglected to scorch up the blood which flowed from the wounds of Manimal, from every drop of which sprang a vicious reptile. The loathsome twin-headed serpent, spotted with leprosy; the whip-snake, with gray and white bands, whose tail is spiked with poisonous thorns; the green-snake, that darts from the trees on the passer-by; the variegated carpet-snake, whose bite slays ere the bitten has had time to shriek; the black snake, whose fangs emit a sickening odour that fascinates the bird on the bough; and many others, with scorpions and centipedes, were engendered by the blood of the giant festering in the sun's heat. And when Siva, grieved at his omission, and withheld by the Highest from any future incarnation, witnessed the misery that followed, and the desolation of the country, he was permitted to prophesy, that the serpent-brood should only be extinct when a priestess of the pagoda, young, beautiful, brave, and chaste, resisting the temptations of the world, should resign herself a sacrifice to death by daring to lead the swarm of reptiles to the lake of the Jins, on the margin of the forest. Well, Maharaj, after many years, a fair young damsel joined the troop of dancing-girls, expressing her determination to offer her life at the tank of the Jins. Two years were passed in holy purification ere the Brahmans consented to the sacrifice, when, perceiving how every temptation that was made to withdraw her from the life of purity and worship she had adopted, was resisted, they agreed. I will not delay my account by describing the grandeur of the procession and the wonders of the cavalcade that were prepared to do her honour. Obeying, no doubt, the voice of Brahma within her, she refused to mount the sacred elephant that was in readiness, and commanding the Brahmans, the proud Byragees, the Suniassies, and other votaries of our creed, to let her precede them, she stepped forth alone into the jungle, no other weapon in her hand than the *vina* or lute, to which she was accustomed to chant her songs in the service of the gods. O Maharaj! as she entered the forest, followed slowly by the mute and wondering crowd, every leaf seemed to rustle with life, every tree became alive with livid and horrible reptiles; the air was fetid with their breath, and the only sound was sibilation. But, lo! at the first chord of her vina, at the first gush of music that issued from her throat, the wind became fragrant as the utterance of a multitude of roses, and the menacing hisses sank into silence, only broken by her glorious voice. Then, too, the terrible creatures, ranging themselves obediently out of the track, without erecting a crest, or vibrating a forked tongue, followed her gravely as she proceeded; nor did she falter a step, or pause in her song, till she reached the lake. There, waving her hand in farewell to the crowd, she again began to sing, and, stepping into the water, was followed by the noxious swarm of serpents. When she had attained the depth of her waist, she took off her tiara, and, throwing it into the waves, exclaimed: "Siva, the Destroyer, come now and complete the death of the giant and his progeny!" Whereat the whole brood of snakes sank dead into the depths of the pool. When the water had now gained her neck, she cast forward her vina, exclaiming: "Vishnu, the Preserver, let nothing that is poisonous henceforward be found in this lake!" And then, with a sound of music strangled in her pure throat by the permitted death, she disappeared beneath the waters. In that spot, where she was last seen, a rocky altar has arisen, whose foot is swathed by the rich foliage and scented cups of the sacred lotus; and thither come the devout, the sick, and the sorrowful, to invoke the assistance of the gentle divinity which presides over what is now called Kunchun-Churloo, the Dancing-girl's Tank.'

'Sahib,' cried my Marhatta sepoy, Jung Rao, 'let me instantly order the *saman geeman* (bag and baggage) to proceed to this wonderful place.'

'All in good time,' said I, smiling at an eagerness which, whether proceeding from his avowed admiration of the gosain, or from the delight he anticipated in a new field for his sporting capabilities, was sufficiently apparent. Thanking the gosain for his legend, and quietly depositing an unrejected monetary proof of my obligations in the skirts of his robes, I received his assurance that he intended to follow me to the tank, where he could point out to me the various beauties of the scene.

It was, in truth, a very lovely spot; and as I ordered my little tent to be pitched on a gentle knoll, ascending from the verdant rim of the tank, and saw that the silvan beauties of the landscape nowhere deteriorated into thick or sombre jungle, whilst little patches of cultivation—millet, chick-peas, and other grain—testified that agriculture was not altogether wanting; and whilst some scattered buffalos and sheep were feeding in the rich meadows, or the former splashed like sea-horses in the tank, I could not but think how happily and innocently a few lives might pass here under a kind and paternal dynasty, and blest by education and peace. There was a small hamlet close by; and the result of our first day's sport was a banquet of game so ample that all who chose had a share in it.

Next morning, when as yet the skies gave forth no rosy courier of daylight, I wandered forth alone, directing my steps to the east, that I might witness the effects of sunrise on the upland glades which ascended towards a distant mountain. There was a broad path; and as I slowly advanced, the cry of the quail amidst the grass, the coo of the wood-dove among the bushes, and the whir of an owlet or bat, retreating instinctively from the coming light, announced that already dawn was at hand. And yet no signs of it, to my wonder, appeared; and presently

Digitized by Google

as I looked at my watch, and perceived that, instead of coming from the east, which I faced, a dim and unaccustomed light was thrown from behind me, my ears were saluted by the welcome 'Ram, ram!' of the gosain, and there, in advance of me he stood, his arms erect and extended, his form dilated, and altogether presenting a very statuesque appearance.

'Glory be to the sun and to its Maker!' cried he; 'the west is to Him even as the east!' and turning round as he pointed to the west, I beheld a sight that in very truth astounded me. I witnessed a rare phenomenon, of which I had not then even so much as heard, although I now know that it has been observed by some of our recent travellers. The sight was very fine; for there, in the west, appeared the bright and symmetrical beams of the rising sun, reflected with marvellous beauty from the opposite quarter, where all was dark. There was yet something I cannot describe, but which gave the whole an unnatural aspect, in the clearly defined rays, which rose gradually to the zenith, illuminating the horizon with a sparkling sort of rose-white. For perhaps five minutes, not more, this show in the firmament lasted; and then, lo! all vanished, and the east redeemed its appanage of sun and light.

This optical phenomenon, which, many years afterwards, was observed by Hooker among the mountains of Tibet, has been described by him with a graphic pen; and to the credit of my friend the gosain, it may be stated that he ascribed no superstitious attributes to it, but hailed it merely as a phenomenal evidence of Deity.

As we pursued our walk, which occupied several hours, for we made the circuit of the tank, avoiding, as only the gosain could have taught me to do, some very undesirable quagmires, we came upon a party of Brinzaries—those gipsies of the east—those useful nomads who, in every war, have been found of incalculable service to the English, by bringing grain and forage to their camps. They were driving a few heavily laden bullocks to a clump of trees beside the tank, both cattle and men appearing wearied and worn, for they generally travel by night. As they turned at our approach to make obeisance to the gosain, who was evidently known to them, I was struck by the remarkable beauty of a little girl, who, mounted between two sacks of corn, and chatting merrily with a robust elderly woman, seemed to me to be utterly out of place in this scene and society. The child was sunburnt, as well might be; but for all that, her skin was exquisitely fair, her profuse ringlets of an auburn brown, and her eyes of that dark gray which is so much more expressive than either black or blue. The dark handsome Egyptian countenance of the woman was in such complete contrast, that I could not help exclaiming, as they began to unpack their cattle, and the girl actively set about helping the woman: 'O gosain, that child is a European!'

'Maharaj,' answered he, 'it is a truth; and wonderful is the history which belongs to it. It may be that the time has come for discovery; and, with permission, I will speak a few words to my ancient friends here, and gain their consent to unfold the matter to you.'

I sat down at some distance, while the gosain parleyed earnestly with the Brinzaries. Presently—and I knew that all was adjusted amicably—the elderly woman kissed the child, and putting something into a plantain-leaf, pointed towards me. Neither shyly nor awkwardly, but with a sweet and gentle grace, the tiny creature approached me, and making a salam, presented her offering—a handful of delicious dates. She accepted without reluctance the caresses I lavished on her bright and well-cared-for ringlets, and prattled away in a *patois*, part Hindoostanee, part Dukkhani, to which my responses were very vague and concise. She soon, however, ran away from the stranger, when the gosain approached me, and commenced his narrative. 'It is some six or seven seasons since Narrainah and Mahla, the Brinzari man and woman who conduct this party, were pursuing the same route they have just come; they were laden with grain, and the Pindarree war having but recently ceased, were travelling cautiously, for the country was then overrun with marauders. In the jungle of Kargholi, about ten miles hence, they were alarmed by shrieks and cries, and the clang of arms. It was dark night; but the flash of torches at no great distance warned them that travellers were being assaulted by plunderers; and in great alarm they withdrew into a thicket for concealment. After some time the clamour ceased, and presently they beheld a troop of men pass by, one of whom led a horse, caparisoned in the European fashion. When they had disappeared, the Brinzaries carefully regained the road, and before long, *ufsos!* (alas!) they came upon an overturned palanquin, deserted by its bearers, and lying beside it the yet warm corpse of a European lady, covered with cruel wounds. A faint cry revealed to them a little infant, nearly smothered beneath the body; and in dread that the robbers might return, the men of the party were going to leave the child there, but Mahla had lost a babe shortly before, and full of compassion, refused to move from the spot until Narrainah was fain to consent to her adoption of the poor foundling. They escaped from the jungles, carrying the little girl with them; and not many weeks after, I saw them, and advised them to go to Poonah, and make the circumstance known to the government authorities there. But they stuffed their ears with the cotton of denial. Narrainah was afraid of bringing trouble on themselves by making the affair public. It might even happen that the murder and robbery would be laid to their charge; and the woman was loath to give up the infant, whom she had named *Motee* (the Pearl), after her own child. They in consequence carefully avoided Poonah, and every place where English troops were stationed; but they are at length convinced that it is their duty to follow my advice, and are willing to resign Motee, provided any relation claiming her is discovered.'

'My good friend,' said I, 'the child doubtless belongs to Major Matheson, an officer who, passing through that very jungle, with his wife and daughter, was attacked by robbers, and barely escaped with his life. His wife's remains were found a week after, but his horse had been carried off, and with it, they supposed, the child. It was through the palanquin-bearers, and a native woman-servant, the whole was made known. They had fled into the woods, from which they did not emerge until a whole day had passed. I have never seen Major Matheson; but he is alive, and will assuredly be rejoiced to hear that his daughter lives. The good Brinzaries may count upon their finding a generous benefactor in one who owes to them the life of his child.'

'Maharaj,' cried the gosain, 'there was a little *kitab* (book) found in the palanquin, and it was the only thing the accursed thieves and murderers left behind.'

'Can I see it?' asked I.

It was a handsome, old, much-read copy of Shakspeare; and in the fly-leaf was written: 'Grace Matheson, from her Husband.' It was enough. And as I read the name, the worthy gosain held up his hands in admiration. He told me the Brinzaries were quite willing to journey to Poonah, if needful; or to remain at Jejurry until such time as I could communicate with Major Matheson. But whilst I was reflecting on the course to be pursued, that which we

Digitized by Google

call fate was anticipating my movements, and about to render useless my interference in the matter. There are incidents in some lives which follow up each other with such celerity, when least expected, that it is only the utterly thoughtless who can treat them with indifference and disregard. That Providence which foresees all, knows best when the hidden things that perplex us are to be set clearly before us, without doubt and without difficulty.

It was evening, and I was once more with the Brinzaries, the gosain, and my little friend Motee, when Jung Rao, running at the top of his speed, announced the arrival, at my tent, of a sahib from Poonah.

'Indeed,' said I; 'who can it be?'

'His salam to you, sir; and he begs you will come and see him. He has sprained his ankle by a fall from his horse; and his *syce* (groom) and baggage have not yet come up.'

The Brinzaries are celebrated for their expertness in setting to right all sprains, salving all wounds, and knowledge of all drugs; and I had but to mention the accident to receive the proffered aid of Mahla. She hastened to bring from her hoards wherewithal to compound a lotion, or poultice, or both, for the injured limb, and was almost as soon beside the sufferer as myself.

I knew him at once—I knew him well. It was Cosmo Gordon, a young ensign in a native infantry regiment. He was not only a very handsome youth, but was quite the gem of our *corps dramatique;* and, if truth must be told, had played Emily Worthington to my Lucretia Mactab not a month before.

The sprain was not a very severe one, and Mahla's care and treatment soon gave him relief. It was to amuse him, as he lay on my couch, whilst his own tent was being pitched, that I told him the strange story of the Brinzaries, and shewed him the book, whose hapless owner had been so cruelly murdered.

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed he, reading the name—'Grace Matheson! Do you not know, Innes, that she was my aunt?'

Indeed, I did not know. But I will tell the reader what I know. Matheson, now general, was rendered truly happy by the discovery of his daughter, nor had the worthy Brinzaries reason to repent having protected the infancy of one who, in their declining years, became their tender protectress. Motee, otherwise Grace Matheson, is now a happy wife and mother. Her husband, some years her senior, no longer personifies young ladies on any stage; but if the reader visits Subatcheekhuburabad, in Mysore, he will find in Colonel Cosmo Gordon a kind host and an honest man, beloved by all who know him.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE TELEGRAPH *v.* TIME.

THE Transatlantic telegraph has at length been laid, and its two extremities are fixed, the one on the shore of Valentia, in Ireland, and the other on that of St John's, in the island of Newfoundland. The metallic thread by means of which mankind will henceforth be able to converse from one border of the ocean to the other, communicates without interruption from the old to the new continent; and in spite of the provisionary character of the arrangement of the electric machines, a day does not pass without several dispatches being sent from Europe to America, and from America to Europe, across the mass of Atlantic waters.

The public has already been informed, that on the night of the 9th and 10th of August, a telegram was received at Valentia from Newfoundland at a quarter past eleven o'clock. This hour, which is almost in the middle of the night, seems more suitable for repose and sleep than for vigilance and labour. The Americans, nevertheless, had forwarded the dispatch at an hour when the approach of night had not as yet put an end to general business. The explanation is, that Valentia is situated about ten degrees and a quarter west longitude from London, and St John's, Newfoundland, about fifty-two degrees and a half west longitude from the same city, which gives a difference of forty-two degrees and a quarter between the two points on the coasts of Europe and America. If we calculate as regards time this difference of longitude, we shall find that at St John's, Newfoundland, the clock is about two hours and forty-five minutes behind the clock in Ireland; so that a dispatch which is received at this latter station at a quarter past eleven at night, had been transmitted from Newfoundland when it was only twenty-five minutes past eight in the evening. Let us also observe, that Valentia and St John's being the two nearest points of the old and new continents, the difference of two hours and fifty minutes is the least that can exist between any of the cities of Europe and America.

If our globe were entirely encompassed by a metallic thread such as that already laid down between Europe and America, an electric current could make the tour of it in less than a second; and we can therefore fairly say that communications between the most distant points of the earth would be instantaneous. Such a velocity as this makes the motion of the sun, which it leaves far behind, seem slow; for the sun, in its apparent motion, passes over only about 1050 miles (fifteen degrees) in an hour.

The hour can never be the same in two places at once, however near they may be, when situated under different meridians. Here is an example, which we will take from London itself. It is well known what is the distance of the Crystal Palace from the Observatory at Greenwich, and also that this distance is further in latitude than in longitude. Indeed, the meridian of the Crystal Palace is only distant from the meridian of the Observatory by some few hundred yards. However, notwithstanding the extreme proximity of the two meridians, the hour at the Crystal Palace, situated to the west, differs sensibly from that of the Observatory, situated to the east. We may reckon at ten or twelve seconds the difference of time between these two meridians; so that when it is mid-day at the Crystal Palace, it is twelve o'clock and some seconds more at Greenwich. To take a more extended illustration: Paris is situated 2° 20′ of longitude east of Greenwich, almost the longitude of Havre; its hour is therefore nine minutes twenty-two seconds in advance of that of Greenwich.

If, then, we find such a variation in the time at places situated at so slight a distance from one another, we shall require, now that the telegraph places us in instantaneous relation with the furthest towns of the new world, to regulate with each of them the hours of our communications, so that we need not disturb more than is inevitable the ordinary habits of life. A merchant at New York or at New Orleans, who still enjoys daylight in his own country when we have here with us the night somewhat advanced, is not necessitated to oblige his correspondent in London or Paris to pass his whole night at the door of a telegraph-office to await a dispatch which has been announced to him, and to which an answer is to be given 'per bearer.'

New York, situated about 74° 40′ west longitude from Greenwich, has its clocks set at somewhat less than five hours behind those of London; so that when it is ten o'clock in the morning with us, the hour when our business commences, it is in the great American

Digitized by Google

capital only five o'clock—that is to say, an hour when the greater portion of the population is buried in sleep. When the inhabitants of New York think of getting up, it is past twelve o'clock in London; while we are dining in the metropolis of England, they are breakfasting in that of America; and while the people are dining there, we are thinking of going to bed here. Let us take again, by way of an interesting example, New Orleans, which is further removed westward by about fifteen degrees of longitude—that is to say, reckoning by time, six hours, or a quarter of a day later than we are in London. Hence, then, a dispatch forwarded by telegraph from this latter town on the 15th August, at three o'clock in the morning, would arrive at New Orleans on the 14th August, at nine o'clock at night! We may likewise send from Europe news dated one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock in the morning, on the first day of the month, or the first day of the year; and this news will arrive in America on the last evening of the month, or the last of the preceding year. If we should wish our communications from Europe to arrive at New Orleans for the hour in which business is transacted in hot climates, we must ply the telegraph about noon. A dispatch forwarded at ten o'clock in the evening, will arrive on the banks of the Mississippi at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the instant when men return to their affairs after the great heat of the day. It is already fully seen by the people of America that they will receive each morning, about eleven o'clock, as they enter their places of business, the heads of the great commercial results of the different capitals of Europe for that day; they will read, by a kind of anticipation, the day's European news before their own day commences!

The Americans, with their enterprising genius, it is reasonable to suppose, will not remain satisfied until they have placed the Atlantic in direct communication with the Pacific, New York with San Francisco in California. This last town, situated 123° of longitude west of London, is eight hours ten minutes later than we are; so that the greater portion of its night coincides with our day, and reciprocally our night coincides with the greater part of their day. In winter, when the day has hardly commenced in England, at eight o'clock in the morning, it is scarcely half-past eleven at night in California. At San Francisco, the world is about to turn into bed at the moment when, in London, the first streaks of light begin to lace the eastern horizon. The hour, therefore, the most convenient in Europe for interchanging telegraphic communications with California would be from four to eight o'clock in the evening, a time which would coincide with the morning of this distant country.

The region of the globe where the difference of time is about twelve hours as regards Western Europe—that is to say, which has midnight when we have mid-day, and *vice versâ*, is the longitudinal part of the Pacific Ocean studded with islands, and comprised between Behring's Straits on the north and New Zealand on the south. It is a region distant from us 180° of longitude, and which we are accustomed to designate under the name of antipodes. As yet, the question of extending the telegraph to these islands has not been mooted; and therefore it is unnecessary to pursue these curious calculations further at the present moment. But what we have said of the great western continent will apply equally to the vast continent of Asia; and if we establish direct telegraphic communications with India, China, and Japan, as there is no doubt we shall, the same calculations will have to be made with a view to regulate nicely the time for despatching these swift and sun-outstripping messages.

Mr Sydney Waterlow has supplied the Society of Arts with some interesting information concerning the mode by which his firm communicates with its three different places of business. The line of wires commences at London Wall, proceeds to Birchin Lane, a distance of 1500 feet without support, and thence, by eleven stages, goes on to Parliament Street. He seems to have had no difficulty in obtaining permission of the various house-proprietors to fix his poles on their roofs; the total cost—exclusive of the instruments—he states to be not more than L.50 a mile, and calculates that the whole of the police and fire-engine stations in the metropolis might be brought into mutual communication for L.5000. The estimate for a subterranean telegraph was forty times as great as the actual cost of the over-house plan. The whole report is very satisfactory, and it seems quite probable that the roofs of the city of London, viewed from St Paul's, may soon present, with their telegraphic wires, the appearance of a gigantic game of cat's-cradle.

The coast-survey, of which we have from time to time reported progress, is so well advanced that a few more seasons will see it complete. The charts in which the results are laid down are interesting, for they contain not only all the shores, isles, islets, and rocks, but also the sea-bottom all round, out to a depth of a hundred fathoms. Concerning this, Sir Roderick Murchison says: 'The study of the configuration of that line is instructive: it shews that the group, although apparently broken up into three large and countless small islands, is physically connected on the south-east, through Belgium and Holland, with the continent of Europe; while it is separated from Norway and Sweden by a gulf or fiord some hundred fathoms in depth. Probably, it may not be generally known that some of the deep wells in London and Sheerness draw their fresh water from a stratum which lies fully 300 feet below the level of the bottom of any portion of the North Sea that intervenes between this island and the coasts of Belgium, Holland, or Denmark. The physical geographer will therefore find, if he examines them, that nautical charts teach something more than the mere depth sufficient for the wants of navigation.' In the portion of the survey here referred to, 23,000 casts of the lead were made—averaging 35 casts to the square mile in deep water, and 625 casts to the square mile when within a depth of ten fathoms. The cost to the country, including the soundings, is about L.30 per mile of coast-line—a sum which, for such a work, may be considered as moderate.

Sir Roderick brings forward another piece of evidence bearing on the question of a Suez canal. Certain engineers and speculators argue that the Nile no longer brings down alluvium, because the delta does not sensibly increase, and therefore there could be no risk of the canal-mouth silting up. But Captain Spratt's Report on the subject shews that although the delta has advanced to such a point that the stroke of the sea, arising from the prevalent winds, is sufficient to keep it in check, the detritus is still brought down and carried away to the eastward, and forms dunes and sand-hills, which, at Kas Burun, rise to a height of 270 feet above the level of the sea. We notice this fact, because the question has inspired in some quarters national jealousy, and all evidence is valuable which helps to place it in its true light.

The African mails bring advices from Dr Baikie and the Niger expedition. They were getting on satisfactorily, though slowly. The same may be said of the explorers in Congo; and Dr Livingstone, under date June 26, writes that the *Pearl* had safely passed the bar, and got up the Zambesi—that the launch, the *Ma Robert*, had been disembarked and put together, and that with his party, who were all in health, he was about to start for Tete. 'We all look forward

Digitized by Google

with interest,' he says, 'to meeting with my Makalolo, though several have died during their stay by small-pox.' The doctor's expedition has our heartiest sympathies; but we cannot ignore the difficulties that await him in the shallowness of the river, and the torment of mosquitoes. Already, when the last accounts came away, the party had lost time and temper from these two hindrances.—Letters have come, too, from M'Clintock, the gallant leader of Lady Franklin's searching expedition. He sailed in the spring of 1857 in high spirits; but the frost-king was adverse, and blocked Melville Bay so with ice, that the vessel could not get through, was caught in the pack, and drifted down into Baffin's Bay—thus losing the first year. However, he was making a fresh start, and we may hope that ere now he has reached the region where his explorations commence. Many hearts turn towards him, praying earnestly for his safety in his endeavour to solve the painful mystery which has so long hidden our countrymen and their two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

A result interesting to astronomers has been derived from the United States Naval Astronomical Expedition, which was at work in South America from 1849 to 1852. One of their principal objects was to determine anew the parallax of the sun, not by transits, but, in astronomical language, by observations of Venus near her inferior conjunction. The reduction and discussion of the mass of observations has been a long and laborious task, but it is now accomplished by Dr B. A. Gould of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and he finds the sun's distance to be 96,160,000 miles.

In a paper read before the Royal Dublin Society, some important particulars are given concerning the iron ores of Connaught; and we learn with satisfaction that the working of these deposits is advancing more and more among the industrial resources of Ireland. One thing remains to be done, and then, we are told, Irish iron will be equal to Swedish; it is, to use peat for the smelting. An impression has long prevailed that this is impracticable; but peat is consumed at the ironworks, and in blast-furnaces too, in Bohemia, Saxony, Bavaria, and Russia, and always with marked improvement in the quality of the iron. Even to throw a small quantity of peat into a smelting fire of coke makes the iron better. What is required is to dry and compress the peat; and Mr Buchan thinks that the best way would be to dig out the peat from the bed, beat it up like mortar, and mould it into hard solid bricks. 'Were this fuel used,' he says, to conclude his paper, 'in the manufacture of iron in Ireland, little anxiety need be felt as regards the quantities of extant coal; iron would be supplied of a quality equal to that of Sweden; the great desiderata as to non-splintering ordnance, and the iron plates of vessels of war, would be supplied, and rivers of wealth would be distributed over the land and among the people.'

And Ireland is advancing in another way, by the immigration of agriculturists from England and Scotland; most from the latter country. It appears from a table lately published, that the number of Scotch farmers who are now settled there, cultivating their lands, is 660; and of English, 96. And the influence of this new blood is felt not only by the work it does on its own farms, but by its example to neighbours. The Irish cultivator—if cultivator he was—sees that turnips do actually grow larger than radishes; so large, indeed, that some of the roots exhibited in Dublin excite universal surprise and admiration, and though at first he exclaims: 'Ah! you can do it, but I can't'—he at length tries, and finds that the same deep ploughing, the same diligent suppression of weeds, the same methods of drainage, and the same cleanly working system, will prosper as well under Irish hands as under English or Scotch—and once he has made this discovery, he is safe—and he soon sends his produce to market—along roads, by the way, on which there is no toll-bar from one end of the island to the other—and ceases to be one of misfortune's hangers-on. There is something eminently suggestive in the fact, that in January 1857, the number of persons on the books for public relief throughout the whole of Ireland, was not more than 56,094. Here in England, in June of the present year, the number was 833,472—larger than it would have been, in consequence of the commercial panic.

At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Millot-Brulé exhibited a black powder, obtained from a purely natural substance, which, should it come into general use, will gladden the hearts of gardeners. If you have a plant or shrub that you wish to preserve from noxious creeping things, you draw round it a circle of this black powder, and not a snail, or slug, or worm, or maggot will attack it, for no sooner do they touch the black powder than they are thrown into convulsions, which speedily kill them off. A whole bed or plot may be sprinkled with it, and with the like results, and without injury to the garden. On the contrary, the powder is a good fertiliser. It is said to be a specific against the grape-disease, and that if blown lightly into an infected bunch, the *oidium* or fungus is seen to curl up and perish—killed as surely as the snails.

The composition of the powder is no secret; it is nothing but a species of lignite—sulphur-coal, as the Germans call it—ground fine. Large beds of it exist in many parts of the continent. Ardennes abounds with it; and it was with lumps dug from that region that M. Millot-Brulé made his experiments. It is found in extensive deposits at Oppelsdorff, near Zittau in Saxony, where for some years past it has been turned to account for the preservation of timber. The sulphur-coal, to give it the local name, is reduced to powder, and made into a bath with water. The wood to be treated is plunged into this bath, and left there for a time without any mechanical pressure, until it has undergone a change which partakes of the nature of mineralisation. Mere contact with the lignite appears to suffice; and we are told that beams which have been used in the workings for thirty years are sounder and more likely to last now, than when first put up. In Saxony, the railway sleepers are prepared with this substance, and with manifest advantage. Would it not do well for ship-timbers, docks, and water-side constructions generally?

STREET NOMENCLATURE.

In a small town, the plan of distinguishing streets by names, just as we distinguish ships and other inanimate objects, is not otherwise objectionable than in its being almost sure to give rise to the absurd and fantastical. If names are to be given, it would be intolerable tyranny to deprive the builders, or the local authorities, of the right of selection; and this right being exercised with reference to personal feelings, local circumstances, or contemporaneous occurrences, produces, in the course of time, an astonishing jumble of contradictions. North Street, losing the landmark from which it originally diverged, becomes in reality one of the southernmost streets in the town; High Street, being overtopped by other lines, sinks into quite a low street; political names, intended to confer distinction on the locality, fall into odium and contempt; the distinguished gentleman who honours a square with his patronymic, absconds from justice; and the popularity of Queen Victoria gives rise to so many Victoria Streets, Terraces, and

Digitized by Google

Places, that the panting stranger, in looking for an address, toils after it in vain.

What help for all this? Surely people may call their houses, their streets, their estates, their ships, their children, by any name they please. Old names may be, and often are, inseparably connected with local history—perhaps national; new names may be, and often are, consecrated by the most sacred feelings of our nature. We may smile at the simplicity which has called that slow and heavy vessel, with gunwale hardly above the level of the sea, whose murky sails proclaim her to be a coaster, the *Lovely Nancy;* but we shall cease to smile if we fancy the skipper in his pea-jacket standing alone on the blackened deck, and looking through the rising night-wind to the far and filmy land beyond, while he hums hoarsely a snatch of the old sea-song:

> The troubled main, the wind and rain,
> My ardent passion prove;
> Lashed to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,
> I 'd think on thee, my love!

But sentimentally interesting, and even historically important, as may be the association of names, the time at length comes when they are in conflict with considerations of a more prosaic character. The town grows into a city, and the mass of street-names presents a serious difficulty in the way of commercial and social intercourse; the city grows into a mighty aggregate of towns and cities—in the case of London—with a population numbered in millions, and the myriad names, by clogging the postal arrangements, are like impediments thickly scattered in the highways, interfering with the freedom of intercourse and retarding *pro tanto* the progress of civilisation. Then must come the tug of war. The romantic, the literary, the fashionable, range themselves on the side of names, with their distinctions and associations; while the men of business, the political economists, the matter-of-fact of all denominations, would sweep them away without remorse as with a besom.

Government has already taken up the question, and though with its usual slowness and timidity, has even put forth its hand upon existing arrangements. The names of districts, and those that were used as landmarks for obscurer streets, are, so far as the postal delivery is concerned, pretty nearly abolished, and their place supplied with Roman initials. The metropolis is divided into districts, indicated by E, east, W, west, and so on; and in this brief and simple way the general locality of the street required is set down. A London district, however, is as large as a considerable town elsewhere, and the confusion of street-names, therefore, is only abated. With the view of carrying out the reform to its full extent, a little *brochure* has now appeared, the title of which we append as containing in itself what is usually given in a table of contents.* The following is the author's plan: 'I propose to divide London into districts (say twenty), each district to be distinguished by a *single* letter—A, B, C, &c.; to number all the streets, squares, lanes, &c., in each district, from 1 upwards, to the end; such streets, &c., to be called, for postal purposes, A. 1, A. 2, A. 3—B. 1, B. 2, B. 3, &c. *To paint the letter and number of each street or place conspicuously, as near as possible to the line of sight, at all the corners thereof.* To have the letter and number of each street or place printed in the Post-office and other directories, in the column appropriated to the present district letters and in their places; and then give notice that, *for all postal purposes, such letter and number may be used instead of the name of such street or place;* and that all additions that are now required—the names of more prominent adjacent streets, or of the district, or both—may, *when such letter and number are used,* be thenceforth dispensed with.' According to the present plan, a letter directed 'Mr George Hardy, 4 Denbigh Road, Westbourne Grove West, Bayswater, London, W., would, according to the proposed plan, stand as follows: Mr George Hardy, B. 76, No. 4, London.' Here B is the district, 76 the street, and 4 the house; and 'as those characters would be applied to no other street or district in London, errors arising from similarity of name would be entirely prevented.'

This, it will be observed, is little more than the American system of giving numbers instead of names to the streets; but simple as the plan is, it appears to us to be unnecessarily complex. The metropolis is *already* divided into postal districts, and in the best way imaginable—that is, by making the distinguishing initials indicate of themselves the quarter. A person looking for a street described, for instance, as being in the E. (east) district, will have no difficulty in determining the quarter of the city he must betake himself to. This being the case, and the thing being already in operation, why divide anew into alphabetical districts? Dovetail into the existing arrangements the plan of numbering instead of naming the streets, and you have all that is required. One thing, at all events, is certain: the present repetition of the same name in streets is most objectionable. If we are to have a James Street, let us have but one, and so on with all other designations. By what means, however, short of an act of parliament, are we to enforce this much-needed reform; and where are the men who could, in the face, probably, of much public clamour, carry a measure of the kind? Meanwhile, we can give only a slight ventilation to the subject, and hope that things will mend somewhere short of the twentieth century.

* *Street Nomenclature: a New and Simple Plan for Preventing the Inconvenience Resulting from the Number of Streets and Places of the same Name in London; to save more than Half the Labour of Directing, and greatly facilitate the Sorting, of Letters; which does not, necessarily, require the slightest Alteration in the Present Mode of performing the Duties appertaining to any Department of the Post-office; and which may be carried into Effect at a very small Expense.* London: Effingham Wilson. 1858.

WHEREFORE WEEP?

> Weep not for Death!
> 'Tis but a fever stilled,
> A pain suppressed, a fear at rest,
> A solemn hope fulfilled.
> The moonshine on the slumb'ring deep
> Is scarcely calmer—wherefore weep?
>
> Weep ye for Change!
> For earth's pure dews exhaling,
> For joy's first tear, for hope's first fear,
> For love's first little failing.
> Morn's lightest shadow on the seas
> Tells us of midnight—weep for these!
>
> Weep not for Death!
> The fount of tears is sealed.
> Who knows how bright the inward light
> To those shut eyes revealed?
> Who knows what fearless love may fill
> The heart that seems so cold and still?
>
> Weep ye for Life!
> For smiles that end in sighing,
> For love whose quest hath never rest,
> For the heart's hourly dying.
> Weep not when silence locks the breath:
> Life is the bitterness of Death.

S.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 248. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

'SENDING-IN DAY.'

IT was finished at last. I could do nothing more for it. Good or bad, there it was—*done*. I became fully alive to the important fact only by gradations of consciousness. I stood before my picture—my first serious essay, my first bid for a footing on Fame's ladder. I felt hot and giddy somehow—beset by tremendous impulses to run in again and add further touches—to blend—tone down in places—fetch out high lights. I was only stayed by an overpowering suspicion that I might do more harm than good; that it would be better to leave off and stand by what I had done, than to peril my chances of success by nervous hap-hazard work at last. I stood in a rapt attitude—petrified; a disordered sheaf of brushes, like a classical representation of Jove's thunderbolts, grasped in my left hand, and my right clutching at my shirt-front, or grasping my forelock, or flung up wildly above me. I am not sure where it was.

Was it really a good thing? Let me put away my art-instruments, and sit down calmly and consider the matter. The frame looked well, certainly. It was a grand complication of bright and dull gold. The picture? Let us come to that. Does the nimbus eclipse the saint? But my eyes have seen nothing else for so long. Day and night has that canvas been before them; they are perfectly drunk with it; they are not capable of taking care of themselves, or of forming a correct opinion on the subject. At one moment, they decide that one of the finest works that art has ever given birth to, now decks my easel; at the next moment, they—well, they don't give nearly so flattering a verdict.

But then *I* know too much of the secret history of the work. I have been behind the scenes. The public will only see Desdemona. I see something more, or something less—I see Miss Larkins the model. Though I did all man could to pale her, and to quench her, and to sentimentalise her, still she seems to me to be shining through Desdemona in rather a dreadful manner. It is like the copper appearing on every edge of an old plated spoon. I know whose are those curving lips, fruity in colour and aspect, which can disclose such pretty pearly teeth, and permit the escape of such deformed grammar. I know whose are the green-gray sparkles of those eyes (altered in the picture to a violet hue, to suit buyer's prejudices). I know well the green and orange tawny of the floating locks. I know the Larkins complexion, which is perhaps even clearer than the Larkins character. I know the set of the Larkins neck on the Larkins shoulders; and the Larkins *pose* and action altogether. They are all in the picture—all but the Larkins hand; for the Larkins bites her nails. And Brabantio. Mayhap the public will regard him as a fine specimen of the venerable Venetian senator. I know that he is not so. I know him to be old Begbie the model, whose Roman-nosed, hungry-looking, lean, yellow face is anybody's property at any time, at the rate of one shilling per hour. And Othello, waving his dusky hands as he relates 'the story of his life from year to year,' and captivates the gentle lady listening—I know the origin of that glowing brown face. I can only see in it my swarthy friend, Arna Chella Saubanputty, the Madras coolie, whose whilom occupation it was to sweep the crossing and sell hymns round the corner. He was the best match I could get, but he was not very much like a Moor. How hard, how hard I toiled to paint out of his face his unfurnished, inane, ignoble expression! How strenuously I endeavoured to kindle in him some sense of grandeur! It was like lighting a fire with green wood. I could only arrive at a fizz, a splutter, or a dull smoke; not a generous blaze. I even, on one occasion, went so far as to make him drunk, in the hope that he might emit in that state some sparks of savage sensibility—some aboriginal emotion, however evanescent. It was all in vain. I could have forgiven him if he had gone mad; but he stopped short at idiocy. A whining imbecility broke out in him; tears came into his eyes; a feeble laugh, like the neighing of a consumptive filly, quavered on his lips. His complexion clouded, and became opaque; and, ultimately, he collapsed altogether in a hopelessly degraded state. I know, too, the thorough sham of the *mise en scène*. I know that some humiliation lurks behind each incident of the picture. I can detect readily—too readily—that a remnant of an old muslin curtain has *sat* for Othello's turban; that a dish-cover assisted at the painting of the armour in the background; that the leg of a veteran mahogany fourposter aided in the delineation of that elaborate wood-carving; that a red table-cloth abetted the painting of Brabantio's robes; that the Moor's yataghan has often before presented itself to the public gaze in a transpontine hippo-drama. All these facts glare out and strike at me from the picture each an individual and staggering blow. The result is heating, depressing, disagreeable.

Nevertheless, Mrs O'Dwyer, my housekeeper, has pronounced the thing 'fust-rate.' She ought to know something about it; she has had some experience in art. Have not artists been sojourning in her house for these last thirty years? ever since she was left a

Digitized by Google

'lone, lorn widow,' as she says. 'Lisbeth, the housemaid, she too has seen it, and approves cordially; declaring, moreover, Desdemona to be the 'wery himage' of her deceased niece of precocious attainments, whose name was Betsy Jane, and whose earthly career measles put an end to prematurely at the age of ten. She decides, too, that Othello is 'bootiful.' Can it be that she has a furtive tenderness for Saubanputty, and that love is warping her criticism?

'Can you lend a fellow some turps?'

It was a deep, ophicleide kind of voice. I recognised it at once: no one in this world but Tom Maule possesses such an organ.

'Come in.'

'How are you? Hollo! finished!'

He was looking at the picture.

'Othello's tale to Desdemona. Bravo, young 'un!

> She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
> And I loved her that she did pity them.'

(He pealed out the quotation in a very bass, tempestuous way, like the sound of distant thunder.)

'It's not bad; it isn't! You've had Larkins for Desdemona.'

I winced.

'You've improved her nose, I think. Begbie, of course, for Brabantio—I recognise the old fool; and the nigger—that fellow must be making a hatful of money.'

'Sit down. Can you suggest anything? There's but a few hours more, and then it must go—good or bad!'

'Exactly;

> No reckoning made, but sent to its account
> With all its imperfections on its head.
> O horrible ——

All right! don't be nervous—I don't mean the picture.'

He had certainly a fine blank-verse voice.

He sat down at the picture with a demoniac scowl upon his face; it was an expression he always wore when he wished to be or to seem critical; his style of proceeding altogether was of a rather marked character. He inhabited the second floor; I was on the first. By profession, he was an artist; by taste, I should say he was an acrobat. He was upwards of six feet high, and rather broader than he should have been in proportion. He delighted in feats of strength, and was for ever tumbling about in a violent manner in his rooms above me: I lived in a perpetual fear lest he should some day come crashing through the ceiling. He could bend a poker on his arm; he could throw I don't know how many pounds' weight; it was almost certain death to play at single-stick or to spar with him; he hit so hard; he could turn somersaults and 'do the splits.' It was a fancy of his to imitate the violent deaths in vogue on the stages of minor theatres, consisting in sudden falls backward on the floor. I think his tastes altogether were exaggerated and theatrical. When he painted, he completely acted a part even in dressing for it: he assumed flowing Titianesque velvets, with a Rubens hat, and wore always a Michael Angelo beard, glowing orange in colour. I cannot help thinking that he was rather a sham; but he was so grand withal, that the sham was merged and lost in the grandeur.

There was a knock at the door.

'Come in.'

'Hollo! here's Buzzard.'

'How are you, Buzzard?'

He was a little, ascetic-looking man, with a semi-bald head, dim eyes, a feeble moustache, and a yellow complexion. He was colourless and wan—some said from study; some, from smoke.

'How are you two fellows? Cold for April, isn't it?'

'Art keeps me warm,' said Maule; 'art and sparring.'

'I'm going a round—seeing the pictures for the Academy. I've just come from Bayswater.'

'Good?'

'Awful—that is, not much.'

'What's Chrome got?'

'Achilles and Hector. Such a thing! Drawn by a baby, coloured by a madman.'

'What an infamous criticism! Chrome, if not *the* greatest'——

'And Dibbler?'

'The Death of the Knight Templar. His studio's in an awful mess. He's had a dead horse there for a fortnight. Gamey—no end. The fume's affecting his brain: he's mad to paint a battle-field—talks of nothing but carnage and carrion.'

'He's a nice man.'

'The best thing I've seen is Byle's.'

'Oh, of course you praise him,' growled Maule; 'he's one of your set.'

'What's the subject?'

'Delicious! a child playing at cat's-cradle with his blind grandfather, who is a pauper lunatic. Colour and drawing marvellous—all poetry. The painting of the old man's highlows is full of the highest feeling. Have you seen the new model?'

'What's her name?'

'Flip.'

'Oh, I know her. One of the scraggy sort you fellows are always painting,' says Maule. 'Give me flesh and blood—bone and muscle.' And he went into a fighting attitude.

'May we smoke?'

'By all means. Here's the Birdseye. You'll have some beer?'

'Bitter,' from Buzzard.

'Stout,' from Maule.

These arrangements were made satisfactorily.

'Is this your picture for the Academy?' and Buzzard stood before my easel.

'I shall go,' cries Maule: 'Buzzard's going to break out into art-criticism; I know it by the bilious sparkle in his eye.'

Maule did not stir notwithstanding; in fact, he only wanted to kindle Buzzard.

'Of course,' said Buzzard, not regarding Tom in the least, and in a withered, husky voice—'of course, if men will paint in this way, I can't help it.'

'You don't like it?' I said timidly.

'That's a mild way of putting it. I'm not a man to talk'——

('Oh!' from Tom.)

'I don't talk my views on art; I paint them. I get abuse, but I shall *paint that down*. You've seen my works? You can judge, then, whether I am the man to like such a picture as this.'

I was rather crushed. Maule came to the rescue. He stamped on the floor, and every article in the room trembled.

'Buzzard, you talk bosh; you paint it too. I don't know whether I would rather not hear you, or not see your works. Talk about *your* painting! I know what your picture is this year, and'——

'I can't send the large one,' said Buzzard; 'I could not get it done.'

'I hope you never may. It's got no name—only a quotation from Keats, which doesn't apply. It represents a gleaner woman in a scarlet dress, asleep in a pea-green field, with an orange sky at the back. She's awfully ugly. Her hair is red worsted stuck on in skeins; her face is all freckled, as though she'd been peppered. He has painted each individual freckle.'

Digitized by Google

'It's not true.'

'Her feet are two feet long each. I'm not joking. He counted her eyelashes before he painted them: she has twenty-nine on the right, and twenty-six only on the left eye, because it's rather in perspective. She has blue stockings, and her ankles—O my! There's no concession to popular notions about prettiness there. On her nose is perched a blue-bottle, splendidly painted, I will say that. I never saw such a good blue-bottle out of a butcher's shop. It is said he went to Newgate market expressly to paint it.'

'You're talking nonsense, Maule!'

'No, I ain't. Do you know what it all means? You'd never guess: it's got some precious deep metaphysical intention about it—deuced subtle, and that sort of thing; I can't give it you all. It's something about the human soul stagnating in the golden fields of life, roused from the stupor of normal existence, which is sleep, by an accidental sting from a fly, which represents the slight suffering which rouses the human understanding to consciousness of its own worthlessness. It's rather beyond me, but it's something like that.'

'You are too absurd to be contradicted.'

'All right. It's a great country. Fancy artists being insane enough to paint such things. Fancy an Academy presuming to hang such things! O how lucky there is not a public idiotic enough to buy such things!'

'But my picture?' I said.

'I'll tell you,' remarked Buzzard patronisingly, 'the best bit of painting in the whole thing: it's Desdemona's brooch. With a little more care in the drawing, and a little more brilliancy of colour, that would have been a triumph of art. The rest is fatal—hopeless.'

'Nonsense,' struck in Maule; 'the brooch is a blemish—carried too far. If I were you, I'd scumble a little umber and Indian red over it. In fact, you have damaged your work all over by attempting to imitate nature too closely.'

'Faugh! you've failed because you have not stuck close enough to nature.'

'I have sought,' I said, rather timidly, 'to unite the merits apparent to me in two very different manners of painting. I have endeavoured to combine the freedom, the movement, the generalisation of effect, which appertain to the heroic, the ideal style of art, with the delicacy of finish and colour, the appreciation of detail, which characterise the real or natural school of art.'

'Preposterous!' they both cried.

'The sooner that couple are divorced the better; they can't agree. There's a fearful incompatibility of temper between them.'

'To yoke the truths of the real with the falsehoods of the ideal, is to tie a living man to a dead and corrupt body.' And Buzzard looked severely grand.

'You're going to the bad, I'm afraid, young man,' cried Maule. 'It will do you good to come up stairs and see my picture. It's a grand thing, though I say it. It's "Samson pulling down the Temple and destroying the Philistines." It's fine! It's 24 feet by 16. Some of the figures are larger than life, and all nude. I've used pounds upon pounds of colour. Samson measures a yard and a quarter across the chest. I am not afraid to say that I believe it to be the finest study of the muscular nude, since Michael Angelo Buonarotti. (He took off his Rubens hat, bowed his orange beard, and pronounced the name in so markedly an Italian manner, as to be singularly imposing.) You must see my Samson: it will be a wonderful tonic to you. You're weak, and faltering, and irresolute: it will set you up like sea-breezes and sarsaparilla. It's stunning. I was rather sold when I found I had to make him blind. In my first sketch, I'd got the fire of his eyes in wonderfully: his glance almost burned you up as you looked. I wanted to stick to it, and make him see, as a fair artistic licence; but they wouldn't let me; so I scumbled over his eyes.'

'I can fancy the thing,' remarked Buzzard; 'that's near enough for me. A chaotic mass of struggling limbs; a butcher's shop with odd joints in all directions; stray legs staggering about without any particular owners, like the crest on a Manx halfpenny; the whole bathed in sloppy brown—blotched with swarthy red and muddy blue; all sorts of colours puddled up together like the refuse of a dyer's yard.'

'You think, then,' I said, with the view of bringing them back to the original subject, 'with reference to my picture'——

'That the least departure from nature is an error,' cried Buzzard.

'That the closer you keep to nature the further you are from art,' roared Maule.

'In art, nature is the be-all and the end-all!'

'In art, nature is a means, and not an end!'

'Paint out all but Desdemona's brooch, and begin anew.'

'Scumble over such deluded attempts at finish. Give Othello more muscle, more of the nude; more fire to Desdemona; more action to Brabantio. Take up a big brush and splash away with your burned sienna like a man.'

'There's no such thing as brown in nature.'

'Art should be all brown. Cleanliness may be next to godliness in some things, but not in art. There's nothing like dirt!'

'But dirt isn't brown.'

'What then? Inky purple?'

'Maule, you talk bosh!'

'Buzzard, I despise you!'

'Away with you, high-art impostor!' cried Buzzard fiercely; 'away to your pickled salmon-flesh, your treacle shadows! Away to your burlesque biceps and caravan monstrosities! Away, art-acrobat, to your regions of impossible *pose* and muscles gone mad!'

'Avaunt, realist sham!' thundered Maule savagely. 'Stippler of putrid flesh-tints—etcher of livid falsities—limner of calfless men and hipless women—adorer of shock heads and hideousness—I despise, I denounce you!'

Maule and Buzzard had quarrelled desperately; I endeavoured to pacify them; I was abused by both. I too, then, quarrelled with both. . . . .

And all this was about my picture, which in due time went to the Royal Academy, and in due time came back.

On the back of it there was a large cross in chalk—the reader can guess what that meant. There were two thousand one hundred and forty-nine pictures in London at that time, each also decorated with the grand cross of the Royal Academy, and the two thousand one hundred and forty-nine owners of the pictures were growling fearfully—not to say swearing. The air was filled with their complaints. No wonder that innocent people up in town for the May meetings thought the thunder had commenced unusually early.

On the steps of the Academy I met Maule—he looked fierce and heated.

'Samson is rejected!'

He was aiding four men to struggle down with his picture to a van. The weather was rather gusty, and the colossal work was difficult to manage, and stood a chance of being carried away by the wind down Pall Mall. It was comfortably stowed at last. We walked away.

A small pale man, with a weak moustache, was

Digitized by Google

gazing intently at one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, as though he were going to paint it—it was Buzzard.

'I sent but a little thing, exquisitely finished—four inches by six—and they say they haven't room!'

A common sorrow made us kinsmen; we were reconciled. We swore—two oaths—eternal friendship to each other, and eternal enmity against the Academy. I wonder whether we shall keep either of our vows!

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.

The name of Mezzofanti has long been familiar to British ears. Almost all published records of travel in Italy—and these are legion—have contained more or less detailed accounts of him and his acquirements; and few tourists, even of the unambitious class, content merely to talk over their recollections, but have returned with some tale to tell of this far-famed and easily accessible Italian lion. These written and spoken reminiscences have, however, widely differed. That Mezzofanti was a distinguished linguist, all have indeed agreed; but even in this particular, there has been exaggeration on one hand, and depreciation on the other. Still more discrepant have been the estimates as to the general intellectual development of the man. By many he has been described as little other than a superior sort of parrot—pronounced wholly wanting in the philosophical element, and in that power of combination so essential to philological excellence; styled a 'framer of keys to palace-gates he had no power to enter;' 'a man who, marvellous in knowing fifty languages, was still more marvellous in never saying in one of them anything worthy to be remembered.'

By others, he has been accredited with stores of profound and varied information, spoken of as not only an extraordinary linguist, but an extraordinary philologist, as gifted with an 'eminently analytical mind, which rapidly penetrated the genius of different languages, and made them his own.' The professed object of Dr Russell's book, now before us, is to collect and balance such conflicting reminiscences, and thus 'to lay the foundation of a much more exact judgment regarding Cardinal Mezzofanti than has hitherto been attainable.' To do this, the author has, he tells us, sought information from 'persons of every class, country, and creed—from friends, from indifferent, and even from hostile quarters;' and making due allowance for the enthusiasm with which every biographer inevitably regards his subject, there is, to our thinking, in the book itself strong internal evidence of 'diligent and impartial inquiry.'

Joseph Caspar Mezzofanti was born at Bologna, in the September of 1774. His parents were in humble circumstances; his father, a carpenter, intelligent and skilful in his craft, upright and honourable in character and conduct; his mother, somewhat superior in point of education to her husband, and uniting much natural talent to a sweet disposition and deeply religious heart. Of their numerous family, two only survived childhood: a daughter, Teresa by name, who married a hair-dresser; and the future linguist, who was ten years younger than this his only sister.

His worthy parents, sensible of their own lack of learning, were determined to bestow it on their only son. At the age of three, he was sent to a dame's school; but here he astonished his mistress, and soon exhausted the good woman's stock of elementary instruction. His next move was to a more advanced school, kept by an Abate Cicotti; but here too he so rapidly ran through the curriculum, that the worthy priest advised his parents, young as the boy then was, to send him at once to some institution where he might devote himself unrestrainedly to higher and more congenial studies.

The difficulties made by the father were at length smoothed away, and the boy was entered at a school at Bologna managed by the clergy, and among them several Jesuits. The Jesuits, with their rapid insight into the potentialities of the young minds committed to their care, soon took note of their promising scholar, and treated him with distinction and confidence. Little is known of the exact course of his school-days, but we read of marvellous feats of memory—a folio page of a Greek treatise read once and repeated without a blunder—of uniform success in all classes, general popularity, and friendships formed which lasted throughout life. He early manifested a desire to take holy orders, but this was contrary to his father's wishes, who, like all fathers of distinguished men, had views of his own for his son, diametrically opposed to that son's inborn vocation. However, his mother came to the rescue, and he became a scholar in the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Bologna, when only a boy of twelve. At the age of fifteen, he took his degree in philosophy; but his health sank beneath study so continued and intense, and he was unable to enter upon his theological course till four years later. Having completed it as well as that of canon-law, he attended a celebrated priest's lectures on Roman law, and established a reputation in the class for such proficiency in each of his many studies as would have rewarded undivided attention to it.

It is pleasant to read of his studies being shared by Clotilda Tambroni—herself a professor in the university of Bologna, and a linguist of no mean eminence—and to know that the warm friendship thus formed endured throughout life. But Mezzofanti's Greek studies did not engross him. It was during this time that he learned Arabic and Coptic. French and German he had already learned. The latter was taught him by a Swede of the name of Thuilus, who, having rendered himself obnoxious to the revolutionary party in Bologna, was exiled about this time. His absence was the means of first calling out that extraordinary, that almost intuitive quickness in mastering a new language, with which Mezzofanti in after-years was wont to amaze even those who knew him best. Being sent for to act as interpreter to a youth newly arrived from Sweden, and consigned to the care of an uncle in Bologna, he found that the language the stranger spoke was as unintelligible to him as to the perplexed circle of relatives. What was to be done? Difficulties were incentives to the zealous linguist. He asked for the books the boy had brought with him, took them home, discovered the affinities between Swedish and German, mastered the peculiarities that distinguish the former from other Teutonic tongues, and, in a few days, was able not only to act as interpreter, but to converse with ease and rapidity!

At the age of twenty-three, Mezzofanti was admitted into full orders, and appointed professor of Arabic in the university of Bologna; a high distinction indeed for one so young. But his tenure of the flattering post was a very brief one. The revolutionary party in Bologna having, early in 1796, invited the French to take possession of their city, the advancing army willingly complied. Before the year was over, Bologna was merged in the Cisalpine Republic, the name given to Bonaparte's conquests in Northern Italy. The new rulers next proceeded to demand of all public officials an oath of fidelity to the republican government, and this oath was enforced with especial strictness in the case of ecclesiastics. Nevertheless, to their honour be it spoken, such was the respect of the authorities for the talents of the young abbé, that they were willing to make an exception in his favour, and to dispense with the oath he had refused to take, provided he would consent to exchange overt acts

Digitized by Google

of courtesy with the republican governor. On this point, however, Mezzofanti was alike inexorable; and accordingly, in 1798, he lost his professorship, as did also his friend Clotilda, and the celebrated experimentalist Ludovico Galvani.

This was no small sacrifice to loyalty on Mezzofanti's part. At that time, his parents were both in feeble health, his father unable to ply his trade as heretofore, his mother's sight rapidly failing. His sister had become the mother of a large family, whom she found it difficult to maintain—still more to educate. Mezzofanti had liberally assisted them all out of his professorial income, which only amounted to L.25, but which was his chief means of support, the two small benefices conferred upon him as a title to ordination, not exceeding L.8. Another L.8 had been settled upon him by a clerical friend, and this yearly L.16 was all he had to look to. Nothing daunted, however, he proceeded at this juncture to take his sister and her family into his house; and to meet the necessary increase of expenditure, he, like many a brave-hearted man, in all times, bent his genius to the lowly and laborious task of teaching. We are glad to know that this self-sacrifice had its compensations. It brought him into friendly relations with several distinguished families, opened to him libraries rich in foreign books, and afforded him frequent opportunities of meeting and conversing with foreigners. Indeed, thanks to its political reverses, Bologna was at that time a first-rate school for a linguist. French or Austrian troops alternately occupied it during four years, and amongst the latter were found representatives of most of the leading European languages, Teutonic, Slavonic, Czealink, Magyar, Romaic, &c., all of which were spoken by Mezzofanti with rare perfection; for his religious zeal and his active benevolence had combined to strengthen the natural bias of his mind, and to give him a lofty motive for its indulgence. The military hospitals were filled with Hungarians, Slavonians, Germans, and Bohemians, wounded or invalided; and to use Mezzofanti's own words: 'It pained him to the heart, that from want of means of communicating with them, he should be unable to confess those among them who were Catholic.' Accordingly, he was wont to apply himself energetically to the study of a patient's language till he knew enough to make himself understood; then, by frequenting the sick wards, he soon acquired a considerable vocabulary; and thus he came to know not merely the generic languages of the nations to which the several invalids belonged, but even the peculiar dialects of their various provinces.

Then, again, Bologna was a capital school for a linguist, because, being on the high road to Rome, almost all travellers to the capital stopped there a while. The hotel-keepers, knowing Mezzofanti's passion for a new tongue, were in the habit of apprising him of all new arrivals; and with his sociable cheerful temperament, and perfect freedom from our insular *mauvaise honte*, and dread of committing ourselves, it was to him the easiest and simplest thing in the world to 'call on these strangers, interrogate them, make notes of their communications, and take lessons from them in pronunciation.' At this time, he tells us, 'I made it a rule to learn every new grammar, and to apply myself to every strange dictionary that came within my reach. I was constantly filling my head with new words. I must confess that it cost me but little trouble; for, in addition to an excellent memory, God had blessed me with an incredible flexibility of the organs of speech.' Early in 1803, the abbé's financial position was a little improved by his appointment of assistant-librarian to the *Istituto* of Bologna; and before the close of the year he was chosen professor of oriental languages. He was now about thirty years of age, and there is some reason to believe that he was already master of twenty-four languages.

What with constant study, his arduous duties of librarian, family distress, and loss of sleep, Mezzofanti's health now began to give way. At this very time he received a most flattering invitation from the Emperor Napoleon to transfer his residence to Paris, where scientific or literary eminence was then sure of distinction and reward. But his love for his native city and its university, and his attachment to his sister's family, so dependent upon his care, combined with a genuine modesty which made him feel that the 'shade suited him best,' led him to decline the invitation and all its brilliant possibilities. The good man preferred to dwell among his own people, labouring at the wearisome compilation of the library catalogue, tending the sick-bed of his blind mother, composing odes, sonnets, nay, on one occasion, a little comedy for his nephews and nieces, of whom he was the familiar friend and playmate, as well as the earnest and respected instructor. But one of the most painfully felt reverses in the even tenor of Mezzofanti's way was now at hand. In 1808, the oriental professorship, in which he took such delight, was suppressed. This gave him, however, more time to study, and he now first turned his attention to Sanscrit and other Indian languages, with whose vast importance Sir William Jones and others had familiarised the English, but to which Frederic Schlegel had only just called the attention of the learned in continental Europe.

In 1814, a bright change came over the fortunes of our loyal churchman. Pius VII., having been at last set free to return to his capital, reached Bologna early in the month of April, and pressingly invited Mezzofanti to accompany him to Rome, and undertake the secretaryship of the Propaganda, which is well known to be the first step in the direction of a cardinalate. But again the modest student declined to exchange his quiet life for a more brilliant position; and the pontiff could bestow on him no other mark of favour than his re-establishment as oriental professor.

Hitherto, we have drawn our information respecting Mezzofanti from Italian sources only; but now that the peace of 1814 had turned the annual tide of tourists in the old southward direction, he began to be one of the chief objects of attraction at Bologna, and we hear of distinguished men from all quarters visiting him to test his extraordinary gift of tongues. Amongst these was Lord Byron, who disliking, as he said, literary men, and especially foreigners, excepted Mezzofanti, and owned he should like to see him again, calling him, in his lively way, 'a master of languages, a Briareus of parts of speech, a walking polyglot and *omnium gatherum*, who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter—a marvel indeed—unassuming also. I tried him,' Lord Byron goes on to say, 'in all the tongues in which I knew a single oath or adjuration to the gods against post-boys, savages, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muleteers, camel-drivers, vetturini, post-masters, &c., and, egad! he astonished me—even to my English.' When Mezzofanti was forty-five, he had the grief of losing his friend, the celebrated Clotilda Tambroni, who, like himself, had been reinstated in her Greek professorship upon the occasion of the pope's return to his country. She was herself an excellent linguist; and Lady Morgan tells us that it was a pleasure to hear how, without any of the 'comparative respect which means the absolute scorn,' her friend and coadjutor did ample justice to the profound—too often the clever woman's only portion—learning which had raised her to an equality of collegiate rank with himself.'

It has been said that 'happy are the nations whose

Digitized by Google

annals are dull;' happy, too, was Mezzofanti, we cannot doubt, during the next twelve years of his life—happy in constant occupation, in the culture and exercise of his special gift, and the loving esteem of family and friends, we pass on to his first visit to Rome in 1830, where he was received by Gregory XVI. with the utmost kindness, and at his final audience personally and pressingly invited to settle in Rome, and accept the secretaryship of the Propaganda. It was not, however, till after what the pope himself called 'a long siege' that Mezzofanti consented, gracefully acknowledging his obligations to the pontiff, and declaring that though people said he could speak a great many languages, in no one of them, nor in them all, could he find words to express how deeply he felt this mark of his holiness's regard.

And now we do indeed for once behold 'the right man in the right place.' At the great Urban College, whither students are gathered from every quarter of the world, we have the tutor able to speak to the representatives of forty-one distinct nationalities in his own language. Mezzofanti at the Propaganda! His first visit there must have afforded a curious scene. Making his way unattended to one of the corridors, the first room into which he chanced to enter was that of a Turkish student, now archbishop at Constantinople. The abbé at once began a Turkish conversation; next came a young Greek, and Turkish was changed for Romaic. On the approach of an Irish O'Connor, Romaic gave place to English. Soon the students, attracted by the novel sounds, came pouring in, each to be greeted in his own tongue!

But there was one language unrepresented at the Propaganda, and for that one—namely, Chinese—the insatiable linguist had long and ardently craved. However, there was at Naples a Chinese college, designed for the education, as catechists, of natives of China, Cochin-China, Pegu, Tonquin, and the Indian peninsula. To Naples, accordingly, Mezzofanti went, and threw himself with his accustomed ardour into the study of this most difficult and complicated language. But he paid the penalty of immoderate application, for fever quickly ensued, and his life was for some time in danger. The effect of his illness was completely to suspend his memory for the time. He forgot all languages except his own native Italian. No sooner had health and strength returned, than he devoted himself anew to his life-long pursuit, and having before his attack succeeded in mastering the rudimental principles of the Chinese language, he now availed himself of the assistance of some Chinese students opportunely transferred from Naples to the Propaganda; and accordingly we find that Chinese was one of the thirty languages of which his knowledge has been thoroughly tested and freely admitted by competent judges. He owned, however, that he had acquired it with unwonted difficulty. His method, as he once told Cardinal Wiseman, being to learn through the ear, and not the eye, and Chinese, unlike all other tongues, having an *eye-language distinct from the ear-language*, of which he was obliged to make a separate and special study.

In 1838, Mezzofanti was called to the purple, which of course brought him into still closer relations with the pontiff, to whom he was so sincerely attached. But his favourite studies went on undisturbed. Though now in his grand climacteric, he did not think it too late to set about acquiring several languages with which he had before had little or no acquaintance. Of these, one was Amarinna, an Abyssinian dialect, and the other the proverbially 'impossible' Basque—Basque, with its eleven-mooded and numberless-tensed verb, and its utter absence of affinity with any European language whatsoever.

The death of Pope Gregory XVI., in 1846, was a great trial to his attached friend, though Pius IX. regarded him with friendship and favour equal to that shewn by his predecessor. Mezzofanti had never taken any part in politics under the former pontificate, nor did he do so now. The fulfilment of his public duties as cardinal, the confessional whenever a foreigner needed his services, and, above all, his pupils in the Propaganda, formed the business of his self-denying and laborious life. During the whole period of his cardinalate, he had been accustomed to help the students in composing their national odes for the Polyglot Academy, held during the week of the Epiphany. These odes were written in no fewer than fifty tongues, and the cardinal would overlook and correct them all. Often during the recitations of the oriental poems especially, the speaker would turn exclusively to him as to the only competent judge of his performance. Amidst political storms, and in spite of his rapidly failing strength, when his favourite festival came round in 1849, he had still a regret to spare for the absence of the accustomed Polyglot Academy of the Propaganda. But his own end was now rapidly drawing near. An alarming attack of pleurisy was followed by gastric fever; he grew weaker and weaker, though conscious to the last; and on the 17th of March, after two months of patient and prayerful suffering, and with words of happy hope on his lips, he calmly expired.

Having given this sketch of a life which, with its privations and its single-minded devotion to a favourite pursuit, reminds us of that of a scholar of the middle ages, we proceed to inquire what Mezzofanti's linguistic attainments really were. We have seen that in 1805, when little more than thirty years old, he was commonly reported to be master of twenty-four languages at least. Twelve years later, Mr Stewart Rose speaks of him as 'reading twenty languages, and conversing in eighteen.' Three years later, again, Baron von Zach computes the languages spoken by him to be thirty-two; and Lady Morgan quotes public report as raising the number to forty. In 1836 he himself told Count Mazzinghi, the well-known composer, that he knew forty-five; and three years later he was in the habit of saying that he knew 'fifty, and Bolognese.' Ten years after this, Mezzofanti told Pelten Bresciani, the rector of the Propaganda, that he knew seventy-eight languages and dialects; and his nephew, Dr Gastano Minarelli, has, since the cardinal's death, compiled, after much careful examination of his uncle's books and papers, a list which swells the number to one hundred and fourteen.

But now comes the question, what is meant by 'knowing' a language? 'Doctors differ.' One calculates that, to give complete expression to human thought, a vocabulary of 10,000 words is required. Another asserts that 4000 words are enough for the study of the great classics in any tongue. The standard which Dr Russell adopts, however, appears a very fair and practical one; and when he states of any language that Mezzofanti knew it well, he means that he could read it fluently, write it correctly, and speak it idiomatically. Bearing this in mind, we proceed to give the table he has drawn up:

1. Languages frequently tested, and spoken with rare excellence—thirty.

2. Stated to have been spoken fluently, but less accurately tested—nine.

3. Spoken rarely and less perfectly—eleven.

4. Spoken imperfectly—eight.

5. Studied, but not known to have been spoken—fourteen.

6. Dialects spoken or understood—seven of French, six of Italian, two of English, three of Basque, four of Arabic, four of German, three of Spanish, two of Chinese, and one of Hebrew—thirty-two in all.

Digitized by Google

When we remember that many of these dialects offer all the difficulties of a separate language, we must own that their sum-total is astounding indeed.

The cardinal himself told M. Libri that he found the learning of languages 'less difficult than is generally thought, that there is but a limited number of points to which it is necessary to attend, and that when once master of these, the remainder follows with great facility'—adding, that when ten or twelve languages essentially different from each other have been thoroughly learned, an indefinite number may be added with little difficulty. But to Dr Tholuck and others he also mentioned, that his 'own way of learning new languages was no other than that of our school-boys,' by writing out paradigms and words, and learning them by heart. Dictionaries, vocabularies, and catechisms were his favourite delectation and incessant study, and his memory had an iron grasp, from which nothing once seen or heard ever seems to have escaped.

During the long nights which he devoted to study, he could hardly ever, even when a cardinal, be induced to have recourse to a fire. Singularly abstemious in eating and drinking, limited means were yet compatible with a charity so prodigal as to gain for him the sobriquet of *Monsignor Limosiacire*. Affectionate and sincere, the friendships he once formed endured throughout life. Not less remarkable was his humility, 'his habitual consciousness of what he *was not*, rather than his self-complacent recollection of what he was.' 'What am I,' he would playfully say, 'but an ill-bound dictionary.' Certain superficial observers seem to have associated vanity with his childlike readiness to gratify curiosity by the display of his extraordinary gifts; but this seems to have arisen from his singular self-unconsciousness, as well as from that enjoyment which God has linked with the exercise and improvement of his gifts in every healthy mind. Mezzofanti's buoyant spirits and kindly nature delighted to expand under all circumstances; but the charge of vanity is best refuted by the fact vouched for by his biographer, and worthily closing a notice of his blameless life, that 'never in the most distinguished circle did he give himself to linguistic exercises with half the spirit which he evinced among his humble friends, the obscure and almost nameless students of the Propaganda.'

THE COCK-AND-BULL CLUB.

I HAVE never seen a ghost, and I don't want to see one. If anything of that nature, under a mistaken notion of benefiting me by warning me of a danger, or pointing out a treasure-hole, or putting me up to a good thing on a future sporting event, should present itself, I should be frightened to death; there would, if I know myself, be another ghost in the room in about half a minute. As for devil-may-care dogs who visit necropolises alone and at midnight, or who are prepared to sit up in their solitary beds and pronounce their own names solemnly three times, with the intention of raising their familiar spirits—I don't believe such creatures exist. What man dare do—with reason and respectability—I dare; 'who dares do more,' I have good authority for stating, 'is none.' When a certain spectral light steals into my bedchamber upon a sudden, I am accustomed to make me a sort of Crimean tent of the blankets, whereupon I emerge only at long intervals to breathe; I have lost more pounds of flesh in this manner, through moonbeams, than any African traveller surrenders to the sun. Well do I remember that particular terror in my boyhood, which resulted in my remaining at five feet seven, instead of six feet one and a half—the altitude attained by each of my brothers; that shock from which my constitution took two entire years to recover itself, during which—at youth's most growing time—I did not approach the stars by a single inch. I was about nine years of age when the frightful incident occurred, and what is called—by very old persons who have forgotten what school was—a happy school-boy; that term, however, was, just then, applicable to me enough, since I had got away from my place of durance and instruction for a few days of Easter vacation. I was staying at the house of a cousin, who lived in the outskirts of a large provincial town, of which—as I kept in mind with unutterable awe—he was then the Mayor. Cousin Richard was short and stout to a degree that I should be now inclined to term 'podgy;' but being invested with this supreme and mysterious dignity, he seemed to me to possess a presence more imposing than that of any other being upon the earth's surface. When he said: 'You must sleep in the red room, Harry, since you are so fond of getting up early, and then you won't disturb the house in the morning, in putting on your boots,' I submitted without remonstrance. That I *did* like getting up early—so that I might enjoy as much of the present immunity from my scholastic privileges as possible—that I *did* commonly make a tremendous noise in pulling on my boots, was true enough; but that I should be put in the red room, the state-apartment dedicated to exalted guests, away from the rest of the house, and—almost to a certainty—haunted, seemed a mode of prevention worthy of the worst days of the inquisition. Had my father proposed such a proceeding, had my schoolmaster, had, indeed, any authority with whom I could grapple, and of whose powers I could calculate the extent, I would have protested manfully; but the edict of the Mayor appeared to settle the matter beyond dispute, and I knocked under at once with an Asiatic servility.

I need not say how the rest of that afternoon was embittered by the thought of the night that was to follow; those who are acquainted with such terrors, can easily enough imagine them; those who are not, can never be made to understand them by mere description. Enough to say that about nine o'clock P.M., I found myself in the big bed in the red room, in a cold bath of perspiration, and with my eyes tightly closed, endeavouring to go to sleep before the adults of the house should have retired. As long as the noise of tongues and feet continued, however much in the distance, my mind would, I knew, be comparatively tranquil, and subject to the influence of the dreamy god; but if once the sense of solitude should creep over me, slumber would become impossible, and I should fall a victim to the dreadful powers of darkness for the rest of the night.

I did go to sleep, in accordance with these profound calculations; but unhappily, and contrary to them, I woke about three hours afterwards. It was midnight. I did not require the weird accents of the cuckoo-clock upon the stairs to tell me that. I possessed as acute a perception of that ghostly time as aldermen of their dinner-hour, or station-masters of the period when the night-express is wont to flash for a moment between the trembling walls. The moon was shining through the shutterless windows, and throwing all kinds of suspicious shadows about the old red room. Red room! Why red? The marrow in my youthful bones caught such a chill at the bare idea, that I did not care to repeat the question. Two oaken cupboards, which, in my haste to get into the regions of oblivion, I had forgotten to examine, began to harass me with anxieties about their contents. I slipped cautiously out of bed. Good Heavens, was somebody holding on to my night-gown, or——? No; it was a long one, and I had trodden upon it with my own foot—that was all. I approached the doors, and, without taking the liberty of opening them, turned their keys,

Digitized by Google

which happened fortunately to be outside of them. Flattered with this ingenious device of my own, I had retired to my couch, and was once more courting slumber, when a tormenting thought seized hold of me, and roused me up again. *I had forgotten to look under the bed.* I lay awake, endeavouring to reason with myself upon so absurd an anxiety, but nothing came of it, except a singing of the ears and increased suspicion. I thought I heard respirations from under the mattress; I heard groans; I began to feel the mattress move under me. 'No, dash it all!' cried I, as I sprung to my feet and lifted the valance, 'I am not going to be frightened to death in this manner, by nothing.' By nothing! Oh, was it nothing, though, that met my affrighted gaze under that bed!

I was beneath the blankets in about a quarter of a second afterwards, in a state of terror that absolutely for a little time deprived me of sensation. My imagination, fertile as it had always been in conjectures of a horrible nature, had never, indeed, come up to the reality of what I had just seen; a robber, a ghost, the arch-enemy of man and boy himself, any or all of these I had been, in a measure, prepared to find in the red room, but a Coffin—an enormous Coffin—large for the shoulders, and tapering somewhat delicately towards the feet; to find an article of that description under my bed was a shock unexpected indeed. There it was, however, sure enough, with a double row of handsome gilt nails all the way round, handsome initials over the spot where the face would come, and a little inscription, doubtless setting forth in a handsome manner the virtues of the deceased party. The five hours which intervened between that discovery and daylight I passed in picturing to myself the features of the murdered—I had not a doubt of him or her having been murdered—and in estimating the chances of the return of the murderer to the red room. No sick man ever longed for the morning as I longed, and with the first faint streaks of dawn, I was standing, in my scanty drapery, by the side of my cousin's pillow. 'Richard, Richard,' cried I, 'there's murder in the house, and they've put the coffin under my bed in the red room.'

'Pooh, pooh, you little fool,' replied he; 'go back again; I'm the Mayor this year, and *it's only the big box which the mace is kept in.*'

Notwithstanding this constitutional weakness of mine, which has not much abated with years, the supernatural has still a wondrous charm for me, and I snatch a fearful joy from tales of ghosts and spectres. My happiest evenings—with the most miserable nights to follow—are spent, weekly, at a Society for the Investigation of Spiritual Phenomena, or, as some of the unbelieving have disrespectfully termed it, the Cock-and-Bull Club. We assemble every Friday, at seven o'clock. If the police were suddenly to break in upon our speculations, as we sit, thirteen in number, looking at one another, around a table with lighted candles, they would, I believe, proceed to collar and shake us, with a view of discovering who had swallowed the dice. No written accounts of apparitions are admitted, no published records of any such may be referred to, and it is essential that the narrators be in some sort personally acquainted with the matter of which they speak; it is not indispensable that the individual should have seen a ghost himself—although more than one of our society have been highly favoured in that way—so that the *narratio obliqua*, so popular with the historians of a dead language, is the general form amongst us, too, of our communications from without the world.

I rarely speak much myself, but listen—as may be imagined—with the most voracious attention. The three members of our society who interest me most are Heywood, Wilkinson, and Arnold. The nature of their relations is commonly as different as their respective characters, and for that reason—rather than because of any peculiar wonder belonging to them—I will repeat, in brief, the three with which they favoured us last night.

Heywood, who is the son of a dean, possesses, with the exception of the emoluments, all the popular attributes of that dignitary: he is stout, and rosy about the gills; takes several glasses of port during the little supper which concludes our spiritual investigations; and, by some means or other, it always happens that he obtains possession of the only arm-chair in the room. There is a matter-of-fact-ness, and absence of any care for effect about what he has to say, which I love to listen to—while it makes my blood run cold—on account of its obvious truth.

I. 'My father,' said he last night, 'was, as most of you are aware, before he was made a dean, the vicar of Tredlington. The vicarage-house was a small one; and to it and to residences of the like humble kind I had been exclusively accustomed up to the age of fourteen years. I knew nothing of panelled oak chambers, secret staircases, passages in the thickness of a wall, and all the machinery of romantic discomfort, except through books. Tredlington—where I had the dream which I am about to relate—was not in the least degree allied to Udolpho; and yet the dream I dreamed there was just such a one as dear old Mrs Radcliffe might have had herself after a pork-supper. I dreamed that some half-an-hour before dinner, and immediately after the bell had rung for dressing, my cousin—a lad of the same age, who was then stopping with me—had mischievously locked me up alone in the drawing-room, and there left me. Anxious not to displease my father by being late, and not daring to leap out of either of the windows—which were on the first floor—I strove, in my dream, to find some other mode of egress. There were several large pictures hanging up on the walls—quite strange to me, but which, as is usual in such cases, produced no astonishment—and pushing these aside, one after another, I found behind the last on the east wall a flight of little stairs, which led, to my great joy, up into my own bedroom.

'I told this dream to the whole breakfast-party the next morning, when this and that solution of it were given; but although the impression still remained, doubtless, in my mind, no circumstance arose for several years to cause me to refer to it. I was a young man of about one-and-twenty, and at college, when my father's elevation to the deanery of Donnington took place. This same cousin of mine was my fellow-student, and accompanied me, at the vacation, on my first visit to the fine old cloistered place which I was proud to be able to call my future home. A little banter upon this pardonable vanity of mine, assisted by the high spirits of youth, brought on between us what is popularly termed "a scrimmage;" and my father happening to be out just at the particular time of our arrival, although it was nearly the dinner-hour, my cousin playfully pushed me by the shoulders into the new drawing-room, and locked the door behind me. At that instant the dinner-bell rang; in the next, I recognised completely the room of my dream—which in reality, of course, I had never before set eyes on—and walked to the last great picture which hung on the eastern wall, for a means of egress, as naturally as I should have walked to the door. Behind the picture was a secret stair leading into the chamber which had been set apart for my reception, and I very much astonished the servant who brought up my trunks by appearing therein through a sliding panel. Neither he nor my father, nor any one else in the house, had the least idea that such a mode of communication existed. *They* had never dreamed of such a thing, they said, in all their lives. Why I did so myself, I have not the least idea; I have witnesses,

Digitized by Google

however, enough and to spare, to prove the facts. As for the secret staircase, if any of this company will do me the honour to come down to Donnington, they shall lock me into the drawing-room, even after the first dinner-bell has rung, as often as ever they please.'

Arnold is the youngest and latest-joined of the society, but notwithstanding—or perhaps I should say, by reason of—that circumstance, he is the most enthusiastic of us all. He told us, after Heywood had finished, the following story in a quiet undertone, such as the brook sings in 'to the sleeping woods, all night, in the leafy month of June,' and with eyes that looked through and through us while he spoke, as upon some strange uncanny sight beyond.

II. 'My father was left a widower in his first year of marriage, his wife having died in childbirth with us twins—myself and my brother George, whom some of you have mistaken at times, you know, for me. My poor mother herself had been also one of twins. For a few months after her death, her two sisters stayed in my father's house to comfort him and look after us children. I was, however, soon put out to nurse, and George only remained at home. He slept in the same room with his two aunts. I had been from home about a week or so, when Aunt Susan, on awaking about midnight, found her sister out of bed, and walking about the room. She knew Maria suffered from "a raging tooth," so merely informed her where the laudanum was, and went to sleep again. Next night, as the two sisters were undressing, Susan said: "Be sure to put the bottle so that you will know where to find it, and not run the risk of catching your death of cold, as you did last night."

"I had not the toothache last night, and never left my bed at all," replied Maria.

"Then you must have done it in your sleep, for I saw you up as plainly as I ever saw you in my life." So, with mutual recrimination and denial, they retired to rest.

'Again Susan was awakened, and again she saw her sister pacing about the room.

"Maria, come to rest," said she; "the fire is out, and the cold will only increase the pain."

'Her sister turned a pale face towards her, with an indescribably sorrowful and touching expression, but said nothing. Susan, thinking her to be seriously ill, was about to leave the bed, when, to her extreme astonishment, she perceived Maria fast asleep beside her.

'It was my dead mother, then—the very image of her living twin-sister—whom she had looked upon those two nights. Susan fainted with excess of fear, and did not waken her bedfellow till after dawn, when nothing unusual was to be observed. She told, however, all she had seen; and Maria, who was much the bolder of the two, promised to keep vigil next night, upon condition that my father was not to be informed of the matter, which she knew would distress him greatly. She attributed the thing herself to fancy and a disordered system. That night, then, they both watched; and when they had been in bed some time, they heard the front-door of the cottage open—my mother had been accustomed in her lifetime to carry, for convenience, a latch-key—and a well-known gentle footstep pass up the stairs and go into my father's room. Presently their own chamber-door opened, and dressed in a white garment betwixt bed-gown and dressing-gown, their dead sister glided in. She gave them an appealing, almost reproachful look, and then turned to the little cradle where her baby-boy was sleeping, and stooped down as if to kiss it. Once again she seemed to beseech them dumbly, and left the room with a slow noiseless tread. It was some minutes before they dared to speak. Maria longed to address the spirit, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. In the morning they asked my father whether he had seen any strange sight or no.

"I saw nothing unusual," he replied; but when they told him all, he confessed, not without some effort: "And I, too, for these last ten days have seen her every midnight. I hear the key in the front-door; her tread upon the landing as of old; but her face, as she stands by my bed-foot, seems worn and piteous, and I know she has some grief she may not tell. I have spoken to her many times, but she does not answer me. I know not what to do."

'After some more conversation, a sudden thought flashed upon my father's mind; and, saddling his horse himself, he rode off at full speed to the town about ten miles off, where I had been intrusted to a respectable nurse. In that short interval which I had passed away from home, he found me shockingly altered; half-starved, and ill, and bruised. Another nurse was instantly obtained, who, however, remained at my own home with me. Never more was seen by mortal eye that messenger from the dead; the boundless love which had burst the barrier of death itself—the affection of a mother for her child—was never tried so terribly again.'

It is our custom to dilate upon and analyse every statement; those only which can stand a good deal of sifting are thought worthy to be enrolled in the records of the society, and unless to concern ourselves in such investigations at all is a proof of gullibility, we cannot certainly be said to be easily satisfied. Wilkinson cross-examined Arnold upon this story of his with his usual rough acuteness, but without at all shaking his evidence; it was impossible for any one who had heard the story to suppose that the narrator himself was otherwise than in earnest. There is a certain mystery and supernature about Wilkinson himself in our eyes, from the fact of his being a drysalter—the attributes of such a character being utterly unknown to and unimaginable by us—but otherwise he is very far from being an appropriate vehicle for a spiritual narration; it is marred the more by the circumstance of his always having a cigar between his teeth, the end of which wobbles against his tongue, and clips his English. The somewhat flippant manner of his relating the following occurrence will, it is likely, detract from its *vraisemblance;* but that it did really happen as described, I am well assured.

III. 'I have an elder sister who is married to a country gentleman in Sussex. She has been his wife these twenty years, and has had an abundance of children. The first governess of these children was a Miss Beauvais of Dunkirk. She was of a reserved and taciturn disposition, and although performing all her duties admirably, was rather respected by her pupils than beloved. She never looked quite like other people, and had an old-fashioned manner of dressing. In particular, she wore her sleeves very large at the shoulders—pillowed sleeves, as I think, they were then called. I have seen her many times, and remember her perfectly well; but one sight of her would have been quite sufficient for recollection. She was a very remarkable, a most extraordinary-looking person—very, indeed. (And here the drysalter took snuff profusely, as his custom is when more than usually pleonastic.) She had an ancient father who came every Christmas to take her home to Dunkirk for her few weeks' holiday—a wonderful Frenchman, quite silent, and all puckered about the lips like an umbrella. In my nieces' old drawing-books there are several sober and pretty accurate likenesses of him, which all resemble caricatures. Perhaps when they got away from the English folks, and the *père* and *fille* were alone together, they shed some natural tears; but their behaviour, as it seemed to me, was far from affectionate. I happened to be in Sussex when Monsieur Beauvais last came for his daughter. It

Digitized by Google

was an especially bitter winter twenty years ago, and that day was its coldest day. The earth was wrapped round in its white shroud very thickly, but no snow was falling. He had brought a little open carriage with him from the neighbouring town, because it ran lighter over the choked roads than a close one would have done. There was, therefore, but little room for Miss Beauvais's luggage.

'She had been accustomed on these journeys to take all her possessions away with her, and she was evidently much distressed on this occasion at having to leave some of them behind. Two large black boxes of hers were left, locked and well corded. "You will be sure to keep them safely, madame," she said to my sister; but she seemed to say it with a sigh of suspicion.

'We watched the two stiff figures drive slowly along the leafless avenue and over the white hill-top beyond. "A strange pair," we remarked, and soon forgot them both, as governesses and governesses' fathers are apt to be forgotten. On the two black boxes was written, in that infinitesimally small handwriting of hers, that it was *défendu* to open them under any pretext. It was evident that the poor lady mistrusted the honour of perfidious Albion.

'We read soon afterwards, in the newspaper—as soon, that is, as the newspaper of that time, and in such snowy days, could reach us—that the Dunkirk sailing-packet, in which we knew they had intended to take passage, was lost with every soul on board. Nevertheless, in hope that something might have deranged their plans, we made every effort to ascertain their fate. Repeated letters to the continent obtained no answer; and, indeed, Miss Beauvais had often affirmed that she had no friend upon earth, except her father. Moreover, the clerk in the packet-office described the two singular persons, who had paid for berths in the doomed ship, with an accuracy that left no room for doubt. Years rolled away—ten, fifteen, twenty years (the drysalter here took at least half an ounce more snuff than he could conveniently carry), and their deaths became a certainty. The few small bills which Miss Beauvais had left behind her, had long been settled by my sister; but there was one somewhat large one which still continued undischarged—a milliner's. The governess's pupils grew up and had governesses for their own children; the servants of the house had departed or died; there was no one about the place beside my sister and her husband who remembered poor Miss Beauvais, or knew whose these black boxes were, that were piled one upon the other, put away in the old lumber-closet up stairs.'

'May I be allowed,' observed the drysalter at this point, 'to deviate from the society's rules so far as to read a portion of my sister's letter relating to this matter, and received but yesterday morning?'

Leave having been granted by universal acclamation, he read as follows:

'We drove to Lugborough last Monday to Miss Davies', the milliner, and while making my purchases, she observed to me: "By the by, madam, can there still be any hope of poor Miss Beauvais being alive, or must I consider those few pounds she owes me to be a bad debt?"

'I was distressed at having put off the matter so long, and paid her at once, observing that I would have the boxes opened which had been left with us these twenty years, to see whether their contents were worth anything. On our way home, I communicated this intention to Frederic, who approved of it. There was no servant in the pony-carriage to overhear us; and I am certain that neither of us mentioned the matter subsequently. We sat down to dinner within half an hour after we had got home. In the middle of it, and during a conversation about the new greenhouse, Lucy—the maid who came to me last autumn, if you remember—rushed into the dining-room quite white, and trembling excessively. She could not speak at first for terror; but I sent Frederic and the man-servant out of the room, and contrived to comfort her.

"I have seen such a strange lady, ma'am," she whispered; "she has no business here, I'm sure. I wonder I had strength to get away from the lumber-garret."

"What is she like?" asked I as quietly as I could.

"Like nobody I ever saw in my life, ma'am—with hard gray eyes like stones, and in the strangest dress; very large and puffed out above the sleeves. She was sitting on the old black boxes that are piled up in the corner, with the foreign direction upon them."

'I tried to quiet the girl, who began to sob afresh, and to convince her that it was all fancy; and Frederic spoke to her also. She was not, however, to be shaken in the least, and I firmly believe that she has seen Miss Beauvais. Frederic has promised me, upon his honour, that so long as I live those boxes shall never be opened.'

'But I have not promised,' added the drysalter in conclusion; 'and I am going down to-morrow into Sussex to see what can be done.'

For my part, I should like extremely to see what is in these boxes, but not unless the disclosure was made by daylight, and at somebody else's risk.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE ANATOMIST.

A GREAT deal of discussion is now taking place in London and elsewhere as to the best methods of educating young men for the medical profession. Of course doctors differ on this as on most other subjects, but on one point they are all agreed—namely, that all scientific medicine and surgery has anatomy for its basis, and that without a good knowledge of the structure of the body, a man can no more be a safe medical practitioner than a house can be a safe dwelling without a foundation. Now, this anatomical knowledge can be acquired only in one way, and that is by the actual examination of the different parts of the body, and by spending days, months, and years in the dissecting-room, till the student of anatomy not only masters the details, but at last even *thinks* anatomically, and can with little effort apply his practical experience to the treatment of injuries or diseases.

Notwithstanding all this, the prejudice against dissection has been and is so strong, as either to make men content with a mere smattering of anatomy, or drive them into the most terrible and degrading means of obtaining material for investigation. The Druids themselves are cited as adopting this alternative, they having been not only the priests and judges, but also the physicians of a superstitious people—to whom they prescribed a human sacrifice as necessary for the recovery of their health, the priests themselves being the operators. 'Would it not,' says Portal, 'be natural to conclude, that the Druids only laid the favour of their divinities at such a price to obtain opportunities for dissection, which under other circumstances would have rendered them the objects of public execration?'

No doubt Æsculapius did his best to learn anatomy from the bodies of animals, and probably had now and then a quiet post-mortem examination of a human subject, with his two sons, Machaon and Podalirius. The eldest, who was not only a good surgeon, but a famous warrior, crept into the wooden horse with the rest of them, and got his shoulder cut open in a sortie of the Trojans; and Podalirius, who was also at Troy, had the good-luck on his way home to be cast by a storm on the shores of Caria, where there happened to

Digitized by Google

be just at that moment a fine opening for a medical man: for the king's daughter, Syrna, had just tumbled from the top of the house—palaces in those days being probably not very high. Podalirius having bled her royal highness in both arms, she recovered; fell in love with her doctor; they were married, and as she had the Chersonese for her dowry, Podalirius retired from practice. This is the first mention we have of bleeding, and was probably the result of certain anatomical advantages afforded by the great slaughter of heroes under the walls of Troy. At that time, surgical knowledge was handed down from father to son, and was almost entirely confined to the Asclepiades, who established medical schools in Rhodes, Cos, and Cnidos. Galen says they studied anatomy, the fathers accustoming their children from infancy to dissect animals; but when we consider that they were in the frequent practice of reducing dislocations and fractures, and removing tumours, it is impossible not to believe that they took some more direct road to the necessary knowledge than cutting up sheep and pigs, though undoubtedly they had the advantage of the accumulated experience of the family.

Homer evidently knew the anatomy of man. Look at his description of Ulysses hitting the Cyclops close to where the vena cava perforates the diaphragm, and dividing the ligament of the liver. Alcmeon, a disciple of Pythagoras, was the first dissector even of animals out of the family of the Asclepiades; there are none of his writings extant, though Galen and Aristotle allude to his researches. Democritus, another disciple of Pythagoras, ambitious of advancement in philosophy, having travelled through Chaldea, Persia, and Egypt, at last came home, and settled down to study practical anatomy. With this view, he frequented the tombs, examined the bones of his fathers, and cut up animals. His cynical manners were probably assumed to insure solitude; and his works, or those attributed to him, shew that he made good use of his time and materials. But he grew weary of life and anatomy when about a hundred years old, and gradually starved himself to death. He postponed the melancholy event for a few days, at the urgent request of his sister, who said that his premature death would prevent her from attending some approaching festivals, and besought him to wait till she had her amusement over decently.

In the first year of the eightieth Olympiad, Hippocrates was born in the island of Cos. He was of the eighteenth generation in direct descent from Æsculapius. He has left proofs of patient study of anatomy. After his day, little was done till about the end of the third century B.C., when Erasistratus, a native of the island of Ceos, shewed himself a bold and vigorous anatomist. He was the first to dissect dead *human* bodies, and to avow openly that he did so. His predecessors only confessed to studying the dried bones found in the tombs, declaring that they learned the anatomy of the soft parts from animals; but Erasistratus pooh-poohed all this, got Seleucus Nicanor and Antiochus Soter to let him have the bodies of criminals after execution; and occasionally some poor wretch was given to him alive, to be put to a lingering death under his relentless scalpel. Erasistratus made many discoveries; among others, the vessels called lacteals. His works have been lost; but the references to them scattered through the writings of Galen and others, shew what an advance anatomy made from even one man's being allowed fair opportunities of study. About this time, also, Herophilus was at work in Carthage, and seems, under the reign of Ptolemy Soter, to have been allowed the same horrible privileges as Erasistratus in Ceos. He, likewise, made many discoveries, and the names he gave them are still in use. Fallopius, the great professor in Padua, 1561 A.D., said, that 'contradicting Herophilus in an anatomical statement, seemed to him like contradicting the Gospel.' Notwithstanding the bright examples of the two ancients last named, practical anatomy again fell into disuse, and we find, so late as 108 A.D., the Emperor Adrian getting a very incorrect account of the situation of the heart from Archigenus, who was then practising medicine and surgery in Rome, after having been physician to the king of Syria. The old prejudices were at work again, and Quintus, one of the most expert anatomists of his time, was driven from Rome on the pretext that he killed his patients. Rufus, the Ephesian, too, in the second century of the Christian era—a most careful anatomical writer—is now obliged to tell his pupils that they must endeavour to obtain for dissection that animal which is most like man—adding, no doubt with a sigh for the good old days, that '*of old* they demonstrated anatomy upon *human* bodies.' What would surgery then have done but for the bountiful legacy bequeathed by Erasistratus and Herophilus!

In 131, in the fifteenth year of Adrian's reign, Galen was born in Pergamus, famous for its temple of Æsculapius. Galen wrote a book on anatomy, advising his pupils to dissect apes as the best means to be obtained for improving their knowledge, for he could get no bodies save those of children left exposed by their parents, or of persons found murdered in the fields; and even those he was forced to dissect with all the care and secrecy which was possible. No skeleton even was allowed to be kept, and people had to betake themselves to the tombs for osteological studies, as in the days of Democritus; for after the civil wars in the time of Marius and Sylla, there was a law passed at Rome forbidding any use to be made of dead bodies.

It is clear, from Galen's anatomical descriptions, that he knew the anatomy of man. He probably paid handsomely for the waifs and strays of humanity which were brought secretly to him, and we cannot suppose his purveyors were more scrupulous than in later times.

About the end of the fourth century, we find Nemesius, a bishop in Phœnicia, investigating the structure and functions of the liver. He *very nearly* hit on the true theory of the circulation of the blood.

In the sixth century, Procopius lived. He was a historian as well as a surgeon, and his writings give one a good idea of how surgery and practical anatomy had degenerated. He mentions that Artabazus, king of Persia, died of a wound of the carotid artery, the bleeding from which could not be stopped; and that the Emperor Trajan, being wounded by a dart above the right eye, the point of the weapon remaining in the wound, he, Procopius, not knowing what course it might take, left it alone. After a residence of *five years* in his imperial majesty's head, it came out of its own accord, and recovery was complete.

The Arabian physicians have been a good deal talked about; but what progress could people make in practical anatomy whose religion forbade their touching a dead body? They merely plagiarised from the Greek authors whose works they had preserved from the general destruction of the Alexandrian library in 640.

Rhases, whose real name was Abubecker Mohammed, was born in 996, at Rag, which was then the largest town in Persia; he had the reputation of being the first physician of his time. Passing one day through the streets of Cordova, and seeing a crowd collected, he inquired the cause—a man had died suddenly. Rhases obtained a bundle of sticks, which he distributed among the bystanders, and keeping one to himself, desired them to follow his example. With great solemnity he beat the dead corpse all over, but

Digitized by Google

especially on the soles of the feet. In a quarter of an hour the dead man began to move, and the people shouted at the miracle, while Rhases remounted his mule and ambled quietly on his road; henceforth, he was always believed to have the power of restoring the dead to life. Although he was no anatomist himself, he attached great importance to the science, for, when blinded by a cataract, he refused to allow the surgeon to operate on him as that practitioner could not enumerate the different tunics of the eye. The old physician added that he didn't much mind, however, not recovering his vision, as he 'had seen enough of this world to be disgusted with it.' Albucasis, who lived about 1085, insists upon a knowledge of anatomy as necessary for a surgeon, and some anatomical plates are attributed to him. The wars which convulsed Europe in the thirteenth century were prejudicial to all scientific pursuits, and practical anatomy was at a very low ebb. At the end of the century, however, Mundinus was born in Milan, and professed anatomy there in 1315; he was a zealous active man, and infused some vigour into anatomical teaching. It is rather mortifying at this time to find the medical profession represented in Britain by John of Gadesden, who graduated at Oxford in 1320, and devoted his life to flattering great ladies and cheating great fools. He had secret remedies for every disease, and made a large fortune by selling plaster of frogs to the barbers. There was little anatomical knowledge then in England, and people therefore were at the mercy of such charlatans as the author of the *Rosa Anglica*.

Let us skip over a hundred years to 1543, when Andrew Vesalius, rejecting the law, adheres lovingly to his hereditary profession—that of medicine. He devoted himself especially to anatomy, studied in Paris; and, determined to obtain subjects, used to make nocturnal raids on the dead-houses and churchyards. He published, at twenty-eight years of age, a splendid work on human anatomy, and dared to expose the errors of Galen, greatly to the indignation of his contemporaries. In spite of slander and opposition, he established anatomy on solid and lasting foundations, which nothing has since disturbed. The Emperor Charles V. made him his first physician, and he was at the height of professional glory when he met with this mishap—he opened the body of a young Spanish gentleman who had died under his care; the heart, on being exposed, was found still pulsating, and the young man's parents denounced Vesalius to the Inquisition. That terrible tribunal was about to punish him, when Philip II., king of Spain, induced the judges to allow him to expiate his crime by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He proceeded to Jerusalem, from which place he was recalled about 1564 by the senate of Venice, to succeed Fallopius as professor in Padua. But upon his voyage home, Vesalius was shipwrecked on the island of Zante, and, reduced to the last extremes of want and misery, died of hunger in the fiftieth year of his age.

After him come a noble list of practical anatomists; but, if we continued to trace them down to our own day, we should find the same old story repeated over and over again. Men who have the surgical gift strong within them, feel a necessity for anatomical dissection, which they *will* obtain material for by some means or other—one man probably calling a half-dissected baby an ape; another, hardening his heart till it not only becomes indifferent to public opinion, but to the sufferings of his living subjects; and, at the best of times, a sufficing knowledge of anatomy confined to one or two bold and unscrupulous men-students.

Until a very few years ago, anatomical teachers were at the mercy of the ruffians of whatever neighbourhood the medical school they lectured at happened to be in—men who provided a precarious supply of subjects for dissection, at a great expense and at their own caprice; who alternated body-snatching with burglary; and when too idle for either of these estimable pursuits, levied a black-mail on their unhappy patrons, cheating the latter cleverly being the glory of a resurrection-man's heart. A lecturer in Edinburgh had one day a subject brought to him in a sack; he had concluded the bargain, and was counting out the money, when the subject sneezed —the resurrectionists rushed away, leaving Mr —— to empty the sack of its contents, which had by this time begun to swear vehemently. The subject was the smallest of the gang, who, being very drunk, was thought a suitable piece of property to raise a little money on. It was hoped of course that the quieting effects of the toddy previously imbibed would continue till his friends got out of the way with the cash.

In those days, persons who had buried a near relative, would watch nightly for weeks by the grave—would bury heavy iron cages over the coffin, and take every precaution the mind of man could devise; and yet any one who would give the price asked, could obtain not only bodies, but *the* body they chose to specify. In the great medical schools of London and Edinburgh, the demand far exceeded the supply afforded by the resurrectionists, and a new style of ruffian, without the courage and cleverness of his predecessors, came forward with bodies said to have been obtained from friends of the deceased. In this country, friends selling dead relatives is a thing never *heard* of; and the astute janitors of the Edinburgh medical schools knew this. It was long, therefore, before Burke and Hare could find a purchaser for their first victim; but the furious competition among the teachers of anatomy at last overcame all scruples. At the same time, Bishop and his friends were drowning miserable outcasts in a well at the back of their house near Drury Lane, and selling them to the highest bidder. Things are somewhat better now, but still the supply is singularly deficient. It depends upon the unclaimed bodies of those dying in charitable institutions, which having, of course, to be buried at the expense of the public, are left for six weeks with the teachers of anatomy for anatomical investigation. At the end of six weeks, they are replaced in the coffins they come in, and are decently buried. All the time they are in the hands of the anatomists, they are carefully preserved, and no true student forgets the honour due to human dust. The sums paid by students for the privilege of examining—they must not carry away a particle—vary in different schools. In Edinburgh it is much less than in London; but it is never more than is barely enough to cover the necessary expenses.

Owing to the scanty supply, students are in numbers driven from the English and Scotch schools to Paris, weary with waiting for 'parts;' and every now and then there appears in the papers a denunciation of some poor enthusiast, who, urged on by the same craving as Galen and Vesalius, helps himself when the opportunity offers.

The anatomical knowledge which surgeons should possess, consists in their knowing the appearance and feeling of the tissues of the body, so that the eye or the finger may go instinctively to the right place, the knife be applied with just the right amount of pressure, and no more, and so important parts be carefully avoided. It is this knowledge alone which enables the surgeon to plan beforehand the steps of some dangerous operation, to go through them with a placid mind and an unfaltering hand, and to complete the proceeding, horrible as it must be even when

Digitized by Google

most perfectly performed, with honour to himself and advantage to his patient.

And if society throws this grave responsibility on one class of its members, it is surely the duty of those who govern society to provide adequate means for supplying this great want in medical education.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

'And this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!' So shouted honest Master Joss, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the 'Adam and Eve' inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Ottkar, the head-mason.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old, old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other before they knew the meaning of the word love; and when, a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Ottkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, sorely against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavouring to root out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pertinacious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbour hailed him:

'Great news, my boy! glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen emperor at Frankfort. Long live the House of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the "Adam and Eve," and we will drink his health, and hear all about it.'

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the unexpected appearance and more unexpected words of Master Joss met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation, the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

'I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason.'

From time immemorial, it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the emperor made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff, and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight-rope. It was therefore needful for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Ottkar, he was met by a flat and not over-courteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retort; words ran high, and the parting volley, levelled at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

'Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the top of St Stephen's tower.'

'You, Gabriel?' said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. 'My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never has had any practice in climbing.'

'Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!' exclaimed the youth, reddening. 'My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve! wave gloriously on the old pinnacle.'

'I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours!' said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

'One thing I have to ask you,' said the young man, 'that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent; she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want it to be most firm and collected.'

'No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country.'

'And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?'

'Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, to tell you the truth, I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool, I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy Arnold, your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on it.'

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna than Gabriel the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done, he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling from terrific heights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile, Ottkar swallowed his chagrin as he best might, and kept aloof from Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening; and at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and, giving him the banner of the House of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, said: 'Now, my boy, up in God's name! Follow Lawrence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterwards assist you in coming down.'

Digitized by Google

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew them up with a joyous step. Then came two hundred wooden stairs over the clock-tower and belfry; then five steep ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of peril—then triumph, reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful 'Yes!' before the altar. Ah, how heavy was the banner to drag upwards—how dark the strait, stony shaft! Hold, there is the trap-door. Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

'That's it!' cried Lawrence; 'you'll see the iron steps and the clamps to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady. When 'tis your time to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a rope-ladder with hooks. Farewell!' As he said these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still, burdened as he was with the banner, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the similitude of a rose, and then, after two or three daring steps still higher, to bestride the very pinnacle, and wave his gay gold flag.

'May God be merciful to me!' sighed the poor lad, as glancing downward on the busy streets, lying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken in that desert of the upper air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his hand. 'Annie, Annie, 'tis for thee!' he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endurance. He wound his left arm firmly round the iron bar which supported the golden star, surmounted by a crescent, that served as a weather-cock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glanced upwards from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly on his ear, until one long-continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Leopold.

'Huzza! huzza! long live the emperor!' shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour.

'Now my task is ended,' said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly breeze. 'Now I have only to get down and give the signal.'

More heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colourless against the dark sky.

'Ha!' said he, 'doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil "good-night?" Be quiet, Mohammed!'

A few courageous steps landed him once more amid the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only coigne of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted: 'Hollo, Lawrence! Albert! here! throw me up the ladder and the hooks.'

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call.

Not a word, not a stir below.

'Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?' cried the poor fellow aloud; and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

'What shall I do? What will become of me?'

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one hairbreadth to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

'They have left me here of set purpose,' he muttered through his clenched teeth. 'The torches below will shine on my crushed body.'

Then, after a moment:

'No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his heart; men born of woman could not do it. They will come; they *must* come.'

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

'God!' he cried, 'the emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help! One word from you would save me.'

But the cold night-wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer:

'Here I alone am emperor, and this is my domain.'

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

'Haven't I managed it well?' asked one.

'Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan'——

'O no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel until'——

'Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?'

'By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself, and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Ottkar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem.'

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear: 'Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety.'

'May God preserve me from such sin,' cried the poor lad, shuddering.

'Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you.'

'Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?'

'Or just say that you'll make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating on down.'

'Avaunt, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!' cried Gabriel manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

'Am I really here?' he asked himself, as he awoke; 'or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?'

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

'Fool! this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw thyself down.'

'Must I, then, die?' murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. 'Must I die while

Digitized by Google

life is so pleasant? O Annie, Annie! pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet.'

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

'Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted.'

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and, with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sunburnt youth, his long-lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said:

'I am longing to see Annie, father. I daresay she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?'

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

'Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him.'

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened towards the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

'Where is Gabriel?' cried the sacristan.

'I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door.'

'But who helped him down?'

'Why, you yourself, of course,' replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. 'Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it.'

'Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all,' groaned the old man. 'Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come, for the love of God; look up, look up to the spire.'

Arnold rushed towards the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

''Tis he! It must be he, still living.'

'O God!' cried Master Joss, 'where are my keys? O that we may not be too late.'

The keys were found in the old man's pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

'Call out to him, lad!' exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

'I hear nothing stirring,' said Albert, 'nor can I see anything from this. I'll climb over the rose.'

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he re-appeared at the trap-door.

'There certainly is a figure standing on the rose, but 'tisn't Gabriel—'tis a ghost!'

'A ghost! you dreaming dunderhead,' shouted Arnold. 'Let me up.' And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: 'Come on, come on, as far as you can. I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious.'

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length, a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the 'Adam and Eve,' laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment, he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

'Wipe the hoar-frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my cheeks!'

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age!

In the course of that day, numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure crowded to the inn and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Joss, the most unhappy of all; for his conscience ceased not to say, in a voice that *would* be heard: 'You alone are the cause of all this.' By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan used to exclaim at intervals: 'If I only had hold of that Lawrence! If I once had that Ottkar by the throat!' But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

'Ah!' said Gabriel towards evening, ''tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old wrinkled gray-haired fellow like me.'

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright ringlets mingled with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very sad as he thought—'The poor fellow is right; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles.'

'I have one request to make of you all, dear friends,' said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch—'do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less, I think; then I'll go into the forest, and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain.'

'A fine way, indeed, to save Annie from pain!' cried a well-known voice, while a light figure rushed towards the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace. 'My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. And pretend that you were dead! A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! No, no, Gabriel; you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that!'

A regular hail-storm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general *mêlée* Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear: 'A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy: I think if you take my sister, the least you can do is to give me yours.'

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding-day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel's sore-tried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.

THE ANARCHY OF DISTRUST.

The late financial crisis leaves a dismal condition of affairs—there is universal distrust. Smarting under losses, or fearful of being involved in ruin, nobody will believe anything connected with joint-stock projects; and there is equal distrust in reports from directors of seemingly flourishing undertakings—a natural consequence of detected falsehood. So frequently have contractors and jobbers made erroneous

Digitized by Google

representations as to the probable cost of and returns from enterprises, that credit in statements of this kind, however plausible, is gone. The *Leviathan* is floating as a useless hulk for want of L.220,000. The money would be forthcoming, if people were certain that that sum would be all that is wanted; but having no assurance of the fact, they will not subscribe the necessary funds. And so on with many other things.

Nearly all the railways of Great Britain have been got up on erroneous representations as to cost and probable returns. Engineers, solicitors, and others have to all appearance conspired to deceive the public. A railway is advertised to cost only a certain moderate sum, by which parties are induced to take shares. It turns out, however, that the thing cannot be done under a third or more capital in addition. This fresh capital has to be raised by means of preference shares, on which a high interest is guaranteed; and the end of it is, that so little is left to be divided among the original shareholders and their successors that their money may almost be said to be lost.

Now, great as are the benefits resulting from railways, it is somewhat too bad that the individuals making them are to be victimised, while those who stand aloof at their outset are to be the gainers. We would not go the length of saying that railway projectors have been deliberately dishonest. Their error, to call it so, consisted in taking far too sanguine a view not only of the primary outlay, but of working expenses, cost of plant, and money returns—every outlay *under*stated, all probable returns *over*stated. Hence, prospective and promised profits of 5 or 6—even 8 or 10 per cent.—have almost universally dwindled down to 2½, 1½; in some notable cases, to nothing—the actual average being about L.1, 12s. 6d. per cent. This is no small social evil. Immense sums have been mis-expended, causing much inconvenience, loss, and suffering. But worse than all is the distrust in everybody and everything created by the loose calculations of projectors, as well as the deceptions of directors; and it will be years before confidence is restored. Independently of all available means of redress for losses arising from grossly deceptive representations, it is pretty clear, as a writer in the *Times* has observed, that people have a remedy in their own hands; what that is, he briefly states as follows. 'If it were not for the laxity with which the public suffer themselves to regard the achievements of those who have acquired celebrity through the impoverishment of others, by practices which perhaps more capable but less presuming men would have declined to use, the evil would soon be mitigated. Let them remember that if a projector or contractor pleads that he has underestimated the task he bound himself to fulfil, it is tantamount to an avowal that he must have been either ignorant or unscrupulous. The great test of capacity in all cases, whether in the triumphs of war or science, lies in the power to foresee and provide at the commencement against all possible contingencies. If a man destitute of this power is found to have put himself forward to squander the means intrusted to him, let him take his place for the future as unfit for such responsibility. Supposing, on the contrary, he admits he had an impression his calculations might break down, he must then stand convicted of wilful concealment for personal ends. If the scientific gentlemen who distinguish themselves in the world at the cost of shareholders were certain, whatever wealth they might acquire, of being placed by a healthy public sentiment in one of these two categories, we should hear less of inflated monster undertakings half a century in advance of the rational requirements of the period, but should have the more solid satisfaction of tasting the steady profits of a constant progress, which would develop everything demanded by the best energies of the time.'

THE SNOW-CHILD.

She grew in sadness, not in mirth
As other children grow;
Cold seemed she from her very birth,
Like that frail child of snow
We moulded on our mother-earth
In winters long ago.

White as a shroud, it knew no stain;
We tinged its death-pale cheek
With rose-leaves where the dews had lain;
Those eyes our eyes would seek
Were formed of ivy-berries twain:
We wept it could not speak.

Sound was our sleep that fateful night.
We woke; the sun shone high:
Where stood our image of delight
We marked a blank pool lie,
Whence gathering mists enrayed with light
Wreathed upward to the sky.

But she, our child of fleshly mould
Born in life's summer day,
Whose locks outshone the orient gold
Showered from the new-sprung ray,
Whose voice like air-drawn music rolled,
How could she melt away?

We little dreamed—we never knew
What throes her breast were heaving;
Fresh years across her beauty threw
New bloom, our hearts deceiving,
Till fell the night that darker grew:
She passed, and left us grieving.

Our minds grew warped: weak memory turned
To yon old time of sorrow;
And we who once such fancies spurned
A strange remorse would borrow
From that snow-child we made and mourned
That wasted by the morrow.

We stood beside the silent mound
Where all we loved was sleeping;
We almost grieved that 'neath the ground
She could not hear our weeping,
Who, prisoned though in narrow bound,
Lay safe in Heaven's blest keeping.

Was it a dream?—or did our tears
Bedew her grassy pillow;
Or did our tremblings and our fears
Shake from the mournful willow
Such drops as the lashed sea uprears
Flung from some broken billow?

A wreathing mist before the sun
Curled from the turf we trod!—
Even as our child of snow had done,
This dear one from the sod
Uprose, her day of freedom won,
In purity to God.

E. L. H.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 249. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

A NIGHT AND MORNING ON THE KULM.

THE continent of Europe comes, as is well known, to a mountainous head-ground in Switzerland and the Tyrol, where valleys from twelve hundred to three thousand feet above the level of the sea are flanked by heights of as much as fourteen and fifteen thousand, the bosoms of which are the seat of perpetual snow. Attracted by the wonderful beauty and sublimity of this district, and by the fine climate which it enjoys, thousands of people from the surrounding countries, from England, and from America, pour into it every summer, to while away a few weeks in communion with natural objects, equally enjoyable to them whether they be the worn children of business and of study, or the *blasés* votaries of fashion. The native people of the country, noted of old for patriotism, and in modern times for their frugal industry, are, doubtless, somewhat at a loss to account for the intrusion of so many strangers into their domains, but have, nevertheless, contrived to address themselves to the case in a business-like way. You therefore find, in all the favourite pretty places on the low grounds—as at Thun, Lucerne, Interlachen, Vevay—fine roomy hotels, furnished with all that a luxurious taste could desire; also in the mountain-passes, and even on the tops of some of the hills, very tolerable *auberges*; while, everywhere that there is anything to be seen, men, horses, steamers, carriages, present themselves in abundance for the service of the visitor. This kind of business, it is understood, lasts about ten weeks each year; and when these are at an end, gay hotels and boarding-houses are closed, waiters shrink into some sort of pupa state not hitherto described by naturalists, horses and guides go to labour, and the country is left to dream under its snowy coverlet of the fresh holiday scenes and money-harvests which will return with the strangers next season.

A visit to Switzerland is a different thing to different people. German *burschen* and other young fellows come, with knapsack on back and *alpenstock* in hand, to walk thirty miles a day over hill and dale by way of enjoying the country. Elderly gentlemen, apt to be recognised in family circles under the appellation of 'the Governor,' come with wife and daughter in comfortable carriages, in which, by the help of guides and extra horses, they make their way through the most difficult passes. Some delight in the mountainous regions, where all is desolation and grandeur; others are content to tarry in comfortable hotels and *pensions* in the valleys, where the snowy alpine peaks, seen at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles, become almost as ideal as if viewed in the sketches of Brockedon, or read of in Byron's *Manfred*. There is also an intermediate set who, though disclaiming the adventurous, will here and there do a little mountain-work—riding, for example, over the Wengern Alp, which only requires a day, or climbing to see the Glacier des Bois from the Montanvert, or ascending to behold the sun rise from the top of the Righi. To this last class the present writer, in his capacity of a Swiss traveller, belonged.

It was a splendid day in the middle of August. The steamer which left Lucerne at ten o'clock, to carry passengers along the lake, was crowded with the usual miscellaneous assemblage. Our party, composed of myself and a couple of ladies, viewed the mountain scenery as we passed along with the admiration due to its wonderful magnificence, and with an interest over and above, arising from the clearness with which the stratification of the mountains is exposed to the eye of the geologist, here forming an equably dipping section, miles in length, there twisted into as many perplexing convolutions as might be a web of thick cloth under 'lateral pressure.' The Righi rose almost murally between four and five thousand feet on the one side; on the other, towered the peaky Pilatus, once mythical, mysterious, and inaccessible, now about to have a hotel perched on its very summit. I *thought* of an ascent of the Righi as a piece of very fair and creditable, yet not extravagant adventure for a gentleman of eleven lustres, but treated the subject rather coyly, as hardly knowing how far Minerva might approve; when unexpectedly my idea became transformed into a positive resolution, in consequence of hearing from a gentleman just returned from the adventure, that it really involved no serious difficulties—was every day done by hundreds of both men and women—and just at present was usually rewarded by the most splendid sunrises, owing to the settled state of the weather. I therefore resolved, on our return from the head of the lake, to leave the steamer at Weggis, the place from which most people start on this expedition. One of the ladies determined to accompany me, while the other should return and wait at Lucerne for our descent next day.

Now let me explain that the Righi is part of a great mass of stratified conglomerate (*nagelflue*) belonging to the tertiary formation, which has been thrown up in this north-western part of Switzerland to a height of several thousand feet, with great spaces cut out between; thus forming a series of mountains with intermediate lakes—first the Rossiberg and the Righi, with the lake of Zug between; then the Righi and Pilatus, with the lake of Lucerne between.

Digitized by Google

A vast plum-pudding it is, every pebble of which has been derived from the older mountains to the eastward—once, indeed, a deep gravel-deposit in a sea skirting these mountains,* now a series of hills perked up high into the air, creating scenes of sublimity impressive to the human spirit. The inclination of the strata somewhat strangely is towards the older mountains, and, consequently, the cliffs formed by their outcrops are presented in a westerly direction over the plains of Switzerland. There are, however, fully as steep cliffs along the sides of these remarkable mountains; and one of these latter cliffs it is our design to ascend from the little lake-port of Weggis.

The steamer having landed about thirty people, including ourselves, all is bustle in the village. The street in front of the *Lion d'Or* hotel is crowded with poor-looking steeds in homely furniture, attended by their peasant owners; and the landlord of the said *Golden Lion* is a busy and an anxious man. Young gentlemen, oldish gentlemen, ladies of tender, and ladies of mature years, have all to be accommodated in succession, and sent off under charge of the owners of the cattle, who act as guides for a small addition to the usual fee of ten francs charged for the horse. The two clever practical English ladies in the Wincey petticoats mount adroitly, and set off in full enjoyment of the national nonchalance. The voluminous German lady and stout elderly professor her husband are not so easy to arrange in equestrian positions; but after a good deal of mounting and dismounting, and some strenuous measures for the quelling of rebellious crinoline on the lady's part, they too go off. The newly married couple, who have haunted us through half the inns of Switzerland, start in loving company. The young guardsman with the aristocratic nose and short upper-lip, who occasionally lets fall remarks about his experiences in the Crimea—after fifty jokes about his steed—mounts and departs, followed by a cortège of admiring and aspiring companions. Another gentleman—strange to say, a young one—and two elderly ladies, get *chaises à porteur*, in which to be carried up the hill at their ease by relays of men. Fifty villagers, and a miscellaneous assemblage of the lame, the sick, and the blind, look on, as the work of starting advances. We at length get horses too, and proceed under the care of a peasant and his son. Each adventurer has been careful to take a bundle of paletôts and mantles strapped on behind, for it is understood that the top of the Righi is a very cold place at sunrise.

Our way was at first along a gentle slope composed of orchards and cornfields, then through steeper ground presenting little besides pasturage. Every two or three hundred feet of vertical ascent gave us the scenery of the lake and its neighbourhood of mountains in a new and more striking aspect. There was an exhilaration connected with the brightness of the day, the beauty of the country, and the rough horsemanship, such as I had not experienced since a similar ride in Iceland. A thousand feet up or so, we passed a small rude-looking chapel—perhaps not more than twenty feet by ten—bedizened with a few images and coloured religious prints, in which a priest performs mass every morning during summer for the few scattered shepherds then tending their flocks and herds on the mountain. Close beside this, by an affinity to which I was familiarised in my own country, was a little tavern, where tolerable beer was in the course of being served out for the regalement of the wayfarers. Soon after, nearing the naked precipices along which the middle part of the journey has to be performed, we reached a spot called the Felsenthor, where three enormous blocks of conglomerate have fallen in such an arrangement as to form a covered-way or passage, through which we proceed; a most picturesque accumulation of rock it is, which nature and the fantastic fancy of the peasants have decorated with a few pines and a cross. Then came the most romantic part of the journey along a narrow ledge tracing the front of the precipice, critical in appearance, yet made quite safe by the labour of the peasantry in building up the road wherever necessary. Here the way is marked at intervals of perhaps a quarter of a mile, by posts exhibiting small coarse pictures of incidents in the last sufferings of Christ, the whole forming the series called the Stations of the Passion, of which examples more elegant may be found in many places throughout the continent. Perhaps this place is thought peculiarly appropriate for such an exhibition, as the peasant, in toiling up the ascent, may be at once reminded of the Saviour's sufferings by his own, and taught by those to bear his own the more patiently. Having at length crossed through the great cliff, we come to the sloping back of the mountain, and experience there for some way a gentler rise; here an unexpected object was presented in what is called the *Kalte Bad*, a handsome establishment for cold-bathing, said to be fully 4600 English feet above the level of the sea. It is a spring of ancient celebrity, and invested with some religious veneration, which has given rise to this goodly house, in which we are told there are fifty-four chambers and ninety beds, and where we found on a terrace groups of well-dressed people enjoying one of the most superb views in the world. There is a legend about three sisters who founded the establishment several centuries ago, and we are told of a chapel dedicated to St Marie aux Neiges; but we have not space or inclination to enter upon these topics.

Coasting now for some way along the front of the mountain, at an elevation of fully three thousand five hundred feet above the low country—seeing the cruciform lake beneath, and Lucerne shrunk into a scarcely discernible group of houses at its extremity—we come at length within sight of the summit. Wild and remote as the scenery is, the road is full of passengers, and we have some most remarkable habitations before us. In Scotland, the summit of a mountain of four thousand feet, as Ben Nevis and Ben Macdhui, is pure desolation—rock-surfaces bleached by storms, and not bearing a blade; here, at fully a thousand feet higher, we have broad pastures and herds of cattle;* here, too, owing to the frequentation of strangers, we find two large hotels. One about five hundred feet below the summit, and half a mile distant from it—called the *Staffelhaus*—is chiefly used as a *pension* or boarding-house. The other, called the Kulm Hotel, perched only fifty feet behind the summit, so as to be sheltered by it from the north winds, is a much more remarkable establishment.

Having alighted here, and providently got our names put down in the comptoir for certain beds, we proceeded to solace ourselves with the splendid panorama of the Bernese Alps, which is presented at the top of the hill, and with the varied crowd there assembled. It was interesting for half an hour to identify the various peaks in the range to the northward, eastward, and southward, to trace distant glaciers, and satisfy ourselves that small glittering objects, scarcely discernible in the remote landscape, were lakes of notoriety. The neighbouring height of the Rossiberg, with its upper stratum slidden off into the valley—a frightfully destructive incident of fifty years ago—had a large share of attention. We then

* Sir Roderick I. Murchison considers from 6000 to 8000 feet as a moderate computation of the depth of this gravel-deposit, now composing the Righi range.—*Quar. Jour. of Geol. Society*, v. 229.

* The elevation of the Righi summit above the sea-level is stated at 5700 feet.

Digitized by Google

took a little time to inspect the Kulm Hotel. It is composed of two huge buildings for the accommodation of guests, and a third which is used as a stable, having, however, some lofts in which, on an exigency, human beings can be put up. The older building is now solely composed of bedrooms. The newer—it is only three years old—contains, besides several ranges of bedrooms, a *salle-à-manger*, thirty paces long, handsomely hung with a gilt paper, and having fifteen elegantly curtained windows. These buildings, it may be remarked, are of extremely solid masonry, and are covered with heavy slabs, the better to resist the storms by which they are assailed in so elevated a region. In the salle, at eight o'clock in the evening, I counted a hundred and sixty guests seated at a good solid repast, every atom of which except milk must have been brought on horseback from the country below. I was told, however, next morning, that the total number of guests in the house that night was two hundred and sixty, of whom nearly all had had beds. It was wonderful how well everything was managed in this singular caravanserai, how cleanly the house was, and how moderate were the charges made for our accommodation.

A splendid sunset giving good augury of the nature of the sunrise next morning, there was a general cheerfulness throughout the hotel that night. While any light remained, groups of visitors lounged about the summit of the hill, surveying the sea of mountains which tumbled in nearly all directions around. The place was like a fair, and, to help out the resemblance, there were several stalls of Swiss toys and carvings, which seemed to drive a considerable trade. One of the most prominent articles sold here, as in similar establishments elsewhere, is the alpenstock—a short pole ending in a pike below and in a chamois-horn above — understood to be extremely useful, indeed indispensable, for travelling over glaciers. It is a characteristic Swiss article, and most people seemed to feel that it was necessary to be possessed of one. Even ladies bought and walked about with alpenstocks—held by them on board steamers, kept them by their sides in eating-rooms, probably slept with them, it being apparently impossible to part with the article in any circumstances, after once buying it. I daresay they all felt as if they were using it every moment in some perilous adventure on the ice-fields, and making themselves important, if not famous, by the dangers they were braving.

At dawn next morning—about four o'clock—a horn was blown throughout all the passages of the two houses to arouse the guests for the great sight of the day—the sunrise. A perfectly clear sky, with a blush on the horizon to the eastward, gave me, as I sprung to my window, assurance of an entire success to our adventure. While it was still dark—ten minutes after four or so—I was out and up to the summit of the hill, where not more than four or five individuals preceded me; nevertheless, the toy-dealers were already opening their boxes and exposing their wares, eager to let not a moment's chance of business escape them. It was amusing to see the guests oozing gradually out of the hotel, in their various wrappings, and their not less various expressions of that condition which a waggish friend denominates being the worse of sleep. I did not, however, observe that any had resorted to so extreme a measure as investing themselves in blankets from the beds, albeit that a placard in each bedroom *forbids* it under a fine of five batz. The mild temperature of the morning made indeed any such expedient unnecessary. Amongst the crowd were gay Parisian ladies, solid German *frau*, a few smart English people, and more Americans. Our voluminous friend, who had had such difficulties in abating her crinoline in the ascent, was now going about in full sail with her husband. Our guardsman and his young associates were taking a supercilious view of the whole affair. Some groups of burschen paraded along arm-in-arm, singing. There was now a large addition of company from the hotel below, including a group composed of two rusty Swiss priests and a monk in a brown frock and black skull-cap. Perhaps four hundred souls were present in all. It was altogether a strange miscellany of people to have come from so many parts of the earth merely to see the sun rise.

In due time, of course, the sun approached the edge of the peaky horizon from which he was to take his course for the day; and all looked anxiously round amongst the higher summits, to see if any of them were anticipating ours in an experience of his rosy light. I am bound to confess that not one was lighted up before the moment when the first gleam of the solar disk broke upon our view. Then was there a momentary hush among the multitude, as if all were absorbed in the duty of photographing the beautiful and memorable scene upon their minds. Snow-clad masses—a circle of shrouded giants—first presented themselves prominently to our view, while yet the valleys, with their lakes and villages, lay in gray obscurity below. Then the light got down into the hollows, lakes began to gleam, and towns to smoke; and gradually the world of our view became fully lighted up. Never can the mysterious grandeur of the whole scene be forgotten. We were hailed as amongst the most fortunate visitants for the season, and assured that in general there are not ten such successful mornings in a year.

When we had fully drunk in the beauties of the scene, we all turned with instinctive eagerness to coffee in the salle-à-manger—then the bill (a most moderate one)—and a walk downhill—for we had resolved to dispense with our horses in the descent. This was the only point in which we could be said to have failed. The walk was over-fatiguing. However, a comfortable breakfast from our active host of the *Lion d'Or* greatly made up for all we suffered on this account, and sent us home to Lucerne in good trim for rejoicing over the accomplishment of our Night and Morning on the Kulm.

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

JOHN MARSHALL OF FENCHURCH STREET.

This pharisaical nineteenth century, which seemed never weary of giving thanks and praise to itself for immeasurable superiority in all things over every preceding one, has of late received some startling rebukes from unexpected quarters. Light has leaped out of the huge unsightly fissures that have suddenly yawned in its surface-civilisation, precisely where the glittering crust was presumed to be solidest—most reliable—by which society may photograph its features with, we will hope, a salutary, if self-humbling truthfulness, vainly to be looked for at the hands of its portrait-painters in ordinary. It happens that, from position and other circumstances, I have neither been startled nor surprised by those, to many, utterly confounding revelations. So familiar, indeed, have I long been with many of the dark secrets that palpitate and writhe beneath the flimsy veils—which the merest accident, a breath, may at any moment rend away—of seeming probity, seeming riches, seeming piety, that I am only astonished such discoveries are not very much more frequent than they are. But this morning, hardly ten minutes before I sat down to pen this narrative—and which but for that reminding circumstance might not have been penned—my heart leaped to my mouth as a highly respectable City-name flashed upon me in the police columns of the *Times:*

Digitized by Google

a second glance reassured me: the gentleman, however, was only before the magistrate to give evidence against a lad he had seen pick a lady's pocket in the Crystal Palace. On Sunday next I propose going some distance to hear a reverend gentleman preach—and most admirably he does preach—who, if a saving miracle is not wrought in his favour, will, I much fear, and before long too, be either the inmate of a madhouse, or have perished by his own hand—with such vengeful fierceness does the unseen vulture tear at his heart!

'Who, then, are you,' the reader naturally asks, 'that pretend to have penetrated to the Purgatorio and Inferno of man's inner life, and read the sad secrets shrouded there? A Romish priest mayhap?' Nay, I am neither priest nor parson; and, by profession, nothing better or worse than a skilled accountant. You may have seen, many years ago, my advertisement proffering aid to the embarrassed, in placing their tangled affairs in order, or, at the worst, setting them forth in such scientific array—wondrous factors are figures when skilfully manipulated—that the initiated only should be able to detect the fallacious arithmetic. I had abundance of occupation; the reputation I had acquired for tact, address, and fidelity, caused my services to be eagerly sought after in other than monetary difficulties; and as those opportunities for close observation were diligently improved by the unconquerable inquisitiveness which has ever been my besetting weakness, or strength, my success in groping my way to dark conscience-crypts, and discerning there, with more or less distinctness, the shadowy skeletons with which, it has been said, most human homes are haunted, will surprise no one. I shall, it is right to premise, take scrupulous care, by fictitious names, by changing the localities, and so forth, to render the identification of the actors in the scenes I am about to sketch impossible—except, of course, by themselves. Let me add, too, that I do not enter upon my self-imposed task in a spirit of smirking self-superiority: such a mood of mind would, in sooth, ill become me, for, albeit that I am honest enough as the world goes, *there is a skeleton in my own house*, which, unsuspected by friends or acquaintance, has dwelt with me since the golden days of youthful prime; and as the shadows of the now swiftly-coming night of life gather around me, gleams with every passing hour into ghostlier distinctness.—*Christe Eleeson!*

Enough, at all events, for the present, of my own secret griefs. To-day, I have only sufficient courage to probe and lay bare those of others. Vaulting, therefore, over my first five-and-twenty years of life, I alight from a northern coach, in London, on a wet gloomy evening in 1827, the year of the great panic caused by a general collapse of the madly dilated paper-wings of commerce. To that catastrophe, my arrival in the metropolis was wholly attributable; the bank wherein I had been many years clerk having, upon the stoppage of the London establishment to which it was affiliated—Sir Peter Pole's—followed suit with an instant alacrity marvellous to the outer world, though not at all so to me, who had some time before managed to make acquaintance with a terrific skeleton, coffined, not confined, in a large iron safe, wherein was inscribed, in neatly painted white letters, 'The Earl of ——'s Bonds, Shares,' &c.; and which we used to lower into the vaults every evening with the cash and book chests. Could we have let down his grim ghastliness to the centre of the earth, he would not, I am quite sure, have been the less constantly visible to the worthy banker; nor his mocking iteration of 'the Earl of ——'s bonds and shares,' less distinctly audible to that much-respected individual. I had for some time suspected that those neatly painted white letters lied audaciously, and I one day found an opportunity of verifying that fact. That the banker surmised, or feared, I had possessed myself of his frightful secret, was made plain to me on the day his bank suspended payment, when I was at once dismissed with a handsome douceur, and half-a-dozen most flattering introductions to houses in London; amongst them, to Hamlet's, the eminent gold and silver smiths at the east end of Coventry Street, Haymarket, who, Mr —— intimated, was in pressing need of a skilful accountant, and that I should act wisely in presenting myself there without delay. Moreover, every one of the letters, which were given me unsealed, expressed the writer's implicit reliance upon my 'honour and discretion—qualities invaluable in persons intrusted with the confidence of their employers;' *ad misericordiam* phrases, addressed, I well understood, to myself, and which, though not needed for their real purpose, proved of service to me. I left the same evening for London; and the banker, relieved for a time of his worst fears—the Earl of —— being abroad, and likely to remain so for a long period—set the requisite machinery to work for effecting an arrangement with his creditors, in which he succeeded; the bank kept its staggering feet till his death, three years afterwards, when it went down with a crash; and great was the fall thereof.

The affairs of the house of Hamlet were already in the hands of official Philistines when I reached London; other firms, to whom I had recommendations, were actually, or proximately, in the same condition; only two of my introductory letters remained to be delivered; and I was standing in the Poultry, wearily watching the crowds of people pressing forward to the bank to exchange their notes for gold—a demand which the Mint, by working night and day, could barely keep pace with—when my eye lit upon a number of Cobbett's *Register* just placed in a stationer's window. I had been long familiar with that wayward writer's currency crotchets, and should not probably have bestowed a second glance on the publication, had it not been that poetry-despising William Cobbett had, for the first, and, I believe, last time in his life, headed his *Register* with a poetical quotation. It is from *Macbeth:*

> Now be those juggling fiends no more believed,
> Who palter with us in a double sense:
> Who keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope. Accursed be they:
> And damned all those that trust them!

Cobbett had so evidently been carried out of himself by delirious exultation over the downfall of so many 'rag-rooks,' that, feeling somewhat anxious to read a *brochure* inspired by such a state of the Cobbett mind, I entered the shop to purchase it. I had no small-change about me, except some loose coppers in my breast coat-pocket; so, first taking out, and placing upon the glass-case on the counter my two undelivered letters, I groped amongst the remaining sundries for the required sum. That accomplished, I received the *Register*, and was about to take up the letters, when a gentleman, who had been scrutinising, impertinently, I thought, the addresses through his gold hand-glasses, said:

'One of your letters, young man—this one—is addressed to a person who died by his own hand about two hours since.'

'God bless me!' I exclaimed. 'And the cause, sir?'

'Bankruptcy. Ruin! He is another victim of the senseless panic that is raging around us. But you, I suppose, agree with Mr Cobbett, that bankers and bull-frog traders are noxious vermin, that it is a pleasure to see hunted down.'

'You are much mistaken, sir. Cobbett amuses me

Digitized by Google

by the heartiness of his humour; but in monetary science, I have long held him to be one of the veriest quacks that ever, by force of sheer impudence, imposed upon the folly of fools.'

'That is a bold opinion from so young a man—and a young *countryman*, too, it is easy to perceive.'

'May be so; but, as these letters testify, I have been familiar with finance, both in theory and practice, from boyhood.'

'Indeed! May I cast my eye over one?'

'Certainly, sir;' and I handed him both.

Whilst he, with evident interest, peruses them, I will describe what manner of man he at first view seemed to be.

In years about forty-five, I thought, though a certain undefinable age-shadow, that now and then flitted over his sallow features, hinted at longer life than that, if reckoned by emotions and impressions, and not by years. There was nothing remarkable in his dress, except its scrupulous neatness. His frame was strong and unbowed, and his dark hair, though slightly silvered, was unthinned by time. His face was decidedly handsome, and not the less interesting to inquisitive me, on account of the tremulous disquietude of his dark, changeful eyes. How nervous he was! The hasty entrance of a bustling customer caused him such a start that he let fall the letter he was reading! Were those symptoms only of the prevailing epidemic —commercial embarrassment? or were more affrighting *spectra* than the Gazette and Court of Bankruptcy discernible by that keen, apprehensive glance in the dark distance?

These alike vain and unauthorised speculations were presently interrupted by Mr Marshall, as we may call him, who, as he returned me the letters, and looked with keen scrutiny in my face, abruptly said: 'If you have a few minutes to spare, I shall be glad to speak with you.'

I bowed assent, and followed him to a neighbouring tavern, every room of which we found filled with people in a state of extreme excitement, among whom such phrases as 'national bankruptcy,' 'suspension of cash-payments,' plentifully intermingled with curses of 'Peel's bill,' were bandied about on all sides.

'One can hardly hear one's self speak here,' remarked Mr Marshall; 'but,' he added, drawing me towards the end of the passage, 'what I have to say will require a very few words. You are strongly recommended, Mr Henry Johnson, in those letters by Mr ——, your former employer—whom by reputation I know something of—not only for rare skill as an accountant, but for tried honour and discretion. Now, I happen to want such a person, and if'——

Mr John Marshall checked himself, again perused with sharp scrutiny my face, then said:

'Have you many acquaintances in London?'

'Not one; neither relative nor acquaintance.'

That reply decided him, and it was quickly settled that I should enter his service the next day at a very liberal salary.

I was at Fenchurch Street punctually at the hour named, and was forthwith installed in Mr Marshall's private counting-house. He had, I found, a flourishing business, and the books, though there were arrears that required some time to get up, were well and methodically kept. He had also established a good discounting account at the Bank of England; which means, that all the acceptances he received, presumedly in the regular course of business, were as of course credited to him as cash, *minus* interest at the current rate. An often fatal facility, which I was not long in discovering, had tempted him to discount the paper of a number of persons at a high rate of interest, himself, of course, pocketing the difference. That, however, was a section of his affairs of which I knew nothing, except as it was set forth in his bill-book; and to judge from that, it was very profitable. All this being so, I came to the conclusion that it could not be to commercial difficulties that the dreadful depression of mind, under which (as at first sight of him I had suspected) Mr Marshall had habitually laboured, was attributable; a depression, which often, when he thought himself unobserved, I have seen suddenly change to wordless frenzy, to gnashing of teeth, wild wringing of the hands, maniacal fighting with the air, as if he were struggling in the gripe of some living, bodily foe!

Whence, then, arose that maddening disquietude? Not from his family. His marriage had been one of affection; and Mrs Marshall was a singularly amiable woman; resembling in cast of features the French empress; though it may be I only fancy so, because the line of pain across her forehead was the same, and as distinctly marked as that which gives such touching expression to the imperial brow of the beautiful Eugénie. They had, moreover, three children—Maria, Ellen, and Frances—bright-eyed, golden-haired elves, the eldest nine, the youngest four years old. In short, it must have been a home of paradise, but for the serpent coiled about the husband's heart; but for the fiend that whispered in the wife's ear vague, torturing hints of the true source of the cankering care that was eating away the life of the father of her children.

Suddenly the dark riddle was, I thought, made clear. Two females called at the warehouse during Mr Marshall's absence: one a fierce-featured woman of between forty and fifty years of age; the other, her daughter, and of a mild, dejected aspect. They would give no name; but the mother said, with a kind of menace in her look and tone, that they would return towards the evening. They did so, just as I was mentioning the circumstance to Mr Marshall. The elder woman pushed boldly into the counting-house, dragging her daughter with her; and a terrible scene ensued. The intruder's insolence was met by a torrent of derisive, rageful abuse. She was to the full as fierce and bitter; and the fiery war of words was at length terminated by both being thrust into the street by Mr Marshall; and as even then the virago's tongue continued to pour forth maledictions, she was finally given in charge to a city constable, and taken off to the lock-up house in Giltspur Street. Mr Marshall himself left the office immediately afterwards for his private residence at Stamford Hill.

The next morning I was called into the private room; and Mr Marshall confided to my 'honour and discretion' a troubled chapter of his early life. He and his father had been with hundreds of others seized by Napoleon Bonaparte at the ruptnre of the peace of Amiens, and detained in France as prisoners of war on parole. An intimacy ensued between them and an English family of the name of Curtis, who were similarly situated; and in December 1804, John Marshall was wedded, by civil contract only, to Julia Curtis, the bride being in her twenty-sixth, the bridegroom in his twenty-second year. A most unhappy marriage it proved to be; and so early did unappeasable discords arise between the ill-matched pair, that before the birth of a daughter in October 1805, legal steps had been taken by mutual consent to obtain its annulment; and the interval prescribed by the French law having expired, sentence of divorce was duly pronounced. The child, which the father had never seen, was with his ready acquiescence consigned to the absolute guardianship of its mother; and it was further agreed that an income of forty pounds per annum, which Julia Curtis had brought to the marital treasury, should revert to her.

Digitized by Google

'Directly peace was restored,' continued Mr Marshall, 'I returned to England, engaged in business forthwith; and the following year, 1815, married my present wife. I heard nothing directly of the Curtises, till about three weeks ago, when I received a letter from the woman, Julia Curtis, you saw here yesterday. She had passed over from the Isle of Man, where she has for many years resided, to Yorkshire, to ascertain if anything could be got out of the guardian of her somewhat wealthy brother, Robert Curtis, who has been long hopelessly insane. He is known—Mr Willesden, the said guardian, and an old friend of mine, has informed me—to have made a will in her daughter's favour when he was *compos mentis;* and she fancied it might be possible to obtain an advance of money upon the security of that instrument. Failing in that, and some silly fool having persuaded her that an Englishwoman once a wife is always a wife till divorced by death or act of parliament, she wrote to me, threatening that unless a large sum of money was immediately sent to her, she would take legal proceedings for the enforcement of her rights.'

'Common sense might have taught her that what the French law could do, it might undo, especially as no religious ceremony took place.'

'To be sure. Well, I took no notice of the preposterous letter; and what occurred yesterday you know. And now to finish, I trust for ever, with this hateful topic. Mrs Marshall has urged me to make the woman a present of a hundred pounds. I consent to do so, upon condition that she solemnly promises never again to annoy me; and if you, Mr Johnson, will arrange the matter for me, I shall be obliged.'

I found no difficulty whatever in doing so. The fierce-willed *divorcée* before I reached the prison had seen a solicitor, who convinced her that she had no legal claim upon Mr Marshall; and she gave the required promise not to molest that gentleman again, in exchange for his hundred-pound cheque, with alacrity, adding, of her own grace and favour, that they should sail on the morrow for Douglas, in the Isle of Man, by the *William and Mary*, a passenger and trading vessel, lying in the Thames. The daughter seemed to be just as meek and docile as the mother was fierce and wilful; the poor girl sobbed aloud with emotion, when I hinted to her, unheard by her mother, that the money was really a gift to *her*, from Mr Marshall, who did not forget—and upon my solemn word, I fully believed what I was saying—that she was after all his child. 'Bless him, bless him!' she murmured; 'I have always thought of him with love and reverence.'

It was unfortunate that I, though in all sincerity, had induced the young woman to believe that Mr Marshall thought of her with regretful tenderness, for it excited in her an irrepressible desire to see and speak with him alone before leaving London; and as soon as she could give her mother the slip, she hurried to Fenchurch Street for that purpose. I was not at the warehouse when she called, but I knew from the clerk, who partially witnessed what passed, that the scene was a painful one. Mr Marshall, who could be cold as steel, hard as flint, received her with chilling indifference, and quickly wearying of her prayers and protestations, forcibly ejected her, not with intentional violence, but still with so much force, that the unhappy girl slipped and fell upon the pavement. Mr Marshall raised her; but believing she had sustained no hurt, he re-entered his house, slamming the door after him; and the heart-broken girl limped away, her right ankle having been strained by the fall. On the morrow, it was so much swollen, that her mother, with whom it was urgent to return at once to Douglas, was compelled to leave her behind in lodgings.

I was quite unaware of that circumstance, which would have much mitigated the shock I felt, on reading about eight days afterwards the following paragraph in the shipping intelligence of the *Times:* 'The *William and Mary*, Captain Hearn, from London, bound for Douglas, Isle of Man, was driven on shore at the island of Anglesea, during the late gale, and almost immediately went to pieces. The crew and passengers all perished.'

I silently placed the paper upon the desk before Mr Marshall with my finger upon the paragraph, and immediately left the counting-house. I saw him again ten minutes afterwards, and God forgive me if I misjudge him, but there *did* seem to be a lustre upon his face as of a subdued vengeful exultation; but I am, I know, prone to rash judgments.

The dark cloud which encompassed Mr Marshall was not, however, lightened by that catastrophe; and it was in another, and by me totally unsuspected direction, that the dread spectre, of which it was the aforecast shadow, presently revealed itself.

The monetary and commercial panic had long since terminated, though its effects were still felt in the fall of houses that, shaken to their foundations by the financial earthquake, slipped from time to time through the make-shift, concealed props, that for a while sustained them, into cureless ruin. One of these was a firm whose paper Mr Marshall had been in the habit of privately discounting, and when, upon seeing their name in the list of bankrupts, I turned hastily to the bill-book, I saw, to my dismay, that we had rediscounted acceptances of theirs to over four thousand pounds at the Bank of England! This was a heavy blow, the more so that our account at the bank was not just then, from various causes, in a quite satisfactory state, and a hint had indeed been given us that the amount of our discounts must for the future be considerably restricted. Still the loss, if a total one, which was not likely, would not be ruin, and I was almost as much amazed as shocked at the effect the intelligence from my lips produced upon Mr Marshall. He stared as if thunder-smitten in my face for a few seconds, and then realising the full horror of his position, turned as if to flee, staggered a few steps, and fell with a doleful cry upon the floor.

Fortunately, there was no one present or within hearing but myself, and I soon quietly restored him to consciousness—to consciousness, alas! that the hand of time was at last close upon that hour of which the prophetic tolling had for so many miserable months sounded in his ear!

I strove to calm his agitation by urging that the bank, which would, of course, as a matter of business, prove against the bankrupt's estate to the amount of the acceptances—not one of which was nearly due—would still hold them as against the acceptor till they reached maturity; and that, moreover, an excellent dividend might be rationally hoped for. I spoke to the winds; the wretched man heard as if not hearing me, and at last stopped my mouth, and for a time my breath, by suddenly exclaiming:

'You speak of you know not what! Those bills, those acceptances are—are forgeries!'

'Forgeries!'

'Yes, Mr Johnson, forgeries! And—and I'll be poisoned with it no longer; all—all—my private discounts—all the bills, made payable here, and entered in red ink—are forgeries!'

'Almighty powers! All in red ink—forgeries! Why, they are over nine thousand pounds!'

'Yes, yes—I know—I daresay! I have not dared to add them up for many a day. Miserable man that I am—infatuated fool that I have been! It commenced with three hundred pounds, to save my credit. Accursed credit! Would to God it had *not* been saved. And now—now, Mr Johnson,' he went on

Digitized by Google

to say, perceiving that I was utterly confounded, 'will you, can you stand by me? I trust in you. You have a cool head, strong nerves; will you, for my wife, my children's sake, strive to save me?'

I did not, could not immediately answer; but he had touched the right chord. For his children's sake! Yes, I would do much to shield their fair young lives from blight and sorrow so untimely and so terrible. I pledged my word, as soon as I could speak with calmness, that I would do so.

It was settled, during the long and gloomy conference which followed, that everything should be left to me, and that Mr Marshall should keep close under pretence of illness—no pretence, by the way—at Stamford Hill, where I could see him every evening; lest, peradventure, his nervous terrors, now that the frightful peril he had incurred was become imminent, should betray him.

Eight clear days were before me in which to collect, without aid from discounts, L.4000; for on the ninth day, the first meeting under the fiat in bankruptcy would take place, and the forged bills be tendered in proof against the estate of the acceptors. I succeeded in raising the money, and not six hours too soon; but there was still time to get possession of the bills without exciting suspicion or remark. I went over to the bank, and with as unconcerned an air as I could assume, placed a list of the acceptances I required before the clerk who had the management of Mr Marshall's account. Although I well remember it was a bitterly cold morning, and I heard people say that the Serpentine was frozen completely over during the night, my shirting, I know, was wringing wet, and my blood at fever-heat.

'Oh, you want those acceptances?' said the clerk, after glancing over the list. 'We intended proving upon them to-morrow. You do not, I hope, propose,' he sharply added, 'to withdraw them by a cheque; because, your account being already a trifle overdrawn, I'——

'No, no,' I interrupted; 'I bring you cash for them.'

'Do you? Why not, then, pay your cash into account, and let the bills run on to maturity?'

'Because, my good sir, we can do better with them than prove under the bankruptcy.'

'Ho, ho! I understand; you have an offer for your debt. But mind what you are about. The estate will cut up very well, I am told.'

I said he might let us alone for that; and after another torturing ten minutes, I held the terrible bills in my hand, checked with difficulty a frantic impulse to run, walked sedately out of the bank, and drove off to Stamford Hill.

So far successful; and although there was still much nervous work to do, there was more time to do it in. I must do myself the justice to say that I persevered valiantly during the next four weeks, now elate with hope, now sunk in despair; and the nights were very much worse than the days; for so surely as I dozed off was either Mr Marshall or I going to be hanged; Mrs Marshall and the girls to be in some other way disastrously dealt with; and once I went through the whole process of being hanged, cut down, coffined, and buried, though still unaccountably alive, and able to read my own epitaph, written in red ink, upon a tombstone.

The main difficulties were at last surmounted; the accursed red list was reduced to three items, altogether about fourteen hundred pounds; in fact, the fearful race against time was as good as won, when I was suddenly tripped up and flung on my back, without chance of regaining my feet again, and in this way. Of course, the scraping together, in so short a time, of nine thousand pounds, over and above what was required for the ordinary outgoings, obliged me to make tempting allowances for prompt payments, and to press customers who thought themselves, and indeed were, entitled to longer credit; operations which could not but damage the character of our establishment; and one consequence was, that Mr Jay, of Leadenhall Street, a creditor for upwards of two thousand pounds, insisted upon being immediately settled with. That, as I told him, was quite out of the question; and we were next threatened with a writ, which I cared very little about, as we could have pleaded to it, and it would have been months before judgment was obtained. Finding I was not to be frightened, Mr Jay went to Stamford Hill; and although, fearful of some such trick, I had warned Mr Marshall that he must see everybody that called, he was weak enough to bid the servant deny him. She did so to Mr Jay, and the next day was bribed to make an affidavit of that fact (she at least did make the affidavit, and I certainly *saw* no bribe given), which, of course, established a clear act of bankruptcy; and Mr Jay sent me notice that if he was not paid by four o'clock on the following day, a docket would be struck against Mr Marshall, without further notice.

I went to Mr Jay, but he was deaf to remonstrances—though, if he had been treated with the same harshness about two years previously, he would not have been the big man he then was—and I took my way to Stamford Hill to warn my unhappy principal of the fatal turn that, through his own folly, affairs had taken.

The announcement was a renewed dagger-stroke, so to speak; though outwardly, he was less violently agitated than I had seen him; and a suspicion which had before crossed my mind that he had secretly armed himself with some potent means of avoiding public shame, forcibly recurred. Seeing no possible means of withdrawing the three remaining *red* acceptances from the bank, I urged immediate flight; promising, of course, to do all in my power to soften the blow to his wife, who, I had ascertained, apprehended nothing worse than ordinary bankruptcy. Mr Marshall listened gloomily, with his hands on his knees, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the fire; till suddenly recollecting I had a note for him, I said:

'By the by, sir, I have a note for you—left at the office, Roberts told me, by a Mr Willesden.'

'Mr Willesden! Let me see.'

Mr Marshall opened the note, read it, started up, and paced to and fro the room in a state of great excitement for a few moments; then suddenly arresting his steps, he exclaimed, as he shook me by the hand: 'Good-night, Johnson. God bless you. I shall be at the warehouse by nine—perhaps earlier. Good-night, good-night!'

Here was apparently a new and promising turn of the wheel. I had a notion of having heard the name of Willesden, but when or from whom I could not recollect. A rich friend or relative, I hoped, just turned up in the very nick of time, as they always do in plays. And it proved so! Mr Willesden called at the warehouse precisely at nine; saw, and had a long conference with Mr Marshall; left, as did Mr Marshall, but not with him; and both returned within ten minutes of each other. Their second interview was a brief one; and very soon after Mr Willesden left, I was summoned by Mr Marshall. His face was as white, I afterwards remembered, as its natural sallowness permitted, and there shone a light in his eyes as of fever, or intense excitement.

'Take this cheque,' he said, 'and when you have cashed it, arrange with Jay. No doubt he will take half-down; in which case you can settle the other matter. This very afternoon were better, if it can be done quietly.'

The cheque was drawn upon Jones, Lloyd, & Co.,

Digitized by Google

for L.2700, in favour of John Marshall or bearer, by Richard Willesden. I seized and posted off with it without a word, hardly feeling my feet for uplifting joy, when—wonder upon wonders!—the ghost, as I for half a heart-beat deemed it, of Julia Curtis the younger tapped me on the shoulder and arrested my eager steps. She looked very thin and ill; and I soon understood how it was she had not sailed with her mother in the *William and Mary*, and that she, moreover, had been so unwell, that she had not left her room till the day previously. 'And I should not be here now,' she continued, 'but for a letter which has reached me, in a round-about way, from Douglas, intimating that a Mr Willesden has gone to London to inquire about us, and that he purposes calling for that purpose upon Mr Marshall of Fenchurch Street, who, he has heard, is likely to know where we are. So,' added the young woman, 'I thought I would wait here, taking my chance of seeing you, as I did not dare, you know, to call at the office.'

'Come with me,' I exclaimed, 'to Jones, Lloyd, & Co. It is very likely they may know where Mr Willesden is stopping. If not, I will ask Mr Marshall.'

I was about to ask the clerk who cashed the cheque if he knew where the drawer was to be found, when, chancing to look toward a distant part of the bank, I saw Mr Willesden. He had apparently finished the business that called him there, and accosting him, I said:

'There is a young woman outside who wishes to speak with Mr Willesden.'

'What is the young woman's name?'

'Julia Curtis.'

'What Julia Curtis?'

'Julia Curtis, sir, the younger. Here she is.'

'Miss Curtis!' he exclaimed. 'Can I believe my eyes? Why, I was assured by Mr Marshall hardly ten minutes since, that you were too ill to leave your lodgings at Cheshunt.'

'My lodgings at Cheshunt!' echoed the mystified girl.

'Yes. Upon my word, there is some strange mystery here. Come with me; we will seek Mr Marshall at once.'

During that brief dialogue, a dreadful suspicion was flashing through my brain; and with a look and gesture, supplicatory of silence, to Julia Curtis, I hurried away to Fenchurch Street. The crossings and crowds hindered me; but at length I burst, panting and breathless, into the office. Mr Marshall was still there, and standing with his back to the fire.

'What has happened?' he exclaimed, before I could speak.

'I do not know. Mr Willesden has met with Julia Curtis: they will be here immediately.'

He started as if shot, and grasped the mantel-piece for support.

'Here they are,' I wildly exclaimed, and rushed out into the warehouse to meet and whisper a warning-word to the young woman, who, I felt, would not, for the world's wealth, betray her father knowingly.

I snatched her away, as it were, from Mr Willesden's arm, and in a few brief sentences intimated the purport of my fears and suspicions. She replied by an assuring pressure of her hand. 'He is saved,' I mentally ejaculated; and looking up at the moment, I saw Mr Marshall's white face at the office-window, looking into the warehouse—a ghastly face, and instantly withdrawn.

I hastened forward with Julia Curtis, preceding Mr Willesden, and exclaiming aloud: 'All right—all right! Mr Marshall, Miss Curtis presents her respects to you.'

Mr Marshall was standing with his hands resting upon a table in front of him, in a rigid, upright posture, and a mocking expression seemed to glitter in his eyes, and play about his lips. He spoke not—moved not, nor did either of us for a few moments; and then Julia Curtis sprang towards him, screaming 'Father!—dear father!' The unfortunate man feebly strove to remove her clasping arms, murmured something—Ellen, I thought—his wife's name—and fell forward on the table.

Help, swiftly as it came, arrived too late; John Marshall was dead!

I have but a few words to add. Mr Marshall had received the cheque for and on behalf of Julia Curtis, whose name was signed to the receipt which he had given to Mr Willesden. The money was part of what she was entitled to under the will of Robert Curtis, deceased; and Mr Marshall had represented that, at that particular moment, such a sum would be of great service to her. He, of course, believed that Julia Curtis was drowned, and must, I think, have intended to return Mr Willesden the money at some future period. Possibly, however, in the harassed and confused state of his mind, he only knew that such a sum would for the time save him.

His secret was faithfully kept; the three *red* acceptances were quietly obtained and destroyed, and the business was disposed of much more advantageously than I expected. One word more: the coroner's inquest, guided by the confident dictum of the medical gentleman who attended Mr Marshall for the four or five weeks previous to his decease, that he had died of disease of the heart, did not think a *post-mortem* examination of the body was required, and returned a verdict of Natural Death. My own conviction does not harmonise with that verdict.

A GLANCE AT AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

Turning over some old documents the other day, we stumbled accidentally on *The Westminster Journal and London Political Miscellany* of Saturday, June 28, 1794. This is not a great while ago; but the difference between that newspaper and those of the present day is quite as great as the difference between the manners of the time of Scott and those he describes in *Waverley* as existing 'sixty years since.'

The gazette in question has an old-world look; the coarse paper is yellow with age; the typography, bad as the worst specimens of 'Vaterland.' In size, one page of the *Times* folded in two, or just one-eighth of that leviathan journal, would be more than its equivalent; while, if we take into consideration the difference between number of columns, type, and breadth of margin, its precise *matter* would shrink into one-sixteenth of the same.

But there are wider differences than those of mere form and size. To contrast the two journals, is to contrast a piece of feeble and clumsy mechanism with a living power instinct with the energy and intelligence of a whole people. The 'leaders' of to-day are among the most polished and perfect compositions of the age; their brilliant condensation rendering them fit studies for the literary aspirant, while their moral influence is beyond calculation. Not only does their powerful and untiring voice take up an army's or a nation's cause, battling against oppression, or incompetence almost as fatal, but what lesser woes have been redressed, what secret sores healed, what domestic reforms set on foot, which do not owe more or less to the advocacy of the public papers? Nothing of that kind have we here. Paris was sick with massacre, aggravated in its details by a loathsome ingenuity of

Digitized by Google

torture, but our journal records such facts with the cold precision of a circular. Political intrigue and tergiversation were rife in council and palace, but no statesman hesitated under the scratch of the reporter's pen, and the consciousness that to-morrow's leader would tear off his poor disguise, and shew the nation he would mislead, not what he professed to be, but what he was. Almost next in power to the leading articles have become very lately the sagacious letters of those private correspondents who live in the world outside the press and public life, and who keep a keen eye for the flaws of society and the shortcomings of the executive. It almost oppresses a benevolent mind to think what an enormous amount of gratuitous government and honorary instruction must in former times have gone unrevealed to the grave? Why, every man now-a-days has his 'view' for reforming public evils, whether gigantic or minute; and are we to suppose our grandfathers were denied such inspirations, or that the human mind had not then as now the same impulse towards reforming everything but itself?

But to return to what our gazette is. There is the charm of modest illustration at least about it. Fame blows her prescriptive trumpet in one corner, while a frigate, with all sails set, swells supreme in the other. This frigate has a full significance, we shall see, for the gazette of Saturday, June 28, is brimful of momentous news. The eyes of the whole nation were strained after our fleets, which were then in the outset of that triumphant career which had its climax at Trafalgar. A week before, a *London Gazette* extraordinary had published two dispatches—one from the Duke of York, announcing the defeat of the French army near Charleroi, by the hereditary Prince of Orange, with the loss on the enemy's side of seven thousand men, twenty-two cannon, and a huge amount of baggage; and another still more important, proclaiming the glorious defeat of the French fleet off Brest, by Lord Howe. Public feeling was at its highest pitch just then; all the indignation and antipathy excited in our own days against Russia, was weak in comparison with the then hatred of France. Religion and morality fanned the flame: England was waging a holy war against a country of atheists and assassins. Therefore, when the news of these great victories reached London—announced many hours before the appearance of the *Gazette* extraordinary by the lord-mayor from the steps of the Mansion House, and by smiling managers to their crowded play-houses—London exulted with a fervour to which the sombre triumph of a righteous vengeance added intensity. Very meagre, however, had the details been, and the office of the next week's *Westminster Journal* was crowded at an early hour with purchasers, eager for the supplement of the more courtly contemporary. They must, however, one would think, have been disappointed in their expectations; for our gazette, as regards news of the war, only repeats last week's *London Gazette*, as the first edition of this morning's *Times* repeats the second edition of yesterday. We have Lord Howe's lengthy, and, to ourselves, somewhat vague and indistinct account of his victory; but when we consider how painfully confused would have been our own conceptions of the late campaign, if we had had nothing to inform us but the dispatches of our generals, we are disposed to revoke our judgment, and look more respectfully upon his lordship's recital. It would not be very interesting to repeat here how the *Queen Caroline* manœuvred, or even to give the names of those officers who distinguished themselves with that dauntless English gallantry so recently proved anew; we will leave the country, therefore, exulting over a victory still proudly remembered, and dismiss the subject with a short extract from Lord Howe's acknowledgement of the vote of thanks accorded him by the House of Lords, which shews to pleasant advantage the generous heart of the gallant admiral:

'The merit I would assume on this occasion consists in my good-fortune, inasmuch as I held the chief command when so many resolute principal and subordinate officers, as well as brave men serving under their orders, were employed at that time in the fleet; and I must add, if there is cause to triumph in the late defeat of the enemy at sea, it is truly the triumph of the British sailors, whose animated and persevering courage has in no instance, I believe, ever been exceeded. I shall therefore have a great increase of happiness in obeying the commands of the House of Lords, by communicating to those several descriptions of persons the sense their lordships have deigned to express of their good-conduct.'

The foreign intelligence is scattered up and down our gazette without system, apparently just as it dropped into the office. From one paragraph, we make a notable observation; namely, that Russia, during the late war, by no means initiated that mendacious system of reports and dispatches in which the fact stated was the converse of the truth. In reference to Lord Howe's victory, Barrère informed the Convention: 'Notwithstanding the great inferiority of the French fleet, it attacked the English, and obliged them to abandon the empire of the sea after a desperate and bloody action, with ten of their ships dismasted, and one, it was supposed, sunk; and had it not been for treachery and cowardice, those ten dismasted ships must have been taken.' Barrère concluded his report by announcing the intention on the part of the Republic to invade England, which said threat lasted as a nursery-bugbear till the year 1815.

We might quote sundry sickening details from the Paris news of the week, but it is not worth while. A month later, and the monstrous rule of Robespierre and his friends had terminated in their bloody deaths, and France began to breathe again under a milder tyranny.

The news of the House of Commons is discussed in a very few lines, for the days of speech-improving reporters as yet were not: but the details are curious. We find Mr Sheridan, on Friday the 20th of June, moving 'that the City of London Militia Bill be adjourned till Monday, in order that the citizens may have time to consider of the sacrifice they are making;' no doubt calculating on the Sunday's leisure for political computations. The motion, however, was opposed, and the bill passed.

Mr Pitt rises to propose 'that the thanks of the House be given to the managers of the trial of Mr Hastings.' Thereupon followed a sharp discussion, during which Mr Sumner spoke against Mr Burke's conduct in the course of the trial; but the House divided, and the ayes carried the motion by 50 to 29. The Speaker, then, in a very excellent speech, delivered in a solemn and dignified manner, treated of the privilege of impeachment by the House of Commons, and the exercise lately made of it; and conveyed to the managers the thanks of the House of Commons. Mr Pitt compliments this speech highly, and moves that the Speaker be requested to order it to be printed, which is agreed to. Mr Burke then rises on behalf of himself and the other managers, and expresses their sense of the honour conferred upon them. The sitting closes with some altercation between Messrs Dundas, Sheridan, and Fox, as to whether the thanks of the House should be given or not to Lord Hood 'for his able and gallant

Digitized by Google

services in the reduction of Bastia.' Mr Dundas, however, succeeds in carrying the motion, and the House adjourned. To-day's journals would revive the altercation word for word, so that the sun should never be allowed to go down upon political wrath; and one does not know whether we need congratulate ourselves upon our parliamentary intelligence being so much more full and precise than that of our grandfathers.

The formula of the *Court Circular* appears not to have been instituted in the days of our Journal. The following paragraph, which we should welcome as quite exciting amidst the frivolous details of royal drives and infantile airings which are now on record for our daily delectation, is thrown in amidst a heap of plebeian notices:

'Monday, Ascot Heath races commenced, at which their majesties and the princesses were present. Three of the princesses in a coach, attended by Lady Elgin, had an alarm in consequence of the leading horses of the carriage taking fright at the beating of a drum. The postillion so managed the wheel-pair, that the princesses and her ladyship were fortunately enabled to leap from the carriage without injury.'

The paragraph which immediately follows the above records the disastrous voyage of the *Aurora*, Captain Briscoe, from our shores to New York. It occupied a period of fourteen weeks and four days! What say we to that, we who enjoy runs across the Atlantic in ten days? We extract the following specimens of the fashionable life of that period, which will serve amusingly to remind us of the difference between now and then:

'Saturday night, Lord Mulgrave was attacked in his post-chaise by three footpads, in passing over Putney Common. The noble lord would not be robbed, and the ruffians instantly fired into the carriage. One of the lamps was struck off by a shot; a ball went through the back of the chaise close to his lordship's head; Lord Mulgrave fired two pistols, and one of the men dropped, but recovered and made off, and was ultimately followed by his companions. Eight shots in all were fired.'

On the same day we are informed: 'The Lord Chancellor committed Wm. Stackpole, Esq., to the Fleet for having made a matrimonial jaunt to Gretna Green with Miss Blackett, a ward of the Court of Chancery. Mr Williams conducted the bridegroom to his apartments, and the lady took up her abode at the Belle Savage Inn, Ludgate Hill.' An inherent spite against the court in question inclines us to hope that the young couple—for, of course, they were young—came prosperously and speedily together again.

With one more ludicrous incident we shall conclude our quotations for the present: 'Thursday morning, a duel was fought in the Phœnix Park between Mr Whaley and a Mr Burke, of the county of Galway, in which each of them fired a pistol without any effect. The quarrel arose at Daly's, from the former asking the latter, who, he thought, stared at him: "Did he learn such manners in his travels?" The other replied: "He did; yet he had not been at Jerusalem." This brought on abusive language—Mr Whaley evidently appreciating keenly the severity of the satire which seems so inane to our dull wit—which was followed by a blow from Mr Burke, when a challenge ensued. On the ground, both gentlemen behaved with great resolution. They stood at twelve paces distance, and both fired together. Mr Burke fired his pistol in the air, and they were afterwards reconciled to each other.'

Upon the whole, there is some amusement, and even interest, to be found in an old newspaper. It is a landmark of time which enables even the least intelligent to form an idea of the progress the world is making; and, in the present case, we lay down the *Westminster Journal* with a feeling that, upon the whole, some considerable improvement has been made since sixty years ago.

BABY JUNIOR.*

EXACTLY nine weeks ago, come midnight, I first opened my infant eyes for the study of mundane matters. I was thrust into the world in obedience to chance, and in something of a hurry. My first survey of surrounding objects made me a firm believer in a fortuitous concourse of circumstances, if not of atoms. My education in belles-lettres has been rapid—owing its progress, on the one hand, to an intellectual cerebral development, inherited from my progenitors; on the other, to the fact of my paternal relative being a studious man, and very fond of reading *à haute voix*. Frequently, when I have been thought snugly reposing in my rather circumscribed sleeping-apartment, with the curtain drawn before me—for which I am very grateful, as the flies *do* bother one, and I have not yet had time enough to become fond of entomological pursuits—I have in reality been listening to the sense and pronunciation of what papa was reading for the benefit of a lady I very much respect, and who, by vulgar people, might be written down 'his rib.' I don't like those people. They might have the impudence to term me a costal cartilage, as my skeleton has not yet undergone ossification, and I should deem that a considerable insult, and make a point of screaming whenever they came near enough to be disagreeable.

I have yet to tell you that I am the second arrival so unjustly complained of some time ago for having supplanted my brother—a young gentleman who is now a little more than a year old, and who considers himself what Mrs Malaprop would term 'a progeny of learning.' I beg to assure him that the pleasures he enjoyed when in my position, and which he has since lost, have not been found by me. I am rather surprised and exceedingly indignant at his abominably rude remarks upon the different features of my physique, which, remembering what's due to my sex, even you will admit are not those of a gentleman accustomed to good society, and properly inducted in the *Hints on Etiquette*. I dare say he did not think they would ever be sounded upon my tympanum; but they have. Pa read them to Ma one evening, and I listened, while digesting tops and bottoms as solid aliment, and a draught from the milky-way as fluid—I wish Ma would not eat pickles—and the double evil those remarks occasioned me was indignation and dyspepsy. I hope to be able to indulge in colloquial conversation presently; but as it may be some months before I have learned that accomplishment, I think it the better plan to repudiate the ungallant remarks of my ungentlemanly brother, since to allow them to pass without comment would amount to a tacit acknowledgment of their truth, and they *are* false. Man is said to be an imitative animal, but I never heard that said of a woman. I suppose she must be a *sui generis* production. *I* find it particularly difficult to imitate sounds. I've been experimenting for some time, but can't yet control my *chorda vocalis*. I try the gamut, do, re, me, &c.; but, my ears not having learned to govern my voice, I am startled by a grunt, a hiss, a scrape—anything but a note or word; and then, to satisfy myself, I am obliged to scream, just to bring me the consoling conviction that I *can* scream in different keys, if I can't accent a word or pronounce a letter. Thus, you see, I am obliged to send you a caligram, because I am unable to talk. My brother, with the wisdom of 364 days, and the vanity of his whole life, has stigmatised

* See *The Old Baby*, article in *Journal*, No. 222.

Digitized by Google

my nose as a *blob*—I wonder where he got the word from; I'm sure it's a nasty provincialism—but if you could see it, you would not, perhaps, call it a Roman, nor a Grecian, nor a *nez retroussé*, nor a parrot, nor a bottle, nor a club, nor an aquiline, nor a pug, nor a poke-your-nose-into-everybody's-business; but I'm sure you would say it was the prettiest little thing for a nose you ever saw. He says my eyes are fixed like a wax-doll's; but it is not because they are not capable of turning to different objects, but because I am teaching my optic nerves to become stereoscopic, so that I may see the surrounding objects as solid bodies. When I first began to look about me, I could not distinguish a chair from a table; but experience has taught me that, to see a solid body, my eyes must point to different angles—in fact, the optic nerves must be taught divergence. My brother will probably hear this read; and I wish him to know that I *am* considered a much more genteel baby than himself. He tries to run, but fails in the attempt, because he is built in a certain portion of his earthly tabernacle more like a female Hottentot than a British baby; and where his knees ought to be, you can discover nothing but a hollow surrounded by a bulge of fat, as if he had gartered below knee, and all the hydrocarbon aliment had stopped above the cincture. I don't believe he knows where his legs are, for I often see him, in his attempts to stand, place his feet where, if he possessed the least knowledge of mathematics, he would know they could not act as props.

I suspect it's the gravy makes him look like a lump of animated fat. His cheeks!—*I* never saw such bags of pinguidity. If he don't improve, I shall be obliged to decline his acquaintance; I verily believe they'll presently close up his mouth altogether. And then his nose!—oh, if you *could* but see his nose! It looks to me just like a ginger-beer cork, and his mouth the bottle; and when he opens his *bouche*, you'd think the nose entertained a desperate idea of flying bang-off upwards. I was about forgetting these words of Mirabeau, which may perhaps be of some good to him: 'Un homme excessivement gros, que Dieu ne l'avait créé que pour montrer jusqu'à quel point la peau humaine pouvait s'étendre sans rompre.'

I've seen 'the old baby' eyeing me very suspiciously for some time, but I was not aware of the gross insult he intended to offer me in this *Journal*. I did not think he was anatomising my corporeal architecture only to publish a description so abominable. It was only yesterday that a lady called and found me, as she thought, sleeping; but I was listening, because, as Ma was not in the room, I thought she might say something to her companion that would wound my vanity, but repay me for that infliction by giving me a vigorous idea of what she *really* thought of me; but she said nothing discreditable of me—*au contraire*, she complimented me by repeating these beautiful lines:

> Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
> Whose happy home is on our earth?
> Does human blood with life imbue
> Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
> That stray along thy forehead fair,
> Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
> Oh, can that light and airy breath
> Steal from a being doomed to death?
> Those features to the grave be sent
> In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
> Or art thou what thy form would seem,
> The phantom of a blessed dream?

I am sure *that* lady is a woman of strong mind, cultivated taste, and expansive intellect. I know she always speaks the truth—at least, during the whole extent of my life, which has now reached sixty-three days, I have never found her false, and society obliges us to believe in the honesty of all whom we have not discovered to be untrue. To be sure, she told my nurse as she was going away, that I appeared to have a very strong knack at sleeping, and did not appear much inclined for conversation. I'll just tell you why I did not. She comes to make a morning-call, as she used to do when 'the old baby' was the pet of the family; and she talks to me as she used to talk to him in such stupid English, that I wonder he liked it; but he is a boy, and boys are *always* pleased if girls will but condescend to converse with them, no matter about what nonsense—the greater the better. *I* don't like it, and so I was silent when the lady-visitor looked at me, and said: 'Did 'em wong it, pooty 'ittle ting?' just because I happened to make a wry face when a pin, used to prevent a solution of continuity in my *vade-mecums*, had mistaken its office, and was damaging my cuticle. 'Will 'm go walks?'—I hate walking, so I screamed judiciously. 'Will 'm 'ave dood-dood?'—a nasty red compound, probably coloured with sulphuret of mercury, and strong enough to induce ptyalism, and I'm sufficiently generous with saliva already—'Has 'm got tooty pegs,' &c., &c., *ad nauseam*. Now, I ask you if I did not do quite right in screaming like a juvenile porker in reply to such wretched English, entertaining as I do, as much respect for Lindley Murray as for tops and bottoms.

I do believe—and I have arrived at the conclusion after great thought and mature consideration—that many children grow short-tongued because they are obliged to listen to such atrocious rubbish. Parents and others should not excuse themselves with the trite remark, that they are reducing their language to the capacity of baby-intellect, because *I* can understand good English infinitely better than such abominable gibberish. When my impudent brother wrote to you I was a month old, and, as he says, very red, I *was* in a state of general blush; but isn't it true that when babies *are* very red during the first weeks of babydom, it's because they have a very thin cuticle, so that the blood is seen through it? And are not those children in after-life the possessors of the fairest skins? I'm sure if my brother were to read Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, he would find it so; and Goldsmith did know something about most matters, although I am sorry to say he never had a baby. My brother also accuses me of wearing his cast-off clothes. I'm sorry to say I do, and I'm often dreadfully indignant about it; it wounds my *amour propre*; and when they *will* put them on me, I generally indulge in a bilious attack, and injure them to the best of my ability. I think he has escaped a great many sorrows; among other things, he is not exhibited, as I am. Just as I'm about going to sleep, I hear a treble knock, or an authoritative ring, and immediately I have a horrible vision of rough towels, nasty soap, ill-tempered nurse-maids, and all the minor unpleasantries attending a hasty toilet. I'm carried into the drawing-room. If the visitor happen to be a lady, she will probably take me in her arms, and say several little things about my *tout ensemble*, which are rather complimentary. If the visitor be a gentleman, he takes me, too, but *so* cautiously, and gets rid of me as soon as possible, but not without kissing me, though he looks all the time he is doing it as if I'd asked for a sixteen-penny income-tax, or as if he had a disagreeable vision of cold meat for dinner without the benefit of pickles. I have been giving certain portions of my anatomy, which choose to indulge in involuntary movements, some very strict lessons, and I find them improving, though not so well as I could wish. You see, we've so many things to learn when first introduced to the pomps and vanities of the world, that it requires an extremely intelligent child to be continually studying its relative

Digitized by Google

position to men and things, or it's sure to commit itself, just as grown-up babies often do when ignorant of the rules of etiquette. I should just like to tell Mrs Slyboots before I finish, that I entertain a very low opinion of *her*. She called the other day, and professed herself overjoyed to see me. She took me in her arms, and began kissing me—I hate being kissed by a woman. Ma went out for a minute, when she took the opportunity of saying: 'You nasty ugly little brat, I wish you were in the bull-rushes, like Moses, for you have torn and ruined my best bonnet-strings!' Ma came in, and she said: 'What a dear child!—how intelligent! [There she was right.] What lovely eyes! Oh, how I envy you such a darling!' Now, I consider such conduct extremely rude; but it all comes of the vanity of mothers who *will* make puppet-shows of their children, and expect everybody to look upon them with the same partiality and through the same spectacles—I ought not to have said that, because Ma only puts them on when she is alone—as mothers always do.

In conclusion, let me tell you, that if the Old Baby dares to write to you again after he has heard this, I'll have a bilious attack, and smother him—I *will*.

BY DĀK.

Now that the last smouldering embers of the sepoy revolt are in a fair way of being finally extinguished, we may indulge in speculations concerning the future destiny of India, with some hope of our anticipations being eventually realised; and what bright visions of social improvement and commercial prosperity rise up before us, if we attempt to picture the amount of progress that will have been attained in our eastern empire by the end of the present century only. According to my own idea, a fancy-sketch of India—in the year 1900—slightly tinted, perhaps, with *couleur de rose* by hope and good wishes, should include, amongst others, the following 'effects:' Grand trunk-railways and telegraphic wires connecting all the principal towns, with junctions and branches in every direction; excursion-trains running once a week from Calcutta to Cashmere; a complete system of irrigation throughout the country; jungles reclaimed, deserts cultivated, swamps drained, malaria banished, fever at a discount, and cholera unknown; native prejudices conquered, wholesome laws relating to the tenure of land enacted, and European immigration encouraged; Havanna eclipsed in the article of tobacco; John Chinaman's nose triumphantly dislocated in the matter of tea; long lines of trucks heavily laden with cotton, better and cheaper than the American produce, whirled day and night, by powerful engines, to the various seaports; and magnificent steamers, compared with which the *Great Eastern* is, in size, a cock-boat, in pace a snail, ready to convey it in billions of tons to England, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. These are only a few of the most prominent features in the sketch—I leave the reader to work in the details as it may please himself. If he think I have made rather too much progress in forty years, he can also tone down and throw in dark shades according to his fancy—I prefer looking at the bright side of the picture.

It does not, however, require the assistance of a very fertile imagination to foresee, that in a few years railways will have effected as complete a revolution in India as they have already done in England, and that a palanquin will be as great a curiosity in the one country as a stage-coach is in the other. Impressed with this conviction, and from a benevolent wish to afford future historians correct information concerning the means of locomotion enjoyed by Anglo-Indians of the present benighted period, it is my intention to devote this paper to a detailed account of the construction, use, advantages, and disadvantages of the receptacle generally adopted throughout Hindostan as a travelling conveyance—namely, a palkee.

But before I enter upon the proposed treatment of a palkee in an anatomical, practical, and social point of view, let me devote a few lines to its pronunciation. Indian words invariably experience such shocking maltreatment at the hands, or rather the tongues, of English readers, that my doing so is by no means unnecessary. The capital of Afghanistan, for instance, instead of being pronounced Cawble, as if rhyming to bauble, is converted by the free and independent articulation of a Briton into Ca-bool, with its ultimate syllable sonorously corresponding with 'fool.' In the same tyrannical way, Gwalior, which should be delivered *ore rotundo*, and as broadly as possible, *Gwor*lior, is violently twisted into a rhyme for dahlia. And those strong and athletic warriors who helped us to capture Delhi the other day, instead of being spoken of as Seeks, are vocally represented as a nation of invalids, by their name having been Anglicised into Sicks. It must be confessed, however, that the natives of India make an infinitely worse hash of Anglo-Saxon than we do of Hindostanee. The expressive syllables of that which we are wont to consider our beautiful language, appear to be totally unmanageable by their Asiatic organs of pronunciation. In the barbarous phraseology of a Bengal khidmutgar, the savoury and stimulating compound known amongst us as mulligatawney is corrupted into mooltawnee; the ridiculous contraction of mumlet does service both for marmalade and omelet; and champagne, by some mysterious internal convulsion, is reproduced as simkin. English patronymics are mutilated in even a more horrible manner. The name of Abercrombie is converted by an extraordinary process into Bickram; the nearest articulate approach to Vicars a native is capable of is Baker; and a gentleman rejoicing in the rather euphonious appellation of Brackenbury, is promiscuously addressed as Blacking, bury Sahib, Blackberry Sahib, and sometimes, by a kind of phonetic somersault, as Berry Black Sahib.

In order, therefore, to guard the subject of this article against like ill-treatment, I hereby warn all whom it may concern, that its first syllable is not pronounced as if it were similar in sound to the word made use of in Mr Ainsworth's celebrated song, wherein Blueskin encourages his professional comrades to 'fake away,' but rather as if it resembled the familiar abbreviation of Mary—thus pol-kee. I may also say *en passant*, that 'hawk' would be an appropriate rhyme for the Hindostanee word which stands at the head of this article, and that the phrase 'by dāk' is synonymous with the English term by post. Having thus taken due precaution that the palkee shall not be mutilated in its pronunciation, I can, with a clear conscience, proceed with my dissertation.

In the first place, what is a palkee? A palkee, or palanquin, is a wooden box without any lid, in which the Indian servants of her Majesty are forwarded from one part of her eastern dominions to another, at their own expense. The average dimensions of this human packing-case internally, are about six feet long, three feet broad, and three feet deep. It is usually painted black, and its appearance generally is unpleasantly suggestive of an undertaker's shop. The interior is provided with a tiny mattress and pillows, and is fitted with miniature shelves for the stowage of bread, tea, soda-water, books, cheroots, and other little matters wherewith the package may refresh both its mind and body. Entrance is obtained by means of diminutive sliding-panels at the sides, and it—the box—is carried by the aid of poles that project from each

Digitized by Google

end, and rest on the bare shoulders of mahogany-coloured individuals called coolies. These brown and bony gentlemen constitute a regularly organised Indian Parcels Delivery Company, who transport its coat-and-trousered packages over hundreds of miles of waste and jungle with as much safety, though not quite as much dispatch, as a similar association rattles its brown papered parcels, in blue carts, through the streets of London. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule; for though coolies to a certain extent recognise the propriety of treating anything committed to their charge 'with care,' rare instances will occur when their living parcels can neither be 'kept dry,' nor with any particular 'side uppermost.' In wading through a river, with the palkee on their heads, any derangement of the equilibrium caused by an unexpected hole will result in a general ducking; and if, in a desolate part of the country, the terrible but generally false alarm of 'Tiger' be raised, down drops the palkee, and away go the coolies, totally indifferent, in their panic, whether its unfortunate tenant be standing on his head or his heels.

The etymology of the word cooly must be so palpable to the meanest capacity, that it is almost unnecessary for me to explain its allusion to the fact of the palkee-bearer's toilet being so peculiarly adapted to the climate in which he lives. His costume may be said to be quite classical in its simplicity, consisting as it does of a single garment; and though European prejudice may object to nature so much unadorned, there can be no doubt that such a style of dress, or rather undress, must be extremely cool and pleasant in sultry weather.

It is a fortunate arrangement for the cooly that a tropical atmosphere does not render necessary a more elaborate or comprehensive wardrobe. He is generally a married man, and to keep a wife and half-a-dozen little coolies on threepence a day, is one of the ordinary conditions of his existence. This feat, which to a beef-eating Englishman appears to be the nearest attainable approach to living on nothing, is not, however, difficult of execution in India. Luckily for himself, the cooly has few wants, and is both a vegetarian and a teetotaller. His clothes, as we have seen, are hardly worth mentioning; his washing, which is also nothing to speak of, is done at home—that is to say, he does it himself at the first pond or well he comes to—his lodging, both by choice and necessity, is invariably on the cold ground; his drink, on the same principle, is pure water; and as for his board, a half-penny judiciously expended in farinaceous food, such as the Revalenta Arabica, provides sufficient to satisfy the most voracious appetite. This is the catalogue of his wants; he has one luxury—tobacco! Hear it, ye writers in the *Lancet*, and mourn over the depravity of human nature, the cooly is a confirmed smoker. Give him the necessaries I have enumerated above, with an occasional pull at a cocoa-nut hubble-bubble, and he is a happy man, and passing rich on something under five pounds a year.

It is impossible to imagine a less dignified proceeding than that of getting into a palkee. The ridiculous evolutions necessary to effect a lodgment in a hammock form a mere trifle in comparison. In the one, you have at all events plenty of sea-room, so to speak, and the free use of all your limbs; in the other, the entrance is so circumscribed that the body can only be got in, as it were, by instalments. Much difference of opinion prevails as to the best mode of proceeding under the circumstances. Let no one, however, venture to make the attempt while the palkee is suspended in mid-air, with the poles resting on the coolies' shoulders; for the pendulous vehicle, at the first intimation of his weight, will revolve swiftly on its axis, and the body of the unwary traveller, obeying the inevitable law of gravitation, will fall heavily to the earth. Even when the palkee is resting securely on the ground, to obtain possession of the interior requires no small amount of activity, judgment, and, above all, moral courage. If the intending occupant endeavour to effect his purpose by entering in the manner that appears most natural —namely, headforemost, the absurd position of the rest of his person, especially if he be modelled on Dutch lines, need only be hinted at; and if the proceeding be reversed, and an entry attempted in the way a bear gets into his hole, the loss of personal dignity involved in the operation is perfectly frightful to contemplate. The spectacle of a grave judge or distinguished general backing into his palkee, and then, with his legs doubled up, twisting slowly round like those China figures with globular termini, till he is gradually lost to sight through the tight-fitting aperture, is enough to ruin one's respect for civil and military authority for the rest of one's life.

If an entry can only be obtained piecemeal, an exit must be conducted on the same homœopathic principle. First, a boot appears, then a leg; then another boot, followed by another leg; then a hat, presently a head; and so on, till the whole body has been withdrawn in infinitesimal quantities from the recesses of the palkee. I do not know in what manner the reader can form a better idea of both operations, than by attempting to get into his own chiffonier, and, should he succeed in his undertaking, by getting out again.

But I will imagine the traveller safely packed up in his box and ready to start. I choose a hero instead of a heroine, because travelling-dress in India is so completely *en déshabille*, that I could not think of representing a lady under such circumstances. This remark of mine must not by any means be construed into a reflection upon the fair sex in India, who are just as attentive to their toilet, and in every respect, save an interesting paleness, a slight 'defect of the rose,' as Tennyson says, just as charming as their blooming sisters and cousins in England. But an inflated dress and horticultural bonnet that would be appropriate enough, as times go, if their fair owner were merely journeying in a first-class carriage from London to Brighton, on some beautiful day in September, would be evidently out of place if the vehicle were a palkee, the thermometer at a hundred, and she had to travel twelve or fourteen hours every day for a fortnight, *en route* from Meerut to Peshawur. In that case, like a sensible woman, she would no doubt sacrifice appearance to comfort, but at the same time she would not select that particular occasion to have her portrait painted. In deference to this laudable feeling on her part, I choose a less interesting traveller, and shall accompany him a short distance on his journey by dâk.

A June sun is just setting, and every one else but the unfortunate victim in the palkee is turning out for a ride or drive on the course. He, the victim, is extended helplessly on his back, already in a mild fever at the bare anticipation of the misery in store for him. His dress consists of a shirt, open at the neck, and loose Turkish trousers made of the thinnest Delhi silk. Slippers and a Cashmere smoking-cap complete a costume, which, limited though it be, makes him uncomfortably hot, and could, if possible, be conveniently dispensed with. I am supposing that a general order, a medical certificate, or some other equally dire necessity, compels him to travel in the hot season. He may be—to choose the most ordinary contingencies—a member of a court-martial appointed to assemble in some station a couple of hundred miles distant; or supposing the occurrence to have happened before the mutinies, he may have been suddenly ordered to give up a staff appointment,

Digitized by Google

and join his regiment at the other end of India, because the sepoys of that gallant corps had objected on religious grounds to the cobbler's wax used in the manufacture of their pouches; or, perhaps—than which nothing would be more likely—he may be on his way to the hills, or to England, as the only means of saving his life.

In waiting, dressed *à la cooly*, and ready, in parliamentary phrase, to advance him a stage, are ten calfless bipeds, whose legs are like walking-sticks, and whose bodies are lean and lank, and brown as is the ribbed sea-sand, indeed a good deal browner. Eight of these are bearers, *par excellence*, whose name indicates their employment, and whose duties may be compared to those of our English post-horses. Of the remaining two, one is a *musálches*, whose office is to run alongside the palkee with a torch so abominably scented, that asafetida becomes an agreeable perfume in comparison; and the other is a *bangy-wallah*, who carries a couple of tin portmanteaus, called *petarrahs*, slung at the ends of a split bamboo, and balanced on his shoulder like a pair of scales. At the word *chello* from the parcel, four of the bearers raise the palkee to their shoulders, and start off with it at a kind of run, grunting all the time like so many pigs, supposing four of those sagacious quadrupeds could be persuaded to utter their nasal ejaculations, one at a time, and at regular intervals. The remainder of the party, chattering like parrots, and making audible and perfectly candid remarks touching the weight and personal appearance of the passenger inside, keep up with the palkee at a fast walk. Every hundred yards or so, the four actually in harness make a slight halt to change shoulders; and at the end of about a quarter of a mile, they are relieved by the other four.

In the meantime, let us look inside the box. The recumbent martyr is smoking a cheroot, and trying to read. It is the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; for the exasperating motion of the palkee causes such an incomprehensible jumble of letters, that he is obliged to throw down his book and devote himself entirely to smoke and meditation. It is well known that every kind of locomotion subjects the traveller to more or less personal inconvenience. He cannot enjoy a trot on the back of a camel, without experiencing a sensation next day as if the camel had been trotting on him. The vibration and other marine evolutions of a steam-boat in rough weather are sometimes followed by unpleasant consequences. The jolting of a hackney-cab with a broken spring, over an unfinished road in a London suburb, is calculated to ruffle the temper even of a bishop. Each of these, I admit, is provoking in a greater or less degree; but there can be no doubt that the maximum of locomotive aggravation is produced by the everlasting jog, jog of an Indian palkee on a melting night in the hot season. Both mind and body get worked up into a state of awful fermentation. The wretched sufferer is shaken not only into a fever, but into a passion; and tepid soda-water or punching a cooly's head is, unfortunately, the only means of relief within his reach.

Sleep, in her Shakspearian character as nature's soft restorer, never enters a palkee. The traveller may perhaps fret himself into a feverish state of unconsciousness; but even that poor imitation of sleep he is not permitted to enjoy long. It is a custom that would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, giving the coolies, at the end of each stage, a small douceur, just as it was considered *en règle* in the old coaching-times to present the stout individual who handled the ribbons with an indefinite sum, over and above the fare, which was spoken of in a vague, mysterious way as 'something for himself.' In India, this 'something' is a fixed quantity—namely, four annas, and is as regular an item in one's travelling-expenses as the amount paid at the post-office when the dák is 'laid.' Consequently, about every two hours, while the operation of 'changing horses' is going on, a group of dark faces, looking perfectly diabolical in the torch-light, make their appearance at the door of the palkee, and the magic word 'bucksheesh' is pronounced. It is of no use pretending to be deaf or asleep; the coolies know better. It is their practice, when within about half a mile of their halting-place, to raise a prolonged and unearthly yell by way of intimating their approach to the team in waiting. A startling howl is borne back in return, which sounds in the still night-air like an echo of the first. Then commences a conversation, screamed at the top of their voices, on topics of mutual interest, which a man must be a very heavy sleeper, indeed, not to be thoroughly roused by. When, therefore, the usual black-mail is demanded, the traveller is sure to be wide awake; and if he be a sensible man, he will hand out his four annas without more ado. Woe be to him if he refuse! The moving accidents by flood and field that would befall that man might fill a volume. He would be casually dropped into every river that was to be crossed; he would be shaken to pieces; he would not be carried faster than a mile an hour, and, after all, I verily believe, would never get to the end of his journey. He would in all probability be found upset into a nullah or dry ditch, attended by a flock of vultures, waiting with the proverbial politeness of those interesting birds, till he was 'quite ready.' The small amount of the impost demanded only increases the aggravation. To be disturbed five or six times during the night, and asked for four annas each time, is only the addition of insult to injury. Let any one imagine what his own indignation would be, if, while comfortably dozing in the corner of a railway-carriage, the guard were to wake him whenever the train stopped at a station, and demand a fourpenny-bit. Would he not, as a matter of course, despatch a letter to the editor of the *Times* by the very next morning's post?

I will not pain the reader by dwelling on the heat, dust, want of sleep, and other fertile sources of misery inseparable from a journey by dák, but will hasten to put an end to the sufferings of the unhappy traveller by bringing him to the temporary refuge for destitute wayfarers benevolently provided by a paternal government. At about eight o'clock—by which time the rays of the morning sun, beating obliquely on the blistered panels of the palkee, have converted it into a kind of portable Dutch oven—the aching eyes of the wretched occupant toasting inside are gladdened by the sight of the dák bungalow. Taken abstractedly, a thatched building with no architectural adornments, standing alone on a vast and dusty plain, cannot be considered a cheerful object; but to any one who has endured for fourteen mortal hours the 'short uneasy motion' of a palkee, it is nothing less than an earthly paradise; and the corpulent Mussulman in dirty white garments, who is salaaming his welcome in the verandah, appears as a benevolent middle-aged angel in charge. The bungalow, apart from its celestial character, is a caravansary, built for the convenience of travellers, and is supported by their involuntary contributions. The postmaster-general is the *ex-officio* proprietor; and he charges a rupee a day for his hospitality, which consists of the use of a small white-washed room furnished with a table, two chairs, and a bedstead. Here the jaded package, after a bath and breakfast, enjoys the luxuries of shade and quiet till sunset; and here I shall leave him for the present dozing under the punkah, and passively engaged in digesting grilled *moorghee*—in other words, a tough fowl which the

Digitized by Google

stout angel has hunted, caught, killed, plucked, and converted into a spatchcock in the short space of twenty minutes.

It only remains for me to add, that the cost of a journey by dāk may be estimated at the rate of four annas, or sixpence, a mile. This amount is expended entirely in payment of the coolies, and does not include any charge for the palkee, which in most cases is the private property of the occupant. Sixty miles a day is considered good travelling, and a journey thus may occupy a fortnight or three weeks, unless it be continued by day and night, when it is of course proportionately shortened. Such haste, however, often proves the worst speed, as the usual result of spending a few days in a palkee is a severe attack of fever. In the more civilised parts of India, in that part, for instance, which is traversed by the Grand Trunk-road, greater rapidity has been attained by the use of a kind of palanquin placed on wheels, and drawn by a single horse. But this is a modern innovation. The palkee, pure and simple, is the vehicle in general use throughout the country, whether the distance to be travelled be a hundred yards or a thousand miles. At present, there is a railway only in the neighbourhood of the capital of each presidency, but there is no doubt that in a few years an iron net-work will have been extended over India, that coffin-like palkees, lazy coolies, and cheerless dāk bungalows will have been replaced by comfortable carriages, high-pressure locomotives, and bustling stations, and that exiled Anglo-Indians will be able to travel from Bombay to Calcutta by an express train as rapid as the one which now whirls their fortunate brethren at home from London to Edinburgh.

MIASMA.

THERE is in our village a small pond or pit enclosed within a market-garden, and in warm weather exhaling a most offensive effluvium, in which the odour of boiled greens is peculiarly and painfully conspicuous. A suspicion of disease is attached to this effluvium, which is occasioned by the decomposition of stumps and leaves of cabbage, and vegetable refuse in general. Ill effects have been experienced by children when the wind wafted it in the direction of certain cottages; and when the wind changed, these effects were produced in another quarter. It is supposed that when very warm weather comes, this open pit may prove a fruitful source of sickness to swell the already high mortality of our village. Still, no one interferes; for what is everybody's business becomes nobody's, and considerable trouble, and perhaps ill feeling, would accrue to whoever first moved in the matter.

With regard to myself, these effluvia are but a source of interest and an object of research. I consider their effect in a purely physiological point of view. I look upon the children who are exposed to their influence much in the same light as the unfortunate cats, rabbits, and birds upon which, in preference to myself, I try various mephitic compounds produced by an artificial process. I often see things very differently from others. I am a chemist, and am seeking out and studying the terrible and hidden agencies of the angel of pestilence and death. Once or twice has he flapped me with his wing, breathed in my face his fetid breath, and bade me sternly to desist. My limbs shook and my blood sickened; each time I was very ill, and became to myself a source of intense interest. I watched narrowly every symptom; I felt the poison coursing in my veins, and I marked its action. I found that the skin became the great purifier of the blood, and that upon its healthy activity depended the discharge of the cause of disease; and I noted that this poison was again evolved into the air of my room, and required efficient ventilation and the action of a disinfectant for its removal. When I recovered, I grasped my trusty bottle of chlorine solution, and again encountered the Nemesis of putrefactive action.

Un ennemi mort sent toujours bon! observed that amiable monarch, Charles IX. of France. A similar reflection deadens in my case the olfactory susceptibilities, and, like the raven or the rat, I am attracted by any foul or pestiferous exhalation. I like to visit cess-pools and sewers, and to examine drains and foul ditches. People marvel at my pursuit; but there is a grim satisfaction in it that I would not lose. There is ever a fascination in that which is terrible or mysterious; and to humanity, typhus and cholera are like the enigma of the sphinx—to be solved on penalty of death. I am often to be found on the banks of the classic Cloacina, which runs by Vauxhall railway-station; and an open sewer near the Wandsworth Road affords me great satisfaction. Wherever the microscope shews me the *paramecium* and minute *annellidæ*, I know that I am on the track of my enemy. Wherever my lead-paint is blackened, I know that his most dangerous ally is at hand. This is a gas—the same as that evolved from rotten eggs—deadly in itself, pestilential when combined with organic poisons. It is active in the malaria of India and Ceylon, and the Campagna of Rome; it forms the subtile emanations which follow the course of rivers, and it enters into the exhalations from stagnant pools and certain marshes. Reeking from cess-pools, it blanches the cheek and taints the blood of squalid poverty, and may sometimes be found lurking in the houses of the rich. Near to churchyards, it is often a messenger from the dead to the living, and bears its summons faithfully. Sulphuretted hydrogen is its name: its origin in water is generally a salt containing sulphur, this salt being decomposed by putrefactive action. Chlorine instantly destroys the gas, muriatic acid being formed, and sulphur disengaged.

When, in my wanderings, I have come to places where low fevers and other diseases of the same type were prevalent, I have sometimes felt myself possessed of a strange power of good or of evil. A few handfuls of lime, and miasma for a time was conquered; a little of the same earth with the acid of sulphur, and pestilence, with fourfold malignity, might pursue its mission of disease and death.

There is in our village a ditch containing a small amount of a sulphate, and running very close to the pit I have above alluded to. In this ditch the *paramecia* and other infusorial scavengers are very active; for animal matter is present, which must enter into new combinations, and be ultimately devoured by frogs and fishes. The water in it is alkaline, and therefore adapted to animal existence; whereas that of the pond is acid in its reaction, and contains vegetation only. Now, if we add a small quantity of the water of the ditch to a larger quantity of that of the pond, the animalcules are killed; and their remains putrefying in conjunction with vegetable matter, and in contact with the sulphate, evolve at certain temperatures a dangerous poison, productive of epidemic effects.

A similar poison in a fixed and concentrated form is sometimes produced by the fermentation of mixed animal and vegetable substances in articles of food. We have an instance of this in the fermented sausages, of which the effects are so sudden and dangerous. Fish, too, may readily be made to produce another variety of the same class of poisons. These are distinguished for their peculiar action upon the blood; they appear to operate as a ferment generating a large amount of the same poison in the organic fluids.

Digitized by Google

The less constant phenomena of involuntary action are well worthy of our admiration from their evidences of special design. We know very little about them. I do not believe in the explanation which has been given of a sneeze, and I have a theory of my own with respect to a shudder. (*Vide* Physiology of a Shudder—soon to appear.) In ancient days, these were referred to the direct action of an evil spirit; we now know that evil spirits have nothing to do with them, but we know little besides. They are generally referred to the effect of cold upon the nerves. But we have all observed that a fit of sneezing occurs as commonly upon entering a warm room, or coming out suddenly into sunshine, as upon exposure to sudden cold. What we may not all have observed is, that we often shudder when the temperature of the body is suddenly raised, as well as in the contrary case of a loss of caloric. In both instances, too, we experience a sensation of cold. In the former case, I assume that a certain amount or equivalent of heat becomes latent in or combined with the blood; in the latter, that combined heat becomes sensible, but is required for an external deficiency.

The powerful repugnance with which nature inspires us towards the dangerous products of organic decay, is an instinct that it were well for us to follow. As in the case of certain deadly gases, a spasmodic contraction of the glottis preserves us from the inadvertent inhalation of powerful and noxious effluvia. Nature furnishes us with a safeguard in this instance, and in others she speaks strongly, when it is necessary that she should do so. She does not commonly present us with arsenic, corrosive sublimate, or oxalic acid; nor has she given to these poisons an offensive and warning effluvium. But she protests against the burial of the dead among the habitations of the living, against the accumulation of every kind of refuse in cess-pools beneath our houses, and against the pollution of our rivers and streams—things very apt to occur in a community of men. I do not think that her warning has been sufficiently heeded among ourselves: at all events, I never look out for my enemy in vain, among the streets of London.

PROGRESS AT THE ANTIPODES.

The rapidity with which Victoria has become peopled is almost unexampled in the history of any nation, ancient or modern. In 1851, its population was 77,345 persons; in the three years which elapsed between the census of this date and that of 1854, the number of inhabitants had trebled. The returns of the Immigration Office, and the official records of births and deaths, since the date of the last census in 1857, enable us to ascertain that the population had increased to 469,637 at the end of last March. In other words, the increase within seven years has been more than sixfold. The character of the distribution of the people is shewn by the fact, that while prior to the year 1855 there were but two corporate towns in the whole country, Melbourne and Geelong, that number has increased to twenty-one. Immigration, as might be expected, does not swell these numbers so hugely as at the first; in 1852 there being about 94,000 immigrants, and in 1857 not 64,000. Emigration, on the contrary, is beginning to make itself felt slightly in the increasing numbers who have by their industry acquired an independence and a sufficiency of means wherewith to return to their native land. In 1851, only 2962 persons returned to the old world; but in the four years ending December 1857, these amounted to 102,974. There are already five railway lines in Victoria, completed or in active progress. The short line from Melbourne to Hobson's Bay, with its branch-line to St Kilda, is a great success, and returns a dividend of 14 per cent. That from Geelong is available for forty miles; that is to say, to within eight miles of Melbourne. The third line in connection with these two is under the direction of government. Contracts to the extent of more than three millions have been taken for the opening of the line to the northern gold-fields, as far as Castlemaine and Sandhurst, a distance of ninety-four miles. The fifth line, which is another government project, is to connect Geelong and Melbourne with Ballarat, and will extend to upwards of fifty miles. The electric telegraph has pushed its silent way through city and forest and prairie more than seven hundred miles, at a cost, for construction, of about L.100 per mile.

A MIDSUMMER MORNING IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

'Tis early dawn; the twittering swallow sings
Upon the chimney to his brooding hen;
The twilight brightens, and the sun-god's wings
Are flashing red the eastern hills agen.

The town is sleeping; its ten thousand lives
Are silent as the night this summer morn;
Hushed is the battle, where like foeman strives,
For wealth or bread, the hopeful or forlorn.

The sick-room lamps are fading one by one,
Where fever kept its vigil all the night;
O joy! to know the anguished hours are gone,
That rest returns with the returning light.

Forth from the pent-up room, where breath of air
Stirs not, we pass into the silent street,
While the sun's coursers ride on cloudland fair,
Roll up the fog, and drive it at their feet.

The town is sleeping; up the long High Street
No footfall sounds, and the fresh morning breeze
Is smokeless; myriad odours sweet
Come from the meadows, float from out the trees.

And hush! the lark is circling o'er the town,
His gay notes swell in gusts of melody,
A dancing chain, from 'mid-air all adown,
Linking our sense to music of the sky.

Where plum and apple mix the grange within,
Come chirping voices, and the goldfinch's song;
The thrush and black-bird join the joyful din,
And echo all the silent streets along.

Oh, truly nature hath a pleasant voice,
If we but strive to catch her hidden sense;
Though dumb to men, who pall on simple joys,
Who will not listen to her sweet defence.

The clock strikes five—tolls out the loud curfew,
And jackdaws caw response around the spire;
The sunbeams sparkle on the morning-dew,
And the east glows a sea of silver fire.

Into the house again imperious calls
Our daily task; within the narrow room,
To dream of meadows, murmuring water-falls,
And hum of insects where the lime-trees bloom.

Our six days' task will end to-night, the dawn
Will be the Sabbath's—with what grateful joy
We 'll join the choir in heralding its dawn,
Safe from the hum of trade and its annoy.

X.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 250. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

A DISTINGUISHED DINNER-PARTY.

On the 5th of May 1812, a great gala-dinner was announced at the royal court at Dresden in Saxony. The occasion being an extraordinary one, full-dress was ordered for the whole train of the royal household; indeed, a more numerous and eminent assemblage of distinguished guests had never before been invited to unite in the pompous rooms of that antique crazy château, which has accommodated so many a crowned head in bygone centuries.

There was the tall king of Prussia, Frederic-William III., dead now, and buried in his family-vault at Sans Souci, but then a proud and stately gentleman with rigid manners and military airs—though not with military capacities; then the king of Bavaria, a portly lord with black moustaches, a great admirer of the Hero of the age, to whose giant army he had added 40,000 of his humble subjects, none of whom ever saw his native land again; and the king of Würtemberg, a monstrously corpulent sovereign, who never rode on horseback, but who drove in a gig through the ranks of the 15,000 men which he contributed to the army of the modern Alexander. His troops were silent at that time, and did not cry, as usual, 'God save the king!' which is the more to be wondered at, since they saw their lord for the last time on this occasion, every one of them being buried eight months afterwards in the snowy fields of Russia. There was, moreover, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, an important personage too, although his contingent to the conqueror's army amounted only to 6000 men; just as much as his father, of glorious memory, had sold to the British government fifty years before, at so much per head, to be shot dead in the woods of the new world by the American insurgents. Besides these distinguished guests, there were present a dozen or more of petty grand-dukes, dukes and princes, all members of that famous Rhenish Confederation, and most of them enthusiastic hangers-on of the French emperor. They were, however, set below the salt, which served them right. Well, no; there was one amongst them who ought not to have been set below the salt. He was a stout man with a stout heart, on whose high forehead there was written many a painful and bitter thought. He looked grave, even melancholy. If it had but depended upon him, those 300,000 German soldiers who followed the foreign invader into the barren plains of Russia, would have received a far different destination. It was the Grand-duke of Saxe-Weimar, Ernest-Augustus, the most intimate friend of Goethe.

Grand as these personages were, descending from the oldest dynasties of Europe, and surrounded therefore by the nimbus of hereditary power, they were, however, doomed to act but a subordinate role by the side of those adventurous upstarts who formed the more important part of the guests assembled now in the state-rooms of the royal palace, although they had no pedigrees but their swords, no other hereditary land save that of the battle-field.

There was a tall, well-made man, fantastically attired in a green tunic richly embroidered with gold; his left hand was leaning on the hilt of a Turkish sabre which he had brandished in more than forty battles. He had a look of daring in his dark flashing eyes, well becoming to the man that had gained a crown with his curved sword. His mother could have little thought that her poor ragged boy would one day dine from golden dishes by the side of emperors and kings—himself a king—when she used to sell apples and ginger-bread in the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne. This was Murat, king of Naples, brother-in-law of the Emperor, and commander-in-chief of the French cavalry.

Near him, but a little apart from the rest, there stood a modest-looking young man, who took no part in the conversation. On his breast were seen glittering the grand crosses of all the continental orders; but his features were sad, and his large dark eyes bore a melancholy expression. It was the viceroy of Italy, Eugène Beauharnais, son-in-law of the Emperor.

Who was that robust man with bright eyes and noble features, bald and eagle-nosed like Cæsar, in lively conversation with the king of Naples, to whose splendid attire his own plain dress bore a singular contrast? It was Michael Ney, then Duke of Elchingen, and Marshal of France, three years afterwards shot dead, like the other, not in the battle-field, but as a criminal, pierced by a dozen *French* balls.

And yon proud and sulky-looking man, with a lion's head, who scarcely deigned to answer the obliging address of some little German prince, but only nodded to his questions with a wandering mind—who was he? The king of Prussia never once looked at his dark and frowning features, so annoyed was he at his presence; nor was this without reason, for the gloomy man was no other than his fearful antagonist in the dreadful battle of Auerstädt, Davoust, Marshal of France, and Prince of Eckmühl.

There were a dozen more of these chivalrous champions of the sword looking with contempt upon the petty dukes and princes around them, the satellites

Digitized by Google

of their common sun. The tall and erect figure of Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, was prominent amongst them all. The proud warrior was leaning negligently against a marble statue of Achilles, and well were they matched, those two iron-hearted men. Only there was a look of weariness to be observed on the open and martial countenance of the living hero, which made it evident that he did not anticipate much pleasure from the coming campaign; indeed, he was longing for a far different engagement, and thought of his beautiful château in the south of *la belle France*, where he would fain have spent the rest of an eventful life.

By his side, in conversation with Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes, stood a little man with a countenance strikingly full of genius and good-humour. His fine-set lips never opened without uttering a sarcasm, and the more critical the occasion was, the more sparkling became his wit, the source of which seemed to be inexhaustible. His extensive business, whose vast enormity would have crushed any other head, was managed by him amidst a continual shower of sallies that oftentimes elicited roars of laughter from his functionaries, even amidst the very roar of cannons. He was personally attached to the Emperor, whose vast genius, free from all pedantry, quite agreed with his own. The Emperor missed him sorely during that final campaign of 1815, with its fatal day of Waterloo, that was destined to put a stop to all this transient glory. He would most gladly have forgiven the chief of his staff his vacillation and disloyalty, only the little man was too proud to be forgiven. He was pining away the while in a quiet German town; but when he saw that there was no more occupation whatever for his ardent desire for activity, no excitement, no suspense, nobody to laugh at his *bons mots*, he grew tired of the burden of life, and Alexander Berthier, Prince of Neufchâtel and Wagram, Marshal of France, and chief of the general staff of the French army, grounded arms at last by throwing himself out of a window, on a quiet and tedious Sunday morning of the fatal year 1815, in the quiet and tedious town of Bamberg in Germany.

All this brilliant assembly of kings, and dukes, and marshals was waiting upon that pale and dwarfish giant, who boasted of having journeyed all over Europe on horseback amidst the roar of cannons and the rattling of drums. He might have added—and over nearly one million of human bodies, also.

When the doors were thrown open at last, and Napoleon entered, followed by the king of Saxony, the host of these eminent guests, there was not one head that did not bow in low obeisance; not one eye that did not cast an anxious look at this pale face, as profound and as inflexible as fate itself. He nodded but indifferently in acknowledgment to the low reverences rendered to him by his vassals; no flashing up of that fixed eye, no smile of triumph round those firm-set lips: all indifference, or even satiety in that calm and profound countenance. He was already too much accustomed to homage and flattery.

It was the king's birthday. Nine years afterwards, on that same day, his illustrious guest, for whom the world was once not large enough, gave up his ghost in a small rocky island in the Atlantic Ocean; and—strange coincidence of a strange fate—seven years later, on that same 5th of May, Frederic-Augustus, king of Saxony, was called to his last account.

The lord-steward shewed the guests through a long row of state-apartments into the 'white saloon,' where they were received by the master of the ceremonies, who, by means of an infinite number of bows and obeisances, assigned to them their different places at the royal table, according to the strict rules of court-etiquette.

Whoever knows anything about court-fashions in Germany, must be aware that—with the sole exception, perhaps, of the Chinese empire—their practice has nowhere else received so high a development. Indeed, the science of etiquette of which Louis XIV. had laid the solid foundation, has been thriving there ever since, and may be considered now to have attained the highest pitch of perfection. But amongst all the thirty-eight courts of that happy land, there is one that, in this respect, has always gained the precedence over all the rest, that stands unequalled for the strictness, the accuracy, the pedantry with which even the most minute prescriptions of etiquette are unrelentingly observed, and that is declared as the very model of order and regularity in all the various departments of its household. The slightest infringement of the inexorable laws of etiquette is considered there as a crime whereof no absolution can clear the unhappy offender. Charles XII., king of Sweden, had to repent afterwards of his disdain for this same etiquette, when he called one day—a hundred years ago—on Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, attired in a pair of dirty riding-boots, and holding a horsewhip in his hand. He had just beaten the Saxon army in a series of bloody battles; had dictated to the elector the fatal peace of Altranstädt, and was a little pressed for time. Augustus II. would have forgiven him the smaller offence of having crushed 30,000 of his men to atoms, and laid under contribution the whole of his patrimonial dominions; but for his intrusion in a drawing-room with dirty boots and a riding-whip, there was no excuse; and he made haste to conclude his alliance with the Czar Peter of Russia.

When the guests were seated, the numerous officers of the royal household took the different stations, conformable to their rank and the duties attached to it.

The old feudal custom of waiting on the sovereigns was of course carried out only by the lords-in-waiting, members of the first families in the land, who therefore had their post of honour immediately behind the chairs of the royal guests; behind them, in the second file, were drawn up the assistant-chamberlains who had to help the lords-in-waiting; these were again waited upon by the pages of honour, who, in their turn, enjoyed the assistance of a whole army of yeomen, heyducs, equerries, grooms, porters, waiters, and minor court-servants, each of them having his different department assigned to him. The whole attendance was in full gala-dress; the lords-in-waiting wearing all their numerous ribbons and orders; the pages their state-habits, and red velvet shoes with silver buckles; and the rest of the officers of the royal household the rich parade-uniforms prescribed for the occasion. The assistant-master of the ceremonies and the marshal of the ceremonies had nothing to do but to walk up and down and see that all was right.

The dinner was sure to be of the first order; and the big king of Würtemberg had made up his mind to enjoy it hugely. The royal table in Saxony has always had a most excellent repute, and orders had been given by the lord-steward that full honour should be done to the ancient glory of the house of his royal master. The chief-cook, master-cooks, clerks of the kitchen, messengers of the kitchen, yeomen of the kitchen, as well as the other gentlemen of the confectionary and pastry, had been in great agitation for some days, and were now, like the cranks and wheels of a large engine, working to the top of their bent. German princes in general are known to have no aversion to good cheer; and those present were well pleased at the idea of having a couple of quiet hours before them wherein to make their choice of the various luxuries gathered from all the corners of the globe.

Digitized by Google

Poor men! They little thought that they were doomed to suffer a heavy disappointment. But they had in fact been reckoning—not without their host—but without that pale man who was just upon the point to invade the largest empire of the world, and who cared but little about a full-dress dinner.

When the soup had made its appearance, and the plates—passing from hand to hand, after the Asiatic system of caste in full working-order, aided by all the advantages of a superior civilisation—had at last reached the lords-in-waiting, who, with the dignity appropriate to the occasion, placed them respectfully before the monarchs, a waiting-officer of the imperial general staff entered the room, and walking straight up to the Prince of Wagram, the chief of the general staff of that giant army just then on its way of destruction towards the east, whispered a few hasty words into the ear of Marshal Berthier. The little man with the fine-cut features and expressive eyes rose immediately and went out of the room.

The incident, slight as it was, did not escape the notice of the king of Saxony, who looked upon it as being extremely contrary to rule; and his patriarchal countenance at once assumed an expression of ill temper, which he could very ill conceal.

The door was opened again a few minutes afterwards, and the Prince of Wagram re-entered the apartment. His fine and clever face wore its usual expression; but when he moved towards the emperor and laid an open dispatch before him on the table, there was something like mischievous fun twinkling in his bright eyes: he knew his man, and knew therefore what was coming.

What the dispatch contained, nobody ever knew. Something important, of course, at a time when an avalanche of 950,000 men, with more than half a million horses, was rolling towards the east, followed by an immense train that covered all the high roads of Germany.

The emperor laid down his spoon and took up the paper, while the king of Saxony looked very grave.

He had done reading at a glance. On his powerful forehead was gathering a cloud dark and menacing. He threw the dispatch violently upon the table, and in a sharp and piercing voice, accompanied by an impetuous and imperative gesture, cried: 'Le dessert!'

If the great ancestor of the old house of Weddin had risen from the dead, and had walked in amidst that modern assembly, indifferently attired in a bear's skin and armed with a battle-axe, his appearance could scarcely have created a greater perplexity amongst them than that one word uttered by the modern Alexander. With the exception of the Frenchmen, every soul remained for some moments completely thunder-struck. The big king of Würtemberg dropped his spoon, and the king of Saxony looked as if he was expecting the walls and ceilings of his old palace to tumble down with a crash, and bury them all under their ruins, as the natural consequence of such an unprecedented enormity.

The Emperor raised his head and looked around for a moment at those descendants of the oldest dynasties of Europe. All that was lingering within him of the Jacobin—and there was a good deal—became distinctly apparent in the proud flash of his eyes, the scornful curl of his lips. With a haughty toss of the head, and in a savage tone of voice, he repeated once more: 'Le dessert!'

There were no more misgivings now about his imperial majesty's pleasure, and, the master of the ceremonies being unfit for service (he had fainted away), the assistant-master gave at once the necessary orders.

To describe the perfect Babel and pantomimic madness amongst the lords-in-waiting, the assistant-chamberlains, the pages, and the other officers of the royal household above—fully equalled by the Babel and pantomimic madness amongst the master-cooks, clerks, messengers, yeomen, and the other gentlemen of the kitchen below—would be too high a task for any pen or pencil.

They put bread and cheese and some fruits upon the table, and when the Emperor had partaken of these modest refreshments, the king of Saxony rose, and the illustrious guests retired from *dinner*.

THE NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES OF BRITISH STORMS.

FIRST PAPER.

It is fortunate for the holders of most of our public offices that the bulk of the people have no direct personal interest in attending to their proceedings. Everybody's business is nobody's business, and so they escape observation and blame. This is not the case, however, with the poor old clerk of the weather-office, who seldom exercises his official functions without interfering more or less unpleasantly with the health, comfort, or daily avocations of a people highly sensitive of 'skiey influences,' and much given to grumbling at every shift of the seemingly inconstant wind; which chops about to every point of the compass just when it is wanted to be steady, and seldom blows continuously from one quarter except when it comes from the baneful east.

This unreasonable habit of grumbling at the fluctuations of the weather, and of charging our climate with fickleness and irregularity, merely because we are ignorant of the great laws that regulate its changes, seems to have come down to us as a portion of the practical wisdom of our ancestors, who, however wise in other respects, were certainly not weather-wise, but otherwise. The storms that harassed our forefathers were the artillery of witches. The weird-sisters in *Macbeth* are engaged in raising the wind; and a certain 'winsome wench,' whose inauguration into the ancient mystery of witchcraft in Alloway's auld haunted kirk has been celebrated in undying verse, was distinguished in after-life as a malignant disturber of the elements; having been

> Lang after kenned on Carrick shore!
> For mony a beast to dead she shot,
> And perished mony a bonny boat,
> And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
> And kept the country side in fear.

It would be difficult for poets to exaggerate on this subject; for the belief that storms were brewed and directed by witches pervaded all classes from peasant to king. In the year 1589, during the usually unsettled month of September, a storm, or rather a series of storms, swept over Scotland and the northern seas. Most storms are headstrong and rebellious, but this was also disloyal and ungallant in an eminent degree, for it drove back repeatedly the noble Danish fleet which bore to our shores the Princess Anna of Denmark, the affianced bride of the Scottish king, and the future queen of Great Britain. Both wind and sea strove to prevent the course of true love from running smooth. The baffled Danish admiral was at last compelled to run back for shelter to Upslo on the Norwegian coast; and the youthful king soon followed 'to Norway owre the faem,' determined to win his wife in spite of the opposing elements. Whilst the tempest was raging in Scotland, the Lady Melville, first lady of the bedchamber to the king's expected consort, was drowned as she was crossing Leith ferry. From Sir James Melville's memoirs, we learn that in Denmark this ungracious storm 'was allegit to have been raisit by the witches of Denmark, by the confession of sundrie of them

Digitized by Google

when they were burnt for that cause. What movit them was a cuff, or blow, quilk the admiral of Denmark gave to ane of the bailies of Copenhagen, whose wife being a notable witch, consulted her cummers, and raisit the said storm to be revengit upon the said admiral.'

In Scotland, too, the storm had its legal victims. The Earl of Bothwell was formally accused of having instigated certain witches to raise the storm in order to destroy the young queen. Bothwell escaped out of prison, and fled to France; but his alleged accomplices —Annie Simpson, 'the wise wife of Keith,' and some other reputed witches—were 'first werriet, and then burnt.'

Witches have long ceased to exist, yet the nature of storms continued to be as great a mystery as ever, until Mr Redfield of New York, and Sir W. Reid, the late governor of Malta, first turned their attention to the subject about twenty years ago. The practical results of their labours are now highly appreciated by all well-educated seamen; but, to the mere landsman, the study of a book on the laws of storms is almost as difficult as that of a work on any branch of mathematical physics. Storms, in their normal condition, are only met with at sea. Hence it happens that an investigation into the nature of storms gives rise to the collocation of extracts from the log-books of a great number of ships, so that a considerable knowledge of nautical manœuvres and terms is required in order to comprehend the excellent treatises of Reid, Piddington, and others. The kernel of knowledge, in this instance, is enclosed in an unusually hard shell of nautical technicalities, which seems hitherto to have defied the teeth of most of our popular meteorologists; but it is a shell that will well repay a vigorous effort in the cracking, for it contains the germs of great advances in what is now styled, by a stretch of courtesy only, the science of meteorology.

A general idea of the nature of British storms may be easily acquired by considering the method by which that nature was first determined. Suppose we have before us the log-books of a group of ships that have all been involved in the same storm in the North Atlantic Ocean. Mark on a chart or map the position of each ship on a certain day, say the 13th October, and through each ship so marked draw an arrow to indicate the direction of the wind—if any—at that particular place on that day. Then it will be found that all the ships lying within a certain circle, of about one hundred miles diameter, experienced a dead calm. The logs of the ships lying immediately around this central region of calm will record winds of hurricane violence; while the arrows will shew that these winds were all blowing in one continuous circular stream, so as to form an immense aërial whirlwind, which in the northern hemisphere is found invariably to turn in the direction opposite to that in which the hands of a watch move. In the southern hemisphere the whirlwind that constitutes every storm turns in the contrary direction with equal persistency.

The vessels still more remote from the centre will have winds of diminished force, but all blowing in directions that form subordinate parts of one great whirlwind. A great law of storms is already apparent; storms are huge whirlwinds, always revolving in the same order in the same hemisphere, and in contrary orders in the two opposite hemispheres formed by the equator. To avoid the confusion attending the indiscriminate use of the terms storm, tempest, gale, hurricane, &c., and to mark distinctly the characteristic property of storms, Mr Piddington has happily designated the whole phenomenon by the term cyclone. It is evident that within the area of the same cyclone the wind blows from every point of the compass, so that while one log-book registers, on the 13th October, a north-east gale, another may indicate a hurricane from south-west; a third, a gale from south-east; while a fourth may describe how the ship became quite unmanageable for want of wind, and rolled her masts out in a heavy cross sea; each vessel being differently affected by both wind and sea, according to her position with respect to the centre of the cyclone.

The several directions of the wind in each locality having demonstrated that the storm was a great whirlwind, let us next ascertain the height of the mercurial column in the barometer at each ship on the day in question. Around the circumference or outer margin of the cyclone the mercury will be found to stand high, to be lower at positions nearer to the centre, and lowest of all within the central area. Hence Mr Redfield justly inferred that a cyclone is a revolving eddy in the lower and denser strata of the atmosphere, in which the air is thrown out from the centre by the same centrifugal action which throws off water from a revolving mop.

By comparing the entries in the log-books of another group of ships, lying considerably to the north-eastward of the former, it will be found that the cyclone has travelled bodily to the north-eastward, on the 14th, 15th, and succeeding days of October; and we are thus made acquainted with another important property of storms—namely, that of their progressive motion.

In this manner it has been repeatedly demonstrated that the cyclones of the North Atlantic Ocean appear first among the West Indian Islands; then sweep along the sea-board of the United States; pass over Newfoundland, and thence come wheeling across the Atlantic to Europe. A violent paroxysm of bad weather along the whole of the western coasts of Europe marks the termination of this oceanic polka; for since a cyclone generally expands in area as it progresses, its diameter often stretches across one or two thousand miles by the time that it reaches Europe.

Passing on to the north-eastward, a cyclone is gradually broken up among the valleys and mountain-chains of the continent, and ultimately degenerates into several small independent and confused storms, in which the cyclonic character can no longer be recognised. Hence the erroneous views of those who have studied storms only on land.

In order to form a clear and definite idea of the behaviour of a cyclone, as it approaches to, passes over, and departs from, the British Islands, take on a map the centre of a circle a little to the west of England, so that its circumference may graze the west coast of Ireland, and also extend further south than the Bay of Biscay. This will represent one of our great winter cyclones, such as have been investigated by Sir W. Reid, Mr Milne Home, Professor Lloyd of Dublin, and others. A line through the centre from west-south-west to east-north-east will represent the track along which the cyclone travels, and a diameter at right angles to this line will separate the front from the rear of the cyclone, the front lying to the eastward. While the front is passing over any place, the mercury falls until the dividing diameter arrives there, and rises again during the passage of the rear. It is obvious, from the direction in which the wind turns, that the storm will begin everywhere in Europe with a southerly wind and a falling barometer, and end with a northerly wind and a rising barometer. At all places lying on the south side of the centre's path, the wind will veer from south, through west, to north; while at places on the north side of the centre's path, it will veer from south, through east, to north. At all places in the path of the centre, the wind will blow with increasing violence from south-south-east, until after a short interval of calm, while the centre passes over, it will shift abruptly to the

Digitized by Google

opposite point, north-north-west. At all such places, also, the depression of the mercury will be greatest.

Such are the well-defined marks by which the passage of a cyclone over the British Islands may be distinctly recognised, either during its occurrence, or by a subsequent comparison of the meteorological observations taken at different points during its transit.

The several observatories along the western coasts of Europe form an extended cyclonic coast-guard, employed night and day in collecting materials for this purpose. The writer of these remarks has carefully examined and compared the daily readings of the barometer and thermometer, and the records of the direction and force of the wind, made during the last ten years at several principal stations extending from Bordeaux to the Orkney Islands. The result of this examination is a complete confirmation of what was only a necessary deduction from the previous labours of Redfield and Reid—namely, that every considerable atmospheric perturbation in Portugal, France, Great Britain, Norway, &c., is due to the presence of an Atlantic cyclone.

The winds, then, those so-called 'chartered libertines,' are subjected to definite and unvarying laws, of which the hitherto inexplicable motions of the atmosphere are only immediate and necessary consequences. The nature of these laws has been already briefly indicated, and we shall next proceed to apply them to explain some of the most remarkable characteristics of our peculiar climate.

JOHN SINGER'S STORY.

John Singer's name was a household word with us in the days of frocks and socks, when we were under the dominion of the nursery-maid—to go to John's farm, and feast on curds and cream, being one of the grand delights of those unclouded days. John tilled a small holding in Wiltshire, and might have tilled it to the day of his death, as his father did, had he had, like his father, but one child: his offspring, however, numbered seven before he had been wedded ten years; and as the land remained the same while the family increased exceedingly fast, he had to cast about for a better provision for them. The failure of some experiments which, under this pressure, he was driven to make upon new and stubborn soil, deprived him of a good part of his capital, and disheartened him from any renewed attempt in that direction. He now began to think of emigrating. His wife, a busy, right-minded, active woman, made no objection to the step—if poverty was to come upon them, she said, she would rather face it abroad than at home. Just then the newspapers were teeming with prosperous accounts concerning settlers in the far west of North America, where land, it was said, was to be had for a nominal price and the trouble of clearing. The Singers made up their minds to go; and that point being decided, John lost no time in disposing of his lease, his farming-stock, produce, and implements, and in putting money in his pocket. There was quite a commotion in the district when the news got wind, and, as usual, a diversity of opinions on the subject. Some said it was the best thing that Singer could do, seeing that he had such a large family; while others said it was flying in the face of Providence to throw up the farm on which the father had got a living for fifty years. The Singers paid small attention to these various verdicts, but busied themselves in settling their affairs; and in the course of a month or six weeks from the time of forming their resolution, were ready for their departure.

Desirous of engaging an immediate passage for his numerous family, John set off to B——, and began a search for vessels about to sail. There were several in the harbour which would clear out within a month's time; but the charge for passage across the Atlantic was much higher then than it is now, and John, who had ample reasons for the practice of economy, was anxious to make the voyage as little costly as possible. Not much short of a hundred pounds was demanded by some of the captains for the accommodation he wanted—a sum he could not afford: and he was thinking of coming away and trying some other port, when he fell in with an agent who offered to introduce him to the captain of the *Camden*, who, he said, would take him and his family on his own terms. John followed the man to the basin, and boarded the *Camden*. She was but a small vessel, and was singularly dirty and disorderly; but the captain assured him she was sound and seaworthy, and would be in neat and tidy trim before she got into blue water. The terms the captain offered were temptingly advantageous, and he further proffered for the use of Singer and his family a strip of cabin in the middle of the vessel, in which they would be separated from all intercourse with the steerage passengers. This latter consideration decided the bargain. John paid half the stipulated sum as earnest; and as the vessel would positively sail on that day week, he lost no time in concluding his preparations, and getting his family on the spot, ready to embark when the moment of departure should arrive.

What follows is a matter of such momentous interest that we shall decline narrating it in the third person, and allow John Singer to tell the story himself, as we shudderingly heard it from his own mouth.

'It was the 25th of July,' said John, 'when, with my wife, seven children, and my wife's niece, I went on board the *Camden* in B—— harbour. We had never been to sea before, and we knew well enough that sea-sickness awaited us, and that we should most likely be all ill together for a day or two. I had made what preparation I could for this bad time, by providing some simple medicines, a small stock of spirits, and the means of procuring hot water at two minutes' notice. Sure enough, the sickness came, and a miserable time it was. The wife and children were all laid up in their berths before we were out of the Channel, and were unable to help themselves. I was sick too, and could have followed their example: but in that case we should have been all helpless together; so I forced a resolution, and waited on the rest as well as I could through it all.

'The youngest of the children got over it first; my wife suffered most, and we had been five days at sea before she was sufficiently recovered to be able to come on deck. When at last she got into the fresh sea-air, it revived her at once—her appetite and strength returned, and her old cheerful spirits and activity as well. She set to work to put things in a comfortable trim, and made our little cabin quite a parlour.

'We had reason to be thankful that we were separated in all respects from the steerage passengers. They numbered about fifty to sixty in all, and were not only of the poor and miserable, but of the dirty and degraded class. Nearly all were Irish, and about a third of them were women, who—I will say that for them, poor souls!—were much better than the men, and did a good deal to restrain the violence of their conduct and language. I don't think the whole steerage could have mustered five shillings among them, and the greater part had nothing but rags for clothing. They subsisted entirely on the rations dealt out to them, and about these, and a small stock of tobacco which seemed to be common property, they were quarrelling day and night. Soon after sundown the captain sent them all below, and shut down the grated covering of the hatchway; but I noticed that he took continual care to ventilate their

Digitized by Google

quarters, for he was afraid, as he told me, lest some virulent disease should break out among such a dirty set, and we without a doctor on board.

'Our crew consisted of eight men besides the mate and three boys; there were no cabin passengers, nor was there accommodation for any—the *Camden* carrying a good deal of merchandise, principally of rough Birmingham goods, such as are in use and demand among settlers and colonists. I was no sailor, as I said before, and ill qualified to judge of sea matters; yet I could not help thinking we made but slow progress, compared with other vessels. We were in the track of ships bound to New York, and I had noticed that one or two which hove in sight in our rear had overtaken and passed us in the course of a day. When I mentioned this to the mate, he said those vessels were liners, built for sailing, and not for trade, like the *Camden*—we were doing well enough.

'From the position of our cabin, I could hear, as I lay in my berth at night, not only every movement of the crew on the deck, but also, when the weather was not rough—and it was mostly fine—every word that was said. To this circumstance I owe it that I am now a living man, and that I and mine are not lying fathoms deep in the devouring sea. One night, as I lay awake listening to the lap, lap of the water against the side, the voices of the captain and mate conversing in an undertone drew my attention. Some words that passed between them aroused my fears; I sprang out of bed, and stealing to the door, overheard enough of the parley to make my blood run cold. I gathered that the vessel was leaking at all points through the strain of the cargo—that in spite of pumping to the utmost, the water gained upon them, and that it was the mate's opinion she would founder, do what they might, within twenty-four hours. The crew, of course, were not ignorant of their condition, and they would mutiny and seize the boats and abandon the ship unless relieved by some vessel in the course of the following day. The captain was plainly at his wits' end, and knew not how to act. To make the passengers aware of their position would be certain destruction to all on board, as nothing else could be expected but a desperate fight for life, in which the boats, hardly capable of containing two dozen people, would to a certainty be all swamped. A groan from the captain was the last sound I heard, as they turned away from the spot, still conversing together.

'You may suppose the trouble of my mind at this fearful discovery. I thank goodness it was not allowed to unsettle my wits, and so prevent me from doing what was best to be done. I thought it right not to oppress my wife and family with this bitter knowledge, so long as it could be avoided; and as I lay awake and listened to their breathing, I prayed to Heaven for guidance, and turned over in my mind everything that it was possible to do. I came at last to the only conclusion which seemed to promise us a chance of life; and what that was will appear before long. I could not sleep, and yet towards morning I fell into a doze, from which I was roused by a frightful dream of a wild storm, and all my little ones swallowed up in the vortex of the sea, and none to save them.

'Next day I went on deck, and endeavoured to behave as though ignorant of everything: it was a hard task, for I was never used to deceit. I watched narrowly everything that took place, and knowing what I did, saw but too plainly confirmation of what I had heard in the anxious, dogged looks of the crew. I heard the noise of the pumps going continually, though I could not see them. About nine o'clock it came on to rain, and rained the whole of the day so hard, that few of the emigrants came on deck, and those only for a short time. The rain was accompanied by a thick mist, which bounded our view to a mile's circuit at most. I had noticed that a signal fluttered on the mast, which I had no doubt was a distress-signal; but what chance was there of its being seen in the thick rain-mist? There was a brass gun on deck, and about noon the captain gave orders to have it scaled and cleared up by one of the boys. It was fired several times, and the report brought up a lot of the idle fellows, who clamoured for more discharges, which the captain, as if to gratify them, allowed. I knew well enough that these also were signals of distress; but they were not heard, and the day passed away, and nothing hove in sight.

'About half an hour before sunset the mist blew off, the clouds dispersed, and the whole sea-view was again clear to the horizon on all sides. I watched the faces of the crew as they looked anxiously round; the mate himself ran to the mast-head with a telescope, and remained there till the sun had sunk, and only a long streak of yellow light shone in that direction. The fine evening had brought all the passengers on deck, and they were inclined to dance and be merry. All my little ones, too, ran out into the sunshine, and gamboled playfully among the cordage. It made my heart break to look at them. My wife was about calling them in to put them to bed; then it was that I beckoned her into the cabin, and shut the door. I took both her hands in mine, and looking her sorrowfully and solemnly in the face, said:

"Betsy, my loving wife, can you, for the dear children's sake, banish all a woman's fears and weaknesses, and be firm to act as I shall bid you?"

'It was not so much the words as the tone of my voice which made her shrink back, and, in a manner gasp for breath; but she recovered herself with a great effort.

"John," she replied, "I knew it; I have known all day there was something dreadful on your mind. Let me share it; I have a right to share it; with God's help, I can and will bear it—indeed, indeed, you shall not have to reproach me with weakness."

"It is well," I said; "remember what you have promised, and that the lives of all you love may depend upon your keeping your word." I then told her the dreadful tidings, and how the knowledge had come into my possession. She heard the whole with more fortitude than I had expected; but she turned stone-colour at my words, and from the calmness with which she spoke afterwards, you might have thought her heart had turned into a stone.

"What are we to do, John? I will obey you in all things. Is there any hope of life? My children—my children!"

"Remember!" I said, "not a word of grief or complaint, lest you destroy what little hope there is. Trust in Providence, and do what I tell you." I then gave her directions—first, to put the children to bed without undressing them; then, with the help of her niece, to pack up some small parcels of preserved meats and sweet biscuits, and to have outer clothing ready for the children at a moment's notice. I gave her as much to do as I could think of, to keep her mind from running on the horrors of our situation, which, as the crisis drew near, were hardly supportable to myself.

'I then went on deck, sent the girl in with the children, and walked up and down with my eyes wide open. I observed that the long-boat, which, the day before, had contained all sorts of rubbish, had been cleared out, and that some barrels and boxes had been stowed under the thwarts, while two pair of new oars had been brought up from below. The two smaller boats remained swinging in their places, one over the side, the other at the stern.

'It must have been about an hour after sunset when the captain began complaining of the filthy state of

Digitized by Google

the decks, and declaring that he would have them swilled at once, ordered all the passengers to their berths. There was some demur among the rough Irish fellows at this mandate, but he quieted them by the promise of a kettle of rum-punch, which he ordered the cook to prepare and serve out to them. They were now all obedience; were soon in possession of the grog, and we heard them singing lustily in chorus while it lasted. Meanwhile, the pumps worked harder than ever, and some show of swilling the decks was made; but I sat like a cat on the watch, with my gun loaded in my hand, a knife in my girdle, and ready to act at the decisive moment. It was a moonlight night, and I could see plainly all that took place around the long-boat. From time to time, things were brought and put into it; among the rest, the ship's compass and chronometers.

'Before midnight, the noise in the steerage had died away, and the whole of the emigrants were probably buried in sleep. The mate came on tiptoe down to our cabin-door, and listened to ascertain if any of us were awake. The breathing of the children deceived him, and he returned to the deck, where he immediately signalled the lowering of the boats. The whole crew were but too ready to assist at this service; three of them sprang into the boat at the side, which touched the water the next minute; and then the long-boat was hauled towards the slings, and was in the act of being suspended, when I felt the moment was come, and, rushing out, presented myself to the astonished crew.

'They paused in their work, and glancing silently at one another, began to gather round me.

"What is the matter, Singer?" said the captain. "You seem alarmed; has anything disturbed you?"

'I had taken my station against the bulwarks, under the slings, before I replied.

"I am not a man to be alarmed without reason," I said. "You know whether I speak truth when I tell you there is reason enough now."

"You are dreaming," he returned; "but I have no time to parley with you; be so good as to return to your cabin."

"That's of no use, captain," I replied; "pray, understand at once that I know everything. I don't intend to go to the bottom with my wife and children, so long as a chance remains. You don't lower that boat unless you take my family on board." As I spoke, I tapped twice on the side-rail, and Betsy came out on deck with the girl and seven children, as I had bidden her. "Refuse my demand," I went on, "and we raise the passengers, and let them know the truth. Who will escape then, you can tell better than I."

'Again the men looked at each other, and though several of them made as if they would speak, each checked himself, and for a minute not a word was uttered. At last an old seaman stepped forward. "It's no use talkin' and disputin' now," he said. "Mr Singer's right; and it can't be expected for him to do no otherwise. We must have the family with us, and leave the provisions behind, and trust to being picked up; that's what it is, cap'n, accordin' to my 'pinion."

"There is nothing else to be done," was the captain's answer. "Be quick, boys; put in the children, and lower away."

'Two or three barrels, as many bags, and a large hamper, were hastily removed from the boat. My wife and children were put into it as it hung over the side; two seamen followed, and it was lowered into the water, the sea being fortunately calm. The boat at the stern was not lowered at all; it was in fact but a mere cockle-shell, and would have been of little use. The captain distributed the remainder of the crew between the two boats, so that the long-boat carried fifteen in all, and the other seven. Myself and the captain were the last who left the vessel. Notwithstanding the terrible anxiety of the moment, I could not help pitying that miserable man, as he lingered and lingered on board, and seemed to be inventing one excuse after another for delaying the final abandonment of his ship. The mate in the long-boat called to him several times, but he seemed as though he did not hear, and continued pottering about among the rejected articles with which the deck was strewed, as if in search of something, though he knew not what. More than once he sat down on a coil of rope, and buried his face in his hands, until I began to doubt whether he would quit the vessel at all, and had not made up his mind to remain and share the miserable fate of the castaways. But he, like myself, had a wife and children dependent upon him; the thought of them no doubt tugged at his heart-strings, and urged him to self-preservation. The last thing he did was to go and withdraw the bolt which fastened down the grating over the steerage; and then, signing to me to slip down the side, he said in a whisper: "They are awake; I heard them talking. The Lord have mercy upon them! They will never see the day."

'We were no sooner in the boat than the men pushed off and moved rapidly away, as if determined to get out of sight and hearing of the miserable beings left all unconscious of the fate that was fast approaching them. We made but little way, however, because our boat was too heavily loaded. The captain gave orders to have certain things thrown overboard, and some indispensable provisions transferred to the other boat, which was less crowded. These things delayed us for some time within a stone's throw of the *Camden*, from which I could not withdraw my eyes for a moment. The moon shone so brightly that every rope of the doomed vessel was visible, and all the familiar objects on the deck which had been our home. Nearly all the sails were set, and shewed ghostly-white beneath the moon; but the vessel being without guidance, they flapped idly this way and that, like the wings of a wounded bird. Slowly the head of the vessel turned round, and, as she drifted before the wind, advanced towards the boats. Just then I saw a figure in a white night-dress running frantically about the deck—now peering over the side, now, with hands clasped above its head, gazing up at the sky, but uttering not a word. Then it disappeared, and within a minute, from the hollow hull of the vessel came a tumult of voices—of savage execrations mingled with despairing cries and shrieks, as the forlorn and wretched creatures swarmed out upon the deck. They crowded to the little boat at the stern, fought savagely for the possession of it, and swamped it in the vain attempt to get it afloat—the most forward and furious of them perishing before the eyes of the rest. And now that all were aware of the death that awaited them, the cries and the curses, and the long dismal bowls and shrieks all mingling together, were most heart-rending and horrible to hear, and will ring in my ears to my dying day. They soon caught sight of our boats, as the men, panic-stricken by the awful sounds, paused upon their oars, and gazed as if fascinated by the fearful tragedy. As the sinking ship lurched heavily nearer and nearer, we merely pulled a few strokes sufficient to maintain a safe distance, and then paused and gazed again. The poor doomed wretches, stretching their clasped hands towards us, prayed piteously for the help we could not afford them; and anon goaded to madness by our silence, for we answered them not a word, called down curses from Heaven upon our heads. It was a dreadful and sickening thing to be obliged to fly from the distress which we would all have willingly risked our lives to alleviate. But, alas! there was no help for it; and all we could do was to add in silence our bitter lamentations to their

Digitized by Google

own. For more than two hours we sat the agonising spectators of this horrible tragedy. It must have been nearly three hours past midnight when the *Camden* went down, and the last drowning cry of the wretched passengers rang in our ears. I prayed to Heaven earnestly that night that no human eye might ever again behold such a spectacle; and I hope the Great Ruler of the universe will hear my prayer.

'The dead, cold silence that followed struck more terror to my heart than all the agonising cries that had gone before. Then I heard the strong men sobbing like women; but at these sounds, the captain, who had hid his face from the dreadful spectacle of the wreck, roused himself, and in a calm severe voice ordered the men to pull away, himself taking charge of the rudder. I had been in a sort of maze all this time, incapable of doing anything but stare fixedly on the poor sinking ship; but when the boat began to move, I was recalled to my proper senses, and then the thought of my family, and the peril we were in, almost bewildered me again. I turned to my poor wife; she was in a dead swoon, and as I afterwards found, had fainted the moment I had joined her in the boat, and had beheld nothing of the fearful sight which had unnerved us all. She lay in the arms of her niece, who was almost as helpless as herself. The two eldest girls were moaning with apprehension and terror; but I was glad to see that the younger children were fast asleep, and that the girl had covered them up close in the bottom of the boat. We were all huddled together with the captain at the stern, and as the sea was quite calm, were fortunately warm and dry. I put a little brandy to Betsy's lips, and chafed her hands and feet, and it was not long before she revived and looked round. The captain was very kind to us, and so were the men, and bore me no malice for the part I had taken; on the contrary, they endeavoured to encourage us by saying that we should be sure to be picked up, at the furthest, in a day or two, and that, unless we had rough weather, all would be well.

'The day was now beginning to dawn, and there was soon light enough to reveal the horizon on the eastern side. Two sails were visible, they said, though I could not see them; but they were too far off to catch sight of any signals we could make, and none were attempted. All that day we rowed on in an easterly course, looking anxiously for some relieving vessel. Whether the captain felt the confidence he expressed with regard to our being picked up, I do not know; but in the afternoon he caused an account to be taken of whatever provisions were on board the boats; had them fairly distributed according to the numbers in each; and put us all upon an allowance, which, he said, would last for five days, with water for three days more. The sweet biscuits and the spirits in my possession were added to the general stock—the latter to be used only for cases of sickness or exhaustion. I had little inclination for food myself; but it distressed me to hear the complaints of the children at the scanty meal allotted them that day, and it went to my heart to be obliged to quiet them by reproof; what grieved me still more was that my wife would not touch her allowance, but shared it with the youngest children.

'Towards evening, a sail appeared to the northward, at the distance of five or six miles. We hoisted a shawl on an oar for a signal, and turned our boats towards her, and at one time had good hopes that she had seen us, as she altered her course as if to meet us; but she veered off on another tack shortly after, and disappeared in the distance and dusk of the evening. This disappointment came like a fresh calamity, and cast a dismal gloom on us all; but now a worse thing alarmed us—the weather became overcast, and though there was not much wind, the billows rose and fell in long black walls of water, now heaving us aloft on their tops, now plunging us down in the gloomy furrows. The boat lay very deep in the water. The captain signalled the other boat, to know if they could relieve us of a part of our weight; but all they could do was to take one of the water-casks, which they hauled on board with a rope. We threw over a few of the articles which could best be spared, and thus lightened the boat a little. Meanwhile, the weather grew worse—the billows began to break in foam, and the spray dashed over us in showers. With the aid of hammer, a saw, and a piece of sail-cloth, we managed to rig up at the stern a rude bulwark against the breakers, which would else have swamped us. It now began to rain, and that in a way that promised a continuance of wet for some hours at least. In a few minutes we were all drenched to the skin—and all more than ever impressed with the extremity of our misery and peril. My wife scarcely spoke a word, unless it was to quiet and comfort the children, who now cried bitterly, and would not be consoled. The men no longer talked hopefully; but I could see them straining their eyes through the darkness, as it descended rapidly upon us, in search of some passing vessel.

'I think we all tasted the bitterness of death many times that night. Had the swell of the sea, as we expected, increased and brought the wind in its track, nothing could have saved us from sinking. It pleased God, however, to compassionate our distress, and limit the fury of the waves; and the rain ceasing an hour after midnight, the moon struggled fitfully from the clouds, and shewed us, O happy sight! a large vessel bearing full down upon us not half a mile in our rear. The men of both boats saw it together, and raised a shout with combined voices. Apparently this was not heard, and the captain called to me to fire my gun, which I had mechanically brought with me, and which he had prevented me from throwing overboard when I offered to do so. I did as he desired, and a minute after, we had the inexpressible rapture of seeing a flash on board the ship, and hearing the responding report of their gun. I cannot tell you the feelings which now rushed into my breast—the gladness and the gratitude of such a time they only know who, having been long in the very jaws of death, are suddenly snatched from its horrors to peace and safety.

'The good ship which had saved us was *La Pucelle*, a French vessel, bound for Cherbourg from New York. Except the captain, none on board could speak much of the English tongue; but they understood our wants, and supplied them with a kindness and hospitality not to be surpassed, and seemed pleased beyond measure of their good-fortune in finding us. We continued with them five days, at the end of which time they spoke an English brig bound for Cardiff, to which, with many hearty good-wishes and farewells, they transferred us. We arrived safely, in three days more, in the Bristol Channel, and I was allowed to land at Swansea, where a relative of my wife's received us hospitably after the fearful perils we had escaped.'

Such was Singer's account of his first sea-voyage, narrated to us eleven years after its occurrence. One would have thought that such an initiation in the fearful contingencies of sea-life would have sickened him of voyaging, and made him content to try his fortune once more in his native land. His friends took this for granted, and when, within a few weeks of his return, he began making inquiries for another ship, accused him of tempting Providence to his destruction. John looked on the matter in a different light—felt convinced, in fact, that he was not destined to a watery grave—and made up his mind to follow his original intention. But he took better precautions this time in the choice of a vessel—embarked his family in a first-class merchantman, and, after a

Digitized by Google

speedy and prosperous passage of five weeks, arrived in safety at New York, whence he set out at once for the land of promise in the far west.

As a settler, Singer did well. He bought land on the boundary-lines of civilisation, and shrewdly squatted a considerable tract in addition. He had the address to conciliate a wandering tribe of Indians by his generosity in their time of need, and thus converted the usual enemies of the settler into friends and defenders. As his family grew up, they proved valuable and productive capital, and paved his way to competence and independence. His success drew many of his old friends after him, and he renewed, in the forests of America, the associations and friendships of his youth in Wiltshire. In ten years, John had grown a man of substance and authority, looked up to and respected by the population of a whole district. At that time, his wife's father died, leaving a considerable property to be divided equally among his children. Then it was that John Singer came over to assist in the settlement of the business, and to receive his own legacy; and then, too, it was that we heard the lamentable story of the loss of the *Camden* from his own lips. This was twenty-seven years ago, and we have not heard of the sturdy settler since. If he be yet alive, he is no doubt honoured as a patriarch, for the snows of nearly fourscore winters have by this time settled on his head.

A PEEP INTO THE ENCUMBERED ESTATES COURT.

It is not often that a mere legislative measure has of itself a deep effect upon the social condition of a country. Social miseries generally have their foundation sunk far below the reach of acts of parliament, and nothing but the lapse of time and the persevering efforts of bodies of earnest individuals can ordinarily alleviate them. Now and then, however, we find in the history of all countries laws enacted which for their fruit have positive social improvement; and more often still we have laws passed in peculiar circumstances, co-operating with those circumstances, aiding them, and giving them a development to which of themselves they would not have attained. Something of this kind we now see taking place in Ireland. It is undeniable that signs of improvement are there visible in all directions. The English or Scotch traveller who, taking his excursion-ticket, runs over from Holyhead to Dublin, and then spends his fortnight or three weeks in Kerry or Connemara, can, hasty as his visit must be, contrast the aspect presented by the country now with that which saddened him when seven or eight years ago he passed over the same ground. Even without travelling, the Englishman of the agricultural districts, who, as far back as he can remember, has been accustomed to the annual invasion of whole clans of Celtic reapers, wonders now to see how, year after year, the faces of the men are less famine-stricken, and their clothes perceptibly neater, and less resembling mere bundles of rags, than of old. The same change, again, is, in another way, evidenced by the assizes. In counties where formerly the convictions for crimes of every degree, from murder down to sheep-stealing, were counted by four or five scores, the judge of the crown-court now finds a calendar which he can often dispose of in a single day. Many causes have contributed to bring about these important results. In the first place, famine and emigration have lessened the number of the people, and there is now room in a land that was formerly overcrowded, for those who remain. Then, again, railways are gradually intersecting the country, facilitating intercourse with England, and giving new activity to trade. Last, and not least, the working of the Encumbered Estates Commission is rapidly telling. The old race of proprietors are disappearing, and a new and widely different class of men are taking their places. So long as the old lords of the soil remained, there could be but small hope for the progress of Ireland. Insolvent in means, too often with little care for any but the coarsest pleasures, often also bitterly hostile both in religious and political feelings to the mass of the people among whom he lived, the old Irish landlord was frequently a positive obstruction to the execution of all schemes for the good of his country. His fathers had won their broad acres with the sword, and he had himself still too much of the spirit of the conqueror in him ever to learn to look upon the peasantry otherwise than as a race of men far inferior to that from which he sprung. Between a class composed of such men and the mass of the population there could not be that sympathy and good-feeling which are essential to the prosperity of a country. The Irish landlords as a body were powerless for good: their continued existence as landlords was, for many reasons, an evil, and the remedy for that evil was found in the act of parliament which established the Encumbered Estates Commission.

A stranger would be much struck by the appearance of the court in which a revolution, which has already deprived a very large proportion of Irish proprietors of their estates, is being effected. Never did justice sit in a temple of such rigid simplicity. Passing through one of the houses in Henrietta Street—a small and quiet, but handsome street in the extreme north of the city of Dublin—the visitor proceeds down a long corridor into what was once neither more nor less than a coach-house. This has been metamorphosed into a large, chilly-looking room, without a ceiling between the roof and the floor, furnished with some rows of seats for the public, a small table covered with a green cloth for the bar and the attorneys, and an elevated bench unadorned even with the royal arms, for the commissioners. Such is the Encumbered Estates Court. Everything about it has the same naked unpretending air. The visitor will observe little of that tranquillity and silence which usually reign in courts of law. People walk about in it with very little apparent concern as to disturbing the solemnity of the place; and no crier is ever heard commanding silence. The costume which in other courts is *de rigueur* is not always to be seen here; and on the days when the court sits to hear applications involving legal questions, although the commissioners themselves wear the dress of Queen's counsel, the stranger will hear very good law coming from a gentleman whose head is unencumbered with a wig, and whose back is uncovered with a gown. The court is evidently one meant for the transaction of business, and occupied with that alone. Accordingly, there is no more form in its mode of proceeding than is just necessary for that purpose.

But it is not upon such days when the business done is very like that which may be seen in any court of equity, that a stranger should visit the Encumbered Estates Court. It is upon a sale-day that the action of the court may best be observed. We will suppose that some extensive estate is to be set up for sale in lots of various sizes. The visitor will find the court on such occasions thronged with buyers, and with idlers too, who are anxious to see how the property will go, and whose eagerness in the business is as great and as visible as that of any buyer; for the sale of a large estate is a matter of no small public interest. There is, in all probability, little trace of the law to be seen. Barristers there are none. On a day like this, *their* occupation is gone. Attorneys indeed are present in abundance, but their whole duty is to bid for those who either are absent elsewhere on other business, or whose

Digitized by Google

timidity will not allow them, although present, to bid for themselves. But the greatest part of those who fill the seats given up to the public are manifestly mercantile men, who consider the purchase of a small landed property a safe investment for some of their superfluous capital; and proprietors who wish to increase what they possess already by some long-coveted little plot of ground, and eagerly snap at the present opportunity of acquiring the *angulus ille qui nunc denormat agellum*. Looking about him, the visitor will also here and there perceive the undeniable frieze-coat of the Irish farmer. He, too, is here, hoping to be able to make his own of the acres which he leases at present, and so solve the tenant-right question for himself, and set himself above all fears of arrears of rent and uncompensated improvements. There are some town-lots upon the estate which is about to be sold, and so we likewise see some country shopkeepers who have their money to invest, and think that they may as well become persons of consequence in the town where they carry on their trade by becoming landlords in it. If we add to these the idlers above mentioned, of whom our visitor makes one, we have pretty nearly the public of the Encumbered Estates Court upon a sale-day. All are busy with the printed rentals which contain the description of the different lots into which the estate is divided; some making calculations to see how far they may bid; others, who have no intention of purchasing, loudly discussing the amounts which the lots ought to fetch, and enumerating the various circumstances which may tend to make the real value of a lot very different from what on paper it seems to be. One idler tells another how an agent was shot here a year ago; how a process-server was beaten almost to death there; and how the population of Ballyblank generally have from time immemorial been a very rough set to deal with; but all this conversation is speedily hushed when the commissioner who is to preside at the sale comes out and takes his seat on the bench. Then the business of the day commences. Lot No. 1 is proceeded with. Its description, and all particulars concerning it, the head-rent to which it is subject, the poor-rate, and other similar matters, are read out by Mr Locke, the auction-clerk, who has his seat just beneath the commissioner. When this has been done, the first bid is made—something, of course, very much under the value of the lot. This is followed up immediately by an advance on the part of some one else, who offers fifty pounds more than the first bidder. Bidder number three offers a still higher price; and so the bidding goes on rapidly for a while, the advances being made in round numbers, till at last some slackness is perceptible. Of the five or six bidders who came forward at first, all but two have dropped off. It is between these two, evidently, that the struggle will be; but even they advance more warily than they have hitherto done. The idlers, who have been watching the proceedings, consult their rentals, and whisper to each other that this lot would have fetched a fair price, even if the bidding were to stop here; but both bidders are manifestly anxious for the possession of the lot, and the bidding goes on, but only by advances of ten pounds at a time. At last, the offer made by one of the competitors is followed by no advance on the part of the other. There is some hesitation. More than the fair value of the lot has been already offered, and the bidder, who is now hanging back, has evidently gone beyond what he originally intended. The blood of the other is up, and he does not like to let the lot go. He whispers to the solicitor who has been bidding for him, and for a few moments both are busy making calculations on the back of a rental. The upshot of their consultation is, that just as Mr Commissioner Hargreave is preparing to declare the last bidder the purchaser, the solicitor makes a bold offer for his principal—an advance of fifty pounds is made. The bidder of this is evidently determined to have the property, and his bold advance appears completely to silence his competitor. There is another silence, and then Mr Hargreave begins to pronounce his formula: 'The sum of L.—— having been offered for lot No. 1, and no further advance being made, I declare the bidder of the sum of L.—— the purchaser.' As he draws near the close of these words, he pronounces every syllable more and more slowly. 'Any advance on L.——?' cries Mr Locke, just before the commissioner concludes; but no advance is offered, and Mr Hargreave is allowed to declare the last bidder the purchaser. This gentleman is then called down to give his name and residence, and thus, so far as the present day's proceedings are concerned, the sale is over.

Such is a sale in the Encumbered Estates Court. A few more scenes such as that which we have described, and a property, princely in extent at least, will have changed hands, and have passed from the possession of one embarrassed owner to that of several, endowed, we will hope, with capital and energy. Unfortunately, it is not always the case that the new owners are thus endowed; and the single instance of the frauds perpetrated by the unfortunate John Sadlier is a proof that the Encumbered Estates Court does not always present a hopeful aspect. Nevertheless, frauds such as those but seldom occur; and the seven thousand conveyances which, according to the latest returns, the commissioners have signed since their appointment, conveying as many indefeasible titles, and disposing of property to the value of close upon twenty-one millions of pounds,* have, upon the whole, done far more for the improvement and progress of Ireland than the few cases of dishonesty which have been detected can counterbalance.

A DANISH NOVELIST.

The name of Bernhard Severin Ingemann is well known in his native country, Denmark, as that of a popular novelist; but, with the exception of one or two of his historical romances, which have been translated into English, his works are almost unknown amongst us. One of his tales, *Kunnuk og Naja, eller Grønlænderne*, presents a graphic picture of life and manners in the wild northern regions of Greenland, as they existed during the time of the devoted Danish missionaries, Hans and Paul Egede. The tale opens with the description of a hut on the shore of Disco Bay, the time being the end of November 1774.

Its inhabitants consisted of a widowed mother, her three daughters, and a son. The latter came in wearied, but rejoicing, to announce the capture of a narwhal; and his sisters set off immediately for the beach to assist their female neighbours in cutting up the flesh and extracting the blubber, that business being always assigned to the women.

Left alone with his mother, Kunnuk, having supped on dried fish, lay down to rest on the wooden settle.

A change passed over his mother's face. With a melancholy glance she pointed to the couch under the settle where she was wont to sleep, and on which there fell, through the dim window-pane, a faint beam from the northern lights.

'On that spot played a north-light beam twenty years ago,' she said. 'We had sung the farewell song to the sun, and reconciled ourselves to the dark season. Thy father sat there by the lamp, and carved the handle of that harpoon. This portion of food lay on

* The total produce of all the estates sold up to the month of July in the present year amounted to L.20,723,056, 5s. 8d.

Digitized by Google

his knee, but came not nigh his mouth.' And taking out a carefully wrapped-up piece of dried fish, she broke forth into wailings, and sang a heart-rending dirge over her husband's death. It began with the mournful cry, 'Rah-ah!' and each stanza ended with the refrain, 'He is no longer here.' As she sang, she bent her head towards the ground. Her son rose from his couch, and likewise bowing his head, joined in his mother's song of wailing. When it was ended, they both stood for some moments silent and motionless. At length the mother looked up, and her mournful eyes met those of her son.

'Kunnuk understands the language of thine eye, my mother,' said the youth. 'In the light of that lamp, the fierce Kemek murdered my father; and my father's soul wanders restlessly amongst the northern lights, or lies sunk beneath the waves. For twenty winters hast thou sung every night thy song of wailing, while my sisters sang *Aja** in their light dreams. That which my tongue promised, shall my hand perform. If Kemek sees the sun again, it shall not go down before it has shone on his cairn. I will seek out his hearth-lamp, however far off it may burn, and extinguish it with the light of his life, so surely as I am my father's son.'

His mother was silent, and wiped away her tears. When her daughters returned, they found her quietly seated by the lamp, washing the narwhal's blood off her son's harpoon.

In the conversation that ensued amongst the girls, allusion was made to their favourite companion, Naja or the 'Sea-mew,' 'who,' said one, 'is so beautiful, and flies like a real bird in her feather-cloak. Brother Kunnuk's eyes always brighten when he sees the Sea-mew, ever since that sun-bright summer-night when she danced and sang with us on the hill.'

Amongst the young girls of the fiord, Naja was indeed the prettiest. While she sang, Kunnuk used to seek the glance of her dark beaming eyes; but when he ventured to approach her, she skipped lightly past him, and her brown cheeks grew red. Whenever Kunnuk's still, pale mother looked towards him, he turned away from the dancing maidens. She sometimes patted Naja's cheek kindly, when she saw her with her daughters; but the blood forsook her own when she remembered the race from which the girl sprang. Naja was the niece of that wild, gloomy Kemek who had slain her beloved husband in a quarrel about some drift-wood, and made her children fatherless before her daughters could comprehend their loss, or her son avenge it. Dreading, however, the vengeance of other relatives, Kemek had left that part of the country the same year that Naja was born, and she had never seen him. Her parents both died during her infancy; but she had been reared and protected by Kunnuk's relative, Pungiok, 'the Beloved,' and the pretty child was cherished by his whole family. Yet the enduring sorrow of Kunnuk's silent mother lay heavy on the young girl's heart. From the day when she first learned the bloody event, and knew how nearly she was related to Kunnuk's deadly enemy, she avoided his company as much as possible.

The season of spring is unknown to the Greenlanders. When it is spring in Denmark, their dusky chambers are still heated by the winter hearth-lamp, while the snow lies thickly on the turf-thatched roofs, and dims the frozen panes of the small windows.

In such a dark room sat Naja that same evening with two young children on her lap. They clasped their arms round her neck, as if she were their mother, while she patted their cheeks fondly, and called them 'little sisters.' At other times she used to sing for them, and tell them stories; but this evening her heart was filled with grief, and her eyes with tears; for her foster-father lay dying on his wooden bed, and his wife was wringing her hands and lamenting over him.

'Ah, now he is talking of his death-hillock again,' sobbed the poor wife, 'and of the kajak he will have on the quiet seas. Speak to him, dear Naja; thy voice will soothe him, for he loves thee as a mother loves her sucking-child.'

'And were not he and you as a father and a mother to me? But for you, I had perished;' and Naja disengaged herself from the children's arms. 'Dearest father,' she said, kneeling down beside the sick man's couch, 'fear not for thy death-barrow; neither fox nor dog shall root there. Be not sorrowful for thy journey to the depths of the earth. There is peace and stillness, and thou hast always been good and kind to us all.'

The sick man stared at her, but made no answer.

'Knowest thou me not? See, I am Naja. Sea-mew was my name when I was little, because thou didst find me wrapped in a cloak of feathers. Thou didst give me another name, which old Elik says has a blessing with it. Thou calledst me "Arnarsak's eye," little* father, when thou hadst looked on my eyes.'

A smile passed over the sick man's face, as if that name brought back some pleasant remembrance.

'Thou knewest the pious Arnarsak in thy youth,' continued Naja; 'she who journeyed to the land where the drift-trees grow, and from whence Pelles † came; she who would fain have taught us what Pavia ‡ said, but whom the fierce Angekkoks tried to kill. Mine eyes were like hers, thou saidst, and therefore thou calledst me Arnarsak's eye.'

'Go on, dear little one, he knows thee well,' said his wife. 'But tell him no more of that woman who spoke to our souls against the Great Spirit.'

'I will tell thee a story, little* father,' said Naja, 'that will gladden thee to think on when thou goest forth on thy way.'

The sick man ceased to moan; his face assumed a calm and pleased expression as Naja spoke: 'The Great Spirit was wroth with the race of Kemek, because Kemek slew his enemy by the hearth-lamp. Kemek fled towards the south, and his brother fled towards the north, to the wild birds on the mountain. His young wife carried a child on her back, and they were passing under a cliff where great stones hung loose, and where no one must speak or move the dwellers in the air with singing. The child was hungry, and cried—he who stood at a distance heard it—the mother put it to her breast and it grew quiet. So they went softly onwards along the dangerous path; but night came, and they were nearly overcome with cold and hunger. They saw a reindeer hunter at a distance, when the moon rose, and they were glad, and cried "Aja;" but the snow-mountain came down with that one word, and the great stones fell on the father and mother. He tried to lay hold of his wife and child, but he sank crushed beneath a rock. Then the mother clasped her child closely to her breast, and bowed her head over it, and died. The reindeer hunter came up and saw the mournful sight. The little child was crying on its dead mother's breast, and he took it out of her stiffening arms. He kissed it until it was warm, and sheltered it under his fur-cloak, and bore it away from the dead. But the night became quite dark, and the way was long; and when morning dawned, he could find no path across the mountains. And evening came again, and no hearth-lamp was to be seen. The child awoke, and cried: it was perishing of hunger and thirst. Then the hunter took his knife, and cut a gash in his own breast, and

* The chorus to all the Greenlanders' songs of rejoicing.

* Little—*lille* in Danish—has a tender, endearing signification, without any reference to size or age.

† Hans Egede. ‡ Paul Egede.

Digitized by Google

caused the child to suck life from his blood. He carried it to his wife, and laid it on her bosom, by the side of their son, their first-born. See, father! *I* was the little child wrapped in the feather-cloak; *I* was the young Sea-mew thou didst carry home in thine arms. It was Naja whom thou laidst on thy young wife's bosom, and to whom thou didst not grudge even thy blood.'

Pungiok looked fondly on his adopted daughter, and patted her cheeks, which were wet with tears, while she bent her face over his hands and kissed them. He also beckoned tenderly to his wife and children: they came to him, and he laid his hands upon their faces, and stroked their hair. Then he closed his eyes, and fell into a calm slumber.

'Thanks, thanks, dear little one!' whispered his wife to Naja. 'Thou hast lulled his soul to rest like a child in its cradle; and his Tornak* will comfort him in dreams, until Malina† shines again over the mountains.'

But ere the sun, next day, sent his first beam over the snowy hills, the message of sorrow sped from hut to hut along the fiord: 'There is mourning around Pungiok's hearth-lamp. Pungiok the Beloved lies bowed upon the wooden couch—his wife tears her hair—the Sea-mew wails amid the little children whom she calls her sisters.'

The first day of June was come. The fiord was now completely navigable, and a great general summer-feast was held. The Greenlanders began now to remove from their small winter-dwellings, and to raise summer-tents upon the hills. The snow-plains had assumed a beautiful green colour; many streams flowed down from the mountains; and a profusion of the graceful Alpine flowers, in which even this harsh northern climate is rich, burst into bloom.

In the crevices of the rocks grew the American saxifrage, with its white red-stemmed flowers and pretty rose-coloured leaves. The small yellow ranunculus was abundant, and the red and white ice-ranunculus, which in July and August adorns the highest hills with its large pendent globular blossoms. On the sides and lower ridges of the mountains grew the Alpine heaths with their rosy bells; and along the many rills might be seen the yellowish-green angelica with its umbelliferous flowers. The appearance of the fiord with its great floating icebergs was now magnificent beyond description; and the sight of the first flapping tent-skin upon the mountain, and the green plains where posts were erected, roofed with sods, and covered at the sides with skins, had a gladdening influence upon all.

By the fiord were assembled a number of seal-catchers. Each kajak-rower brought with him his little portable craft, which he carried under his arm, while he swung his harpoon in his hand, and sang merrily. The furry seal-skin winter garment, or 'timiak,' was exchanged for the light hairless sea skin-jerkin, and summer gladness beamed on every face. Some large boats, such as are usually rowed by women, lay next the shore, laden with skins and other articles of traffic: they belonged to Kunnuk's relatives from the north, and were navigated by women and a few old men, while the adventurous young fishers prepared to accompany Kunnuk across the fiord in their kajaks. On a grassy plain beneath a naked cliff were assembled a crowd of young girls, who celebrated the first summer day's festival with singing and dancing. Now resounded the joyous summer-song, 'To the Kajak!' sung by both men and women, with the 'Aja' chorus, and the additional refrain of 'Auna!' (the north).

We subjoin an almost literal translation:

TO THE KAJAK!

To the Kajak! it is summer—
Stands the tent by fiord and rath;
Waves are rushing—seals are swimming,
Whales are spouting in thy path.
Dance the iceberg castles—Aja!
See, their summits topple now.
Auna! Aja!—Aja! Aja!
Ahahou!

To the Kajak! it is summer!
Now the sun shines day and night.
Soon the ship across the waters
Comes with cargo rare and bright.
Rich and free as ocean—Aja!
'Bird in the world's egg!' art thou.
Auna! Aja!—Aja! Aja!
Ahahou!

To the Kajak! to the Kajak!
Draw forth swift the keen harpoon!
Cast away the winter Timiak,
Don the sea skin-jerkin soon!
Swim and dive, rejoicing!—Aja!
Walrus-slayer, rouse thee now!
Auna! Aja!—Aja! Aja!
Ahahou!

To the Kajak! Waves are flowing,
Breezes o'er the bay are heard.
Fly and swim, thou hardy sailor!
Thou art both a fish and bird.
Swim as swims the narwhal—Aja!
As the eagle flies, fly thou!
Auna! Aja!—Aja! Aja!
Ahahou!

Then follows, in Ingemann's tale, a very interesting account of the Christian mission at Disco Bay, first established by the Egedes, and now watched over by their descendant, Pastor Saabye and his young wife. Before starting on the expedition to avenge his father, Kunnuk is arrested by the teaching of Saabye, and comes one day to his house.

'Priest, wilt thou baptise me?' said Kunnuk. 'Now, I know God—I know He loves me, and will make me happy. I and my kinsfolk will become believers. Wilt thou baptise me, priest?'

'Thou knowest God,' repeated the minister, with a deep, searching glance; 'but wilt thou also obey Him?'

'I love Him—I will be obedient,' was the reply.

'If thou wilt obey Him, thou must not kill any man,' said the missionary with emphasis, and a look that pierced him through. 'Thou hast heard that He has said, *Thou shalt do no murder!*'

Kunnuk started visibly, and was silent. Saabye then entered on a remarkable conversation with the young father-avenger, which he has himself left on record in his journal. He represented to him that the feeling which impelled him to seek a bloody revenge was altogether wrong—that vengeance belongs to God—and that he who would become a Christian, must first forgive, yea, even love his enemies.

The young Greenlander's eyes gleamed with fierce wild fire, and his lips quivered. After some further conversation, he went out implacable, and Saabye looked after him with a deep sigh.

The thread of the story then takes up the adventures of Naja. While dwelling with Arnarsak, an old converted Greenland woman, she received a summons to go and attend the dying bed of her wild unknown kinsman, Kemek. The messenger was an old skeleton-looking Angekkok, named Kinsalik, who came by night to Arnarsak's tent.

Naja's terror was great when she beheld two wild eyes staring at her, and suddenly felt herself seized by the hand, and dragged out of the tent.

* A sort of guardian angel. † The sun.

Digitized by Google

'Let no sound pass between thy teeth,' whispered the emaciated Angekkok. 'Chase not sleep's Innua (spirit) from any eye, but follow me to the woman-boat. No harm shall happen thee. Hearken to my words, Sea-mew! and thy feet will fly as if they had wings.'

Naja looked on him with silent amazement. 'Kemek sucked the breast that gave milk to Naja's father,' he continued in a milder voice; 'Kemek's two young wives have run away from his angry eyes to the mountains. His old wife lies dead beneath the stone-cairn. Kemek himself lies sick upon his winter-settle; his soul is on its way down to the stilly seas, or upwards to the blazing northern lights. His kinsfolk are chasing the reindeer over the hills, through the long, bright summer-days. No woman holds his head. Who is there to sit by his hearth-lamp until his soul shall have gone forth? Who will bend his knees when we bear him to the barrow? Who will sing the song of sorrow by his extinguished lamp, if *she* refuses to come whom he calls for with his parched tongue—she whose father sucked the same breast as the dying Kemek?'

'My foot follows thee willingly to my sick kinsman's lamp;' and Naja descended the mountain towards the fiord, accompanied by Kinsalik.

Close to the shore lay a large woman-boat, rowed by two old men, and steered by the skeleton Angekkok. Naja sat in the boat, and looked sorrowfully upwards towards Arnarsak's tent, while the night-sun stood in the north-east, and shone on them as they silently glided out of the fiord.

We will extract another scene, laid in the house of the pastor Saabye.

One evening, while reading the Scriptures aloud to the old Angekkok, Elik Saabye was startled by the sound of a deep sigh. Turning round, he saw Kunnuk standing with his gun in his hand, and an expression of some strong mental conflict in his dark, changeful glance. He seemed, in his agitation, uncertain whether to remain or depart, and he muttered in a low tone of suppressed emotion:

'Away from the hearth-lamp of the Christian priest!—away from the stranger's witchcraft! He overthrows the soul with a word—he changes the mind and the thoughts with his eyes. What I will—that I will not.'

'Where hast thou been, Kunnuk?' asked the priest; 'and what is it that so disturbs thee?' The reply to this question brings on a conversation, in which the already wavering spirit of the Greenlander is still more touched, and finally turned by the missionary. Kunnuk leaves his presence, promising to combat the evil one within him, and to come again when he has gained the victory.

From the opposite side of the fiord came that evening a woman-boat to Claushaven. In it were Kunnuk's mother and sisters, come to seek the long absent son and brother, whose presence, as the provider for his family, could no longer be dispensed with.

Great was their joy when they saw him on the shore, busy in drawing up his kajak out of the water, and having at his side a heap of game, the product of his hunting.

Kunnuk flew to meet them with the utmost affection; but he saw the deep, still sorrow in his mother's face, and blushing deeply, cast down his eyes. When he raised them again, he was pale. The eyes of the mother and those of the son met with a questioning and a negative glance. The joy of meeting again was past.

'There is a great Angekkok here, who teaches new things, mother!' said Kunnuk, in a subdued tone. 'Old Elik hearkens to his voice; thou wilt also hear him speak: and whatever Kunnuk's mother wills, after the night-sun shall have journeyed three times towards the north, that shall Kunnuk will also.'

We wish that our space would admit of our extracting the account of the wild Kemek's burial. His kinsmen, despite of Naja's agonised remonstrances, bound him, while still living, with leathern thongs, and inhumed him in a stone-cairn. Kunnuk, who journeyed towards Kemek's cave with the full intention of forgiving his enemy, arrived just in time to assist Naja in disinterring him.

The old man lived long enough to receive with wondering gratitude the assurance that his soul might sojourn 'in the stilly lakes,' without fear of the father-avenger.

The tale concludes happily with the marriage of Kunnuk and Naja.

SMALL-CHANGE.

Those who vote 'coppers' a nuisance, and are only too glad to get rid of them by bestowing pence on Lascar crossing-sweepers, Hindoo tractmongers, and acrobatic street-urchins, will scarcely be able to realise the difficulties under which their ancestors laboured for want of small change. It is the fact, nevertheless, that lack of change was a crying grievance of merrie England in the olden time.

The silver coins of the Anglo-Saxons were so divided that they might be broken at pleasure into halvings or fourthings, from which arose the custom of breaking coins for love-tokens. During the middle ages, the silver penny became the chief feature in the English currency. The great purity of these pennies induced the Jews and foreign merchants to export them in large quantities, importing in exchange various coins of baser metals, rejoicing in the uneuphonious names of pollards, staldings, dotkins, crohards, and turneys, which, spite of royal edicts, passed current among the people.

To remedy this undesirable state of affairs, Edward I. issued silver half-pennies and farthings, weighing respectively eleven and five and a half grains. Under his successors, the value of silver increased, and the weight of the coins was diminished until the half-penny was reduced to six, the farthing to three grains. These spangles were lost as fast as they were issued; the people were ever crying out for more, and complaining that, for want of small-change, 'the poor man lost his penny.' The difficulty might have been overcome by using debased silver or good copper, but neither plan was adopted. Under these circumstances, the tradesmen took the matter in their own hands by manufacturing 'tokens,' which led to a petition to Elizabeth, complaining 'that grocers, vintners, chandlers, alehouse-keepers, and others, stamped tokens of lead, tin, and leather, for farthings and half-pence, to the great derogation of the princely honour and dignity, and at great loss to the poor, since they could only be paid at the shops where they were first received.' The Maiden Queen, ever jealous of the princely dignity, consented to the issue of copper pledges, and a proclamation respecting them was drawn up, but, from some unknown reason, was never published, and the project remained in abeyance; while the private mintages increased, until some three thousand retailers in London and its vicinity issued their own tokens in an average amount of L.5 per annum each.

James I. gave or sold to Lord Harrington a patent to coin copper farthings, and prohibited all others. Under his successor, the Duchess of Richmond and

Digitized by Google

Sir Francis Crane obtained a seventeen years' monopoly, but were not allowed to enjoy it undisturbed: a number of counterfeiters arose, who gave twenty-six shillings in copper for a pound in silver, being five shillings-worth more than the patentees were bound to give. Four of these speculators were convicted, fined a hundred pounds each, pilloried in Cheapside, whipped thence to Bridewell, where they were kept during the royal pleasure. Profit, however, triumphed over punishment; spurious farthings continued to be issued—the patentees, of course, refused to acknowledge them; the public, unable to distinguish between the good and bad, refused to take either. Change, however, was indispensable, and, availing themselves of the troublous times, tradesmen returned to their tokens. This was in 1648—at least, none are extant of prior date—and they continued to circulate them down to 1672, when they were finally prohibited by proclamation, and a regular copper coinage issued.

These humble tokens, 'for necessary change,' have excited the disgust of Evelyn, the anger of Pinkerton, and the scorn of Addison; but are, for all that, not unworthy of collection and examination. They were not coined by shopkeepers alone; Bristol and Oxford set an example, speedily followed by other towns, of issuing borough tokens, inscribed generally with the title of the officer whose duty it was to exchange them for legitimate coin, to which was added, in some cases, a laudatory legend, such as—

To supply the poor's need,
Is charity indeed.

When parliament resolved to put an end to private mintage, the offending towns were heavily mulcted; Yarmouth, for instance, paid ninety pounds to save its charter.

The trade-tokens usually bore on one side the issuer's name, on the other his address and calling; sometimes a sign and date. Few trades were unrepresented, as the following list, taken from extant coins, will shew: Apothecary, artizan-skinner, baker, barber, bailiff, beare-brewer, bellman, bodismaker, *bayse-maker* (?), bookbinder, bookseller, brewer, bricklayer, broker, capmaker, carrier, chandler, coleman, confectioner, comfitmaker, chirurgeon, clockmaker, clothier, cook, cornchandler, cutler, chapman, cheesemonger, chairman, distiller, draper, dyer, fishmonger, *farthing-changer*, glassman, gardener, goldsmith, glover, grocer, gunner, haberdasher, hosier, hatter, innkeeper, ironmonger, joyner, letherseller, lethercutter, locksmith, linnen-weaver, linnen-draper, lymeman, marshal, maltster, mealman, miller, milliner, merchant, oylman, pewterer, poulterer, pinner, postmaster, rugmaker, sadler, salter, silkman, silkweaver, shoomaker, *smoker* (?) starchmaker, stationer, tolleman, tallochandler, tobacconist, taylor, trunkmaker, trussmaker, vintner, vitler, upholsterer, watchmaker, weaver, wine-cooper, woollman, woolen draper and woodmonger.

Nearly a thousand names of towns or villages are to be found, among which Clapton in Hackney, Earith in Kent, Margret in the Ile of Thanet, and Portchmouth, are recognisable; but where in the United Kingdom shall we find Ageiche, Bacon's Inn, Brill Buxes, Couldekeste, Dasie Hilloch, Hecleft near Luema, Ivingoe, Lipruch, and Ham or Muchbuddow?

Some of these country coins bear a simple promise to pay, as 'I will exchange my 1d.;' or an announcement, 'I pass for a half-penny in Leeds,' 'I am for a public good in Cockermouth;' another combines a request and a prayer, 'Send me to the mercer of Knoss Hall—God grant peace;' one says, 'Paines bring gaines;' another, that 'Plain dealing is best.' W. Wakeling shews his loyalty with 'Vive le Roy in Uttoxeter;' while another shopkeeper profanely exclaims: 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my profits no harm.' We have a mock humility in 'Poore Ned of Feversham;' unintelligible quaintness in 'Pharoh in Barley,' and a union of the practical and poetical in

Welcome you be
To trade with me;

and

Although but brass,
Yet let me pass.

London tradesmen were, however, the principal manufacturers of these coins of advantage, which answered a threefold purpose: supplying the necessary change, serving as advertisements, and keeping the connection together. Akerman describes 2461 tokens, of which copies are in existence, all issued between 1648 and 1672. Of that number, Holborn claims ninety-four; Bishopsgate, seventy-three; Wapping, fifty-six; Aldersgate Street, thirty-two; and Fleet Street, thirty.

The custom of numbering houses being then unknown, almost every shop bore a sign, in most cases having no affinity with the business. These signs were reproduced on the trade-tokens, dividing the legend into two portions, with a pleasant disregard of the sense, leading to such equivocal readings as: Ben Stones in Gravy—Lane; George Jones in Gray—Friers; John Pullin the Beare—in Bearbinder Lane; the Broad Hen at Battl.—bridge; and Frances Clare in Bed—ford Bery.

Some affect a brevity almost insulting, curtly intimating they may be exchanged at *the* Sop-box in Westminster; the Border Entry in St Martin's le Grand; the Sparowest in Smithfield; against the Great Conduit in Cheapside; at *the* Colehouse in Barking; at *the* Yarne-shop in East Smithfield: from which we must suppose competition in soap, yarn, and coal was not very brisk in the several localities. Others are more explicit: there could be no difficulty in finding Newell Harwar at the Civet in New Cheapside, Bal and Powder Shop; Robert Cevin, a Cake Hous, in the same street; John Williams the King's Chairman at the lower end of St Martin's Lane at the Balcony; or the anonymous tradesman who throve at the 'Maremaid 'twixt Milk Street and Wood Street, Haberdasher, Small Wares in Cheapside;' but 'at the next boat by Paul's Wharf' is a rather puzzling direction, reminding one of the morrow that never comes; St Martin le Grand itself might despair at a letter addressed to 'The and 3 in Leadenhall Street, French Hous.'

Coffee-houses were large consumers of these coins; the sign commonly adopted among them was that of a hand holding a coffee-pot, issuing from a cloud; but we find on one token a cup and saucer and two short pipes. Another popular sign was the Morat's Head, (the vulgar perversion of Amurath), used by Garway or Garraway, who first sold tea in London 'for the cure of all disorders' at sixteen and twenty-five shillings a pound. Four different tokens exist belonging to Garraway's Coffee-house in Change Alley, one of which bears the motto:

Morat the Great men did me call;
Where'er I came, I conquered all;

with an accompanying inscription of 'Coffee, tobacco, sherbet, tea, chocolate in Exchange Ally.' Tokens of the St Paul's and London Coffee-houses are also extant.

The most interesting of these 'coppers' are those of the old taverns so intimately associated with our dramatic literature, and famous for 'the twisted quirks and happy hits of misty men of letters.' Here we have the effigy of Harry the VIII.'s jester, merry Will Somers, in long gown, cap, and feather, lustily

Digitized by Google

blowing a trumpet—his own, we presume; and here is the prince of clowns, reminding us of old Hall's lines:

> O honour far beyond a brazen shrine,
> To sit with Tarleton on an alehouse sign.

Talk of shilling exhibitions—see what one of these despised half-pence and a little imagination can do for us! We can step into 'The Rose Tavern in Coven Garden,' and watch the careless court butterflies of the Restoration drinking and wrangling, jesting and fighting; see Powell the actor toast his mistress in Nantz brandy, ere he frightens actresses and audience with his vigorous love-making; admire the appetite with which hungry Mr Pepys attacks his half breast of mutton off the spit; or listen to the arrangement, over a bottle of claret, of the preliminaries of the fatal duel between my lords Hamilton and Mohun. Another half-penny, bearing the legend, 'Ye D. and Dunstan's within Temple Barre I. S. W.,' that *may* have purchased for Shakspeare himself a half-penn'orth of bread, admits us, guided by the jolly landlord, Old Sim, the king of skinkers, into the presence of Rare Ben, as he welcomes his sons to the oracle of Apollo; or we can join Swift and Addison, whom Garth has invited to dinner; or unite with Johnson and his friends in celebrating Mrs Lennox's literary *début*, by keeping it up till the waiters are too sleepy to make out the bill, and St Dunstan's clock strikes eight.

'The Star Tavern in Coleman Street' recalls the story of the sea-sick cockney, who, on board a coasting-vessel during a storm, sat helplessly wringing his hands and crying:

> 'O that I could see two stars,
> Or only one of the two!'

till the disgusted captain demanded what he meant by it.

> 'I mean,' said he, 'where our club did meet,
> But never shall meet again,
> Either the Star in Coleman Street,
> Or the Star in Pudding Lane!'

Among existing taverns to whose antiquity these tokens bear witness is 'The Salutation Tavern at Billingsgate,' of which a doggrel rhymester of the days of Queen Bess sings:

> There hath been great sale and utterance of wine,
> Besides beere and ale and ipocras fine,
> In every country region and nation,
> But chiefly in Billingsgate at the Salutation.

The device adopted is that of two men 'booing and scraping;' but the original sign, doubtless, was the same as that of the Holborn Salutation—namely, Gabriel saluting the Virgin Mary, altered to suit Protestant notions of propriety. The Rainbow (Fleet Street) farthing bears the name of the original proprietor, James Farr, who was presented at the parish inquest for making and selling coffee to the great nuisance and prejudice of the neighbourhood. Here is a farthing, too, belonging to the Cock at Temple Bar, that ungallant fowl who, according to the laureate, rivaled Caligula's consul in extravagance, and

> Sipped wine from silver praising God,
> And raked in golden barley.

Among the miscellaneous trade-tokens, we meet with some more curious than intelligible: we have one issued by 'the Body-maker in Holywell Street;' another by 'Will Neagus in Whit Hors in Drury Lane, Backer;' and a third by 'John Bannister at the Matron's Seller in the Hospitall.' One bears the device of a female bust with the words, 'Roxcel-lana —Thos. Lacey his 2 peny;' from which we infer that Lacey was an admirer of the beautiful Mrs Davenport or Roxalana, the unfortunate actress, who, shamefully duped by the courtier, vainly sued for justice from the king.

Phonetic spelling was in high favour in the seventeenth century, and the advocates of that system may advantageously study the orthography of the minters of the trade-tokens. Queen Hithe becomes Queen Hive; White Friars, Whit Frirs; Pickle Herring Stairs is represented by Pickle Hirne Stars; while St Nicholas Shambles is profanely abbreviated into Nickles Shambles. Some streets rejoice in a variety of forms: Long Acre is Long Aker, Ackor, Akor, Acor, or Akar; Tooley Street, besides its proper title of St Olives, assumes the shape of St Toules, St Tooleys, St Tooles, Toolis, and Toolye; Piccadilly becomes Pickadilley, Pickadille, Pickedille, and Pakadilla; while the Minories have fairly exhausted every possible variation, as Minneris, Minoryes, Minoreys, Mineryes, Minereies, Minorys, Miniris, Mineorys, Minores, and finally Mynors! The following, though strange-looking, are intelligible: the Sene of the Harpe at Cheren Cros—Agin the Estinda Hous—Senmary-acts—Senmeryoversters, which is, of course, St Mary Overy Stairs; but an ingenious perversity was required to transform the Three Horse Shoes and Prince Maurice into 'the 3 Hors Shows' and 'the Grave Moryes.'

BOTANISTS OF MANCHESTER.

Some writers describe the Working-classes as the great unwashed, men of hard and dirty hands, vulgar manners, and brutal minds; while others make them models of delicacy and high feeling, generosity, truthfulness, humanity, looking down both with pity and contempt on those who have had the misfortune to inherit, or acquire by their industry, the independence of wealth. One does not know what to say to such generalisations, or which to reckon the more absurd; but in a narrative of *facts* exhibiting the tastes and avocations of bodies of men belonging to these mysterious classes, there is always an interest and a charm that fascinate the attention. Of such is an account of the Botanists of Manchester given recently in a local newspaper by Mr L. H. Grindon.* Not that this article determines the question as to the status of the caste. It only demonstrates its capabilities when acted on by certain circumstances; it proves—and not merely in the case of an individual here and there, which has often been done—that there is nothing incompatible in handicraft labour with high intellectual culture, and that the unwashed artificer of the poets and novelists is competent to appreciate and enjoy the most elegant refinements of science.

What was the nature of the circumstances which first turned the attention of the operatives of Lancashire to botany, it would now be difficult to ascertain. We are told that it commenced with the Linnæan system; which is the same thing as saying, that the ignorant were induced to study the plants they before loved and admired, as soon as it was shewn that broad and distinct laws ran through this department of natural history, which rendered it at once fascinating and intelligible to human beings. At any rate, botany was a favourite study with the Lancashire operatives about a hundred years ago. No records, however, exist. The first society we know anything about met at Eccles, where, in 1777, it was attended by 'Old

* *Manchester Weekly Times.*—Supplement—July 10.

Digitized by Google

Crowther' in his boyhood. It then numbered forty members. By 1790 it held monthly meetings at Ashton, Oldham, and various other towns and villages in rotation. Here commences the historical era of botany in Manchester. Even the names of the society's members are known. 'The business of the meetings,' says Mr Grindon, 'was to compare the floras of the several neighbourhoods, and to exchange plants and information in general on subjects connected with botanical science. A library was formed at a very early period. The members subscribed, and bought, among other books, the *Systema Naturæ*, and *Species Plantarum* of Linnæus, Withering's *British Plants*, and Lee's *Introduction to Botany*, and for several years everything went on pleasantly and usefully. With the close of the century, however, owing to infractions of the rules, the meetings were discontinued, and the society abruptly dissolved.'

But although the society was defunct, its spirit was alive, and the love and culture of botany was fostered in families and private meetings; resulting first in various local societies, and then in a collective or general one. 'The late venerable John Mellor, of Royton, near Oldham, is generally considered to have laid the foundation of the new school. Associated with him were the celebrated John Dewhurst, first president of the chief of the new societies, and George Caley, well known to the scientific as the botanist who accompanied Sir Joseph Banks to the South Seas. Gradually, the whole district lying north-west, north, and north-east of Manchester became animated with the love of botany; as far as even from Dilsey and Todmorden came the echo of the new music; and under the successive presidentships (after John Dewhurst's) of Edward Hobson, the great muscologist, then of the late John Horsefield, of Besses-'o-th-Barn, and now of James Percival, jun., of Hope Square, Prestwich, a man of extraordinary information, both in accuracy and amount, the meetings have gone on uninterruptedly and happily, and never were they more satisfactory than at the present moment.'

The meetings take place in the afternoon, once a week in a tavern. The members bring plants and flowers to be examined by the meeting. Excellent botanical libraries are possessed by the different societies; the one at Prestwich boasting a copy of Sowerby's magnificent work on English botany, comprising about fifty volumes of beautifully coloured plates. Many of the societies possess, likewise, large herbariums or collections of dried plants. But the members who have gardens are likewise surrounded at home by living specimens, cultivating 'curious plants, and such as usually are found only in the very highest class collections. Leaving out the greenhouses, the gardens at Old Trafford cannot shew half the number of rarities that James Percival is surrounded by at Prestwich, or Joseph Goodier at Stakehill. The humbler nurserymen in the neighbourhood are imbued with the same taste. No stranger who knows anything about plants can view the show in the Manchester flower-root market, on a Saturday morning in May or June, without feelings of the highest astonishment and gratification. The roots of these plants have been obtained principally by making excursions, for the special purpose, into North Wales, the Lake district, and the more romantic parts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. The exotics, of course, have come from superior gardens.'

At a time when so much is said and done about the education of the working-classes, it is surprising that the curious and beautiful facts in self-education we have now briefly noticed, have not attracted more attention. If there is anybody so stolid and unreflective as to ask, with reference to these facts, *Cui bono?* we would observe, as is proved in the paper before us, that the scientific knowledge thus acquired by the working-classes makes them happier, and makes them live longer! The Manchester botanists are noticeable for their bland good-humour, and even in the ranks of the lovers of natural history, for their longevity. 'Men never step into the presence of nature with affection and reverence, but they come back blessed and strengthened with a reward.'

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

A SONG TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

One day, upon the mountain side,
I went to tend my father's herd;
Reclining on the grass I spied
A beauteous maid who quickly stirred
Tumultuous passion in my heart,
And wounded me with love's keen dart.

I hastened to her side and said:
'Sweet lass, I want a kiss from thee!'
She started up and answerèd:
'Good lad, wilt give some gold to me?'
Then rested on her shepherd's staff,
And eyed me with a merry laugh.

'Alas!' I said, and deeply sighed,
'The gold thou askest for I lack:
'Tis firmly in my wallet tied;
The wallet's on the camel's back;
And far away in Kerman lies
The camel with the wealth you prize.'

'Alas for thee!' the maid replied,
'The kiss which thou dost ask of me,
Two rows of teeth from strangers hide;
The teeth are fastened with a key,
Which key my mother shuts from view,
And, strange! she dwells in Kerman too.'

Z.

In the article on 'Waste' (No. 246), referring to the Great Western Railway, it is inferred that, because there was no dividend on the *ordinary* shares, last half year, 'twenty-three millions have here been *wasted*; for all the real good accomplished for public ends by this railway company might of course have been secured by an outlay which, from its ample return, could have been completely replaced.' This greatly overstates the real facts. The assertion applies only to *eight* millions out of the twenty-three. It arises thus: About ten millions have not been supplied by the shareholders at all; they have been lent by capitalists at a definite rate of interest (from 3½ to 5 per cent.); and this interest has been, and still is, honestly paid out of the net traffic receipts of the company. Then there is another sum of about five millions, advanced under the form of 'guaranteed' or 'preference' shares, for which a stipulated dividend, varying from 3 to 8 per cent., is given. These preference dividends, like the interest on loans, have been, and still are honestly paid out of the net traffic receipts of the company. It is only the remaining portion, eight millions of *ordinary* or *non-guaranteed* capital, that is in the predicament adverted to in the article. This mistake has frequently been made lately in comments on the Great Western Company.

The above sums are sufficient, in round numbers, for the present argument; they do not profess to be quite correct. The last half-yearly Report gave the true figures.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 251. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

SHOT AND SHELLS.

In 1716 there was to be a recast of the damaged guns which had been captured from the French by the Duke of Marlborough. Many persons of distinction had assembled at the Royal Foundry, in Moorfields, to see the performance. Amongst the observers was a young German of the name of Schalch, who was travelling to improve himself. He noticed that the moulds were moist, and he knew that the heated metal would produce steam, which could not escape from the moulds, and consequently there would be an explosion. He warned the spectators, and sent a message to the head of the department; but the fact was disregarded; consequently, Schalch and his friends withdrew. Shortly after, London was alarmed by a terrible explosion which had taken place at Moorfields, and which had killed and wounded many people. Red tape was at once put on one side, and Schalch was advertised for by the authorities. He was offered the superintendence of a new foundry, and was requested to choose a more suitable site. Woolwich was selected by him, as there was water and space in the immediate neighbourhood, besides all other facilities. Schalch soon became master-founder, which office he held during nearly sixty years—namely, till his death in 1776.

Thus originated Woolwich Arsenal—which we lately visited, accompanied by an intelligent non-commissioned officer of artillery, who had procured for us, from the commandant's office, a ticket which stated that we, 'being natural-born subjects of her Majesty, might be allowed to enter the Royal Arsenal.'

To describe even superficially all the curious sights in this vast war-emporium would occupy too much space; a few of the most striking objects will, however, be noticed; and we shall endeavour to impart a small amount of the information with which our guide or our senses furnished ourselves.

At about a hundred yards from the entrance-gate, we are conducted into a manufactory in which we observe several large yellow objects which are turning slowly on their axes; these, we are informed, are brass guns in various stages of development. The guns are being shaved by one machine, trimmed by another, having their interiors bored out by a third, and the hard metal is passing in shavings from the guns, as though it were not tougher than apple-peel. The noise is deafening, and we gladly pass outside the door to be enabled to hear some of the explanation which our guide can afford us, with regard to the previous and future history of the revolving metal, which already assumes the appearance of guns. The following facts are then communicated to us:

That the 'boring department,' as it is called, out of which we have just stepped, is for the finishing of what are called brass guns only. These guns are all cast in the Royal Arsenal, and consist of 3, 6, 9, and 12 pounders, 24 and 32 pounder howitzers.

'What is the difference between a gun and a howitzer?' we ask.

'Well, sir, a howitzer throws a hollow shot or shell, and is consequently made lighter, in proportion to the size of the bore; the quantity of powder used is also less, being about $\frac{1}{15}$th the weight of the shot, whilst the charge of a gun is about ¼d or ⅓th. Howitzers are very useful for what we call ricochet-firing—that is, a sort of duck-and-drake style. To obtain a long range with this small charge, we give greater elevation to the howitzer.'

We are also informed that a field-battery of artillery usually consists of four guns and two howitzers; and that what are called field-guns, are the brass guns and howitzers which have been mentioned; brass being lighter than iron, is better adapted for field-service, or where the artillery are required to move with rapidity.

The early history of the mass of metal which eventually becomes a gun, is as follows: a mould, of a size larger than the required gun, is first formed; into this mould the metal, while in a state of fusion, is poured, and is allowed to rise two or three feet above the required height of the gun, so as to form what is called a 'dead head.' Into this dead head all the impurities of the metal will rise; and when the gun is taken to the boring department, the head is cut off, and is remelted with fresh metal. The composition of brass guns is 10 parts of tin to 90 parts of copper.

The most delicate operation in this department is that of boring, for the deviation of one-tenth of an inch in the direction would be a fatal affair. The boring is thus accomplished: the axis of the piece is first obtained, and the gun placed horizontally; a screw with a drill, which is propelled forward by a hand-wheel in the direction of the axis of the piece, makes a small hole, which is enlarged by the application of another drill. The gun is then taken to the boring and planing machine, where it is made to revolve. The muzzle and base ring are turned, in order that they may serve as guides in the boring; the boring-bar is then directed against the face of the piece, and the boring proceeds. When the gun has been formed according to approved fashion, and has *a muzzle, and chase, a first and second reinforce*, &c., it is

Digitized by Google

not admitted into the society of its finished brethren until it has been most severely tested.

The proofs through which our yellow friends have to pass are numerous; first, each gun is measured and gauged, externally and internally, and in all directions; then large charges of powder and shot are fired from it, much larger than will ever be required in practice; then, by way of variety, water is forced into the bore of the gun, and allowed to remain about a minute. A few days after this, the sun is made use of, and by means of a mirror, the rays are thrown into the bore, and the very bowels of the gun examined to discover how the water-cure was endured. If any wet parts appear, woe betide our yellow friend, for a piece of wax is then inserted, an accurate impression is obtained of the flaw which must exist in his interior, and his weakness is exposed to unrelenting judges.

If all these examinations be passed in a satisfactory manner, the gun is then sighted, and finished, and takes its place amongst the batteries, when a vacancy occurs.

Having gained this information, we re-enter the department, and note the boring and trimming. Slowly but surely the machinery revolves, whilst two or three men, whose nature appears as hard as that of the metal around them, with compass and rule, occasionally readjust a screw or slightly check a revolving wheel; unrelenting steel chisels scrape and rasp the brass, whilst a groan now and then comes from the interior of a bore, as though the suffering was great. Nothing but strong nerves will do here; we already feel a sort of creeping coming over us; and when a workman, unheard amidst the noise, gently touches us, and asks us to make way, we start, almost jump, in the temporary dread that one of the spiky steel scrapers has artfully approached us, and is about to take a shaving of flesh from the small of our back.

These brass guns, when used, are manned by six or seven men; each man has his special duties, and the several offices are as follows: No. 1 is usually a non-commissioned officer, and has charge of the detachment, takes the aim, and gives the elevation, &c. No. 2 stands on the right-hand side of the gun, near the muzzle; his duty is to sponge out the gun after each discharge, and to ram in the powder and shot. No. 3 arranges the ammunition in his hands, and slips it into the muzzle, when No. 2 has sponged. No. 4 places his finger over the vent during the sponging, so that, when the sponge is withdrawn quickly, a vacuum will exist in the bore of the gun, and any piece of ignited cartridge which might have remained in the bore would hence become extinguished. Accidents seldom occur to the gun detachments, owing to the training which the men undergo before they are trusted with ammunition; but if a small piece of ignited flannel cartridge did by chance remain in the gun, the sponge and its rammer, together with both the arms or hands of No. 2, would be blown away when the fresh charge was rammed into the chamber.

When the powder and shot are placed in the gun, No. 4 pricks the cartridge with a sharp-pointed wire, and No. 5 then fires. Nos. 6 and 7 are employed in bringing the ammunition from the limbers to No. 3.

When the word 'load' is given by No. 1, each of the men starts at once and performs his work until the loading is complete. We are informed that four shots can be fired during one minute of time from any of these brass guns, and that our guide, at the time a No. 1, fired from a 9-pounder, at a range of nine hundred yards, five shots in seventy seconds, and, moreover, that one shot of the round struck the target; but this he considers 'too fast to last,' and likely to endanger the arms of No. 2, or the accuracy of the aim.

When brass guns are fired for any length of time with rapidity, they droop at the muzzle, and then become unserviceable.

As a proof of the accuracy of the present artillery-fire, our guide informs us that, in a fight between some guns manned by the royal artillery, and some manned by the mutinous sepoys, near the village of Moocha, in India, our guns, at a range of six hundred yards, fired three rounds, during which the *sponge-staves* of two of the sepoys' guns were cut in two by our shot, and consequently that loading and firing were rendered impossible, until fresh staves could be procured; in the meantime, however, nearly all the sepoys around the guns were killed or wounded. When such results are obtained, it is evident that compass, rule, and machinery must perform their work without a fault.

We quit the boring department, cross over a road, and enter a vast iron-roofed building, in which some six hundred or seven hundred men are at work. A dull noise, caused by revolving wheels, here salutes us; but all appears well greased, and as though things moved comfortably. Our attention is first directed to the engine, which is situated in a room on the left of the door by which we entered. This is in itself a spectacle—its movements perfect, and its power unquestionable. From the engine-room we pass towards a square sort of machine, on the upper part of which are four wheels, or rather narrow drums; on each of these drums are coils of lead-rope, about the diameter of the Atlantic cable. The machine is in motion, and we notice that rifle-bullets continue dropping from the lower part of the machinery into a box placed for their reception. At the first glance, we cannot trace the connection which exists between the lead-rope above and the bullets below; but whilst our guide is explaining that this is 'the Minié-bullet machine,' we observe the working of the wonderful process.

The leaden rope passes from the drum above into a hole lower down in the machine. Every revolution of a wheel causes about an inch of this lead to protrude from the hole. As the lead protrudes, two iron fingers, with a most bland don't-mention-it sort of motion, close on the piece, hold it for an instant, descend, and the piece of lead is separated from the rope, as though it were a piece of soapy cheese instead of metal. We peep amongst iron bars and wheels, and find that the iron fingers drop the inch of lead into a sort of case, where it is quietly forced into a mould, gets a nick from another bit of iron, and tumbles down a Minié-rifle bullet, with its hollow end complete, in which is a mark to indicate what machine performed the work.

A lover of machinery might pass an hour in examining this simple and beautiful engine; we have only time to observe that four instruments are at work on each machine, that each instrument drops about forty bullets per minute, and that four machines are in motion. A process of multiplication enables us to conclude that, during the ten minutes which we have passed in looking at these machines, something like six thousand bullets have been formed—and if but one bullet in five hundred proves fatal, that the death-warrant of about a dozen men has been signed during the time.

We are next attracted to some small machines, which appear to work without any aid other than a small boy—these are busily employed in making small wooden cups which fit into the Minié bullet. The neatness with which the work is performed is marvellous, and we are informed that these cups cause the lower part of the bullet, when it is fired, to expand, and thus to do away with windage—windage being the space between the sides of the bullet and the bore of the gun.

Digitized by Google

We are enabled to walk down the centre of this large building by means of a passage, whilst on each side we notice huge iron shot, some being scraped, some having holes bored in them, and some being fitted with brass screws; these, we are informed, are shells, and obtain the following account of them.

Shells are hollow shot, and are used for one or two purposes: first, they are presented to an enemy as a mine; that is, they are filled with powder, fired into an enemy's town, and arrangements made so that they burst after they fall into the ground, or into houses. They also serve to convey musketry-fire to a distance, for being filled with bullets, they travel like solid shot to the distance of a mile or more, then burst, and scatter bullets and pieces of shell upon the selected quarter; in this form they are called shrapnell-shells. They also serve to give the enemy a sort of back-hander, when he is sheltered behind a parapet, &c., as when they burst, the splinters will fly in all directions. The details necessary to obtain these pleasant results, although of everyday occurrence to my guide, were still like Greek to me, so I was led to ask the following questions:

How do you arrange so that the shell shall burst at the required time?

By what means do you discover the distance of the object at which you are firing?

And why are some shells fired at much higher angles than others?

Shells are burst by means of fuses. Here is a fuse: you see an opening down the centre of this piece of wood; well, in that opening a composition is placed, and is driven hard by means of a mallet. The composition consists of saltpetre, sulphur, and mealed powder. When the fuse is complete, it is like this (shewing me a fuse which appeared like a lead-pencil, about one inch in diameter—the lead part being represented by the composition). Now, this fuse burns like all others—at the rate of one inch in five seconds of time; therefore, $\frac{1}{10}$ths of an inch in one second. Now, we know how fast our shot travels; so when we want the shell to burst at a certain spot, we bore a hole in the fuse, so that the flame from the composition may thus reach the powder in the shell; we drive the fuse like a cork into the shell, and away they go. The flame of the powder in the gun lights the composition on the top of the fuse, and the shell bursts in one, two, or three seconds, according as we bored the hole at $\frac{3}{10}$ths, $\frac{2}{10}$ths, or $\frac{1}{10}$ths from the top. You see these circular marks on the fuse; well, these are just $\frac{1}{10}$ths of an inch apart, so we can make the hole correctly at once.

With regard to judging the distance at which an object may be, we are informed that very few individuals are 'good hands' at it; but that the authorities are now cultivating this branch of education amongst the non-commissioned officers of the army. Our guide says that he finds a pencil, which he shews us, very useful in this matter, for a man at a thousand yards looks as big as a small mark which he has on his pencil when he holds it at arm's-length. On his pencil are several marks, which he says enable him to judge of any distance up to twelve or fourteen hundred yards, provided he can see a man.

With regard to some of the shells being fired higher than others, he tells us that the high ones are fired from mortars at an angle of 45°, and the range is increased or decreased by adding powder or the reverse; whilst with howitzers, the elevation of the piece will give an increase of range, the charge of powder being always the same.

Shells are cast of sufficient thickness to withstand the shock of the explosion of the gun, and at the same time thin enough to be burst by a small charge of bursting-powder.

Brass fuses are used for shells which are intended to act against ships, as the wooden might be broken off by the collision.

Shot and shell, iron and wood, are being scraped, shaved, and formed into all sorts of shapes, for the sole object, as it appears, of destroying human life. A feeling of melancholy comes over us as we contemplate the building in which so much skill and talent have been displayed, and then consider the purpose for which it has been erected.

We pass on to some machines which are hard at work punching small crosses out of copper sheets. This, we are informed, is the first state of a percussion-cap. The crosses are then taken to another machine, where a nipple presses on their centre, and completes the shape. Some of the machines do this work at once, both punch out, and press into shape.

The caps are then arranged on a frame or brass plate, in lots of 1000, and are placed underneath two steel plates, which are separated by a sheet of paper; these two plates and the paper have holes corresponding to the cap-plate. The upper plate can be moved on one side, thus destroying the communication. The holes are then filled with a composition of mercury, chlorate of potash, pounded glass, sulphur, and saltpetre; the plate is moved a little, the communication restored, and the charge is then instantly dropped into each of the thousand caps.

The frame with the caps is then taken to another machine, and placed under it; a large wheel is spun round, and the composition in each cap pressed firmly down, the pressure being about forty pounds on each cap.

The frame is then placed under another very simple-looking machine, to allow each cap to obtain a dose of shell-lac and spirits of wine, which is given by means of a number of small ends, which are dipped into the composition, swung over above the caps, and with a blow, deposit the drop into each cap. An arm regulates the brass frame, so that a fresh row is brought each time under the ends.

After the caps are dried, they are arranged by small boys in lots of twenty-five. These boys, as we look at them, work with redoubled vigour; arms, body, fingers, and head, appear as though moved by wires. The caps are flung, five-and-twenty at a time, into brown paper, which is then doubled up by one boy, and thrown to another, who ties it up; these parcels are then arranged in a box, and are ready for serving out.

We have scarcely time to do more than glance at many other interesting performances which are going on around us—boys and men, wood and iron, are all hard at work; and we cannot forget that they are working at machines which are for the purpose of destroying life. Still the individuals do not appear more fierce than men usually are—they work as calmly as though employed in making the elixir of life.

We make our exit on the opposite end of the building to that by which we entered, and walk towards the river Thames. Here we see piles upon piles of shot and shells of every size. Some huge shells are lying on the ground, and boldly assert in white figures that they are twenty-six hundredweights and some odd pounds in weight. These are the 36-inch shells belonging to the large mortar at present under trial at the Woolwich marshes.

Shells, I am informed, are always spoken off with regard to their diameter, while shot are indicated by weight. Thus we speak of 5½-inch, 8-inch, 10-inch, 13-inch shells, while shot are called 24, 32, 56 pounders. The 13-inch shell weighs 198 pounds, and will contain nearly eleven pounds of powder; with a charge of seven pounds of powder, it will range 2100 yards, and should have a fuse of about $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Digitized by Google

We ask our guide, as a test of his memory, what he would do with a shell for a 9-pounder gun, supposing a body of sepoys were at the distance of a mile from his battery.

He at once informs us that if the shell were a 'spherical case'—that is, a shell filled with bullets—he would give it one inch and two-tenths of fuse, and give the gun about 7 degrees of elevation; this length of fuse would cause the shell to burst about forty or fifty yards before it reached its destination.

'And what would be the effect produced on the sepoys?'

A smile comes over the bronzed face of our guide, as much as to say that he wished he could see the effect in reality; and he tells us that 'this 9-pounder shell contains forty-one bullets, which, together with the splinters of the burst shell, would *go plop amongst the sepoys* like a charge of small-shot amongst a covey.'

Referring to the four shots per minute and the six guns in a battery of field-artillery, we feel no surprise that this branch of the army is, at the present day, that which may alone win a battle; for one thousand bullets per minute, in addition to the splinters of the shells in which they were conveyed, thrown with accuracy to a distance of a mile, would, we imagine, cause even braver men than our sepoy enemies to consider that 'discretion is the better part of valour.'

My guide knows these particulars by heart; and he informs me that when the shell bursts, the splinters will sometimes fly back 800 yards, such a case having occurred during his own experience in the Crimea.

We note, as we pass on, some green guns standing on green skeleton-looking carriages—these are Russian trophies. Stores filled with harness, saddles, and equipment of every description, are on each side of us; these we pass by with only a glance, and also a new building in which there are some very handsome gates, formed from the captured Russian guns, and a very tall chimney. This building is for the purpose of casting iron guns, which were formerly supplied from Carron.

The next place we visit is like a huge carpenter's shop; this is the carriage department, in which gun-carriages, ammunition-wagons, hospital-carts, &c., are made. The most remarkable object here is a saw, which appears like a piece of tape, and which runs round two wheels. This saw cuts wood into any shape—will cut one's name and address out of a solid block of oak in a very few minutes; V. R., very neatly cut out in wood, lies on a sill near, and attests the power of the instrument. The spokes of the gun-carriage wheels are also formed by a most ingenious instrument. An iron spoke serves as a model, and a wheel rests against this and regulates the movements of a rapidly revolving iron scraper, which cuts from a rough piece of wood a spoke exactly similar to the model. The felloes and spokes were formerly pressed together by means of hydraulic-presses, but there appears some doubt about the success of this method.

We quit the arsenal, much gratified by our three hours' visit, but still impressed with the idea that the time may come when human nature may have so much advanced, that this establishment will be a relic of past and barbarous ages, and men will be able to traverse the earth, from east to west, and from north to south, and it shall be that whosoever meets a man shall meet a brother and a friend.

Upon expressing these opinions to a companion, we are assured that we have taken a wrong view of the arsenal; that if we look back upon past ages, we shall find that when men used bows and arrows, there was much greater slaughter than now, in the days of Minié bullets and shrapnell-shells. He tells us to hear Shakspeare, who says, speaking of Agincourt:

> This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
> That in the field lie slain;

and yet, during all the siege of Sebastopol, we had not more than one-third of that number disposed of by bullets. Therefore, the more shot and shell that are turned out at Woolwich, the greater number of lives will be saved in future wars; and that when the weapons used are even more deadly than Minié bullets and spherical case, there will probably be a great decrease in the slaughter. This is a problem not difficult for us to comprehend; and we determine in future to look upon Woolwich as the Peace Society's depôt; the arsenal, as the special work of a Humane Society; and shot and shells as the real Life-preservers.

A SUMMER IN THE CLOUDS.

HAVE you ever been at Cauterets, madam? Cauterets in the Pyrenees? the highest town, worthy of the name, to be found in Europe? No. Nor you, sir? Never. Well, I thought as much, for Cauterets is out of the tourist's beaten track, and the bold Britons who yearly inundate the continent with insular gold and insular French, have not yet found out the little, quaint, old-world watering-place.

Yet, I would not be understood to say that Cauterets is absolutely and entirely unknown to our wandering countrymen. Where, indeed, is a nook so retired as to be quite beyond their reach? Where is a gorge so savage, a desert so blank, a mountain so bleak, as to repel the travellers of our nation. They go about, critical, undaunted, destroying illusions, falsifying proverbs, trampling down prejudices, all over the world. The old impregnable fortresses of nature are stormed by them one by one. No peak so high, no glacier so slippery, but the English foot must clamber and slide there—Mont Blanc is scaled by it, with guides and without them, by day and by dark, from the north and from the south. Even Ararat was not safe. True, it had been held inaccessible for ages; true, the Ark alone was said to have got a footing on its summit. But a party of intrepid Cockneys arrived, scrambled up the 'untrodden solitude' as they would up Richmond Hill, and Ararat's prestige is ruthlessly snuffed out for ever.

So, of course, there are English at Cauterets; a few.

The ascent to it is of itself remarkable. You may know the Alpine passes well, you may be familiar with tumbling torrents, milky avalanches, and black pine-woods quivering to the roar of the cascades, and yet be amazed by the Pyrenees. They look so arid, hoary, and inhospitable, beneath a hot blue sky that would astonish a Switzer. The ascent to Cauterets by the post-road, up the narrow vale of Argelès, is no work fit for town-made axles and delicate springs. See—here comes the diligence, broad-wheeled, solid, and strongly hung with *sabots*, and chains, and *mécanique* ready to the *conducteur's* hand, and all the six or eight horses straining, tugging, slipping painfully as they jolt, haul, and jerk the big vehicle up the inexorable hills. Better trust to the diligence, and leave your London-built carriage behind at Pau or Bagnères. So! you have taken my advice. Quite right! We have the *coupé* to ourselves, you see, and a famous prospect. What a jolt! Mercy! another. Can wood and iron, to say nothing of human bones and sinews, endure such dislocating wrenches, and survive? To be sure. Look at those deep ruts, those broken boulders in the way, the work of last week's inundation, or the last *débâcle* of stones that fell from the mountain. The *cantonniers* are hard at it, poor fellows, with shovel and pick; but it will take days to repair the damage done in an hour; so up we go, thumping, bumping, leaping, with an elasticity quite amazing. Up we go, the driver flogging, the horses panting and gasping, the diligence swaying and lurching. This is Barèges, famous for its healing

Digitized by Google

waters. You look out, expecting to see a minor Lyon, a score of echoing factories at least, where the celebrated Barèges stuffs are fabricated. What a place! a dreary gorge, fields that seem to bear a crop of nothing but loose stones, some rambling hovels, two cut-throat inns, a forlorn old hen, ten goats, two drivelling *crétins* gibbering in the sunshine, seventeen beggars, all with frightful faces, frightful *goitres*, and fluttering rags. What a place! Why, as a severe punishment for those for whom the galleys are too good, don't they send the worst class of criminals here? Why, if the French are blind to the advantages they possess, don't we obtain leave to transport our own ticket-of-leave men and garrote-robbers to Barèges? As for invalids, the waters had need to be healing indeed if they can counteract the saddening influence of the landscape. Yet see, our passengers are leaving us. The dyspeptic Spanish bishop, and the shuddering countess from Paris, and the sallow cloth-weavers from Toulouse, and the Bordeaux wine-merchant, and the two nuns with the rosaries, are all getting out. Never mind. The *intérieur* and *rotonde* will be empty, and we shall go all the lighter up to Cauterets; and no bad thing, too, for the high road now becomes a high road indeed. Up we go, winding and turning, always on the brink of the foaming Gave, that raves and tumbles, and hurls its spray into our faces now and then, as if in play, and then leaps down a rock, and vanishes in misty vapour.

Higher, and higher yet. We turn an angle of the sharp rock, and lo! what a glorious prospect of mountains, piled up, snowy peaks above snowy peaks, belts of black pines, far-away cataracts, and the wondrous Circle of Gavarnie, a mighty semicircle of dazzling snow. Round another angle, and we see only the walls of stone, the red-tasselled mules, the bare-legged Spanish muleteers, the carts of wine or oil casks, that squeeze narrowly by, and the chafing Gave speeding arrow-like down the declivity.

Higher, and yet higher. How the horses strain. We must be getting up above the clouds almost. To be sure we are. We *are* above them, for look along the valley, and see, floating below us, a mass of vapour, gray, and black, and blood-red in one place where the setting sun touches it. Those are the clouds. Higher yet! a nightmare of toiling horses, cracking whips, and a bumping carriage. Hurrah! This is Cauterets, with its fountains, its marble-fronted houses, and its streets paved with broad stones in Spanish fashion. See what noble peaks shoot up around it, black with pines, silvery with ore, fleecy with snow! The sun is sinking, and, swoop! down come the gray clouds from the peaks, filling the air with mist, and hovering over the chimneys like smoke in London. It is very cold for summer—quite frosty. But you are from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea; you have snow and ice all round you, and must not wonder if you shiver in July, or freeze in August, after sundown.

What a lively scene! and yet not by any means French. Indeed, you have no small difficulty in realising that you are still in France. It is the height of the bathing-season, and the streets are as gay as if a fair were going on. It *is* a fair. Booths after booths, where all sorts of pretty things are displayed in tempting profusion, the shopkeepers themselves being more remarkable than their wares. No commonplace, rosy, close-shaved *bourgeois* are there; no tight, trim, pale, eager shopkeeperesses, such as lately sold you bad gloves in the Rue d'Antin, or gave you short change for a guinea in the Marais. No, no. Here are Spanish donnas in veil and velvet jacket; Greek pedlers in scarlet caps, Albanian vests, and white Hellenic petticoats; turbaned Moors and Turks, grave and sparing of speech; Italians, Portuguese, all the people of the south, elbowing a few amber-bearded Germans, who have come to pick up among the Pyrenees wherewithal to fit up a shop at Mannheim or Nürnberg.

And the purchasers are almost as worthy of notice. There are some Parisians, regular *flâneurs*, splendid in glossy broadcloth and spotless linen, staring at the 'savages' through their gold mounted eye-glasses. Just so, with the same cool indifference, the same half-impertinent assumption of superiority, would they contemplate a tempest, or a battle, or an eruption of Cotopaxi, or a vaudeville, or Brigham Young preaching to his Mormon flock. And here are certain other Parisians, who have deigned to adopt part of the 'savage' costume, and walk about smiling benignantly, in coloured *berets* and gaudy sashes, and *sombreros* that will tumble over their noses when they walk, and get blown off whenever there is a gust of wind.

There is a gust now—hold your hat, if you are wise.

Whir! down it comes like an eagle, whisking away many a light object from the booths, and making sad havoc among parasols and wide-awakes. For a moment, all is dust and mist. There, it is over now, and we can proceed. Mixed up with people from Spain, who come to drink, to bathe, to be cool, or to escape being shot as rebels or friends of government by one party or other, are countless smart folks from Bordeaux, Toulouse, all the southern towns. What radiant toilets! You stare to see such spun-glass bonnets, such lace mantles, such silks, flowers, feathers, and finery in general, more than three thousand feet above the Atlantic level. Are all these sparkling butterflies, dressed as if for a Longchamps promenade or a drive in the Park, the real *noblesse* of France, withdrawn from the neighbourhood of a usurping dynasty to flourish in legitimate brilliancy? That stately dame in the brocade from Lyon, blue and black, worth ever so much a yard, must be a duchess at least; and the two pretty creatures in the infinitesimal bonnets, with the antique lace more valuable than diamonds, countesses, no doubt. Not a bit of it. Two words will describe the occupation and source of the wealth and finery of the showiest of the company: if from Bordeaux, wine; if from Toulouse, wool. All wine and wool. That magnificent lady, as glittering, and, I am afraid, as proud, as a peacock, you would stare to see in her husband's warehouse at Toulouse, dressed in skimpy cotton and a plain cap, keeping the books, higgling about *centimes*, distinguishing French merino wool from Spanish, with her eyes shut, if need be. Those pretty girls, demurely following their mother, know nothing of the wine-trade, it is true, for it is not *comme il faut* for the French demoiselle to know anything; but wait till they marry those two black-bearded gentlemen who are now ogling them from that little café, and see if they do not start up full-blown judges of the Médoc grape, cognizant of John Bull's taste to a nicety, how much brandy he will swallow, and how many shillings a dozen he will disburse.

The peasants are worthy of notice, but they bewilder one. What *is* their national garb? Alas! every vale has its own dress; and one is kept in a perpetual puzzle as to which deserves the golden apple. See, a Campan man, in white, with a flat white cap, and a blue sash and sandals, is talking to a peasant-girl of Luchon, in her graceful crimson or scarlet hood, bare feet, and sky-blue kirtle. That group of hard-featured mountaineers, in the broad bonnets of brown or blue—just the Scottish bonnet—contrast famously with the opposite cluster of milkmaids from Eaux Bonnes, whose blue mantles, gaudy jackets, and striped petticoats, eclipse any theatrical peasant-dress ever devised by the most lavish manager.

Digitized by Google

Night has stolen a march upon us as we contemplate these things; for owing to the high peaks, the days are shorter at Cauterets than in the lower world; and thus, the nearer you ascend towards the sun, the less you see of his radiance. There, the snow is rose-coloured, pinkish, violet, gray, almost black. In a few moments more the summits will have no more light on them.

Down come the clouds, and we had better house ourselves while we may. House ourselves, did I say? It is no such easy matter. Some of us are hardy, some are rich, but how few there are who unite the purse of Fortunatus to a hermit's scorn of luxuries. Let us enter some of these marble-fronted houses, and inquire for a lodging. Heyday! have we got into Spain without knowing it? Here is the same bare discomfort, the same bleak absence of all we are used to deem indispensable to civilised life, that distinguishes the Peninsula. Large rooms, with doors that won't shut, and windows that gape like dead oysters; no carpets, no bells, no sofas, no looking-glasses, sundry little beds, a few cane-chairs, and a clock that has indicated half-past twelve for a score of years. Noisy staircases, a carpenter below, a locksmith above you, a kitchen of Homeric proportions, reeking with garlic from the savoury *podridas* simmering on the fire—such is the *appartement* proposed to you. Perhaps I was wrong to say 'proposed,' for lodginghouse-letters at Cauterets are not accustomed to offer, to advertise, and recommend their domiciles; they are better used to listen calmly to the requests of the houseless stranger who seeks a roof and a bed on any terms. Even the screaming hand-maidens who are to wait on you, and whose language is a polyglot of Basque, Spanish, and Catalan, seasoned with a sprinkling of French, are by no means eager to insure a new tenant for the wealthy proprietor of the *casa*. But at last you get a hearing. What? twenty francs a night for that doghole of a double-bedded room opposite the saw-mill! forty francs for two narrow cells that overlook the marble-cutter's yard! twelve for the loft with a truckle-bed in it! Nonsense! the people must be joking. Let monsieur try elsewhere, if he pleases. So monsieur tries, and tries again, and wears out shoe-leather and patience, and always the same story—from ten to forty francs for one room, *per diem*. Let us try the inns. There are plenty of them. At one or other of the hotels there takes place a ball almost every night—a ball at which the ladies shall appear dressed as for the Tuileries, and yet those hotels are worse than the roadside inns of Italy. Again, fifteen, twenty, thirty francs for a bedroom! You express a wish for a sitting-room. The natives hold up their hands and burst out into a hearty laugh that makes you feel ashamed of yourself as an unreasonable Sybarite.

We must e'en dine in the public *salle*, though a fine odour of garlic makes it detestable to northern olfactories. What can we have for dinner? Stringy animal fibre, unripe fruit, thin soup, cheese, and a few potatoes; but do not imagine that the bill will be proportioned to the meagreness of the cheer. Are there no vegetables? Monsieur forgets we are more than 3000 feet above the sea. No eatable meat? What! at 3000 above the sea? Is all the bread bad? Does fruit never ripen? Can the vineyards of Médoc send to Cauterets no wine a little less sour than vinegar? Monsieur, we are 3000 feet and more above —— O yes, I know; thank you. There are no shops—the gay booths excepted—save of the humblest class. Tea is ten shillings a pound; sugar, dear in proportion; writing-paper, about two sous a sheet. It is 3160 feet above the sea. It is too high for civility, though not, alas! above the reach of fleas. If you expect letters, you must go and fetch them, and jostle for half an hour in a crowd that besets the post-office. No letter-carriers exist—3000 and odd feet above the Atlantic. If you quit your inn for a lodging, the landlady will scold you in good round terms for your want of politeness: for the etiquette of Cauterets is to stay where you first settle yourself, fleas, garlic, noise, and extravagance notwithstanding. Yet one need not always grumble. We have slept, in spite of the fleas; and if our dinner was meagre, the cream and butter at breakfast do honour to the mountain dairies. The town is all alive, picturesque, noisy, swarming. Troops of ladies and their attendant cavaliers are starting on horseback for the Pont d'Espagne, or the Lac de Gaube, or the Cercle of Gavarnie.

The whole street is full of lean wiry horses, all over red tassels and fringe, plunging, pawing, and capering, as the long whips of the guides marshal the cavalcades. Every one seems good-humoured, talking and laughing loudly. There go a party of adventurous sportsmen, each with two guns, one on each shoulder, like Robinson Crusoe in the pictures; and theatrical figures they are, all gaiters, sashes, pouches, belts, and dirks. They are proceeding, under the tutelage of certain professional hunters, to chase ibexes, bears, izzards, or what they can get. What they can get is generally *nil*, for day by day bands of these heroes leave the town, bristling with weapons, and much encouraged by the waving of ladies' handkerchiefs, and return without having achieved even the slaughter of a tomtit. There pass the valetudinarians on their way to the waters of the hot spring—and is that, can it be, our old friend Guy Faux, borne on men's shoulders? No; it is only a respectable old lady in a wonderful open sedan, being in fact an uncovered beehive, perched on poles, and in which those who love not to walk or ride are carried along as if in triumph. Here come a band of Spaniards who have brought over huge baskets of live poultry for sale. What a race of giants they seem among the low-statured, square-built French; and how strange are their turbaned heads, sandalled feet, bare, sinewy limbs, sash-begirt waists, and striped cloaks of black, white, brown, and orange, bequeathed them by their Moorish ancestors.

Here are criers innumerable: negroes selling Madrid chocolate, Turks with sherbet, and two showy confectioners in fancy uniforms, each with a tin can full of hot pastry. Listen! while one of them chants, not unmusically:

> Des pains au lait,
> Des petits pains au lait;

the other is bawling out that his cakes are real Bordeaux cakes, and have that instant arrived from that famous city, all hot, all hot, all hot; which, as Bordeaux is a couple of hundred miles off, seems rather a bare-faced assertion; but the French will believe anything. Later in the day, we shall have games of strength among the peasants, and dances on the green, and fireworks. But the grand attraction consists in the races. Such races! a Newmarket jockey would hardly believe his eyes. There are flat-races, hurdle-races, and so forth, for the mountain ponies; races of men in sacks, of women with pitchers of water on their heads, and of blind-folded people. But the great lion of the races is a hurdle-race, in which the riders are peasant-girls in their ordinary costume. At every leap, nine-tenths of the fair jockeys are unhorsed; and the scrambling, rolling, and remounting, the laughter, cheers, and excitement of the spectators, make the scene excessively animated, if not well adapted to our insular notions of decorum.

Enough of Cauterets. And yet I must quote one more trait. Look at that mountaineer leading by a

Digitized by Google

cord, for sale, a monstrous Pyrenean sheep-dog. See how the magnificent white brute strides along, like a shaggy pony, and to be sold for much the same price. This is the oldest family of dogs, probably, in Europe. The famous St Bernard breed are but a junior offshoot of this mighty canine race, the terror of the bear and the wolf these two thousand years and more. Won't you buy the grand old fellow, with his red eyes and waving tail, and that sagacious head? No. Well, if you decline to pay down eight or ten pounds for so formidable a pet, there is another peasant with a basket containing four blind little brutes that you would take for bear-cubs, but they are Pyrenean puppies. The French will tell you they cannot thrive out of the mountains. In the plains, they say, this noble race of dogs pine and perish. Don't believe a word of it. I bought two puppies of the pure breed, brought them down to the low country, and have them still, the fine fellows, as big as calves now.

Well, Cauterets is worth visiting. Nature has given it every picturesque beauty that crag, and peak, and pine-woods, and roaring Gave, and untrodden snow, and darkly blue lake, and raving cataract, blended together can produce; and a Summer in the Clouds, spent in that wild nook, would provide one with a store of mind-pictures that would last a lifetime. [Since this visit to Cauterets some changes have taken place. The road has been greatly improved; and with regard to lodgings and the comforts and luxuries of life, demand has had its usual effect upon supply.—Ed.]

OLD ENGLISH MELODIES.

In the present general crusade against organ-grinders and itinerant musicians of all kinds, it is a relief to revert to a period when our ancestors were more tolerant, or, at all events, less critical in these matters. It is doubtful whether the sensitive Londoner of now-a-days would permit St Dunstan himself to perambulate his street with that hand-organ, 'made with brass pipes, and filled with air from a bellows,' albeit the instrument was of the ingenious saint's own construction.

A gentleman's harp—if any modern gentleman happens to possess such a thing—is now, alas! as liable to be taken in execution as his eight-day clock; whereas it formerly enjoyed that immunity from arrest which is at present confined to the two Houses of Parliament. It was, indeed, one of the three things the keeping of which, by the laws of Wales, constituted a gentleman; and none could pretend to that character who did not own one, and, what is more, who could not play upon it. It was expressly forbidden to teach slaves the art of harp-playing, for the same reason that the southern states of America forbid their helots to be taught to read—namely, lest they should thence become those pinks of civilisation which their masters (somewhat hastily) are in the habit of conceiving themselves to be.

In the famous tale of King Alfred in the Danish camp, and in a score of similar legends of that period, we learn how highly was the minstrel's art esteemed, how richly he was rewarded, and how his person was held as sacred as that of an ambassador or herald.

In the third year of King Henry I., the priory and hospital of St Bartholomew in Smithfield was founded by the king's minstrel Royer, which a poet-laureate of modern times would scarcely have the means to do. In the reign of Henry II., Galfrid, a harper, received an annuity from the abbey of Hide in Winchester, and many of his brethren seem to have been rewarded in a similar manner, if we may judge from the anger of the monks. 'For *you* do not,' writes John of Salisbury to some eminent personage, 'like the fools of this age, pour out rewards to minstrels and monsters of that sort, for the ransom of your fame and enlargement of your name.' In the reign of Richard I., minstrelsy flourished very splendidly, and we are all acquainted with the romantic obligation in which that royal captive was indebted to it. Many of the convents even spared neither money nor good cheer to those wandering bards, whom two out of three of our ecclesiastics of to-day would probably consign to the custody of the police. In a certain religious house in Oxfordshire, we read in Wood's history of that county: 'Two itinerant priests, on the supposition of their being minstrels, gained admittance; but the cellarer, sacrist, and others of the brethren, who had hoped to be entertained by their diverting arts, when they found they were only two indigent ecclesiastics, and were consequently disappointed of their mirth, beat them, and turned them out of the monastery.' Richard, the king's harper, to whom his royal namesake gave not only 40s. and a pipe of wine, but a pipe of wine to his wife also, was termed Master Richard, which, says Percy, deserves notice, as shewing his respectable situation.

If the Venerable Bede did not write the two musical treatises which are attributed to him, yet sufficient evidence is afforded in his *Commentary of the Psalms* to prove not only his knowledge of music, but of all that constituted the regular 'descant' of the church from the ninth to the eighteenth century. 'As a skilful harper,' writes he, in his Commentary upon the fifty-second Psalm, 'in drawing up the cords of his instrument, tunes them to such pitches, that the higher may agree in harmony with the lower, some differing by a semitone, a tone, or two tones, others yielding the consonance of the fourth, fifth, or octave; so the omnipotent God, holding all men predestined to the harmony of heavenly life in His hand like a well-strung harp, raises some to the high pitch of a contemplative life, and lowers others to the gravity of active life.' And he thus continues: 'Giving the consonance of the octave, which consists of eight strings; . . . . . the consonance of the fifth, consisting of five strings; of the fourth, consisting of four strings, and then of the smaller vocal intervals, consisting of two tones, one tone, or a semitone, and of there being semitones in the high as well as the low strings.' 'Judging from these passages,' says Mr Chappell, from whose interesting preface to the *Popular Music of the Olden Time*,* most of our information is gathered, the harp does not seem to have been tuned to any particular scale in those early times.

The earliest secular composition in parts that is known to exist in any country is that song of 1250, *Sumer is icumen in.*

ORIGINAL WORDS.

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wde nu.
Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu,
Cuccu, cuccu!
Wel singes thu cuccu,
Ne swik thu naver nu.

WORDS MODERNISED.

Summer is come in,
Loud sing cuckoo!
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And spring'th the wood now.
Sing cuckoo!

* London: Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, Regent Street.

Digitized by Google

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf [the] cow.
Bullock starteth, buck verteth,*
Merry sing cuckoo;
Cuckoó, cuckoo!
Well sing'st thou cuckoo,
Nor cease thou never now.

It has a natural drone-bass about it to suit the bagpipe, 'the true parent of the organ (think of that, O musical Caledonians!), and then in use as a rustic instrument *throughout Europe*.' Surely, if this was indeed the case, wholesale emigration to the other hemisphere must needs have taken place far earlier than we were aware of. In a curious collection of songs and carols of Henry VI.'s time, recently printed for the Percy Society, there occurs this singular wassail-song:

Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no gain;
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that go'th down at once.

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,
But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that.

Bring us in no mutton, for that is passing lean,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clean.

Bring us in no eggs, for there are many shells,
But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else.

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many hairs,
Nor bring us in no pig's flesh, for that will make us bears.

Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all God's good,
Nor bring us in no venison, that is not for our blood.

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere. [mire.]
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale—

a recurring sentiment, which reminds us of a newly-added verse of that popular modern melody, *We won't go home till morning*—(namely, We can't eat any more, we can't eat any more, we can't eat any more, but we'll have some more to drink.)

It must be remembered that these songs are quoted in the book we have referred to, at least as much for the sake of the music as of the words, and that we are therefore prevented by the nature of our periodical from rendering the volume more than half the justice due to it. Mr Chappell has, by his research and skilful treatment of the subject, quite reproduced, to ear as well as eye, the vocal music of three centuries ago. The following poem, however, can at least be appreciated without the accompaniment, and we can imagine its effect when played as directed, 'slowly, smoothly, and with great expression.'

THE THREE RAVENS.

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be;
The one of them said to his mate:
Where shall we our breakfast take?

Down in yonder green field,
There lies a knight slain, under his shield.
His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they their master keep.

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There 's no fowl dare him come nigh.
Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.

She lifted up his bloody head,
And kissed his wounds that were so red;
She got him up upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime:
She was dead herself ere even-song time.
God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman.

The conclusion of this is quite as sad, and certainly as touching, as that of the modern favourite of the public, *Vilikins*, which, and absurdities like which, it loves not at all wisely, but too well.

We English, as it seems, have a great and ancient reputation to keep up in this matter of music and singing. Erasmus asserts that, in his time, we challenged the prerogative of having the most handsome women, of keeping the best tables, and of being the most accomplished of any people in the skill of music. The ambassador of the Doge of Venice, writing home of the chapel-service of Henry VIII., says: 'We attended high mass, which was chanted by the bishop of Durham, with a superb and noble descant choir;' and again: 'The voices of the choristers are really rather divine than human; they did not chant, but sung like angels (non cantavano, ma jubilavano); and as for the deep bass voices, I don't think they have their equals in the world.'

During the reign of Elizabeth, not only was music a necessary qualification for ladies and gentlemen, but even the city of London advertised the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, as a mode of recommending them as servants, apprentices, or husbandmen.

'Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the base-viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern, and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop. They had music at dinner, music at supper, music at weddings, music at funerals, music at night, music at dawn, music at work, and music at play.'

Dekker informs us that the usual routine of a young gentlewoman's education was 'to read and write; to play upon the virginals, lute, and cittern; and to read prick-song (that is, music written or pricked down) *at first sight*.' Moreover, when a writer of that period praises a lady, skill in music is certain to form one of the virtues he enumerates:

Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand
Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace.

In Charles II.'s time, we find Mr Pepys, although half a Puritan in his youth, delighting in all kinds of music. 'Nov. 21, 1660. At night to my viallin, in my dining-roome, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbours come forth into the yard to hear me.' Dec. 3. 'Rose by candle and spent my morning in fiddling till time to go to the office.' 28th. 'Stayed within all the afternoon and evening at my lute with great pleasure.' In the cellars at Audley End, 'played on my flageolette, there being an excellent echo;' and again: 'I took my flageolette and played upon the leads in my garden, when Sir W. Pen came, and there we stayed talking and singing, and drinking great draughts of claret.' Nay, 'snob' as he has undoubtedly shewn

* 'Frequents the green fern.'

Digitized by Google

himself to be with regard to social distinctions, he does not hesitate to join his harmonious servants both with voice and instrument. 'After dinner, my wife and Mercer, Tom (the boy), and I, sat till eleven at night, singing and fiddling, and a great joy it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house. The girle (Mercer) plays pretty well upon the harpsichon, but only ordinary tunes, but hath a good hand; sings a little, but hath a good voyce and eare. My boy, a brave boy, sings finely, and is the most pleasant boy at present, while his ignorant boy's tricks last, that ever I saw.'

These pleasant gifts, however, which at one time seem to have pervaded all classes, suffered a great blow at the hands of Puritanism. In 1586, while parliament is sitting, a pamphlet is addressed to it, called *A Request of all True Christians*, and praying that 'all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of psalms, from one side of the choir to another, with the squeaking of chanting choristers, disguised (as are all the rest) in white surplices; some in corner caps and filthy copes, imitating the fashion and manner of Antichrist the Pope, that Man of Sin and Child of Perdition, with his other rabble of miscreants and shavelings.'

Dancing appears to have called forth quite a torrent of that blasphemous invective in the use of which the religious ascetics of all times have been so great proficients. 'The way to heaven is too steep, too narrow, for men to dance in and keep revel-rout. No way is large or smooth enough for capering roisters, for jumping, skipping, dancing dames, but that broad pleasant path that leads to hell;' which sentence is indeed almost the only one, out of many, which is fit for quotation. Certainly we seem to have had some national customs before the steeple-hats got the better of the crown, which would even now-a-days be held somewhat too easy and familiar. It was not only customary to salute a partner at the beginning and end of a dance—and there were some dances with ever so much kissing in them besides—but also on first meeting a fair friend in the morning, and on taking leave of her. The custom of kissing before the Puritanic era was universal, and, at least for two centuries before, peculiarly English.

Still there were lessons, and moral ones too, taught in these good old times, which it were well indeed if we moderns should lay to heart and profit by. There is a beautiful ballad of King James I.'s time, too long for us to quote more than the first verse, which contains far more nobility and wisdom than all Mr Prynne's philippics:

I am a poor man, God knows,
And all my neighbours can tell,
I want both money and clothes,
And yet I live wondrous well.
I have a contented mind,
And a heart to bear out all,
Though fortune being unkind,
Hath given me substance small.
Then hang up sorrow and care,
It never shall make me rue;
What though my back goes bare,
I'm ragged, and torn, and true.

Mr Chappell's collection is in all respects a remarkable work, one of those which an honest enthusiasm may, but a money-fee never can, produce. Having first spent many years in gathering a series of the forgotten music-books of the past, and in taking copious notes from such collections as exist in manuscript in public and private libraries, he has here given us every song and ballad tune that the people had a favour for between the reigns of the last Henry and the first George—that is, every one which has been preserved—accompanied by the original verses, and illustrated with abundant annotation. As a matter of course, we have here the words and notes of most of the songs alluded to in Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including that which Desdemona tells us was sung by her mother's maid called Barbara, all Ophelia's sad ditties, and so forth. The work is indeed a complete museum of this class of popular antiquities, a curious and entertaining record of past generations in one of their most interesting social aspects.

A SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

CHAPTER I.

Some one has demanded, I really forget who, how it is that so many cobblers have become wonderful men. I will just mention two, who, though dead, are still exercising a silent and a mighty influence upon Christendom—Jacob Behmen and George Fox. Newton himself 'ploughed with Behmen's heifer;' and so we owe, indirectly, the greatest scientific impetus of the modern world to a theosophising shoemaker. The great William Law, the spiritual father of John Wesley, and of the Methodist movement of the last century, and—as some say—of the Anglo-catholic movement of this century, confessed that the humble Jacob was his true teacher. If so, we owe the two greatest religious impetuses of modern England to a poor Christian cobbler.

If this were to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, I think I could add a list which would be really surprising. However, it is not to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, but merely the transcript of one episode out of the life of a certain poor honest journeyman cobbler, by name William Griffin, and out of the life of his betrothed sweetheart, Anne Moss.

William Griffin and Anne Moss had been engaged since she was fifteen, and he twenty years old. Great poverty, a drunken father, the death of her mother, and the necessity of independent work, had made Anne a thoughtful little woman long before she had reached the age called womanhood—a fact which I feel it necessary to state, as the prudent reader might otherwise stop during the relation, to say over to himself, or herself, three or four sober old proverbs concerning the evil of very early engagements, and the ignorance of their own minds supposed to be generally characteristic of young girls; with which proverbs I most cordially agree, reserving the right of exclusion from all their conditions to Anne Moss alone. For if, as a certain spasmodic poet has said, we are to count life by heart-throbs, not by minutes, why, then, our little Anne could reckon up heart-throbs enough at the age of fifteen to attest her right to all the honours, privileges, and considerations of fifty.

Anne was a little less than fifteen when she took the place of a maid-of-all-work. This exchange of her miserable home for domestic service was merely an escape out of the fire into the frying-pan. Both of them were a fiery trial to the poor girl; but the latter burnt a *little* less fiercely. For, although her mistress never beat her, never swore at her—while her father frequently did both—because the lady had not heat or passion enough in her nature for such violent exercises, yet she made the little servant's life very bitter to her by her infinite applications of 'Thou shalt not.' Everything that was humane, natural, pleasant, or desirable, had this waving before it, like the flaming

Digitized by Google

sword, to keep off Anne's eyes, hands, and longings. Above all, she was allowed no followers. Mrs Darah, having never—she thanked goodness—been in love herself, considered love the most ridiculous folly and delusion under the sun. Even if it might be indulged in by people who had time and money for it, it certainly was not fit for servants. She was often heard to say that love made more thieves than malice or selfishness did; destroyed cold meat more rapidly than fly-blows; and would empty a larder quicker than a whole hungry family. She had had servants with huge appetites, and servants with lovers: she found both expensive; but the latter the worse; for even if their own appetites were ordinary, their lovers' were usually exorbitant.

In spite of these restrictions of her mistress, Anne met William very often. They managed to have walks together, to betroth themselves to each other; and after five years' steady love, under great difficulties, to fix at last a wedding-day; she by that time being twenty, and he twenty-five.

During these years of courtship, they had both worked very hard, and saved some money. William's situation was as good as his sweetheart's was unpromising. Indeed, he always thought, and almost hoped too, that Anne must need nearly every farthing of her scanty wages for her dress. The proud youth delighted himself with the belief that she was dependent upon him; his love was pleased with the fancy that he should bestow everything on her, and receive nothing from her in return. He intended to set up a small shop of his own, and begin an independent business with his wedded life.

But the long self-reliance of his sweetheart had made her too proud to think of entering a home to which she contributed no tangible goods. It was kind and loving of William, she said, and like him, to declare that 'if she had thousands, he should like her none the better.' She should like to have thousands, just to give them to him. Yet, since she had not the income of a duchess or of a banker's heiress, she would do what she could towards enriching him with the income of a poor little servant-maid. She kept a secret stocking for her few, far-between, and hardly earned guineas. When William talked of anything he had bought, or contemplated buying, the loving maiden inwardly smiled with her delight at the sly, unexpected additions to his comfort and pleasure which it was her intention and in her power to add.

William's work was ten miles from his sweetheart's; so he had a walk of twenty miles whenever he wished to see her. He could afford this only once a week—namely, on Saturday evenings; for then he could sleep at a tavern, spend some of the Sunday with Anne, and return at night, to be in time for the work of the new week.

CHAPTER II.

It so fell out, between the second and third asking of the bans, that our little heroine was taken ill. Her cold mistress, having tried in vain to dissuade her from what she called the false step of marriage, believed every relative duty to be snapped between them by Anne's persistent refusal to continue a spinster. So soon, therefore, as she found her useless, she sent her away.

'You would make a convenience of my house, Anne Moss,' she said. 'You would stay under my roof, although you have already given me warning—fancy a servant giving warning, indeed—now, you will find your mistake. I don't know what your future husband may be—*I* am not rich enough to keep sick people and idlers. I think you will remember till the day of your death what a good mistress I have been. All the servants who have left my situation have wished themselves back again.'

Anne attempted in a meek spirit to discover and imagine all sorts of benefits received by her from Mrs Darah. It was a hard and microscopic task; however, she succeeded in it at last.

'I am sure, missus,' she said, 'I thank you heartily for all your kindnesses.'

'It is no more than your duty, Anne,' answered the lady, with a gratified smile and folding of the hands.

'No, missus. And if you see a young man walking about here on Saturday, looking up and down at the house, ma'am, would you be so very kind, ma'am, as to send the new servant, and ask him if his name is William Griffin; and if it is William, ma'am, to ask him to go to my father's, and I will send him word where I am, ma'am?' And Anne waited, trembling and blushing.

'Anne Moss, I can't think how you dare to take such a liberty with me and my house,' answered her mistress. 'I have always warned you of the folly and unfitness of young women, who have their living to get, keeping lovers. You know that my servants are not allowed to have followers; and it is most likely that I shall send an officer after the young man, instead of my servant, if I see him prowling up and down, looking into these windows.' So the girl left, dispirited.

Poor Anne feared to go and live with her drunken father, lest she should be insulted by any of his low associates, and lest he should be tempted to lay his hands upon the little store she had laid up for her William and herself. So she was obliged to seek a lodging in the town, where she could live decently until that day next week, when William would take her as his wife to her first and last real home.

The misfortune she most dreaded—namely, the dissipation of her little capital—began the moment she had left her mistress's house. To save expense, she made up her mind to carry her own trunk to her lodging. She tried to do so; but she found herself too weak. She was obliged to hire a carrier; and that involved a dip into 'William's money,' as she delighted to call it.

So that the dip might be as shallow as possible, she engaged a lad instead of a man for her porter. But before they had half reached the quarter of the town where Anne's lodging was situated, his boyhood began to evince itself in a very visible manner. He panted, and drew long breaths, and perspired greatly, and now and then stumbled under the weight. His pride tried to hide these signs. He endeavoured to stimulate himself with the thought of his payment; but his efforts at self-encouragement came out very plainly in certain noises, and in his unconscious compression and biting of his lips. The tender-hearted lass espied them: she could not endure to see him so vexed and inconvenienced; and so, for the rest of the way, she insisted on bearing half the weight.

When she had arrived in her room, and had dismissed her young porter, and sat down to rest herself, she began to feel the bitter results of her efforts with the heavy trunk. She was very ill when she started; she was now ten times worse. Her head ached fiercely; her breath was short, audible, and gasping; her whole body was parched and feverish.

She called her landlady into the room, and asked her for a little cold water. The woman had counted on providing a supper for her; as she heard her stay was to last only a week, she meant to make the week a paying one, so she had prepared some twopenny or three-halfpenny sausages, which were even then figuring in her mind's bill of fare at sixpence apiece. In rather a disappointed tone, therefore, she asked Anne if she should bring her nothing to eat. The poor girl said she was sure she could not swallow anything. The landlady said she had some beautiful new-laid eggs—they were a kind that wonderfully

Digitized by Google

cured headache and fever; indeed, she told her that if any of her neighbours were ill in that way, they always came and begged for one of these eggs. Anne was credulous, and did not doubt her landlady's possession of the medical hen which laid such eggs; but Anne was also resolute—no one could persuade her out of her own methods. She said that she felt a good long sleep was what she needed the most, and that she should at once go to bed.

But although she went to bed, she could get no sleep; all the long night she was tossing restlessly over and over. She remembered that William had promised, if he could get away, to call on her two or three times before Saturday, for which a friend had promised to lend him a horse and cart. She began to picture to herself his astonishment when he heard that she was gone, and she wondered if her mistress would relent, and be communicative. She made up her mind that, so soon as the morning had come, she would lie in wait for the new servant, as she went out shopping, and beg her to watch for William; and if he called, to tell him where his sweetheart had removed.

But, when the morning came, she knew nothing of purposes and resolutions; she was in a brain-fever, talking and rambling wildly.

The landlady wondered that she saw or heard nothing of her at breakfast; and going up to look after her, found her in that frightful condition. The woman neither knew what money she owned, nor where she came from, nor what connections she had. She sent for the parish doctor. He ordered a nurse for her immediately: so the woman of the house took upon herself to examine the maiden's trunk and pockets, counted out the time which she could keep her and a nurse for her without injury to herself, out of Anne's little store; and at once offered the place to a personal friend a few doors off.

For three weeks our poor little servant-maid lay unconscious of her condition, at the rough mercy of these two cormorants. Their negligence prolonged her illness. At the end of that time, the greater part of her hard-won capital was cruelly dissipated.

CHAPTER III.

Unhappy William Griffin, her natural protector, knew not all this time what had become of his darling. Two days after she had left the place, he was walking up and down before the house in his usual manner, hemming and coughing. He had never been so long at that exercise before. He concluded that Mrs Darah was detaining Anne, or was in the way somehow; or that Anne was mischievously prolonging the pleasure of hearing her lover's signals, remembering that it was nearly the last time she should do so for ever; so he hemmed and coughed louder. But still no one answered with a merry mocking hem and cough. No bright eyes suddenly peered above the blind; no round head gave him a series of short, sharp nods, indicating whether he should stay or depart.

'Well,' he said to himself, 'she is now more mine than her mistress's; I will knock at the door.' He did so, and was prepared to see either Anne or Dame Darah herself; but he started when the door was opened by a new servant. The truth flashed upon him at once. Mrs Darah had done with his Anne, and would not keep her, even on the ground upon which she undertook to stay for the coming week—namely, food and drink, but no pay.

The new maid could not inform him where his Anne had gone. She said that she had never seen the old servant, for her mistress gave her to understand that she was not good for much, and invited young men there, and that it was her—Mrs Darah's—invariable custom to see the old servant safely and clearly out of the house before she admitted the new one, saying, that 'if they only laid their heads together for five minutes, they were sure to corrupt each other.' William uttered a strong and angry word or two, said he wished his Anne had left the day her time was out, bade the maid good-night, and departed. He went off at once to her father's. He found the miserable man sottish and maundering; he was incapable of being moved by the news of his daughter's departure, and as incapable of giving any clue to her present whereabouts. William ran down from the besotted creature's room, and found himself under the dark sky, not knowing whither to turn for his Anne. He went round to all the shops where he had ever known Anne to call. At each place they could only tell him that they had not seen her for the last three or four days, and that another young woman now came on Mrs Darah's errands. He exhausted all the time allowed him in this fruitless search. When he came to the place where he was to meet the friends who had promised to give him a lift on the way home, he found them gone; he had arrived too late; so he had to walk the ten miles alone, a miserable man, giving himself up to fears, to bemoanings, and once or twice to anger, to wonder, and even to suspicion.

Every evening, for a week, William walked twenty miles, from his work to the town and back, seeking his sweetheart, regularly visiting her father and that same series of tradesmen on whom he had called the first night of his loss. But he received no tidings, good or bad. Sometimes he felt that even bad news would be better than none, for the hope of any *good* explanation of her marvellous disappearance often died out for hours together. Still he persevered in his inquiry.

At last the young men, in one of the shops he was wont to call at, began to speculate upon his case. When he entered, they winked and smiled, and whispered to one another. They said they could very accurately perceive *what was what:* she had jilted him; but he was too great a booby to believe it. One or two of them asked if it would not be a true kindness to suggest *this* explanation to him.

They agreed that it would; and they did so. He answered with such scorn and passion, with such a violent assertion of his Anne's faithfulness, with such a fire and flash in his eyes, and with such threats against any one who should vilify her unjustly, that the suggesters wished they had let the subject alone.

At the end of the week, on the day which was to have been their wedding-day, while Anne lay tossing over restlessly, and talking wild nonsense, he came into the town to settle in his own house and shop. As night after night he returned alone to the house he had bought and furnished for another, still without news of her, he took forth from his memory the suggestion of the young shopmen; he laid it out, so to speak, before him; he turned it over and over; he looked at it in every light, on every side; he began to admit its possibility; and at last, in a morbid mood, he half believed it.

His shop was still unfinished, and he spent his time mainly in travelling hither and thither, seeking stock for it. But he went about all business poorly, with a heavy and half-broken heart. It seemed a mockery to him to be making such preparations. He did not believe he should live to use them. He did not want to do so. For the mystery of Anne's departure, her terrible silence, and this gradual, but surely excusable admission into his heart of suspicion of her faith and love towards him, plucked all the zest and purpose out of his life. It was for her sake he had worked submissively as a foreman so many years; for her sake he had stinted himself in dress, amusement, indulgences of all kinds, and found

Digitized by Google

delight in such sacrifices. Every cut of a saw, every blow of a hammer or mallet, every coat of paint, every boot and shoe, in his shop, held in his own mind some relation to her comfort and prosperity, as a part of that household of which she was about to be the daily sunshine; the source and centre of all its light and warmth and pleasantness; the measure of its work and rest.

CHAPTER IV.

At last Anne came to herself; in a little while she rose from her bed in good health. But she was quite penniless. Her greedy attendants had disposed of every mite of her little fortune; even her wedding-clothes had gone into the nasty hands of the pawnbrokers for medicine, food, and lodging.

She felt ashamed, the proud lass, to send after William, or let him see her as she was. She got a little employment as a charwoman, at one house and another, through the recommendations of the Sisters of Mercy and the parish clergyman, who were themselves too poor to give her any other help. But she kept from them the story of her love and betrothal, and by doing so, kept peace from the aching heart of her William; for the priest and the sisters, had they known it, would at once have sent her off to him, or have fetched him to her.

She made up her mind to continue cheerfully at charring, until she could repurchase some of her good clothes. She would then visit William, make known her condition to him, confess all the story of her savings, and the sad way in which it was lost, and steadily insist upon the wedding being put off until she had removed her uneasiness, and regained her sense of independence by recovering at least some part of her former wealth. Her disposition was all compact of cheerfulness and hope. Whenever she had found anything broken, instead of standing over it crying, she had looked to see if it could be mended; if it could, she set about mending it; if it could not, she tried to procure another thing of its kind.

So she dealt with her own broken prospects, just as she had been used to deal with her mistress's broken china. She kept her mind fixed upon their restoration. This hope gave her great zest and eagerness in her servile work. She never let herself remember that the time had come in which, except for her misfortune, she should have been a bride and a mistress of a household; but she set about her dull actualities as if no such bright possibility had ever belonged to her. She looked forward to the glory of that moment when she should again find her head at rest on the dear shoulder of her William. She went to her work singing, she came from it singing. She said to herself: 'To *think* would destroy me; I shall never be able to recover myself if I ponder on my loss and my present state.'

Thus she kept up a fever of counter-excitement by shutting out of her thoughts all truth which might excite her—the truth of her own loss, the truth of William's astonishment and pain. Whenever she found her mind inclining to the realisation of his sufferings, she would sigh and grieve; but the moment the echo of her sigh struck athwart her consciousness, she arrested herself. 'This will not do,' she would say; 'it will be all the better afterwards; our happiness will more than make up for our misery.' She never waited in quietness of spirit, and calmly analysed or probed these ill-digested, hasty deductions. If she had done so, she would have espied a monstrous residuum of 'proper pride' underlying all the other elements of her reluctance to see William as she was. If she had done so, she would have seen what wretchedness, doubt, and despair she was sowing in the true heart of her William. When that quakerly impulse sprung up in her, she scrubbed, or walked, or hummed more vigorously; if a tear for William started into her eye, she used it as mercilessly as her sighs, and brushed it hurriedly away. She felt that if she looked at the present, she should be weakened, and do nothing. It was only by keeping the end before her that she could find spirit and moral sinew for work. And whilst she was at work, her efforts raised a dust round her which hid everything but those efforts.

But where was the need of all this? what was the end of her eager and incessant strivings? Would William love her the less for having suffered and lost all? Would he love her the less for having but one gown, and that an old and ragged one? for having shoes with holes in them? for being penniless? She knew him better; she knew that he never suspected she had a farthing of her own. She knew that the thought was a delightful one to his open, generous nature, as it made him feel himself the supplier of all her needs. But the little maid was vain. She had tasted the sweet, pernicious, intoxicating draught of false independence. The draught gave her stimulus for her work. In a few weeks, she had made enough to redeem her best new dresses, her shoes, and other articles of dress, and to pay her standing debts.

William, in the meantime, not having, like Anne, any insight into the causes of her mysterious absence and silence, could not, as she did, find solace, excitement, and delight, in looking forward. On the contrary, the future was his most bitter thought. His disappointments lay there. All the glory of his life was behind him—gone by for ever. And even that past glory, since suspicion and the present appearance of things had begun to cloud it, lost all its golden worth. It had been no *true* possession. It was miserable to think that, even when he was most happy, he was only so by being ignorant of the truth, by trusting in heartless and well-acted deceit. Before him, he could see nothing but unescapable misery; in the present, his thoughts exercised themselves worryingly on the *causes* of Anne's strange departure, until by slow processes, not without, as he conceived, two ocular proofs, he admitted the awful and maddening conclusion that she was dishonest and unfaithful.

The first ocular proof was as follows: One dark foggy night, going from the station to his home, after a dull day, all through which his body had been taken up by business, but he himself by the fiery vexation of his thoughts, a shape rushed by him which startled him, it was so like Anne. He would almost have ventured on oath it was her. Without thinking, he pursued the figure. It turned down some darker street, and was lost in the fog.—The other glimpse he had of it deepened his persuasion that it was really his affianced bride whom he had seen. 'Whose is she now? What relation to those she chooses in preference to me?' He went home with these thoughts burning at his heart.

Still he determined with himself that he would not be unjust. He fought a brave hard battle with his suspicions. The faith of his heart in Anne strove against that testimony of his senses, and overcame. He concluded that his senses had deluded him. But he also concluded that if Anne were in the town, and could keep herself from him at a time when she was so sacredly bound, it must be because she had some other lover. But he found this hard to believe. The very memory, almost the taste, of her last kisses rose to contradict it. He could not persuade himself that those kisses were deceitful and counterfeit.

A few days after, as he was walking slowly along, musing gloomily over this mysterious blow, he chanced suddenly to look up, and saw the sunshine fall upon a shape which he had now no doubt of. He saw it was Anne who hurriedly turned the corner

Digitized by Google

at the end of the street. He was determined to stop her and upbraid her; he felt in a moment half strong enough to fling back in her face the love of long years. On second thoughts, however, he resolved to discover where she was living, and for whom and for what she had broken her faith. He noticed that her clothes were very ragged and ill-looking; perhaps already she had begun to earn the wages of unfaithfulness by being cruelly used. He kept at a moderate distance behind her, slinking and hiding between intervenient persons. In this way he followed her through several streets; but turning suddenly in a more crowded thoroughfare, as he was straining forward eagerly to keep a glimpse of Anne at the distance, quite regardless of what was near, a burly dustman ran against him. He stumbled and fell. When he sprang up again, he could see nothing of that soiled bonnet and torn dress his eyes had been so steadily pursuing. Alas! he thought to himself, what matters it to find where she is, what she is doing. Plainly she was in the town; near him, yet not caring to see him; trying to conceal herself from him. Her very rags, perhaps, was but a disguise.

He felt so faint and bewildered, that he had to stumble into a tavern and call for some brandy. As he sat still there, looking the awful changes of his life in the face, he made up his mind to depart out of the country. A map of New Zealand hung on one side of the fire, a view of Otago on the other. He talked with two men in the room about emigration. The old town of his youth, the theatre now of such a mockery, seemed to grow hateful to him. He talked with these men until they persuaded him to emigrate. But it was not the golden visions of wealth which they set before him that tempted him; he was impelled by the strong desire to burst all his present trammels. He hardly knew whether his pride and indignation would save, or his sense of loss destroy him. He made up his mind to get rid of everything—shop, and house, and business, at once.

In two hours' time—having made an appointment with the men for the next day—he returned to his shop. Two or three painters immediately came up to him with inquiries. Would he have the shutters painted green? or grained like oak? or picked out with different colours?

He pushed by them, answering: 'Oh, anyhow.'

The men looked confused. Experience had taught them that anyhow was always wrong. One of them advised oak.

'I don't care the least how the shutters are painted. I shall never see them, I hope. I shall sell the shop, and go off in a day or two to New Zealand.'

The men fell back, and stared at one another. They looked at him again, as doubting whether or no he was drunk, or had begun to grow insane through his troubles, which all of them pretty accurately knew. The master determined to present his bill, and insure payment. William said that he would pay him immediately. While watching the painter make out his bill, his young apprentice came whistling into the shop. After a little while, he said to William:

'Have you seen the person in the parlour, sir?'

'What person? No,' said he.

'There was one came for you an hour ago,' said the lad, 'and she told me she should wait until you came in.'

William gave a murmur, a sigh, and pushed his way gloomily through the workmen, and implements, and packages into the room at the back of the shop. Some one fell back as he did so. Ah! through the little window betwixt the shop and parlour, Anne has been watching him ever since he came in. Her heart lashed her with pain and woe as she saw the thin figure and pinched, altered face, and felt that *she* had made him so meagre and so white. She leaned on the sill and sobbed. She dared not go through to him, for she feared the scene of their meeting in the open gaze of the workmen.

Nor shall I describe that scene here. It was a long while before either of them could realise its truth, and particularly before William could. He asked if he had not passed her one night in the fog. She answered yes, and that the night and the early morning were the only times she dared go out, she so dreaded meeting him. He asked her if he had not seen her that very day, three hours ago. She blushed, and pointed to her dress. William looked down at it: it was a silken one. She told him she was rushing to fetch it out of pawn on purpose to visit him, and explain herself, when he perceived her that morning; and then she added all the story of her illness and penury, with many tears and prayers for forgiveness. William was so thankful that he wondered what he could have to forgive. Her proposals to regain her little capital, 'just for vanity's sake,' he would not listen to, but demanded as the only penance that they should be married before any more separations were possible. He called on the emigration agents—who said he was a very fickle man—and broke off his negotiations; but as a kind of recompense, he invited them to eat, drink, and dance at his wedding.

THE NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES OF BRITISH STORMS.

SECOND PAPER.

When people all declare that the weather is unusually mild for the season, when a southerly wind and a cloudy sky raise the temperature, and send down the mercury in the weather-glass, then, as cautious Moore hath it, 'a storm may be expected about this time.' Let Brown forbear to sail on the river, or, at least, to make fast the sheet of the sprit-sail, for sudden gusts usher in a coming cyclone. Let the hardy fishermen from Peterhead to Cullercoats haul up high and dry on the beach their open undecked boats, and mend their nets and lines, seated cozily among wives and children, until the season of uncertainty is passed. Let the good ship *Mary Anne*, A1 at Lloyd's, lie snugly moored in Liverpool docks a few days more, if she would avoid foul winds, head seas, and the 'merchant-marring rocks' of the rugged Irish coast on her lee. Let the richly laden merchantman in the Channel, homeward-bound, after surmounting the perils of a long voyage, hasten to secure the friendly aid of a steam-tug, if she would escape being driven on to the Goodwin Sands; and let the dusky collier-brig set all studding-sails alow and aloft to gain the port before she rolls and pitches in an angry sea, and heels over to the gale. Let each miner walk as warily in the bowels of the earth as if he were in a powder-magazine; for the explosive gases are hissing audibly as they rush from every crevice, the ventilation is slackening, and the lives of all in the mine are forfeited if reckless Jones enters his 'bord' with a naked candle, or thoughtless Robinson tries to light a pipe at his Davy-lamp. Let farmers, shepherds, gardeners, invalids, &c., take suitable measures beforehand, for a cyclone cometh, a sudden change of weather, and probably a great storm.

The premonitory symptoms of a coming storm, the precise way in which a vessel will be attacked by it,

Digitized by Google

and the excellent practical rules which Sir W. Reid has given for the proper management of a vessel in a storm, are an important part of the education of a sailor, to whom a practical knowledge of cyclonology is now indispensable. The philosophical landsman will also be interested in a science which offers explanations of the continued easterly winds of an English spring, of the general prevalence of westerly winds in Britain at other seasons of the year, of the excessive changeableness of the climate of the British Islands, of the occurrence of great inundations, and of the extreme frequency of explosions in coal-mines; for these are all direct consequences of the nature and laws of British storms, or, to speak correctly, of North Atlantic cyclones.

Hurricanes, in some manner as yet unknown, are the offspring of an excessively heated atmosphere. They all begin near the equator, and are most frequent in any tropical country just after the season of greatest heat there. The hurricane season in the West Indies begins in August: and from August to the end of the following spring, cyclones come rushing across the Atlantic to Europe, not 'as single spies, but in battalions.' Every cyclone, however, does not announce itself here as a *storm of wind;* for while some are of a boisterous nature, and gyrate with all the speed of a fast young lady in a polka, others, more decorous, move round with the slow and solemn gravity of a douce matron of the old school. The presence of these peaceable cyclones is not made known to us by the force, but by the order of succession in the changes of direction of the wind, and by the peculiar cyclonic fluctuations of the mercury in the barometer and thermometer.

The average central track of the numerous cyclones that have been traced across the North Atlantic Ocean by Redfield, Reid, Maury, and others, passes a little to the north of Scotland, and tends towards the north-east point of the compass. As the British Islands lie somewhat to the south of this mean central route, it follows that the southern halves of cyclones will most frequently sweep over Britain, and, consequently, that the prevailing winds here will be from the southward and westward. Now, the southerly winds heap up in front of the advancing cyclone the heated air of the tropical regions, so that the approach of a cyclone to Britain is generally signalised by a considerable rise of the mercury in the thermometer, as well as by a fall of that in the barometer, as already explained. Hence, when a series of cyclones passes over Britain—and they are usually gregarious, although they come in single file—we experience a rapid and successive alternation of southerly and northerly winds, and therefore of hot and cold days, together with all the other changes of weather which attend sudden fluctuations in the density and dryness of the atmosphere. The extreme changeableness of the climate of the British Islands, therefore, arises from their being situated on the southern side of the mean central track of all the cyclones that cross the North Atlantic Ocean; and the general prevalence of westerly winds here is obviously due to the same cause.

As the West Indian cyclones generated in August, soon after the sun has attained his greatest northern declination, have all the violence of hurricanes, and move so rapidly poleward as to pass to the northward of Britain; so those generated about the time that the sun reaches his greatest southern declination, appear to be of a feebler nature with respect to their power of moving poleward, their centres often passing to the southward of Britain, causing a succession of easterly winds here, and at the same time heavy storms in the Bay of Biscay, Portugal, Spain, and the Mediterranean Sea. This is the source of those cutting east winds in spring, which have such a pernicious influence on the health and temper, that Pope has chosen them for the peculiar atmosphere of 'the gloomy cave of Spleen' in the *Rape of the Lock:*

> No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows;
> The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.

M. Liais, of the Imperial Observatory of Paris, in tracing the course of the great Balaklava tempest from England across the continent beyond the Caucasian mountains, has shewn that it was an immense cyclone of which the centre passed to the south of England. During the three or four days of its transit across our meridian, the winds were easterly without exception from the Land's End to John O'Groat's.

This was also the case with the twin-cyclones that caused the great inundations in France at the end of the spring of 1856. The average cyclone track across the North Atlantic deviates little from the course of the Gulf-stream, whose warm surface is always overhung with copious vapours. Each cyclone, therefore, collects, during its progress across the ocean, an abundance of moisture to be discharged on the western coasts of Europe in the form of heavy rains. Cyclones that pass through low latitudes bordering on the tropics, also gather enormous accumulations of moisture to be precipitated on the mountain-chains of Southern Europe, thus producing those tremendous inundations so destructive to life and property as to rank among national calamities.

The most disastrous inundations in France during the present century, with the exception of those of 1856, occurred in 1844, immediately after the arrival at Europe of the great Cuba cyclone, so ably traced across the Atlantic up to our very shores by Messrs Redfield and Reid; and again in 1846, also just after the arrival of another great cyclone, traced also by those discoverers of the nature and laws of storms. The greatest and most sudden inundation recorded in our annals was that caused by the Moray floods in August 1829; resembling those in France as to their cyclonic origin, but by no means of parallel magnitude.

The greatly increased risk of explosions of fire-damp in coal-mines is one of the most important consequences of the approach of a cyclone to the British Islands. This additional risk arises from two distinct sources: the diminished atmospheric pressure, indicated by the fall of the mercury in the barometer, permits an unusually large issue of inflammable gas from the coal into the workings of the mine; and the simultaneous rise of the temperature of the exterior air checks the ventilation, and thereby leaves the gas to accumulate below.

That gas is most abundant in the galleries of coal-mines, and that explosions are most frequent, during warm southerly winds, when the thermometric column is high, and the barometric column low, has long been well known to practical miners both in England and France; and the evidence on this head, given before the several committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons on accidents in coal-mines, is both abundant and satisfactory. Many of the special examples of the influence of atmospheric perturbations in causing explosions are very striking and conclusive. For instance, the barometric depression during the passage over Britain of the northern half of the Balaklava cyclone began on the 11th, and ended on the 19th of November 1854, and was lowest on the 15th. During the four days when the atmospheric pressure was least, there occurred explosions in six different coal-mines, in localities remote from each other, but all under the dominion of the passing cyclone. On the 18th, there was an explosion in Worcestershire; on the 14th, an explosion in

Digitized by Google

Northumberland; on the 15th, when the mercurial column was lowest, there were three explosions—in Lancashire, Worcestershire, and Monmouthshire, respectively; and on the 16th, there was an explosion in Scotland. Just before the great explosion at Lundhill Colliery, near Barnsley, in February 1857, the most destructive to human life on record, there was a sudden rise of temperature of more than twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and a fall of the barometric column, both caused by a passing cyclone.

In such cases, an inquest is held on the unfortunate victims, and the stereotyped verdict returned that the accident was quite unaccountable, and no one to blame. It may have been so, for some explosions certainly do happen independently of the previous state of the weather; but in nine cases out of ten, an examination of the meteorological conditions that immediately preceded the explosion will shew that the approaching epoch of increased danger might have been foreseen, and proper precautions taken beforehand. This is a matter of growing importance, for explosions are becoming every year more numerous and more destructive.

One hundred and twelve persons lost their lives by one explosion at the Cymmer Colliery, near Cardiff, in July 1856; and about two hundred persons were destroyed under circumstances of an unusually painful nature, by the above-mentioned explosion at Lundhill Colliery. These two, of upwards of six hundred explosions of which the dates and details are known, have been the most destructive to human life. The following statistics, compiled from the excellent periodical, *Reports of the Government Inspectors of Mines*, shew that the number of recorded explosions is increasing from year to year: 1851, 66 explosions, 270 lives lost; 1852, 74 explosions, 209 lives lost; 1853, 77 explosions, 204 lives lost; 1854, 84 explosions, 209 lives lost; 1855, 95 explosions, 136 lives lost. In 1855, the number of explosions spread over the whole year, gives one explosion for every four days; so that by this time the annual number is probably approximating to an average of two explosions in each week.

It may be interesting to indicate some of the effects of such gentle cyclones, as, on account of their inferior velocity of rotation, are not accompanied by strong winds. Suppose one of these to approach our shores in early spring. For three or four days, mild and moderate breezes blow gently from the sunny south, veering slowly to south-west and west; presently the bright little daisy thrusts his modest head above the relaxed earth, 'the lusty sap begins to move;' forest-trees bud, and orchard-trees blossom, promising kindly fruits in autumn; busy little birds flutter joyfully hither and thither in pairs; and the speckled trout, thin and lanky after his long hybernation under a friendly stone, turns his head up-stream, and now and then dimples the surface as he forces his acquaintance on some unfortunate avant-courier of the ephemeral tribe. Coughs and colds abate, and great-coats are laid aside. Among the many hundreds of coal-mines in England, Scotland, and Wales, there are few that are not suddenly afflicted with asthma, evinced by the impeded action of their breathing organs, the up-cast and down-cast shafts; and the flame of the miners' candle is reduced to an ominous little blue halo far above the wick. In the county newspapers of Staffordshire or Wales appear isolated accounts of explosions, juries as usual pronouncing exculpatory verdicts. The bodies recovered from the black abyss are decently interred, and a generous subscription relieves for a time the more pressing wants of widows and orphans.

Suppose, now, the first cyclone to be immediately succeeded by another, of which the centre moves slowly up the Mediterranean towards the Black Sea. A week or two of cold searching easterly winds soon blight all the fair promises of the premature spring, a frost nips the tender buds and blossoms, a sprinkling of snow powders the heads of the northern hills, and old folk talk of the unhealthiness of a black-thorn winter. Again, 'coughing drowns the parson's saw.' But, it 's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and coal-mines now throw off their asthmatic symptoms, breathing freely through their huge throats. Explosions are not heard of again until a sudden return of hot weather, or a season of greatly diminished atmospheric pressure.

THE GREAT DRAGON OF CHINA.

I.

'Once upon a time,' there was a great dragon that lived in a flowery land; he came out of the bottomless pit, and he was so vast that his body reached from the frozen north to the burning tropics, and his claws stretched over a thousand miles, and his tail lay along a hundred rivers, and for his dinner every day he ate up as many little new-born children as their mothers would bring him and place in his hungry maw. Thirty thousand children every year did the dragon eat up; but no one grieved for them, so long as he kept his claws off the grown-up people; and they brought their children, and gave them up without a tear, and the dragon grew more fat, and strong, and lively every day.

And, as for the mothers, they did not weep, and lament, or refuse to be comforted—not they. Their children, especially if they were daughters, were better in the dragon's belly than living the life their mothers lived; better, said they, not to be, than to toil and starve like us.

So the great dragon of infanticide lay along the length and breadth of the land; and the tender new-born infant was exposed on the public road, to be caught up in his fangs, or cast away into the waters of those silent highways that lead to the great deep.

Long did the hearts of English mothers refuse to believe the existence of so terrible a curse upon the land. Here is the testimony of one who occupied the highest position in science, and whose life, after he had braved a thousand perils by water in his voyages round the globe, was lost by fire in the frightful catastrophe on the railway from Paris to Versailles, in May 1842. 'In China,' says the unfortunate Dumont d'Urville, in his *Picturesque Voyage round the World*—'in China, the father has the power of selling his child as a slave; and whether from poverty or caprice, the fathers frequently avail themselves of their rights. Daughters especially are trafficked in. Humanity and paternal affection are virtues unknown to the Chinese, who have no thought but for themselves. It is undoubtedly to this brutalising egotism that we must refer the enormous number of infanticides which are perpetrated every year in that country.

'So far from punishing this atrocity, the government seems to tolerate and almost to authorise it. It is one of the duties of the police of Peking to collect, every morning, the infants which have been "thrown away" during the night. They pile up the victims in a tumbril, and cart them away pell-mell, *the living and the dead*, and shoot them into a common sewer outside the city. Some authors have computed the annual number of infanticides at not less than thirty thousand. The natives who live on the banks of the rivers abandon their children to the current, after having attached to the back of the neck a gourd, to

Digitized by Google

keep their heads above water. It was an everyday occurrence to see the corpses of children floating down the stream; and the boatmen who pass pay them no more attention than they would to a dead dog.' 'The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;' and there is not a leavening grain of humanity in the religion of the Chinese. Some spark of natural feeling has originated the doctrine of a continual metempsychosis; so that the mother, if she has any remorse in putting her child to death, may console herself that she is only giving its spirit a passage from one body to another tenement more or less assimilated to the human form divine.

The Chinese laws are as merciful to this crime as our own legislature to that of wife-beating. One of the mandarins' edicts, after a long preamble on things in general, runs thus: 'We regret to find that in our flowery province the lives of infants are far from long. This is not good. Attention must be paid, and alteration made for the future.'

In the year 1845, the emperor of China published an edict to repress the prevalence of infanticide. He begs the parents to send the infants to the asylums rather than expose them to be devoured by wild beasts, or cast them into the rivers; and—in a country where capital punishment, be it remembered, is awarded for the most trivial offences—he threatens all future offenders with the punishment of sixty blows of the stick for each offence.

So the dragon ate up the little children, and no one hindered him.

II.

It was Forbin Janson, bishop of Nancy, whose genius first discovered, and whose courage and energy were able to wield the weapon that could slay the destroyer.

With a large experience acquired from his missionary travels in the east, he combined the motive-power of religious enthusiasm and a fervent philanthropy; and when he had entered into the appalling details of the curse of China, he spared no faculty of mind or body till he had set in motion his scheme for the deliverance of the victims of infanticide.

The price of a new-born infant in China was said to be 200 *sapecs*, or about a shilling; increasing up to ten shillings for a child of ten years; and the worthy bishop determined to try the power of money on those hearts that were insensible to nobler feelings.

But where should he obtain the necessary funds?

The outlets for benevolence are even more numerous in France than in England. Every day, charity knocks at the door, and opens the purses of rich and poor for the support of asylums, of hospitals, and a thousand institutions which have no other source of revenue than voluntary contributions.

There yet remained, thought the bishop, one class who were exempt from contribution.

It was for tender infants he besought assistance to rescue them from a violent death. It was to the children of his faith he determined to appeal for the means to carry on the good work. He resolved to enlist the tender sympathies of the little children, and make them the saviours of thousands of innocents from a cruel and hopeless doom.

The worthy bishop disseminated his plan throughout the families of the rich and powerful world of Paris, and the heads of the church co-operated with him in obtaining contributions, by processions, by masses, and charity-sermons. He himself started for Belgium, and knocked at the door of King Leopold's palace, and soon counted the royal children as contributors and patrons of his enterprise. He collected by these means a sum of 50,000 francs; but unhappily before he could realise the success of his labours, he was seized with illness while pursuing his self-imposed duties, and fell a victim to his zeal and devotion to the good cause.

His work was not suffered to die with him. A worthy successor was found in the person of Archbishop Bonamie, who applied himself to the task with equal ardour, and obtained a glorious harvest of success. In 1846, the society of the *Sainte Enfance*, as it is called, was enabled to send out a regular mission to Macao, provided with all the means and appliances of conversion, crucifixes, medallions, and above all, *sapecs* to the amount of 190,000 francs, for the purpose of purchasing Chinese infants, to be brought up within the pale of the Romish Church.

Moored off the harbour at Macao might be seen, in 1847, a handsome vessel, the *Stella Maris*, freighted with those who had devoted themselves to the work of delivering the souls appointed to die. *Fervet opus;* the traffic has begun. In a few weeks, a commodious asylum was erected on the shore, for the reception of the ransomed innocents. Round the sides of a spacious and well-ventilated apartment are ranged the cradles and cribs of the little purchases—*le petit commerce*, as the Père Werner delights to call them; while twelve sisters of charity in the simple and tidy habit of their order, tend their little nurslings, and repay themselves for their solicitude by the smiles and kisses of their charges. One of this pious sisterhood has come to China to revenge her brother's death, who was massacred by the Chinese while engaged as a missionary. She is taking the revenge of a Christian, rendering good for evil.

Father Werner has also established a nursery at Lut-kug, where the poor women who are employed on the canals, and labour at the oar as hard as our Thames bargemen, can leave their children for the day and receive them again in the evening, and solace themselves with their carcsses after the heavy fatigues of the oar. What a blessing for the poor little things to be cared for in a cool and quiet apartment, instead of being tied to their mothers' backs while they labour under a scorching sun, and sharing with them the burden and heat of the day!

In two days the good father has sometimes saved the lives of 50 infants, by purchasing them at the price of a crucifix, or a medallion, or a few pence.

In 1848 the society recorded the number of 68,477 baptisms, and was supporting 62 boys', and 134 girls' schools.

Every year collections are made in the churches of Paris, and the little children of the rich contribute their alms for the redemption of their perishing little brothers and sisters in China. Even in the depths of Lower Brittany the good work finds support. Every year a procession of more than two thousand children, each with a little banner in its hands, winds through the streets of Quimper to solemnise in the old cathedral the fête of the Sainte Enfance; and a wealthy lady of Dinan has adopted several of the little Chinese orphans; and little exotics may be seen transplanted to the soil of Brittany and flourishing vigorously in that healthy air.

The head-quarters of the army which the French have sent to fight the dragon of China and extirpate idolatry are at No. 4 Rue Chanoinesse, at Paris; where may be seen the whole *matériel* of the war, its arms and munitions, its annals and its trophies. They have a mighty army, well furnished with the sinews of war, and led on by victorious generals; their triumphs are over the powers of darkness, their prisoners are captives to the yoke of Christ, and their laurels will be a crown of glory.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 252. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

A PERSECUTED CENTURY.

FOR some time past, it has been a fashion amongst writers to run down the eighteenth century; and at length the rage has come to a fearful boil over in the new work of Mr Carlyle. The great difficulty of this eminent author in treating Frederick the Great is, by his own profession, how to 'shew a man who is a reality worthy of being seen,' and yet 'keep his century, as a hypocrisy worthy of being hidden and forgotten, in due abeyance.' This century, he calls it, of 'accumulated falsities'—so false, that it had no longer the consciousness of being so—having 'nothing grand in it, except that grand universal suicide, named French Revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise most worthless existence with at least one worthy act; setting fire to its old home and self, and going up in flames and volcanic explosions, in a truly memorable and important manner. A very fit termination,' he says he thankfully feels, 'for such a century. Century spendthrift, fraudulent bankrupt, gone at length utterly insolvent, without real *money* of performance in its pocket, and the shops declining to take hypocrisies and speciosities any further: what could the poor century do but at length admit: "Well, it is so. I am a swindler century, and have long been; having learned the trick of it from my father and grandfather; knowing hardly any trade but that in false bills, which I thought foolishly might last for ever, and still bring at least beef and pudding to the favoured of mankind. And behold it ends; and I am a detected swindler, and have nothing even to eat. What remains but that I blow my brains out, and do at length one true action?" Which the poor century did; many thanks to it, in the circumstances.'

Surely the accusative case is getting into a sad predominance among us, when a whole century can be arraigned on cumulative evidence in this manner.

We humbly presume to think that the eighteenth was a pretty fair century, as centuries go. It brought us no such movement as a Reformation, indeed—the special work of the sixteenth—but the brewer found he could not boil down a black man every day, whatever declension it might occasion in the repute of his beer: and so it is, there is not a Reformation to be done every century. Apart from lucky accidents of that kind so thinly sown, looking to what centuries in general are, we rather think well of the eighteenth century; perhaps in some respects it was a better century than our own, which, with more light, has also the demerit of keeping up a good deal more darkness.

Only remember, it was in the eighteenth century that the inhabitants of this world were first generally informed of how it has its relative place and motion amongst the other worlds—of what lightning is—what air is—what ultimate elements the solids of the earth are composed of. It was in this century that men were enabled to add planets to the solar system, and whole legions of new and undreamed-of organisms to creation. It was this century which first really embraced and profited by the inductive philosophy, and began to see with any clearness that there is a fixed order of things in the universe, the study of and conformity to which gives a just economy to human life. This a poor century, which saw Franklin bring down thunder on the string of a kite at Philadelphia, and Watt laying the foundation of the grandest physical power possessed by man in a little workshop in Glasgow College! Why, what would Mr Carlyle have of a century, if he slights these things? What other century, will he tell us, ever did such things for its own children, and those who were to follow after them?

It seems, however, to be in moral respects that Mr Carlyle chiefly finds the condemnation of the eighteenth century. It was a century trading in false bills. Was it so, indeed? It was the first century that ever saw through the gross superstitions which had made all preceding centuries believe in sorcerers and jugglers, and condemn old women for witchcraft. It was a hypocritical century, working upon speciosities till it was out of all credit. Was it so truly? To our mind, so far from being specially an insincere century, it appears as just the least so of all centuries. In the previous one, to dissent from the established church inferred, in Britain, serious penalties to every grade of society. In Mr Carlyle's native country, to disown presbytery brought excommunication—that is, social outlawry, loss of goods, and of place in the country; on a change of rule, to act against episcopacy inferred dragooning in the fields. In the eighteenth century, nearly every such penal consequence to nonconformity in both ends of the island had disappeared. In which of these two kinds of circumstances was it that hypocrisy was most likely to be practised? Most men now-a-days have a relish and an approval for toleration. Was there toleration in the seventeenth century? On the contrary, the word was a reproach. James I. indignantly defended himself against the imputation of being favourable to it. It was formally repudiated by the Long Parliament and Westminster Assembly of Divines as the nurse of all heresies; and when Alexander Henderson, the leading Scotch Covenanting divine, preached to the House in recommendation of his own favourite ecclesiastical polity, he denounced

Digitized by Google

none so much as those who held 'that every one should be left to preach, profess, and print what he liked.' If we look across the Atlantic, we find the same spirit. There the very men who had fled from intolerance, practised the fiercest intolerance themselves. Roger Williams, the first enunciator of the principle of liberty of conscience, had to fly from his own state of Rhode Island, and skulk in the wilderness, exposed to the severities of winter and to starvation. Various Quakers were hanged. Contrast with this the eighteenth century, in which every one was fully allowed to 'preach, profess, and print what he liked.' But contrast it also with the nineteenth, which should know so much better. Does Clement XIV. suppressing the Jesuits look ill against Pio Nono denouncing all who disrespect the Immaculate Conception? Does Austria, under Joseph II. and his prodigious reforms, pale beside Austria in 1858 under the new concordat? Has the liberalism of Catherine II. been well exchanged for the fanatic cruelties and propagandism of Nicolas I.? Is the France of easy-going Louis XV. improved upon in respect of religious freedom by the France of Louis Napoleon? There were strong convictions in the sixteenth century, as there are, or seem to be, now; and in strong convictions Mr Carlyle delights. But somehow, strong convictions have an unpleasant affinity to burnings, and throat-cuttings, and pestering of one's neighbours. What Mr Carlyle delights in is ordinarily felt to be at once a general inconvenience, and ineffectual for even the assumedly good ends it proposes. It is highly questionable how far a century is improved by it when it is not put under very strong checks—an article not always very ready at command for the purpose. In fact, we do not know a more formidable state of things amongst mankind than a *melée* of strong convictions; and we sincerely hope that Mr Carlyle may never be punished with the realisation of his desires regarding it.

If we confine our view to Great Britain, we shall see that, in economic and some other respects, the eighteenth was not a bad century. It saw the long pacific administration of Walpole, in which we throve remarkably well under a system of parliamentary hypocrisy. It gave us India. We lost, indeed, our American colonies; but it was a gain to general humanity, and we may now forget the stupidity of George III. in our sympathy with the glory of George Washington. During this period the population of England was greatly increased, her wealth probably quadrupled, roads, canals, posts established, a free press created, the national taste regaled with an elegant literature. It gave us Addison, Pope, Goldsmith, Burke, and Burns. Nor were great soldiers wanting. Marlborough, Saxe, Frederick, Clive, were far from being common-place people: indeed, it may be asked where are their equals now? Oh, Mr Carlyle, this a poor century in great men! Look at home, dear sir, and say if the *curta supellex* of historical personages now living gives you a title of reproach.

Finally, as to this same suicide which the eighteenth century is said to have performed upon itself. A bad business truly, and doubtless brought about by real evils, for which some people were to blame, either on the ground of their want of political wisdom or their wicked selfishness. Yet look also at the groping sense of right and the splendid good designs towards mankind at large, which prompted the reforming party. These things, albeit unlucky in their results, are things properly to the credit of the century. It was the first time that a great people demanded to be treated with justice by their rulers, and that, we conceive, is no small matter in the history of this world. Even, then, in this dismal end the century came to, we find something to admire and sympathise with. It seems to stamp our proposition with a final approval, that there have been worse centuries than the eighteenth.

THE NEWSPAPER WORLD.

Were the privilege granted to Master Nathaniel Butter, the originator of the present form of newspaper, to 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,' he would feel astounded at seeing what a mighty power his humble efforts to produce a sheet of 'newes' had evoked. And were it further permitted that he might see, as in a glass, the progress and struggles of his invention, as it travelled over the thorny paths of time through 'a period full two centuries long,' to its present state of perfection, we can fancy the amazement that might sit on his brow, as he contrasted the appearance of his little, shabbily printed 'weekely newes' with the leviathans of the present day. We can imagine how rapidly his memory would flit back to the year of grace 1622, when James the First was king, and how he would recall the jibes and jeers, and prophecies of failure, that were levelled at him by the wits and pamphleteers, when he adopted the bold step of printing his 'newes' instead of writing it, as had been the previous mode of multiplying the chronicles of the time.

A newspaper editor must, like the poet, be born to his calling, as in the majority of instances no amount of training will fit a person for such a post unless he have a natural taste and aptitude for that description of literary labour; for although many persons are able to write 'leaders' or 'literary articles' for a newspaper, few can be intrusted with its editorial control, few can scent out the libel which lurks in almost every communication, few can distinguish the report intended to please the speaker instead of inform the nation, and the letters written to serve private interests instead of public ends; still fewer who can tell at a glance the kind of literary or political material which will promote the circulation of the journal—in fact, a good editor's great difficulty is not as to what he should put in but what he should keep out of his columns. Successful editors have not been great authors, but men of good common sense, and their good common sense has taught them to write but little themselves, but to read, judge, select, dictate, alter, and combine the writings of others.

The provincial press has now become, especially in the frequency of its issues, almost as great an institution as the press of London. Every large town has at least one daily journal; and in some cases, as in Manchester, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, three or four. In most instances, too, these 'dailies' are published at the price of one penny; and it is but just to say that many of them are conducted with great spirit and ability. The change from the old fivepenny or fourpenny journal is as yet so very recent as to partake somewhat of the character of novelty, and is by many still looked upon as a doubtful experiment. We all know, however, that, while we had only high-priced journals, the Americans had papers which sold even at so low a price as a half-penny, and that even on these the expenditure of capital was enormous. In New York, for instance, L.50,000 was paid for the copyright and plant of a half-penny daily newspaper, with a circulation of 60,000 copies per day. It was printed by machinery, which threw off the impression at the rate of 18,000 copies an hour, and its advertisements yielded about L.20,000 a year. It was at one time supposed that the cheap journal would not take root in our own country; and, as it was prophesied that penny-postage would fail, that railways would never supersede the old four-in-

Digitized by Google

hand, and that the electric telegraph would never become more than a scientific toy, so it was predicted that there never could be a successful penny newspaper. Already, notwithstanding, we have a penny paper (the *Manchester Examiner and Times*) announcing the acquisition of a machine capable of producing copies at the rate of 15,000 an hour. These, it must be admitted, are rather promising facts. This remarkable journal is understood to have a daily sale of 28,000. We lately purchased a copy of it, at nine o'clock in the morning of publication, at a railway station, midway between York and Hull, and found it to contain the same news as was in the *Times* of the same date!

So much for the outside or husk of the newspaper world. Let us now withdraw the curtain and peep behind the scenes upon the busy picture presented in the office of a largely circulating newspaper. See that gigantic machine, instinct with life, throwing off the printed sheets as quickly as the eye can count them. See the host of men, reminding us of a body of large ants, picking up tons of metal by half a penny-weight at a time. See the great intellectual head, the foremost man of all, the mighty 'we,' at whose frown potentates tremble and ministries dissolve, surrounded by his *aides* — the busy reporter new from his turn in 'the gallery,' industriously extending his notes; the sub-editor, condensing verbose communications, and extracting information and readable matter from a mountain of letters, blue-books, and country papers. See also how the post-office, the telegraph, and the train, rain a countless succession of communications upon the editorial table from all the corners of the earth. Look, there is a packet from 'our special correspondent,' who is tracking the steps of the British army in India; another, from our 'own' correspondent, who has been assisting to annihilate time and distance between Britain and America, by laying down an electric cable in the depths of the Atlantic; a third from a lively correspondent, who is dodging the footsteps of royalty at the Cherbourg *fêtes*. Then, again, observe that active gentleman in the closely buttoned coat, who drops a letter into the communication-box and disappears: that is a 'penny-a-liner,' who has just gleaned the particulars of an exciting murder, perpetrated in the most mysterious manner; another liner has preceded him, with what he calls a capital suicide; and a third will follow, just as the paper is going to press, with a terrific conflagration accompanied by loss of life. The knowing sub-editor has in a few minutes revised, and (most necessary duty of all), abridged this 'copy,' and given it a corner in the paper, which consummation the competition of rival journals makes necessary, when the article is of sufficient importance, as the liners have dropped copies into the letter-boxes of all the other daily papers.

A great London editor, according to Thomas Carlyle, gets up his leader in the following style: 'He rushes into the clubs, into London society, rolls about all day, copiously talking modish nonsense or sense, and listening to the like, with the multifarious miscellany of men; comes home at night, redacts it into a *Times* leader, and is found to have hit the essential purport of the world's immeasurable babblement. This is what the multifarious Babel sound did mean to say in clear words; this more nearly than anything else. Let the most gifted intellect, capable of writing epics, try to write such a leader for the morning newspaper.' The sub-editor, as we have already seen, has his own particular duties, and, on a daily paper, they are numerous and unceasing—piles of letters to wade through and select from, reports of all kinds to revise and adapt, proofs of letters from 'special' correspondents in distant countries, requiring unprecedented geographical knowledge to look over and correct; and in many cases he has also the devising and carrying out of the details of the paper—deciding what must go in, and what must 'stand over till our next.' The reporter is a most important and useful auxiliary. By means of this individual the newspaper has come to perform a very important function, impossible to be rightly done without thorough freedom of statement; it is the 'channel of information between all classes in the country—it tells the country what the legislature and government are about, and the legislature and government what the country is about; it lets the rich and the poor know what is going forward beyond their own sphere.' In short, by means of editorial labour, aided by the energy of the reporter, the newspaper has become a political map of the country, as necessary to the statesman as a geographical map to the general. Some idea of what is required of a parliamentary reporter is given in a little work entitled *Aids to Reporting*. We are told therein, that the reporter must be naturally endowed with perceptive powers of a high order, and a faculty, which is by no means common, of transferring the current of thought which another person is endeavouring to express, and the process of reasoning by which he seeks to work out his conclusions, into his own mind. He must be able to understand, and for the time to feel, not merely what a man says, but what he means to say—things, with the most practised speakers, at times, and with young debaters, at all times, totally opposed to each other. He must be able so completely to identify himself with the course of an argument, as to know beforehand almost, not merely what the speaker is about to say, but the expressions he will or ought to employ to convey his meaning to others. As tending to the development and bringing out of this faculty, a study of the principles and practice of logic is a valuable assistance. Added to all these qualifications, great mechanical power in note-taking, and extraordinary rapidity in transcribing the notes into long-hand copy for the printer, are absolutely necessary. In aid of the note-taking power of the reporter, the acquisition of short-hand is of considerable importance; but it is by no means an imperative requisite, provided the reporter possesses, in an eminent degree, the higher qualifications of his calling. Some of the most distinguished reporters the gallery of parliament has known were long-hand writers, and there are at present two or three who report in long-hand with a power which enables them to follow a speaker with all but *verbatim* accuracy.'

While these editorial matters are in active progress, it must not be supposed that the 'business' affairs of the paper, conducted either by the proprietor himself, or his deputy the manager, are being neglected. None but such as have been regularly initiated into the mysteries of the newspaper world know the activity, the intense mental labour, or the foresight and unceasing energy that are required to insure the commercial prosperity of a first-rate journal. A person involved in the conducting of a high-class daily newspaper lives in a perpetual whirl of excitement, his existence being little else, from the 1st of January till the last day of December, than one continued worry. From morning to night he is obliged to be in harness, and at every person's command, never having one moment of the day he can call his own; his eye must be on all, and his active body everywhere. At one moment, he is deep in a confabulation with the party who is fitting up his new machine; at another he is arranging terms of agreement with a special correspondent who is required for India; now he has to complain of the

Digitized by Google

non-arrival of his new types, or the unpunctuality of the person who supplies him with ink; now he gets in a passion at an impudent 'liner' who has *done* the paper with an invented murder or a 'heart-rending suicide;' anon, a conference with the principal editor as to the line of writing to be taken up consequent on a change of ministry, demands his presence. Or the paper-maker has a woful tale to harass him with. His machinery has become deranged, and he has also unfortunately run out of rags in consequence of the shutting up of a foreign port; and so, with melancholy visage, he announces that there is only sufficient paper on hand to last three days, and that it will take four days to get his machinery put right, even if the rags should arrive in the meantime. Scarcely is this misfortune remedied than there comes an 'immediate' circular from the stamp-office, announcing that one of the securities, required by law for every paper, has grown timid, and has withdrawn his name, and that a substitute must be found before stamps can be obtained for the next paper. And so the day drags its slow length along, till wearied, worried, and headached, the poor manager hurries away home, to dinner. On the morrow, a similar routine of cares and anxieties is repeated, with similar expenditure of bodily and mental labour. These little annoyances, it may be stated, are only a tittle of what the proprietor has to endure—the efforts required to compete with other journals are alone sufficient to wear out his life in a very short time.

The reader will perhaps relish, by way of contrast, an account of the getting up of the humble journal of a fifth-rate county town, with its diffuse local paragraphs and minute market intelligence.

The week begins, in the country printing-office, with the distribution of the types of the preceding paper, a task which generally occupies about two days; the length of time required varying considerably in proportion to the extent of the general jobbing business carried on, for few country newspaper proprietors are independent of what is called the jobbing trade. The editor, sub-editor, and reporter, are, in most cases, one and indivisible in this kind of office; and he is engaged in the early part of the week in selecting literary extracts and other general 'matter,' to be used as circumstances admit. By the time the compositors are ready to take 'copy,' he has gleaned sufficient to keep them busy; and any original communications that may have been sent in, are then carefully read and revised by him, and selected or rejected, as the case may be.

Perhaps, while he is thus engaged, notice of the holding of some meeting or court is given him. Independent of the various courts and public meetings held in the town where the paper is issued, the editor-reporter is required to attend at similar meetings in various adjacent villages and towns, where no regular correspondent is appointed. Generally, however, there is in each of these little villages some rustic genius, ambitious of shining in all the glories of type and printer's ink; and he is only too glad to furnish accounts of all that transpires, and probably also to add his contributions to the 'original poetry' or 'original literature' department of the paper.

Besides the usual routine of reporting, all local occurrences, such as accidents, fires, &c., require the greatest attention, and have to be given very fully in the local columns. In many districts of the country, one of the greatest facilities of the reporter in obtaining such information, namely, the reports of police-officers of occurrences on their beats, is wanting; but this desideratum is commonly supplied by good-natured gossips, who take care to spread the news of the event far and wide, so that there is little chance of anything escaping the local editor. A great deal depends on the management of this department, as the most requires to be made of every little occurrence, and all the large eggs, enormous gooseberries, and prolific potatoes, must be duly chronicled, as must also the births, deaths, and marriages of the surrounding neighbourhood.

In the general or political news department, the editor has a much easier duty to perform than his London brethren, as he has all the advantage of their labours. He does not require to think much or profoundly on political matters, as he makes use of the brains of the metropolitan editors for that purpose. His greatest efforts in the way of 'leaders' are on some local matter of vast importance, such as the shutting up of a roadway, the scarcity of coal, or the unpunctuality of the local post-office. The market intelligence must be copious and correct, as all the farmers for miles around depend upon it for the regulation of their sales. In conclusion, let us state, that the provincial editor is a great man in his district, *fêted* and feasted upon all occasions when there is a local gathering, and no farmers' dinner is complete without him. What wonderful presents he gets too—offerings of all kinds, the first-fruits of the season in all departments of growth. Take the following, which has just come under our notice, as an example: 'Mr James Spalding, gardener to Mrs Bethune, St Ann's Hill, sent us a dish of splendid peas on Saturday, the first we have seen this season. The previous day, Mr Blake, Castle Street, sent some very fine cauliflower. Yesterday, Mr Tennant, gardener, sent a basket of potatoes, all of very large size, with peas and strawberries of prime quality. Mr T. has been supplying potatoes for a week.'

In connection with the eight hundred journals which compose the newspaper press of Great Britain, there is of course a gigantic expenditure, and many trades are almost wholly supported by means of the 'fourth estate;' the typefounder, paper-maker, and ink-manufacturer, in particular, draw largely on the newspaper proprietors. If it were possible to present, in the aggregate, the sums paid to editors, sub-editors, managers, correspondents, leader-writers, reporters, reviewers of literature, science, the drama and music, besides compositors and machinists, we should find that, even in an economical point of view, the newspaper press is a great and important estate of the realm.

THE COMMISSARY OF POLICE.

François Dumontel, a painter of Lyon, espoused, in the spring of 1848, Euphrosyne Lamont, a youthful damsel about his own age, and equally poor, enthusiastic, and unreflecting. Both were orphans; and Euphrosyne was a charming brunette, of local celebrity, whose dark southern eyes shone with such brilliancy as she emerged, a blushing bride, from the church of St Thomas, that the spectators were fain to acknowledge it was not surprising the young artist should have preferred the graceful and blooming Euphrosyne to middle-aged Mademoiselle Médard, the daughter and heiress of the rich silk-mercer in the Rue du Nord, whose sole attractions were *les beaux yeux de sa cassette*. The favour of this lady he was reported to have won by painting her portrait so cleverly, that although it was impossible not to recognise the likeness, the coarse, dry, parchment complexion, vixen eyes, and altogether crabbed aspect of the original, were so judiciously modified and softened, that a very pleasant *ensemble* resulted—an achievement which elicited from more than one shrewd observer the remark, that if François Dumontel were not the great genius he believed himself to be, he, at all events, possessed a skill in likeness-painting, which, diligently cultivated, could hardly fail of realising a fortune. Unfortunately, young Dumontel

Digitized by Google

looked down from the exaltation of his vanity with supreme contempt upon that branch of his art; his genius had wings for a far loftier flight, and next to Euphrosyne, the fame which could not fail to accrue from the exhibition in Paris of his great historic painting—a glittering mass of effulgent uniforms, fiery steeds, and crimson cannon-flashes upon a background of universal smoke, the fanciful representation of a battle in Algeria—lent brightness to the future, upon which, with love, beauty, youth, for his companions, he was now about to enter. Euphrosyne, herself a graceful flower-painter, as well as *artiste en fleurs*, participated the illusions of her lover and husband, but could not for all that repress a start and exclamation of alarm, when, on the evening of the seventh or eighth day of married life, François, who had been for some time profoundly immersed in money-calculations, said abruptly:

'It is plain, *ma belle*, that after paying for our places in the diligence, and the carriage of the picture, we shall have only about two hundred francs left when we reach Paris.'

'Two hundred francs! No more! Ah, François, that is a very small sum to begin the world with.'

'True, *mon amie;* but what then? Guguénard writes me that Vernet sold a picture decidedly inferior to mine, a short time since, for twelve thousand francs. Twelve thousand francs, Euphrosyne! If mine but fetches half that sum, it is already a fortune.'

'You know Guguénard, François, much better than I do, and have, I am aware, confidence in his judgment.'

'Entire confidence, Euphrosyne. Have you forgotten the compliment passed by Monsieur Le Vicomte de Parrans upon Henri Guguénard's the engraver's taste in the fine arts?'

'No; I remember it well, and that Guguénard was himself the relater of the anecdote.'

'Is not that a little ungenerous, Euphrosyne?'

'Perhaps so,' said the young wife, covering with an effort her natural gaiety of tone; 'and what is certain is, that I have full confidence in your genius and fortunes, François.'

The conversation thus terminated, Dumontel proceeded at once to the Messageries to secure places in the diligence, and Euphrosyne fell into a reverie, from which she was roused by the announcement of 'Monsieur Bouis;' and an elderly gentleman, in deep mourning, and wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, presented himself. He was from Paris, and the sternly sad expression of his pale features was doubtless caused by the death, about three months previously, of his only son in an apparently motiveless duel with a French officer *en retraite*—Le Capitaine Regnaud. The unfortunate young man had been on a prolonged visit at Lyon, at the time of the catastrophe, a circumstance well known to Euphrosyne, who appeared to be as much startled as surprised by the words 'Monsieur Bouis, of Paris.' The gentle mournfulness of his greeting, however, quickly reassured her.

'I am the father, mademoi—— I beg pardon, Madame Dumontel, of the unfortunate Charles Bouis, who, I hope, still lives in your friendly remembrance.'

'Assuredly, monsieur,' replied Euphrosyne; 'and this notwithstanding my acquaintance with your amiable son was of the slightest kind.'

'So I understand,' said her visitor; 'and yet, but for that slight acquaintance, my son would now be alive.'

'*Comment*, monsieur?' exclaimed Euphrosyne, blushing and trembling; 'I do not comprehend.'

'Not clearly, you mean, my dear madame; but pray do not agitate yourself: a few words will explain my meaning, and justify, or, at least, excuse my presence here. During the night previous to the duel with Captain Regnaud,' added M. Bouis, 'so inexplicable as having arisen from the few sharp but meaningless words said to have provoked it, my son, foreboding it might be the last time he should address me upon earth, penned a long letter, which after his death was of course forwarded to me. It is only about a fortnight ago,' continued the speaker, with increasing emotion, sternly as he strove to preserve a simulated stoicism of tone and manner, 'that I found courage to open and read it. One paragraph alone related to you, madame; a brief one, but written with a hand which trembled more at those few lines than all the rest, informed me that he had passionately loved the beautiful *orpheline* of the Grande Rue, Lyon, Euphrosyne Lamont, *artiste en fleurs;* but chiefly from knowing that I would not consent to the alliance, had never disclosed his passion to the said Euphrosyne—in words, of course, is meant,' added M. Bouis, 'as it is scarcely possible that a sentiment so vivid should not have found interpretation, though that of the lips was withheld.'

'Have the kindness, monsieur,' said Madame Dumontel, 'to confine yourself to what it is needful I should hear. For the rest,' she added, with a slight tinge of pride, 'a young woman *bien élevée*, and well taught and nurtured, does not permit herself to interpret the demeanour of young gentlemen in whose society she may chance to find herself.'

'Excuse me, madame; I would not willingly offend you. I have, however, a few more words to say. Le Capitaine Regnaud was, I have reason to believe, keener sighted than you, and he, moreover, I am informed, greatly admired Mademoiselle Euphrosyne Lamont, declared his preference, and was repulsed—contemptuously repulsed.'

'Monsieur Bouis,' said Euphrosyne, rising and speaking with vehemence, 'this is extreme impertinence on your part. Forgive me,' she added, quickly checking herself; 'you have, I recognise, a privilege of grief as well as of age, justifying remarks that from others would be intolerable. I can appreciate, moreover, the motive of this questioning. Well, then, sir, the current report you speak of is not precisely correct. Monsieur Le Capitaine Regnaud *insulted* Euphrosyne Lamont, and was by her indignantly spurned and defied. That is the simple truth.'

'And this was known to my son?'

'I cannot speak positively as to that, but I have sometimes feared it may have been so.'

'And that that knowledge, conjoined with Regnaud's surmise that Charles might prove a formidable rival, infused venom into the else slightly irritating words that passed between them at the Café Royal?'

'I can only repeat, monsieur, that I fear it may have fallen out as you suggest.'

M. Bouis seemed to reflect for a short time, and then resuming with greater vivacity, said: 'In the presence of so much frankness, madame, I cannot choose but be equally sincere and open. I have been, as you may perhaps have heard, a *commissaire de police*, in the department of the Seine et Oise, residing usually at Versailles, and only lately at Paris, where I am not much known. A considerable succession that fell to me not very long since—of slight value in my estimation now—enabled me to retire from the service—with honour, madame, as the decoration I wear assures you. I have not, however, lost the craft of my profession in abandoning its exercise; and my chief purpose in visiting Lyon was to satisfy myself of the truth or falsehood of a rumour that had reached me, to the effect that Charles had met with foul play at the hands of Regnaud—a villain who had before three murders, by duel, on his head.'

'And he glories, I have heard, in those frightful crimes,' interjected Euphrosyne with a shudder; 'but the day of retribution will surely arrive for him.'

Digitized by Google

'At the hour when I fully satisfy myself that my boy was unfairly dealt with—apart from Regnaud's practised skill with the small sword, which itself converts such encounters into a means of legal assassination—that day, be assured, madame, will have dawned for his slayer. I am now entering upon this duel, as it may fairly be called, with Regnaud, and I foresee, Madame Dumontel, that you will be in a greater or less degree instrumental in bringing about the catastrophe.'

'Me, monsieur! You jest surely.'

'On the contrary, I am perfectly serious. Regnaud is not one to relinquish easily a base purpose; and he, I know, leaves Lyon to-morrow by the same diligence as yourself and Monsieur Dumontel for Paris. He would follow you to the world's end, to avenge the wound you have inflicted on his vanity.'

'*Mon Dieu*, can it be possible!' exclaimed Euphrosyne with much emotion; 'but it is *not* possible, monsieur. Le Capitaine Regnaud's pretended passion was a fleeting caprice, nothing more.'

'That may be; but I am not the less convinced that you, or your facile-tempered husband—madame will excuse my frankness—will require, and not long, first, protection or redress against his machinations. Either or both will be readily afforded you by me, upon application at the address inscribed upon this card. And now, madame, with many thanks for your complaisance, adieu, though but for a short time only, I am pretty confident. Meanwhile, you will not refuse acceptance of this trifle from Charles Bouis's childless father; it is a *souvenir* from the tomb.'

He was gone, and upon opening the paper placed in her hand, Euphrosyne found it contained a note of the Bank of France for one thousand francs.

As M. Bouis predicted, Captain Regnaud did in fact quit Lyon by the same diligence as the Dumontels, and he, Regnaud, rightly concluding that his duellist reputation would deter Euphrosyne from hinting anything to her husband which might lead to a quarrel, openly courted the artist's acquaintance during the journey, and so successfully, that upon taking leave of each other at the bureau of the diligence, Paris, a meeting at the *Rocher Cancale* was arranged between them, without the knowledge of the wife, for the next day but one.

The Dumontels settled themselves temporarily in lodgings at Numéro 9, Grande Rue Verte, near the Pont Neuf; and but a few weeks elapsed before the ambitious aspirations of the self-deceived artist were utterly dissipated, not only by the judgment of competent critics, but his own, which, enlightened by comparing his work with those of masters in the art, was fain to admit that whatever genius or aptitude he might possess, long and severe study in the mechanical part of painting must be undergone before he could hope to realise worthily upon canvas the crude idealisations with which his brain throbbed and sparkled. François Dumontel was incapable of resigning himself to the laborious self-discipline required; with the collapse of his soaring visions, the little mental energy he possessed abandoned him; and he yielded, almost without resistance, but not without remorse, to the seductions of his now intimate friend, Captain Regnaud, by whom he was introduced, first to the wine-shops, next to the gaming-tables of Paris. His 1200 francs were early squandered in those orgies; and two months after her arrival in Paris, Euphrosyne learned from the lips of her husband, rendered frantic by the utterly desperate circumstances in which he was involved, that their last franc was gone, his painting pledged at the Mont de Piété, and that he had, besides, incurred debts of honour to Captain Regnaud, amounting to more than a hundred Napoleons, for which he had given promissory-notes at short dates, one whereof would fall due on the following day. One may imagine the shock of this revelation to poor Euphrosyne, who had been in some way completely blinded to the nature of her husband's pursuits during his long absences from home; but she was of a courageous, elastic temperament, and soon rallying from the blow, all the more quickly that the recollection of M. Bouis's words and promise flashed hopefully upon her mind, she was, before an hour had passed, on her way to that gentleman's house, armed with a written statement of her husband's liabilities, and his solemn promise, that if extricated from the ruin he had brought upon himself and wife, he would never enter a gaming-house again, nor as long as he lived pollute his hands with the touch of dice or cards.

M. Bouis was at home, and Euphrosyne was immediately ushered into his presence. He looked much older and sadder than when she last saw him; but he was unchanged towards herself, judging by his kind recognising smile, and the good-will with which he took her trembling hand and pressed it with both his.

'Be seated, Madame Dumontel,' he said: 'I can guess the purport of your visit pretty well; but let me hear it from your own lips.'

Euphrosyne complied as well as her agitation and embarrassment would permit, and finished by placing the memorandum drawn up by her husband in the hand of her attentive auditor. M. Bouis glanced over it, and presently said: 'The amount required is a considerable one, but'—and his eyes were for a moment raised to a full-length portrait of his son—'you were commended to my kind offices by that poor murdered boy, and I will not fail you in this strait. You shall take the money with you, and a moderate sum besides'——

'Ah, monsieur,' broke in the weeping wife, 'you are too good—too generous.'

'And a moderate sum besides,' continued M. Bouis, 'which will enable your husband to prosecute his studies, if he be sincere in his vows of amendment. But let him perfectly understand,' added that gentleman with severe emphasis, 'that I do this, and will yet further assist him, upon condition only that he never again plays or associates with Regnaud, and especially that he never again accepts bills or obligations for him or any other person on any pretext whatever. Can I, madame, reckon upon your husband's rigorous fulfilment of these terms?'

'Oh, certainly, monsieur,' sobbed Euphrosyne. 'François has been imprudent, thoughtless, but his heart, believe me, is uncorrupted; the promise he has given, together with the pledge you require, will be sacredly kept.'

'Enough, my dear madame,' said Monsieur Bouis, with respectful kindness. 'There is a draft for the amount required. One moment,' he added, as Euphrosyne was leaving the room; 'your husband's promissory-notes have, I happen to know, been discounted by Lemaire, No. 12 Rue Favard; you can therefore withdraw them without Regnaud's intervention, or waiting till they are presented for payment. Au revoir, madame: I shall call and see your husband one of these days.'

About six weeks after this occurrence, and rather late in the evening, a middle-aged man entered an *estaminet* in the Faubourg St Antoine, and bade the attendant *garçon* inform Captain Regnaud, if he called, that his friend Gabriel was waiting for him in the back-room. Gabriel was, it is true, the name given to this person by his acquaintance, though it was shrewdly suspected by at least one of them, in consequence of some half-revelations made under the influence of wine, that he was no other than a certain Jacques Le Maitre, an escaped *forçat*, who, by means

Digitized by Google

of a luxuriant black wig, whiskers, moustaches, and beard, and altogether artistic make-up, with the further precaution of never leaving his den, wherever that might be, till after night-fall, had hitherto managed to evade the vigilance of the Paris police. Evidently from his sometimes gloomily preoccupied, and at other times restless, unquiet demeanour, an individual at odds with the settled order of the world, and on this particular evening he seemed more than usually nervous and impatient, which was not surprising, a full hour having passed before Captain Regnaud, himself in a state of great mental disquietude, and flustered, moreover, with drink, entered the small dingy apartment.

'Ah, there you are, sacré night-owl,' exclaimed Regnaud, seizing as he spoke the wine ordered, but untouched, by Gabriel, and swallowing it at a draught. 'If I could have seen you two hours since, I were now eight hundred francs richer than I am.'

'Eight hundred francs in two hours is *gros jeu*,' remarked Gabriel.

'Yes; I played high and madly. In fact, Gabriel, my friend,' continued the captain, 'my affairs, as I have before hinted to you, are just now in an awkward state; nevertheless, with your promised assistance, clever *coquin* that you are, all may yet be well.'

'Lemaire, then, will take my promissory-note in lieu of that you are so eager to get out of his hands?'

'Not he, the villain! On the contrary, he plainly hints his opinion, and therein, *entre nous*, I agree with him—that my friend Gabriel has half-a-dozen *aliases* —all names well known to messieurs the police, but not worth a sou upon a bill.'

'That remains to be proved, Monsieur le Capitaine. In the meantime, what is to be done?'

'That, my friend, is the question. In the first place, then, one thousand francs, well-nigh all I am possessed of, shall, in case of success, be yours. Ah, that, in your opinion, is speaking to the purpose! Eh, Gabriel?'

'No doubt. I must, however, know without reservation exactly how the said thousand francs are to be earned. I know that such a sum cannot be had for nothing; still, I must know all the whys and wherefores of the business before I engage in it.'

'Quite right; I expected no less from your experience and knowledge of the world. Know, then, I am about to confide in your discretion, as I certainly would not in the oath of Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, or of his Holiness the Pope; and for these plain reasons, my friend—firstly, that you would as lief hang yourself as appear before a magistrate for any purpose whatever; secondly, that if you did so appear, your evidence would not be worth the breath with which it was uttered. You see I am candour itself.'

'Precisely. Well?'

'This, then, is the exact situation. But first order in some brandy. You remember, Gabriel,' the captain went on to say, as soon as the brandy was placed upon the table, and his companion had resumed his seat, but in such a position that his countenance could only be partially seen where Regnaud sat—'you remember that, about a week after that poor devil of an artist of the Grande Rue Verte so unexpectedly paid his debts, and turned saint, I had a run of ill-luck, and that Lemaire—confound him!—would not lend me a franc without the security of my friend Dumontel, who had taken up his former acceptances in so satisfactory a manner. Well, I knew, of course, that my *friend* François Dumontel would not lend me his signature to save me from perdition; and so—and so,' added Captain Regnaud, gulping down another glass of brandy, 'finding there was no help for it, and confident that I should be able to retire the note before the month expired, I—I—, you understand?'

'Not exactly.'

'No! then my brain is duller than that flashing eye of yours. I mean that I signed the name of François Dumontel without its owner's consent.'

'In plain French, that you forged François Dumontel's signature to a bill for five thousand francs?'

'Just that. Well, Lemaire now refuses to renew it, even if half, as I offered yesterday, were paid down, or take any other security I can get in its place; and it is due in four days.'

'*Morbleu*, but that is embarrassing. I see nothing for it but flight, or—or blowing Dumontel's brains out—legally, of course.'

'Thou art a shrewd rascal, Gabriel,' exclaimed Regnaud with vivacity. 'Flight happens to be out of the question, and if nothing better can be done, I must boldly outface the matter, swear the signature is genuine: the imitation, I can answer for it, is perfect, and Dumontel's former acceptances in my favour will naturally give force and colour to my assertion. That course would nevertheless be a dangerous one; and the other expedient you have suggested strikes me as the safest, surest plan.'

'It struck me that you might provoke Dumontel to a duel, and slay him. You are an adept, I have heard, at that game.'

'You have heard aright; but there are cogent reasons why I should not fight him. In the first place, if he should escape with life, which, however, is not likely, the affair of the bill of exchange would have an ugly look. Next, to kill him would damage me irretrievably with his charming widow, whose good graces I do not yet despair of winning; so that, in brief, Gabriel, if you would earn the thousand francs, you must fight and kill Dumontel yourself.'

'I! Bah! you rave!'

'Perfectly sane, if not precisely sober, I assure you, friend Gabriel. What objection have you?'

'What objection? Come, that's pleasant! To begin with, then, he is, you have told me, a good fencer, so that I should have an excellent chance of receiving, instead of a thousand francs, six inches of cold steel for my share of the bargain.'

'Tut, tut! There is no risk of that. You shall pink him without the slightest risk to yourself, as I have already four in my lifetime; the last a far smarter fellow than Dumontel—one Charles Bouis of Lyon—— What ails thee?'

'A sharp spasm, that's all; pass the brandy.'

'The expedient,' continued Regnaud in compliance with his companion's gesture, 'is as simple as it is safe. I will provide you a *just-au-corps*, or under-shirt, fitting close to the body; so flexible, and otherwise artistically manufactured, that though impenetrable by the keenest sword-point, it cannot, except by the closest, minutest examination, be distinguished from plain flannel. After throwing off your coat, you will open the vest above the just-au-corps, before engaging, to shew that all is above board, and the affair is as good as finished—your man as safely and certainly spitted as a fowl.'

Gabriel was some time before he made up his mind to accept Regnaud's atrocious proposal; but at last he said: 'Well, the venture is worth trying by a fellow so out of elbows as I am. Where can I meet with this Dumontel?'

'At Bichard's, the restaurant, not far from the Louvre. He dines there most evenings between five and six o'clock. He is of the true southern breed, and therefore easily provoked.'

'And the thousand francs?'

'Five hundred at starting for the Bois de Boulogne, and five upon returning—successful.'

Digitized by Google

'It is a bargain; and now I must begone, for this confounded cholic increases upon me, and I must procure some more potent remedy than brandy.'

'Good evening, Gabriel. The thousand francs, depend upon it, are as safely yours as if already pouched.'

Le Capitaine Regnaud slept soundly at daybreak the next morning, his head glued to the pillow by the strong potations of the previous evening; nevertheless awake he must and did under the infliction of the shouts and shakings of some half-a-dozen gendarmes; and cloudy, mystified as were his wine and sleep oppressed senses, he was soon made to comprehend that he, Jules Regnaud, ci-devant Capitaine de Chasseurs, was on his way to prison, charged with the grave crime of having forged the signature of François Dumontel to a bill of exchange for five thousand francs.

The Cour d'Assises of the Seine, before which Regnaud was arraigned, was in session the next week but one. Various formalities having been gone through, the previously sworn testimony of Lemaire, that he discounted the bill for the accused, and that of François Dumontel, that he had not signed it, nor authorised any one else to do so, was repeated in open court—the accused, who had recovered all his audacity, frequently interrupting the last witness by questions and assertions, tending to shew that he, Dumontel, had given the bill, as he had former ones, in discharge of a gambling debt.

'Listen to me, Regnaud,' said the president. 'You are acquainted, it appears, with one Gabriel?'

The accused appeared to blench for a moment; but recovering himself, said boldly: 'Yes; I know there is such a fellow, an escaped forçat, I had latterly reason to suspect, and I in consequence kicked him out of an estaminet.'

'An estaminet in the Faubourg St Antoine?'

'Yes—no; I do not precisely remember, Monsieur le Président.'

'Did you not confess to him that you had forged François Dumontel's name to this bill for five thousand francs?'

'Never. If he has said so, it is a vile invention to be revenged upon me. And of what worth, Monsieur le Président, let me ask, is the testimony of an escaped forçat, which I contend Gabriel to be?'

'Did you tell him that you possessed a curiously contrived just-au-corps, or undercoat, impenetrable by pistol-ball or sword-thrust, by means of which you had been enabled to safely slay four persons in pretended duels?'

'Never! It is all, I insist, a hideous calumny,' replied the prisoner, but now ghastly pale, and with much diminished confidence.

'It is certain, nevertheless, Regnaud, that such an article has been found at your lodgings. You have other witnesses, Monsieur le Procureur-général; let them be examined.'

'Yes, le Sieur Bouis, ancien commissaire de police, and member of the Legion of Honour.'

'Accused,' said the president, whilst the huissier was gone in quest of the witness, 'do you know the Sieur Bouis?'

'No, Monsieur le Président.'

'Look at the witness,' continued the president, indicating M. Bouis, who had entered the court, dressed in deep mourning, and wearing, as usual, his ribbon, 'and say if you persist in that answer.'

'Yes—no, that is'—— stammered Regnaud, upon whose forehead large drops of perspiration suddenly broke out.

'You are not quite sure. The witness will refresh your memory.'

With quick dexterity, M. Bouis assumed a black wig, whiskers, and moustaches, and turning fiercely towards the accused, exclaimed: 'Now, villain, do you know me?'

'Gabriel!' shrieked the accused, surprised out of all self-control—'I am lost!'

There could be no doubt of that; and ten minutes had not passed before Jules Regnaud was convicted and sentenced to the galleys for life—the president expressing his regret that he could not be punished capitally for the murders by duel he had confessed to have committed. He was sent with the next chain-gang to Brest, where he survived this his fifth and last duel, though not fought with sword or pistol, about two years only. I have not been able to discover any further trace of the fortunes of François and Euphrosyne Dumontel, or of the ex-commissary of police, Bouis.

CONFIDENCE IN BIG-LOOKING PEOPLE.

This is a thing to which there is a great tendency amongst mankind. It is, we fear, the nature of the creature. If, however, there be any exceptive persons who are not inclined to rest satisfied with appearances and authorities, but feel that getting at solid facts is on the whole preferable, let them think of the directors of the Western Bank of Scotland, and be confirmed in their preference. On the 18th of November last—ten days or so after the stoppage of that bank—its directors reported to a meeting of its depositors, through their interim-manager, Mr J. S. Fleming, that it had assets in bills, balances on cash accounts, government securities, &c., to the extent of L.9,398,184, being an excess of L.1,726,543 over its liabilities, 'so that losses to the extent of a million and three-quarters, must have been, or must yet be sustained, before the creditors of the bank require to go beyond the proper company assets, to seek for payment of their claims.' We give the directors credit for making this statement, in perfect assurance that no such losses had been incurred, far less anything more considerable: they knew no better at the time; but how has the matter turned out? Four speculative firms in Glasgow had received advances to the amount of L.1,603,728, a hundred thousand pounds more than the entire capital of the bank, and of these debts one half will never be recovered—there will be only one shilling a pound in one case, and two shillings in another. It takes the whole capital, and is calculated to require L.1,421,948 more to liquidate the bank's obligations. Of this state of things, as appears from the parliamentary evidence of the above-named Mr Fleming, the directors, meeting weekly in their parlour to look over a statement of affairs, were profoundly ignorant. So far back as 1853, L.261,000 of ascertainedly irrecoverable bills were exhibited in the accounts as assets; yet of this the directors never became informed. The difference in the exchanges against the bank—the grand test of the soundness of a bank's business—was for some years at an average of three millions; yet the directors appear to have not known, or at least not regarded it. An appalling amount of the dangerous kind of business called re-discounting was done; yet it never awoke a fear in the directors. The whole system of business pursued—the extending of large 'facilities' to trading firms conducting huge undertakings on the most unsound principles—was bad, and could not but end in ruin; yet the directors dreamed on. More surprising still—assuming that they were in good faith in assigning dividends of 9 per cent., they must have been under an impression

Digitized by Google

that the concern was flourishing. Only one man—the manager—enjoyed the opportunity of acquainting himself with the real state of the bank; and it is questionable how far even he knew of it. Here, then, is a vast concern, inferring the bottomless pit of unlimited liability to thirteen hundred shareholders, going on for years under an appearance of sound and judicious direction—rich men, clever men of business, for its directors—its shares at 60 per cent. above par—the community everywhere trusting and depending upon it—and yet there was not, all the time, as much care taken to ascertain its real condition, and come to a true outward statement of the same, as we might expect from a committee of third-form boys, had such been set to conduct it. O big-wigs, hide for ever those bushy, but borrowed locks, cover those jolly faces with the palms of repentant shame! What shams ye have been!

My simple Public—ignorant yourself, anxious for good interest on your spare funds, much meditating on share-lists, prone to walk in the light of some goodly name held out for your veneration, or to jump dikes because others have jumped before you—ponder well on this shewing of the possible extent of ignorant trust in those at the head of great concerns. Only bethink you as to that smooth, pleasant annual report that has been brought forward, moved, seconded, and adopted, and as to that seven or eight per cent. of dividend which is to be dealt out to you, what a temptation all of those in charge are under, from the manager downwards, to keep up the price of the shares in the market! No check on this temptation, mind you; so, for anything you can tell, there may be no end of bad debts hopefully assumed as good—half your means may be out on adventure, for which happy issue is not to be looked for. Think of your own insidious inclination to take a sanguine view, your wish for a better dividend, your horror of anything that can sink the price of shares; and see in these things the danger in which the truthfulness—or let us rather say explicitness—of your managers lies. Then, try to get an examination made by external unconcerned parties, even though it may create a little of a 'downward tendency' at first. Get at *facts* somehow; know the best and the worst of it, and for the time coming dream in peace.

PORTLAND IN SEPTEMBER 1858.

Look at that beautiful island, with the bluest of blue seas beyond its rose-tinted headlands, and connect it if you can with ideas of crime. Impossible! Yet, at this moment, as I gaze upon it from the South Downs, Portland is a convict prison, where fifteen hundred human beings, each more or less guilty, are undergoing their appointed terms of penal servitude.

This was my reflection as I stood last week looking down, from the range of hills which command a view of Weymouth Bay, upon the graceful island—most picturesque when seen from that exact point—and remembered the chained gang of ruffians whom I had seen half an hour before at the railway station, throwing themselves down on the platform, and refusing to stir until forcibly compelled to enter the vans, in which, yelling like demons, cursing and screeching, they were to be conveyed to their destination.

What would the good old king, whose image is cut on the face of the chalk down to my left hand, have thought of such a desecration? The figure represents George III. on horseback, as he used to ride, unweariedly, tiring out his hungry equerries, and startling quiet gentlefolks out of their tranquillity by his hurried unceremonious visits to their country-seats. It is still kept clear of weeds, and is plainly visible on the side of the hill that rises in bold gorse-crowned sweeps and grassy curves above the valleys of Preston and Osmington. I could fancy the old king energetically questioning Colonel Goldsworthy:

'Eh, what! how is this? Convicts—eh? Put them somewhere else; Weymouth is my royal watering-place. What, what, what—find another jail, can't you? Why shouldn't you? Another prison, I say, for the poor wretches. I like to enjoy myself at the sea-side.'

Alas! the good monarch, whose memory is still revered by the inhabitants of Weymouth and Melcombe-Regis, is no longer able to guard his Sans Souci. The bold Portlanders are now compelled to tolerate the evil they cannot cure. My eye, as I look seaward, runs over the long rows of lodging-houses along the beach at Weymouth, the tent-like bathing-machines, the *Blenheim*, anchored in Weymouth Roads, the yachts and sailing-vessels passing to and fro there, and rests upon the white walls of the convict prison.

Nearer to me, the high ground on which I stand is scooped out, and falls abruptly, making a smooth green circus, whose steep walls darken the course of a stream which has its source at the foot of the hill. The water gushes from the bank, and forms a quiet pool, overhung by two or three trees and some blackberry and alder bushes. Green rushes and flags, of which the pods are opening and shewing bright scarlet seeds, bend over the head of the spring, and fringe its course, which you can trace by the greener hue of the grass, and here and there a shining gleam, as it glides past a secluded hamlet and through water-meadows to the sea, which it enters after passing through sand and shingle.

This little hill-stream furnishes a supply of water to the town, and there are great wheels constantly at work, and subterranean arches and chambers, into which the water is pumped, and thence conveyed by underground pipes to Weymouth. At one time, a great drought left Portland prison destitute of water, and the necessary supply was taken daily by a steamer in casks from the cove where Preston Brook runs into the sea.

But I cannot stand for ever on these downs looking seaward; I must convince myself that busy life is stirring yonder, heaving in the heart of that rocky fastness, which is intended at some future day to rival the French emperor's last toy—to be our English Cherbourg. Two years hence, the breakwater, that mighty bulwark against the force of the western ocean, is to be finished; but it is more difficult to predict when the fortifications on the island will be completed, and batteries mounted on Ratcliffe Head and the Nothe.

The band of the Wexford militia was playing on the esplanade at Weymouth as I entered the town. Regular Irish boys were the musicians, with handsome frolicsome faces, and rolling eyes, that glanced boldly at the ladies in sombreros and hats of every description who thronged the walk. Gay bonnets and light summer muslin mantles and dresses mingled with rough jackets of cloth and waterproof capes and cloaks calculated to defend the wearers from rain and the salt sea-spray. I walked on shore at the landing-place near the breakwater.

I had heard, in passing through the town, that the convicts had organised a mutiny, but that it had been promptly defeated. The Wexford militia, though but a small force, had held their own; and the scheme laid by the prisoners, to make use of their working-tools, murder their warders, and, after plundering and burning the villages, to escape to the mainland, had providentially been crushed in its birth. The presence of the *Blenheim* in the harbour gave confidence to the authorities, who all did their duty admirably.

Digitized by Google

The ship's guns were shotted, and one of them was ready to be sent on shore at a moment's notice.

It is worth while to pause and consider what a fearful calamity it would have been if these criminals, with powerful weapons in their hands, had broken loose—if the small armed force had proved insufficient. Notice had been received beforehand of the plot. Each man was at his post; and the greatest credit is due to all concerned, from Captain Gambier and Captain Clay, to the raw lads fresh from bog and mountain, who faithfully and unflinchingly executed their behests. But had it been otherwise, supposing the convicts had kept their secret better, or one individual had failed in discretion or courage, what an amount of wickedness and misery might have ensued! As I looked at the narrow strait which connects Portland with the mainland, and imagined a horde of armed and ferocious felons making their way across it, I longed to point out the advisability, when such costly preparations were being made to avert a distant and perhaps imaginary danger, of erecting a fort to command this passage.

My companion, an officer stationed at Weymouth, shewed me the formidable preparations which are to result in turning Portland into a second Gibraltar. After our tour of inspection of these and the breakwater was over, we visited the quarries where stone was being hewn by the convicts.

'There may be an outbreak at any moment,' he said; 'but we are prepared. Only if you dislike seeing a row, you had better not come further.'

I told him that I wished to see everything, and we went on together.

There had been great excitement all that day. In the morning, a most determined preconcerted assault had been made, but the Wexford boys were under arms and all ready. At the first attack upon the warders—most of whom are splendid-looking men, decked with Crimean medals—soldiers started forth from behind every projecting angle of stone; and every attempt to join forces on the part of the convicts was frustrated.

To a certain extent, the same thing was still going forward. More than once, we heard the shrill call of the bugle. The only difficulty the Irishmen felt was in keeping from firing. With wild cheering they rushed down, charging with fixed bayonets upon the wretched felons, who never stood their ground for a moment, but were marched off sullenly to sheds and hovels, where they were kept in durance till their punishment was administered by the boatswain of the *Blenheim*. One of the convicts, after bearing the lash with obstinate endurance, merely said: 'You 've earned your breakfast, I reckon, this morning.'

After watching more than one of these attempted outbreaks, we visited the prison, where all was quiet. The most admirable management prevailed; and the convicts did not, generally speaking, as they came in from labour, appear to me to bear the marks of crime on their countenances.

The diet seemed not overabundant, but sufficient; and the hospital for the sick opened into a rocky garden, in which the convalescents were permitted to work. This favoured spot was on the bold brow of the cliff, commanding a splendid prospect. The White Nothe, St Alban's Head, Kimeridge Ledge, Durdle Door, Lulworth, Ringstead, Osmington Mills, and the little cove to which I had traced the course of Preston Brook, rose out of a sea azure as the Mediterranean. Above my head flew white-winged gulls, free as the winds that bore them over the dismal scene of captivity.

The spiritual wants of the prisoners are supplied by the ministration of an excellent chaplain, who told me that until seized by a sudden impression that they were being dealt with unjustly, their conduct was, generally speaking, orderly. Many of them bore good-conduct stripes on their sleeves; and their countenances brightened when they were addressed and congratulated upon them. One man turned his head away, shunning my gaze, which was rather sought by the rest. He was keeping the accounts of the jail, and bent over his writing. This was Sir John Dean Paul, who is said to have encouraged and incited the prisoners to mutiny. How far this may be true, I cannot tell, but I heard it confidently asserted. His own term of imprisonment, he avers, ought now to be over, if justice were rendered him, as the punishment for the crime which he committed is only three years' penal servitude by the recent act, whereas the one under which he was condemned appointed a longer period. It is curious that the question of legal rights should be thus fiercely agitated among fettered criminals, who, by their evil deeds, have outraged the laws. This is a new feature in the history of crime, and yet it does not seem out of keeping with the excellent arrangements of that model prison, its admirable rules and regulations, strict discipline, and the hopes held out to the better disposed of the convicts.

There is no truth in the assertion that the half-famished Dorsetshire peasant envies the occupants of that stately jail. He may say that the prisoner is better fed and more warmly clothed than many an honest labourer; he may murmur at his own lot when old age or sickness comes upon him; but no free man covets the garb and diet of a convicted felon. Nor is there need of more than one searching glance at the sunken countenances of the prisoners to shew that no food is sweet that is doled out by the hand of a jailer. It may be that the bread baked at the Portland prison is better than that which is served by many a London baker to his customers. I tasted it, and pronounce it excellent; and all the stores of provisions seemed the best of their kind, and the quantity sufficient for nutriment; but there is no excess. You must not starve caged birds; but will they find the water as sweet which they have to get at through interstices between gilded bars, as the rippling streamlet beside whose course they have perched on waving sprays? Will the contents of their tray of seed be as pleasant to their taste as the scarlet hips and haws, or the spoils of the garden in which they flew saucily in freedom from tree to tree?

By permission, I was present at the evening-service in the chapel, and I heard with emotion the voices of the convicts rising in prayer. The psalms chosen were of a penitential character, and sounded to me as the wail of the accursed spirits might have done, cast down from heaven with Lucifer. There seemed to be a smothered, but intensely passionate mingling of sorrow and indignation in the tones of the men nearest to me. Some of their accents were polished and cultivated, others rough and untutored, when separately distinguished; but rising and falling together like the sea-waves, full of the roar of a gathering tempest.

The service was soon over, and I left the grounds of the prison immediately afterwards. The view from the summit of the heights above the beach was excessively wild and curious. The village of Chesil lay below—stone cottages with high-pointed roofs, destitute of eaves, so that the rough winds found no salient ledges to assail; the grand curve of the West Bay outside the great pebble ridge, marked by a white line of surf; here and there a light shone in a fishing-bark, and I could just mark where the tall tower of Wyke Church rose against the gray moonless sky. The esplanade at Weymouth was one glowing line of brightness, contrasted with the dark heaving waters of the bay and the dusky headlands. Westward, a strange star seemed to

Digitized by Google

confront me menacingly bright and beautiful. Can it be that yonder great orb is millions of miles away? It is the comet of 1858, with its magnificent fan-like tail and brilliant eye of light. Myriads of stars are coming out now, as my eyes grow accustomed to the darkness; but it resembles none of them. It has its own grand majestic aspect, which reminds me of the time when such a portent sun in the heavens was considered as bringing war and desolation in its train. Truly, we have had enough of war and bloodshed since the last fiery messenger of wrath swept across our skies.

And now my brief holiday is past—that rest for which the London professional man longs during one part of his busy year, and regrets during another. But I shall carry back to my chambers refreshing recollections of that dark blue sea, of those breezy gorse-covered heights, with their great flocks of black-faced grazing sheep, of that bare rock sitting so proudly on the waters, like a couchant lion, and of the hospitable and warm-hearted west-country folks.

Of these, there are many in Dorsetshire, though it is not a thickly populated county; and there is a cordial life in their country-houses which warms the heart like the ring of the cheery note of their hunting-horns, the solemn music of their sea, and the land-breeze that sweeps unimpeded over their trackless downs.

THE BOGWOOD FIRE.

Several years ago there appeared in an Irish newspaper the first fitt or canto of a poem, entitled *The Monks of Kilcrea*. Though short and fragmentary, it excited much notice at the time both in Ireland and England. A French gentleman, M. le Chevalier de Chatelain, was so struck by the beauty of the poetry that he immediately made a translation of it, and, through the editor of the newspaper, transmitted it to the author, who remained, and still remains, unknown. Afterwards, at long intervals, a second and a third canto saw the light; and notwithstanding several bad rhymes, implying an almost total want of acquaintance with poetry as an art, and a very bad ear besides, displayed so much invention, so much power of imagination, so rich and vivid a fancy, and so deep a sympathy for all that is beautiful in nature, that had the author come before the public in a poetical age, he would have earned for himself a high reputation. But when all the cantos were collected and published by Mr M'Glashan in Dublin, the volume, to borrow David Hume's celebrated phrase, seems to have fallen still-born from the press.

The French translator of the first canto appears fully determined, however, that our Celtic fellow-countryman shall not be suffered to drop quietly into oblivion. He has therefore made a version of the whole poem, which has just been published. M. de Chatelain is well known as a translator; we ourselves have spoken of his merits more than once—his Gay and Chaucer are popular both in England and on the continent; but nothing he had previously done could have prepared the public for what he has now accomplished in *The Monks of Kilcrea*.

The scene of the poem is laid far back in history, when the house of Lancaster fought its brilliant battles on the continent, and almost broke up the foundations of English society, in order to precipitate half the nation upon France. Ireland, at that time, was a social and political chaos. In its capital, the Saxon reigned predominant; Norman barons possessed castles here and there throughout the land; while large districts, we might almost say provinces, remained in the hands of native chiefs, engaged in perpetual dissensions, and making way, by mutual slaughter, for the triumph of the common foe. In many parts, the country was little better than a wilderness: the bogs were undrained; rivers were not spanned by bridges; the mountains and glens were densely overgrown with forest; and wild beasts, especially wolves, visited the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous. Monasteries in such an age were not only an advantage, but a necessity. They were created by society because society wanted them; they were to our forefathers what the caravansary is to travellers in the east—places where the way-worn, the houseless, the poor, the wretched, could always find sustenance and shelter. To preserve them from becoming scenes of disorder and bloodshed, they were all converted into places of sanctuary, where an unseen, mysterious power—the power of the Church—watched over host and guest, over monk and pilgrim, and made it criminal, under any circumstances, to break the peace.

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire in the shrine of St Bridget, in a small chamber commanding the door of the monastery. Without raved the storm; the rain fell in torrents, then ceased suddenly, and the shattered clouds flying before the wind alternately disclosed and concealed the moon. Ever and anon the convent-bell threw forth its music on the night-air, as a signal to wayfarers that there was a place of refuge at hand. The light of a lamp and of the blazing fire streamed through the wicket, directing and comforting all who approached. Within sat the three monks with a well-covered table before them, food of a substantial kind, and flagons of foreign wine, to refresh the hungry and exhausted traveller. As the night wore on, the monks nodded at each other, and the golden skirts of dreams began to flutter about their fancies. Suddenly there came a tapping, or rather rapping, at the convent door, which, having been opened by one of the brothers, admitted a man somewhat advanced in life, but of colossal dimensions and fierce aspect. His countenance and bearing, his complexion and light hair, proved him to be a Saxon, even before his language had revealed the fact. It was evident that he cared little among the men of what race he might find himself; his iron frame and ready hand, familiar with the sword-hilt, rendered him, in his own estimation, the master everywhere of his destiny. He accepted, with rough courtesy, the hospitality of the monastery, and was engaged in expressing his thanks, when another knock was heard at the wicket, and a second stranger, a smirking Gleeman, came, bowing, towards the good things on the board. But the circle of that night's guests was not yet complete: a third knock, loud and imperative, was heard, and one of the gentle brothers soon led in the new-comer, a Celtic outlaw, tall and strong, with a fell of black hair tinged with gray. He glared like a wolf upon the Saxon; but remembering where he was, took the proffered wine-cup, and having drained it to the bottom, sat down quietly by the blazing fire.

Unfortunately, both poets and prose writers, when they desire to find a pretext for relating a certain number of stories, appear to be extremely limited in the choice of a plan. Boccaccio has thrown together a number of persons who have fled from a great city to escape the plague; Chaucer, with superior ingenuity, marshals a number of pilgrims proceeding towards Canterbury, and makes them tell stories at the suggestion of a jolly host, to lessen the tedium of the way; but the author of the *Arabian Nights*, most artistic of all, contrives a situation in which the story-teller exercises her genius for the preservation of her own life. When you have laid down these three platforms, it seems easy to perceive that all future relaters of stories must adopt some scheme bearing a resemblance more or less striking to one of them. The author of *The Monks of Kilcrea* has been as felicitous in his conceptions as any among the

Digitized by Google

thousand and one imitators of *The Thousand and One Nights*. The monks sitting before the bogwood fire, having long ago exhausted all topics of conversation among themselves, and not knowing exactly how to entertain the strangers, hit upon the bright idea of making the latter at once amuse each other and them; they invite them to describe their adventures, and explain by what chance they were conducted on that wild and stormy night to St Bridget's shrine.

Who does not know that the bare skeleton of a man, stripped of all its muscles and integuments, is as well calculated to give you an idea of that man's form and features, as the outline of a story to present a true conception of the manner in which that story has been narrated by its inventor? When the business is not only to abridge but to translate poetry into prose, the difficulty of the task is more than doubled. The poet is a magician whose pencil, dipped in all the colours of the rainbow, paints rather than tells his story. He floods your fancy with imagery; he agitates your breast, he stirs your deepest passions and emotions, and thus, if need be, conceals from you the improbabilities or imperfections of his tale. When prose undertakes to deal with the same events and incidents, it immediately perceives the necessity of creating a consistent whole, of accounting for what it relates, of being reasonable, and at times even philosophical. We find ourselves in the midst of these difficulties at the present moment. The bogwood fire is burning brightly before us; the three monks, with cowls drawn forward over their faces, as if to keep out the night-air, are distributing the pastry and pouring out the red wine; the Saxon, the Gleeman, and the Rapparee already exhilarated, are beginning to entertain less objection to each other's company. Accordingly, when the request is made by the monks, the Saxon, as the first guest, breaks abruptly into the history of his life.

The Celtic poet, who had obviously never been in Kent, yet selects that beautiful county to be the scene of his first narrative. The hero, a stout yeoman, is left in early youth master of his own fortunes, with a lovely sister to watch over, and property more than sufficient for the wants of both. Of course, Alice had a lover, because no poem written in whatever age, or laid in whatever scene, is thought complete without one. Poetry is the ark in this respect—all animals enter it in pairs. Well, the Saxon's sister, Alice, had a lover, a youth of noble lineage, handsome, wealthy, and besides—which was rare in those days—a scholar. Through some perversity of nature, jealousy of his rank, or, still more, of his superiority in knowledge, and all gentlemanly acquirements, the brother hated this youth; and one day, while heated with wine, meeting him accidentally in a wood, he attacked, and would have slain him. Fortune, which is not always unjust, punished the aggressor, who appeared in the combat to be mortally wounded. The lover fled, and was never more heard of; and Alice, whilst she nursed her brother with the deepest solicitude and affection, still mourned secretly for him who had won her heart. The wounded man recovered, the sister died. Remorse then came upon the Saxon, who felt that by the sword of another he had slain the only one that had remained to him of his kindred.

A few words suffice my tale to close,
And those shall now be briefly spoken:
In Hepton Church a snow-white rose
Above a green grave drooping grows,
Where sleeps at length a young heart broken.
There Alice lies, her gentle breast
And wounded spirit both at rest.
I left that place.

King Henry V., just then engaged in the preliminaries to Agincourt, the Saxon, having wasted all his fortune, joined the hero's forces, and enjoyed the excitement of the French war. Performing some act of distinguished bravery, a nobleman in Henry's army, whose retainer he had become, bestowed on him lands in Ireland. On the night when the three monks sat by the bogwood fire, he had been proceeding on some affair of importance to Cork.

'Twas evening when I left Macroom,
And when I reached steep Carrig's ford,
Night had flung o'er it all its gloom,
And the fierce waters rushed and roared,
As if a torrent through them poured.
Though white the foam that swept along,
The river deep, the current strong,
I little cared for foam or tide
When there was need for speed to ride,
And spurred my horse in careless mood
To cross that rough and swollen flood;
And so, despite both start and shiver,
I dashed him reckless at the river.
With drooping head and quivering flank,
In wild dismay twice back he shrank;
But still, with spur, and voice, and rein,
I wheeled him to its brink again;
And rearing madly, with wild bound,
He plunged amid the waters round,
And swam, right through the hissing strife
Of wind and wave, the stream, for life.
Short was the struggle; like to foes,
Across our course the billows rose.
In vain I strove to stem their wrath,
Or onwards hold my fearful path—
Like floating foam, as if in play,
They swept us down the stream away,
Till, striking 'gainst a rock, my horse
Sunk in his depths, and I was left
To buffet the dark rushing tide,
Almost of sense and strength bereft.

Here the poet enters into a speculation on the pleasures of drowning. But our Saxon friend had so much upon his conscience that he could not enjoy the dreamy pleasure of entering Nibban by water. He struggled desperately, and prayed to his sister as to a saint, for he was a good Catholic, conjuring her to come to his aid. She came—but her appearance we must describe in the poet's own language:

'Twas at the moment when, as lost,
My hands to heaven I frantic tossed,
Then wildly in my heart I prayed,
Or called on Alice to my aid;
And instant through the gloom of night
Flashed on the waves a sudden light,
And on the dark and rushing flood
The sainted spirit by me stood.
Ay, start—I saw her, by Saint John,
As plainly as I see ye now,
And light around about her shone,
Like glory from our Ladye's brow!
And at her presence instant died
The howl of wind and hiss of tide;
And soon, I know not in what way,
Upon the bank I panting lay,
As if her saving hand had bore
Safe through the waters to the shore:
Yet when I raised my reeling head
To hail and bless her, she was fled!
And 'mid the gloom that round me fell,
'Twas then I heard a distant bell:
And weak and faint, I tottered on,
Through bog and brake, until I won
Your abbey gate. My tale is done.

The conclusion of the Saxon's tale provides for the reader an unexpected and somewhat startling pleasure. From before the bogwood fire, one of the monks rises, throws back his cowl, and reveals himself to the astonished traveller as the lover of Alice and his

Digitized by Google

former foe. The hands that never met in friendship before were clasped firmly now; while the monk, with deep delight, sank on Walter's breast, returning thanks to Heaven that he had not been a murderer. This incident is managed by the poet with singular skill and tenderness. To complete the picture, the spirit of Alice floats into the chamber, and sheds a benign influence on the souls of the reconciled foes.

When this tale is ended, the Gleeman is invited to contribute his share to the night's entertainment. Our author does not soar high in search of his characters. The Gleeman has been a tapster in Dublin, where he has learned tales and legends without end. By way of preface to his narrative, he sketches slightly his own life, and supplies an explanation of his roguish air, with the expression of reckless daring which lurks in his countenance. His tale begins in a highly original and striking manner; the characters are admirably contrasted, and their peculiarities brought out with extraordinary felicity; the gorgeous scenery of Ireland in the darkest and wildest period of its history, is likewise spread out before the fancy with masterly power. No landscape-painter could equal in composition or colouring the poet's vivid delineations. Mountains, glens, cataracts, lakes, castles frowning in feudal grandeur from all but inaccessible cliffs, sweep in bewildering panorama before the mind's eye, now enveloped in mist, and now bathed in golden sunshine. Unluckily for our appreciation of the story, the machinery of the fairy system is introduced. This is a grave error in a poet of the nineteenth century. However beautiful they may have been, the fairies have now vanished from the face of the earth, and that, too, more completely than oreads, dryads, or naiads. Of this the reader becomes convinced when, in the Gleeman's story, he passes from the real to the supernatural. Up to that fatal point of transition, his interest is kept painfully alive; he sympathises with the lovers, he detests the tyrant, he is even reconciled by the warmth and hurry of his feelings to the sounds of celestial music which burst from time to time over the enchanted glen. But then suddenly, like a torch in a stormy night, the inspiration is extinguished, and we drag ourselves languidly on to the indefinite conclusion.

When we escape from the fairies and the Gleeman together, the Rapparee claims our attention. He is a true Celtic hero, loving solitude, building up half his life out of dreams; now perching with the eagle amid the pinnacles of some far-off mountain, and now rushing with savage joy to engage in deadly conflict with hostile clans. From the very dawn of his life, the Rapparee was hemmed round by a circle of misfortunes; and, worst of all, when he imagined himself to have found a sweet balm for all his hurts, he discovered that what he had mistaken for balm, was in truth the most deadly poison. The woman upon whom he had staked his life's happiness became false to him, and her falsehood led to wretchedness, madness, death. What remained to him in this world concentrated itself in the desire of vengeance. In conjunction with others, he stormed and gave up to the flames the stronghold of his enemy, through whom, in the midst of the conflagration, he again and again thrust his vindictive weapon. When revenge had thus been gratified, the triumph of victory began immediately to give way to feelings of remorse. He wished he had not killed him, and in closing his tale he reiterated his conviction that now, as age came on, he should have been almost happy, were it not that he had blood upon his hands. 'Be happy, then,' exclaimed one of the monks, 'for the miserable man who was your enemy did not die by your hands. In this form—wasted by penitence—you behold that wicked and proud man, whom you, I see, have forgiven, and whom may God also assoil!'

This termination is almost identical with that of the Saxon's tale, and therefore objectionable. Both in themselves are good, but they should not have been found in the same volume. The French translation of this poem is extremely graceful and charming. It makes Ireland look like a mountainous fragment of France, with rivers, lakes, glens, precipices, far more picturesque and beautiful than any ever beheld in that country. Such is the illusion, the spell created by language.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The sayings and doings of the British Association at Leeds—the inauguration of the Newton statue at Grantham—and the comet, have been the things most talked about for the past four weeks. The Leeds meeting is regarded on all hands as a success, for it was harmonious, the papers sent in were numerous, and the income exceeded expenditure by about five hundred pounds. The only drawback was the president's address, which was too long, and weakened here and there by reference to authorities which advanced science very properly holds as of no authority. Among the projects for the future, a fresh series of magnetic observations is thought of; and considering how much knowledge, indeed nearly all that constitutes terrestrial magnetism as a science, has been got out of the last five years' series, we are glad to see tokens of a resumption of the work. The veteran Humboldt declares in its favour, and so do the masters of the science in this country—Herschel, Sabine, Lloyd, and they recommend the establishment of observatories at Vancouver Island, Newfoundland, the Falkland Islands, and Pekin, which have been selected because they carry the chain of phenomena into parts of the globe hitherto uninvestigated. The Norwegian government is to be asked to establish an observatory for the same period at the North Cape; and if they consent, and ours will do what the British Association ask, we think that an important stride will have been taken towards making an exact science of terrestrial magnetism.

There was something about the inauguration at Grantham which will justify a few words concerning it, even after the excitement has died away. We know that some of our most distinguished scientists—to borrow an American term—objected to the raising of a statue to Newton, on the ground that the author of the *Principia* could not be honoured by any demonstrations of ordinary mortals; but still we may be allowed to shew our respect and admiration for transcendent genius, if only as a testimony that we can respect and admire it, though at a distance. Moreover, it is something, as in the recent case of Jenner, to have erected a public statue to a man who was neither admiral nor general, and who conquered empires without the aid of fleets and armies. In the present instance, the inauguration was rendered impressive, not to say touching, by reason of the delivery of the oration by the man, take all England through, best fitted to deliver it, and by the fact that only two days previously he had completed his eightieth year. What a long life of work, in its highest sense, is therein involved! Lord Brougham was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1803, before thousands who are now fathers of numerous families were born. He, however, is not yet the father of that distinguished corporation, for the venerable Dr Fowler of Salisbury dates from 1802; and he, though in his ninety-third year, has just written a paper on Mental Phenomena

Digitized by Google

for the British Association. But to return to the inauguration: Lord Brougham's oration was a master-piece of argument and eloquence—a rare intellectual treat to those who had the happiness to hear it. It was impossible to listen to him without emotion, as he stood there in the bright sunshine at the foot of the statue, rendering homage to the illustrious philosopher, sketching briefly, yet with essential fulness, a history of the sciences which his imperishable labours lifted at once and for ever into the domain of certainty, and at the same time correcting the misstatements and the false impressions of foreign savans. That oration will remain among his lordship's master-works.

The comet has taken the world by surprise—astronomers as well as the unlearned; and though we live in the days of electric telegraphs, a vast deal of nonsense has been talked and written concerning it. And seeing that most people believe what they read in newspapers, even if they believe nothing else, so there were few who mistrusted the absurd statement started by one newspaper, and propagated by all the rest, that the 'celestial visitant,' as it was called, moved at the rate of 20,000 miles a minute. However, many a keen eye observed the comet, and able heads have calculated its orbit, and ere long we shall know all that can be known about it in the present state of astronomical science.

During the comparative quiet of the scientific societies' vacation, Professor Frankland's lecture, delivered at the Royal Institution, has been much noticed. It is on an important subject—'The Production of Organic Bodies without the Agency of Vitality.' Up to thirty years ago, chemists believed that it was impossible to produce organic compounds by artificial means, while there was little or no difficulty in producing the inorganic, or those from mineral substances; and the production of the former was regarded as entirely a vital function. But in 1828, Wöhler succeeded in producing urea, and great was the shock thereby given to chemical theory. Here was a product of the animal organism, actually produced and producible by ingenious contrivances in a laboratory. Some years later, Kolbe shewed that acetic acid could be artificially produced; then came Berthelot, making a great step in advance, and produced a whole series of alcoholic bodies—phenyl, naphthaline, and many interesting allied compounds. He produces glycerine, which is the basis of animal and vegetable oils and fats; and grape-sugar and these two, as Dr Frankland observes, 'yield such a numerous class of derivatives, that upwards of seven hundred compounds can now be produced from their elements without the agency of vitality.'

To select a few from the numerous organic bodies which are now capable of artificial formation, will at once shew the growing importance, and suggest the yet greater triumphs to come, of organic chemistry. Thus we find formic, oxalic, hydrocyanic, butyric, lactic, caproic, succinic, and other acids; alcohol, ether, oleflant gas, oil of garlic, and mustard, benzole, and aniline. Some of these are the more interesting, because of their relation to the animal economy; and when we find such substances as alcohol, glycerine, and sugar producible by artificial means, without the intervention of vegetation or any other vital function, we cannot but recognise a power fraught with important consequences. We have more than once shewn in the pages of the *Journal* how delicate and agreeable perfumes and fruit-flavours are produced from substances apparently the least likely to render up such present elements, from some, indeed, which are offensive. But to produce compounds which enter largely into animal nutrition is something that comes more practically home to us.

Valerianic acid used to be obtained from the root of the plant *Valeriana officinalis;* now it is produced, and at much less cost, from its chemical elements, or from a waste (or rather what was a waste) product in the manufacture of spirit of wine. We might give other instances of the way in which art can be made to supersede the agency of nature; but enough for the present. Moreover, we do not disguise from ourselves, that though much has been accomplished, it will be long before results will be achieved in which the interests of large communities are concerned. At present, artificial sugar, glycerine, and alcohol, cost a hundred times more than those produced in the natural way. On the other hand, we have the hopeful knowledge that the way is opened for great discoveries. Could we but once succeed in forming by artificial means the nitrogenous elements of food, no lone prairie, no sun-scorched desert, no barren rock, would have terrors for the traveller or the castaway, who might happen to retain his apparatus and his store of inorganic constituents. He could create food at pleasure.

In calling attention to this subject, it will be seen that we regard chiefly the great practical results which it involves. Trade and science combined, have, within the past twenty years, made us aware of the importance of saving time. Hence we make steam do the work of wind, water, and horses; in bleaching, we treat the sun as a sluggard, and resort to quicker methods; and the fleetest mail is but a snail, compared with our telegraphic wire. 'Time,' says Professor Frankland, in a passage with which we take leave of the subject for the present—'time is also an important element in the natural production of food; and although it is true that the amount of labour required for the production of a given weight of food is not considerable, yet it is nevertheless true that this weight requires a whole year for its production. By the vital process of producing food, we can only have one harvest in each year. But if we were able to form that food from its elements without vital agency, there would be nothing to prevent us from obtaining a harvest every week; and thus we might, in the production of food, supersede the present vital agencies of nature, as we have already done in other cases, by laying under contribution the accumulated forces of past ages, which would thus enable us to obtain in a small manufactory, and in a few days, effects which can be realised from present natural agencies, only when they are exerted upon vast areas of land, and through considerable periods of time.'

Australian emigrants and colonists will perhaps take interest in the information communicated to the Geological Society by Mr Brough Smyth—namely, that the colony of Victoria has, at some former period, been the scene of active volcanic phenomena, and that numerous extinct volcanoes yet remain in the country. The extent to which the surface has been altered thereby may be inferred from the fact that, in digging a well at Warnambool, the labourers came upon a bed of coarse grass at a depth of sixty-three feet, identical with the grasses which grow at the present time on the surface. Here we have proof of eruptions which have buried miles of country. It appears, however, that the eruptions consist more of ashes than of lava. Now and then, slight earthquake-shocks are felt; and Mr Smyth suggests that it might be well to inquire whether the upheaval of portions of the country, clearly traceable in places, is still going on. For our part, we think it highly probable that Australia has yet to undergo geological changes which will produce modifications of its climate, and render it much more habitable than at present.—Sir Charles Lyell, earnest in the study of volcanic phenomena, has gone once more to Sicily, to make further observations upon Etna.—Dr Tyndall, equally earnest in the study of glaciers, has spent his holiday in the

Digitized by Google

Alps, where he made a bold and successful ascent of Monte Rosa, quite alone. Adventurous imitators will now be longing to scale the same lofty peaks; but success does not attend upon all alike.—The exploration of the Brixham cave—to which we referred a few months ago—has been in part accomplished, and some important discoveries made—that is, important to the science of palæontology. We hear that more funds are wanted to complete the undertaking.

A fair notion of the progress of New Zealand may be formed from a report recently published on the subject. It sets forth that grass is rapidly superseding the tall dense fern which once overspread the greatest part of the islands; and the result is, that in four years, 1852–56, the number of sheep multiplied from, in round numbers, 238,000 to 991,000; of horned cattle, from 32,000 to 92,000; of horses, from 3000 to 9000. The pasture—though this requires further proof—is said to be richer than here in England. The British population has increased in the same period from 26,000 to 48,000, in which the males outnumber the females by 7000. Auckland is the most populous province, and New Plymouth the least. The imports in 1856 amounted to L.710,868, and the exports to L.318,433; and 101,596 letters were received, and 95,164 despatched. As regards healthfulness, we find that the mortality among the troops is in the proportion of one-third less than in England; and, remarkably enough, it appears that among the soldiers there occur a few suicides every year from home-sickness. Schemes are on foot for frequent and rapid communication with the Australian colonies, seeing that not only is a considerable trade growing up between the two countries, but that the jaded Australian, worn by heat and business, now resorts to New Zealand as a sanatorium, finding there the freshness and verdure denied to him at home.

Captain Denham, who is surveying the islands of Australia, reports having seen a bird at Franklin inlet, known as the mutton-bird. A settlement of about ninety persons, formed on the spot, get their living by collecting the eggs, feathers, and oil, in which operation they kill 300,000 birds a year. The oil is described as bright red in colour, and of excellent burning quality. On the Reef Islands the captain found swarms of rabbits, the progeny of a few couples which had been introduced some years earlier by Captain Stokes. Following the example, he took away a dozen brace, to start them loose as the first rabbit colonists in Shark Bay.—Specimens of cotton grown at Moreton Bay have been received and spun at Manchester, and found to make good thread, in which form the cotton has been sent back to the place of its growth, to inspirit the cultivators to further efforts.

By news from the Cape, we learn that a meeting had been held to take leave of the missionaries who are to be stationed among the Matabele and Makalolo as aids to Dr Livingstone in his endeavours to civilise those important tribes. The veteran Moffat and Mrs Livingstone were present, intending to start immediately afterwards for Kuruman. Hence, for some time to come, we may hope to get intelligence of the Zambesi expedition by way of the Cape, as well as from the eastern coast.

It appears, from the report published by the commissioners of emigration, that expatriation is again on the increase. The number that left the kingdom in 1857 was 212,875, being 30,000 more than in each of the two preceding years. And the registrar-general reveals facts concerning migration which corroborate views expressed more than once in the *Journal*, shewing that the watering-places frequented so numerously during the summer months are not the most healthy places in England. People crowd to them because it is a fashion to do so, and neglect localities whose hygienic claims are far superior. And he states a fact derived from an average of five years, which is somewhat startling—namely, that in England, 1088 persons every year commit the crime of self-murder.

A NIGHT ON THE INDIAN SEAS.

We had changed steamers at Aden, and some of the officers had been on shore to inspect the fortifications; one, alas! on the signal for starting being made, had hurried on board through a burning sun, and had been struck by it. He lay dying in the single saloon of the wretched vessel in which we were to cross the Indian Ocean. My journey thus far eastward had been singularly unfortunate. I had escaped the peril of fire, of wreck, of murder, on the route, and now came, as climax to the whole, a night of strange awe, horror, and beauty, which still rests on my memory like some fantastic and wonderful dream.

The heat in the Red Sea had been fearful. Every lady of our party had sunk under it, more or less, except myself. We had with us two female servants; one, an Irishwoman, was lying between decks in high fever; the other, a lady's-maid, more exacting and delicate than her mistress, was not to be found when night closed in. The vessel in which our passage across the Indian Ocean was to be achieved, was ill fitted for the purpose. She had been formerly used for carrying coals between Liverpool and Dublin, and was small, dirty, and unprovided with accommodation for passengers. She had been sent to Aden to bring back sick sepoys, with whom she was now returning to Bombay. She had but one small and very dirty saloon, and two berths of minute proportions; but we could obtain no other means of transit at Aden, and were anxious to reach India with all possible speed. The saloon in which the seventeen female passengers were destined to sleep, was occupied by the dying man; the two berths by the most suffering invalids. It was necessary that the remainder of the seventy passengers should pass the night on deck; so extempore beds were made up, the ladies partially undressing to lie down. As I alone was equal to the office of nurse in general, I volunteered to sit up near them, and do what I could to help them, for several were delirious from fever, and all required frequent drink, fanning, &c. I hoped, of course, to be assisted by the maid, and directed the man-servant to go and seek her. He returned, looking very pale and grave.

'I can't find her, ma'am; and indeed,' hesitatingly, 'I don't think we shall ever find her. She has several times told me that she was weary and worn out, and would jump overboard. She is not in the vessel; and a sailor tells me that he and the captain heard a plunge from behind the paddle-box an hour ago—and only look, ma'am, at who 's a-following us.'

I glanced in mute terror over the side, and saw dark forms lifting the water, and tumbling amidst the waves. Ah, the sharks! I could not speak for horror. Then the captain of the *Zenobia*—one of the most amiable as well as manly persons I ever met—advanced, and confirmed the evil tidings. The unhappy woman, naturally irritable, and, we hope, delirious, had sought that miserable termination of her discomfort. But there was no time to lose. Horror and awe had to be overcome for the fulfilment of actual duty. There were others suffering, even as that unfortunate had suffered; and I returned silently to my charge. For an hour or so, I was too busy giving drink, &c., to observe the scene around us. The only doctor on board—a young man on his route to join his regiment—came on deck after a time, and whispered the sad news that his poor patient of the saloon had ceased to live, and that he would be buried at daybreak. Two deaths within two hours! He helped me now, however, in my task of nursing;

Digitized by Google

and after a time our conjoint cares were successful, and our patients slept. The poor young surgeon then lay down on the deck at my feet, and was in a few minutes overpowered by sleep himself.

I looked round me. The deck was covered with sleepers, some lying on the bare planks. Here and there the pale moonbeams made their way through the covering or beneath it, and rested on slumberers who little heeded their deleterious power. A sailor good-naturedly threw a handkerchief over the closed eyes of one of the sleeping officers as he passed by, for experience tells how fatal to the sight are the beams of the eastern moon. There was a hush all through the vessel. The watch were forward—on the forecastle, perhaps—but out of sight and sound; the helmsman and myself were the sole waking beings on the upper-deck. There were no bulwarks to the vessel's side, but only a railing; therefore, as I sat, I could watch the play of the waves, and the dark hideous shadows, suggestful of terrible thoughts, which broke them at intervals.

By and by a change came over the scene. The waves that danced and leaped around our way were no longer white feathers throwing back the cold moonshine, but waves of fire flashing and glittering with quite a different light. We were passing through a sea of fire, caused, as we were afterwards told, by the phosphorescent fish and insects of those latitudes; but the sight, at such an hour, and under such circumstances, was but an additional horror. All at once, too, the wind rose audibly, and moaned sadly by, as if prophesying yet more misery. We were very near the period of the monsoon—in fact, it might be expected any day, and we dreaded it, for our vessel was scarcely sea-worthy, and could afford us very little shelter. As the wind rose and blew coldly past, I shivered, and a seaman standing near the wheel, instantly advanced and offered me his pea-jacket, absolutely divesting himself of it for my benefit. I would have refused it, but 'Jack' was so earnest in his entreaties that the lady would take it, that at last I yielded, and donned the singular vesture after the fashion of a shawl, that is, without putting my arms into it.

Very slowly the hours stole by, marked only by the so many 'bells' of the vessel. My patients slept profoundly; the breeze moaned sadly by, not bringing, however, the monsoon; the sea of fire darted and sparkled, broken now and then by the dark shadows of the 'creatures that followed in our lee,' as Barry Cornwall sings. How little those whom we had left at home in England were dreaming of the discomforts and perils of our watery way! Those ladies so delicately nurtured in their own land, so unused to hardships, alas! what might be their fate in a strange land, whose very sun even killed? A dislike to India, which I never overcame, began that night; and as if some portion of second-sight had come to me from the Highland side of my family, I dreamed that very night, when dozing beside my charge, of horrors perpetrated on English people by the sick sepoys who slept below. Alas! one of the fairest of those sleeping on the deck of the vessel was destined to be one of the first of the band of women massacred at Delhi, a little more than ten years afterwards. But I am looking too far beyond the visions of that night of horror. Daylight stole at length upon its apparently ceaseless length, as cold, chilly, and gray as it does on the watcher in England. The sleepers began to awaken; a gentleman of our party came to me, asking me to get the ladies down into the saloon as quickly as might be, as the corpse had been removed long since, and they wished the deck cleared for the funeral by sunrise. I awakened my suffering fellow-countrywomen, whose sleep had proved most efficacious, and with the aid of their husbands, got them down below. As I followed the last, a gun boomed heavily over the sea, and the sad procession bearing one beloved by us all, moved slowly to the poop.

And thus, beginning with two deaths, and ending with a burial at sea, terminated my night-watch on the Indian Ocean.

LOVING EYES.

Hush, sweet heart—hush; I needs must chide
That flattering tongue of thine:
My mirror tells another tale—
Such graces are not mine.
And yet I scarce can bid thee cease,
So much thy words I prize;
Exulting in the thought, that I
Am fairest in thine eyes.

But let me tell thee how it is
Thou findest charms in me;
For well I wot I owe them all,
Dear heart, to love, and thee.
List, then: Mine eyes their brightness won
When—taught by love to shine—
They first reflected back the beam
Which they had caught from thine.

My arm is round, because it loves
On thy strong arm to rest;
My hand is soft, for on thy palm
It lingers to be pressed.
My very footfall dost thou praise;
And why? 'Tis plain to me
That step sounds light, because, dear love,
It brings me quick to thee.

My voice thou say'st is softer far
Than that of cushat dove:
It may be, since I've learned from thee
To say, *to thee*, 'I love.'
Still, knowing well no charms have I,
These fancied ones I prize,
Because, dear heart, sweet heart, I owe
All to thy loving eyes.

GRIMSBY, *September* 28. RUTH BUCK.

ECCENTRIC DINNER.

A paragraph is quoted in *Notes and Queries* from the *Inventor's Advocate*, dated nine years ago, describing a dinner given at the baths of Lucca by a certain Lord B——. The meat, fish, and vegetables were at least two years old, having been preserved in a way that is now common; the carafes were supplied with water which originally belonged to the sea, but had been changed into fresh water by a chemical process then recently discovered; the wine had been fished up by means of the diving-bell, from the bottom of the Thames, where it had lain in a sunken ship more than a century; and the bread was made from wheat found by Lord B—— himself in one of the pyramids, and sown in England. To a repast of this kind, we may say, we could now add a dry powder liquefied even at the table into cream, the produce of the cow, and fruit of bygone seasons apparently freshly gathered. If such details had been given not a great many years ago in a fairy legend, they would have been criticised as impossibilities unnecessarily wild and extravagant.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 253. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

THE MASQUE OF SOCIETY.

'ALL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.' So spake the immortal Will; and most true is the saying. A man takes a part—a *rôle*, as the French call it—in life, and in his ordinary demonstrations before the public, he has to act it out, if he would be a successful man of the world. There is always some interval and difference between the inner natural feelings of the man and his rôle; the more exalted the position, the greater this interval is likely to be, the monarch on the throne being consequently, by necessity of situation, more of an actor than anybody. Here lies a matter of vast importance in the economy of life.

The gravity of a judge is proverbial; he puts on the aspect of gravity, as part of the rôle he has taken up on becoming a judge. Of course, most judges in their private moments comport themselves much like other men, laughing at jokes when they are good, entering heartily into the merriments of their grandchildren, sometimes perhaps taking a lead in after-dinner mirth, and carrying it on an hour or two too long. Well, suppose they do, is there consequently any breach of sincerity and naturalness in their maintaining a grave demeanour on the bench? Does any reasonable man feel that they forfeit a part of his esteem by so far acting a part? The question needs no answer. All men of sense feel that they would rather be shocked if Mr Justice were to transfer his ordinary domestic demeanour, still more his after-dinner manner, to the court-room. It would seem an outrage on propriety, and by all would be unhesitatingly condemned. Society clearly wishes its judges to act out their part.

It is the same case with every other sort of official person. We all know the clerical manner to be an assumed manner, and so far discrepant from nature; yet we all feel it to be unpleasant when a clergyman lays this wholly aside. We wish a clergyman to be, as the common phrase goes, *clergyman-like*, even in the most simple external demonstrations; and when he is otherwise, he invariably falls in public esteem. It were obviously too severe to say that this is putting a premium upon hypocrisy. It is merely vindicating a system of outward semblances, which either our natural sense dictates, or our experience finds to be convenient and useful in the general affairs of the world. We call it 'decent' to observe these, 'indecorous' to neglect them, and 'shocking' to go wholly against them. So has it always been, and will be.

Even in private life—altogether apart from official rôles—most persons above the very humblest have a part to play before the eyes and ears of their neighbours. Poverty alone entirely dispenses with assumed appearances. We can indeed go to the sea-side in summer, and cease for a few weeks to be anything but our natural selves. At home, no company being present, we can throw state as well as care behind our backs. But, generally, having something to spend, and certain social relations pressing around us; having a house, a style of living, and connections in the outer world; we are under a kind of necessity of taking up and supporting a certain appropriate system of appearances, if we would not outrage the public and forfeit the esteem of our friends. So strongly is this felt as a social compulsion, that many persons unhappily go beyond the appearances called for in their case, and so create for themselves future embarrassments and miseries. The great bulk of the simply decent and worthy people of the world acknowledge the principle by keeping up a style appropriate to their fortunes; and their share of public esteem will generally be found in the ratio of their success in doing so with the external propriety demanded, without any of that excess which is equally to be deprecated as unsuitable, and as a cause of future evils.

The only reason there is for entering on a subject which, to most persons living in the world, will appear trite, is, that there is a minority of eccentric, though perfectly well-meaning people, who appear blind to its philosophy. We do occasionally find an official person who either fails to see that the acting of a part is required of him as a portion of the very duty for which he is paid, or deliberately prefers what he considers a frank and downright demeanour—that is, a manner wholly unsuitable to his part—to the recognised style of his profession. Such a man will go on for years, either unwittingly incurring disrespect for the uncouth departures he makes from his rôle, or exerting an unprofitable moral courage in braving a disrepute which is all the time secretly galling his feelings. It is a pity to see such damage incurred in a martyrdom not only without good end, but false in its grounds. So also do we occasionally see respectable individuals in private life put themselves at issue with society from a disrelish for what they speak of as empty and insincere appearances. They are too plain for this, too downright for that. Morning-calls are grimace and waste of time. The evening social scene is all very pleasant while it lasts; but it is mere acting, which leaves no permanent feeling of mutual interest behind. Such are their reasons for disregarding the duties connected with their position in life. Under the appearance of a superior candour

Digitized by Google

and unaffectedness, it is often mere conceit, and one of the worst of affectations. True wisdom and purity of heart would see in the parts which men are called to play, a profound necessity of social life, and a promotion of the general happiness, without any necessary harm either to the player or the audience.

When the worthy Laird of Cockpen resolved to go a-wooing of the celebrated Mistress Jean of Claverse-ha'lee, he considered that she would look well at the head of his table. This was an acknowledgment of our principle. The laird had a style to keep up—amongst other things, dinners to give to his neighbours. It was needful that on these occasions the female part should be supported by a worthy counterpart of himself. It is but a portion of the duties of a wife; but it speaks of all the rest. A gentleman, if he is to have a wife at all, should, if possible, have one who will personate the character well—act the part in the eye of the world according as his circumstances may dictate. If he rises after his marriage, and is himself able to act the advanced part, it is most desirable that his wife should study to play her new part in conformable style, so that all may be of a piece, and no ridicule be incurred through awkwardness. It is a misfortune to him if she cannot, or, from misjudgment, will not. We have known several separations of man and wife on this account—sad tragedies in their own way. They might have been avoided by a little pliancy on the part of the wife, and a rational acceptance of the duties of the changed position; but then ladies always are so right in their opinions, and so infallible in their ways.

In the case of a man raised by rank and wealth over his fellows, the part to be acted, and the style in which he acts it, become of no inconsiderable consequence to his neighbourhood. To keep a hospitable house, to take a large, active, and generous part in the public business of the district, to do liberal things amongst his dependents, are sacrifices appropriate to the part which are sure to prove amply self-rewarding in the veneration and kindly regard of all around him. To fall short in any respect of the duties of the part, is to condemn one's self to insignificance and contempt; for the world has its part in us, and we never can repudiate the claim with impunity. There is something, one could almost say, divine, in this institution, for certainly we do not see how the world could get on if the able and the fortunate were to live only for themselves. No, they must take up and support the rôle which a bounteous Providence has assigned to them, accepting their superfluities as a hint that something is expected from them besides attending to their own immediate gratifications.

The highest parts in life are the most trying, none more so than that of the monarch. We can readily understand a warm-hearted old sailor like William IV. delighting to walk out into St James's Street, and hail his old acquaintances in the free-and-easy style of old times, and his ministers telling him that it would not do—that his *part* would not admit of it. It was a hardship for the well-meaning old man, but one which he could not well escape, if he was to continue wearing the crown. The common people themselves have a strong sense that a king should *be* a king; that is, fulfil all the requirements of the part. They would be the first to blame a monarch who should put on over-familiar airs not consistent with the ideal of the royal state. Much more do they feel shocked when a king, happening to be shaken rudely out of his throne, fails to support the dignity of his original character—as, for example, Louis Philippe of France scampering meanly off in a cab from the Tuileries, and crossing to England under the cognomen of Mr Smith. One feels that a man, after assuming, and for a time playing the part, has no right to waken us so unpleasantly out of the dream we have entertained regarding it. A king may have been much that was bad, as Charles I. was; but if he sinks beneath the indignation of his subjects with a calm grace befitting his former state, they will look on with a compunctious admiration, as they did upon the unhappy Stuart at the scaffold before Whitehall, and history will weep as it records his errors.

We conclude with a verse of the poet, at once sanctioning our principle, and assigning it its proper place in the moral scheme of the world:

> Honour and shame from no condition rise;
> *Act well your part*—there all the honour lies.

MUSIC NEXT DOOR.

Our pursuits are sedentary, and we live in a semi-detached west-end suburban 'villa,' whose walls are not thick enough to keep out the sounds of a piano and vocal accompaniment next door, which has more or less been the bane of our existence for nearly two years—that is, ever since the present occupant took possession of the domicile, and by degrees roused our curiosity as to what she could possibly be.

The mystery is solved, however, which puzzled us for so long a time; the *dénouement* has taken place; and that in so singular and unexpected a manner, as to keep up the old axiom of 'truth being stranger than fiction.'

Nearly two years ago, as I said, the next house was vacated, and speedily re-let; and though, of course, as metropolitans, we did not interest ourselves in our neighbours, always boastfully asserting that we did not know even their names—for we had been teased with village gossip in our time—yet for all our pleasant vaunted independence, and freedom and privacy, we earnestly hoped the new-comers next door had no children to squall, or practise on the piano, or run wild in the garden, where we delighted to saunter in our own square table-cloth of a *pleasance*, book in hand, musing in dreamy repose. So we were thankful when our demure Sally informed us that she had seen the vans arrive, 'packed beautiful—full of the best of things—clean and 'andsome;' and that the new tenant was a lady—attired in widow's dress—with one elderly maid-servant as her sole 'establishment.' This information Sally had gleaned from the baker, who supplied all the villas in our road with bread.

We were well aware that our worthy landlord was extremely particular as to the perfect respectability of the parties to whom he let his houses, ours and others; therefore our minds were at rest on that point. We congratulated ourselves on the charming quietness in prospect—for even if the widow-lady did play on the nice piano which Sally said had been carried in next door, doubtless the music would not be of any long continuance, and must differ essentially in character from the distressing discord made by young beginners. Besides, one pair of hands could not do so much as six; and a widow-lady, who had her own troubles, was not likely to play on the piano by the hour together. We did not ask Sally if our new neighbour was old or young, nor did we inquire her name; for we felt no interest in her, further than in our purely selfish desire of not being so disagreeably disturbed as we had been by the six little Misses Brownrigg, the late occupants of the house.

Digitized by Google

But alas! we were doomed to disappointment. Well it is for us that we do not foresee coming events. And yet coming events *do* cast their shadows before; for we declare, when Sally said that a 'orizontel pianner' had 'gone in next 'ouse,' our hearts misgave us; though the indubitable and pleasant fact of there being but one pair of hands to touch it, was duly impressed on our minds, by way of comfort and reassurance.

The very next morning, before we sat down to breakfast—a reasonably early hour—the slow tones of *Scots wha has wi' Wallace bled*, and *Annie Laurie*, set for musical aspirants who had but just learned their gamut (the d-o-g and o-a-t, which follows the first acquisition of knowledge), surprised and alarmed us, so determinate and continued was the practising—like a regular 'set in rain'—and so patient the pauses between each note, as if the performer was carefully conning and studying the page, before committing herself to produce a wrong sound.

'We thought there were no children next door, Sally,' cried we as Sally entered with the eggs and toast. 'You certainly gave us to understand so; but you hear *there are*'—and we pointed significantly over our shoulder in the direction of the lath-and-plaster division of the houses.

'No more there be'ant—there be'ant no children,' replied Sally sententiously; 'that must be the widder lady herself a-practi-zing.'

Sally is not sensitive, and has no ear. 'Practising!' we exclaimed in derision; 'why, she is spelling the music; she has only just learned the meaning of B flat and C natural; and how careful and particular she is!'—and so she was, hour after hour continuing to repeat her lesson with the most careful industry.

We could detect that the instrument she touched was rich and brilliant, and also that the widow lady was not slow to learn; but by degrees the fact became painfully certain that this everlasting, monotonous, clear, soft thrum-thrum was not to be the event of one day, but of every day; and there were times when we felt as if we must rush into the next house, and entreat her to cease. To cease; for, from that early morning time, till a late hour at night, the practising continued without intermission. What period the indefatigable performer allowed herself for partaking of necessary refreshment, we could not discover; but to judge from the short respite *we* had, it was a very short time indeed. We rarely saw the widow in her garden, nor could we discern her features; but her figure appeared youthful, and she always gave us the idea of being in a hurry to swallow a mouthful of fresh air, and then to rush back to her beloved piano. She soon left *Scots wha has* and *Annie Laurie* behind, having perfectly mastered these two airs; and if it had not been that we were nervous and provoked at the disturbance, we should really have had considerable interest in watching her progress; more particularly as a sweet and clear voice made itself so distinctly heard that we could repeat the burden of the song, to which all the widow's energies seemed devoted, when the first difficulties were overcome of the beginner's first lessons. The air of this song was a curious combination of the pathetic and jocular; we had never heard it before. Was it foreign? Italian?—No. French?—No. German?—No. Swedish?—No. Irish?—Not altogether. Scotch?—Not altogether. English?—Not altogether. It was a very odd song, a very peculiar song; and over and over, over and over, over and over, she practised it, until sometimes we awoke in the night, haunted by it in our very dreams, and singing: 'O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you.' We believed that was the burden of the song, but we were not quite decided about the 'O-O-O;' it might be 'Ochone;' it might be a prolonged quaver or cadence; but it was very peculiar, to say the least of it; and the widow herself always seemed doubtful about this part of it, going over the 'O-O-O' in various ways, always sweetly, but still as if she felt unsatisfied with her own efforts, and desired to improve. The entire practising was now merged and concentrated in this one ditty; it appeared as if all the previous hours of persevering industry had been devoted to the piano only to accomplish her intense desire of mastering this one song. Morning, noon, and night, ceaselessly, over and over, over and over, over and over again, on went the piano accompaniment—at length perfectly learned, and the vocal 'O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you.'

Sometimes she would very diligently practise another pretty air—*All is lost now*—or a waltz, or a polka; and her progress was quick and sure; but ever she returned to her beloved 'O-O-O;' and no other song did she attempt; and if we had not been both prejudiced and angry, we should have declared that it was an unique song, a pretty song, and very sweetly sung. But as it was, we only snuffed the air in disdain, remarking: 'What can induce any human being to sacrifice so much time to learning a song?'

We christened our neighbour 'Angelina,' after a celebrated amateur musician of that name; but Sally overhearing us so denominate her, said gravely:

'*That's* not the lady's name. Her name is Mrs Fordham; and her servant's name is Goodwin.'

'Thank you, Sally,' said we. 'Are you sure?'

'Quite sure; Goodwin told me so herself; because the postman brought a letter here for me as was meant for her—the direction warn't leggible like.' But 'Angelina' she continued with us: and we agreed that her wonderful perseverance was worthy of a better cause. A better cause? What cause could induce a woman to devote herself body and soul—and at her mature age—to learn singing, and that singing all condensed into the pathetic, the jocular, the sweet but ridiculous 'O-O-O,' at which she always stuck; there *was* something wrong there—the lesson was not perfect. The sweet clear voice again and again attacked the 'O-O,' until flesh and blood could bear it no longer, and we were obliged to stuff cotton into our ears, in order to pursue our occupations of writing and reading. She was a wonderful woman. When did she eat? When she went to bed, surely her fingers must have still been working, and her dreams haunted as ours were by that extraordinary burden—'O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you.'

Christmas was now approaching, and we expected our relative, poor Louis Davidson, to pass the Christmas holidays with us. We say 'poor Louis,' because his history had been a sad but too common one. Brought up by an improvident mother as an idle gentleman, living on 'expectations,' Louis, when those expectations failed, and absolute ruin stared them in the face, had met the storm with energy and decision, scarcely to be looked for in one hitherto self-indulgent and supine. Discarding all fine-gentleman habits, he had promptly and thankfully accepted the offer of a situation as usher in a school, presided over by a worthy gentleman, who had been a friend of his father's, and who pitied Louis from his heart, according him warm sympathy and respect, as altered prospects brought out the brighter side of the young man's character. He now entirely supported his ailing weak mother, who occupied humble apartments in the village where Dr Smith's academy was situated. We had succeeded with some difficulty in persuading Louis to come and pass the vacation with us. We greatly admired and esteemed him; more than we ever could have done in his days of idleness and frivolity; though now, as then, there was an under-

Digitized by Google

current of genial fun in his nature, always good-naturedly evinced, which circumstances had no power to damp or to repress.

'I wonder what Louis will think of "Angelina" and her song,' we often said to one another. 'He is extremely fond of music, and has a quick ear; and this repeated "O-O-O" will no doubt greatly amuse him. But what a quiet orderly creature this Mrs Fordham seems; in all other respects a model neighbour—no visitors, no letters, no disturbance of any kind, save this. We shall leave Louis to find out the mystery, if mystery there is in her queer proceedings; and even his good taste cannot be offended with the sweet clear voice, and industrious precision, of the piano accompaniment. But oh! that she would vary her song'—as the 'O-O-O-O' at that moment reached us, and we searched for the cotton wool, to dull our acute sense of sound.

On the very first evening after Louis's arrival, he turned an attentive ear to the music issuing from the next house; but there was a great deal of talking going forward, so that he could not quite distinctly make out the air; he fidgeted, and on a sudden pause in the conversation, the 'O-O' became audible, and Louis, to our surprise, more and more excited and ill at ease. At length, starting up and bending over our tea-table, he whispered: 'You have musical neighbours—who are they? I have almost fancied I know the song; but there is such a noise, I cannot quite make it out.'

'We call our neighbour "Angelina;" but her name is Mrs Fordham,' we replied, 'and she is a most singular and industrious personage.'

At that moment there was a pause in the conversation, and silence ensued; every word was audible next door. '*I'm alone in this world without you.*'

To our amazement, Louis Davidson changed colour, and displayed remarkable agitation, holding up his finger to enforce silence, and when the sweet voice ceased, sinking down on his chair with a sigh as of relief, but expressing in his looks considerable embarrassment. When our guests were again engaged in talk, we drew near Louis, and touching his arm, said: 'What's the matter, Louis? Are you dreaming? Has the music next door bewitched you?'

'It's very strange,' he said; 'I have not heard *quite* distinctly, but I seem to recognise the air and the words; and I dare say you will think me a great fool, but, upon my word, I could almost believe it is a song of my own composition. I seem to catch the sense—the "O-O-O"—where your neighbour is in fault (she makes a mistake *there*), and the burden, "I'm alone in this world without you." But it may be my mistake, for I never gave more than three manuscript copies away: I valued my first song far too much; and how your neighbour, Mrs Fordham, *alias* Angelina, has got hold of it, I cannot imagine.'

'But to whom did you present the three copies, Louis?' we asked; 'for it is evident our neighbour has a real regard for the song, or she never would devote so many hours to it as she does.'

'Two copies have gone to Australia,' replied Louis; 'and the third I gave to the Hon. Mrs Brewster of Brewster Court, who sings most magnificently, and does it real justice.' (O the vanity of poets!)

'Perhaps, however, Louis, you may be mistaken, and it may *not* be your song, after all,' we remarked soothingly; 'you will hear better to-morrow when we are by ourselves, and quiet.'

To-morrow came. '*It is* my song,' said Louis decidedly. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—Louis was out all morning, amusing himself and paying visits, only returning to a late dinner, when in the evening the invariable 'O-O-O-O' greeted him from the next house. He listened with flushed cheeks and continually growing impatience, poising his finger and muttering, as if to himself: 'It is very odd—I cannot account for it—how could this person come by my song? There's no mistaking it, for there's a peculiar turn I alone am competent to teach; and, upon my honour, this Madam Fordham sings it very well, whoever she is, except when she comes to the "O-O-O," and then there is a mistake, which *I* could soon rectify. I declare, if this neighbour of yours, this Mrs Fordham, goes on like this, I shall be impelled to rush in next door, and offer to give her a lesson in my own production. I must know better than any one else how it *ought* to be sung.'

We were greatly amused by this threat, little thinking our young relative would really carry it into effect; but whether it was that Louis Davidson's nerves were disorganised as ours had been, or that he was mysteriously impelled to the bold act, certain it is he became so worked upon as to be unable to endure the incessant 'O-O-O,' and to hear his song warbled with a mistake in the most critical part. So, one evening, when our tea-table was cleared, and Angelina was 'O-O-ing' as usual, Louis suddenly signified *his* intention of ringing at the bell next door, and informing the musician that the song she was so industriously practising was *his* composition; politely requesting, at the same time, to be allowed to set her right in one or two small particulars of erroneous execution relating to its burden. He was not to be dissuaded; and afterwards he confided to us that he never could account for the obstinate determination that led him to disregard the conventional forms of society by introducing himself in so rash and impertinent a manner to a stranger lady. However, lashed into frenzy, in he rushed next door. We heard the piano suddenly cease, and the sweet voice become mute; then, after a while, we could distinguish a sort of music-lesson given, Louis himself playing, and our neighbour's voice accompanying the piano. It was the much-dreaded 'O-O,' which now, for pathos and sweetness, deserved to become a popular melody. Then music and singing were succeeded by voices in cheerful conversation, interspersed at times with a merry, ringing laugh, which was not the guffaw of Louis Davidson, but issued, we were sure, from the same pair of lungs as those which produced the daily warblings of 'O-O-O.'

Hours glided on, and it was very late when Louis returned from his impertinent visit; he was in a state of great excitement, rushing up to us at the fireside, and exclaiming: 'Isn't it strange, isn't it wonderful; who *do* you think is your next-door neighbour?'

We declared it was impossible to conjecture, as of course it was; whereupon Louis, becoming more and more energetic, his countenance beaming with delight, and his blue eyes sparkling with laughter (he had enjoyed the *dénouement* immensely), exclaimed:

'Why, it's Fanny Mamford herself, and she's just as kind and as nice a creature as ever she was.'

'And who in the world is Fanny Mamford?' we inquired with amazement. 'We never heard of such a person before.'

'Never heard of Fanny Mamford!' cried Louis in surprise. 'Why, she was a companion of my poor dear mother's, when we lived at the Grange'—here his voice became subdued, for he never liked alluding to the past—'and she stayed with my mother longer than any of her other companions; but my mother at last complained that Fanny did not attend to her punctuation in reading aloud; so Miss Mamford was dismissed. But she used to copy all my music for me, for although in those days Fanny could not play or sing, she was a rare hand at copying.'

Here Louis paused, and we then asked how it was

Digitized by Google

that Miss Mamford had assumed the style of 'Mrs Fordham,' and was living alone in a villa.

'Oh, I forgot,' he replied, looking rather sheepish, 'that you don't know all about her' (*he* didn't, when he rushed in next door). 'After Fanny left my mother, she married a rich old distiller, and became a widow in less than a year. She's got a good fortune now, and amuses herself by learning to sing and play, in order, as she says, to keep up her spirits; and she's such a taste and love for it, that she'll be a fine musician soon.'

'But, Louis,' we urged, 'if Mrs Fordham has a fine fortune, why does she live in a small suburban house, with only one domestic?'

'She's a good creature,' quoth Louis, and with emotion, 'as she always was, and as I told my mother. Don't you remember, she was the only child of John Mamford, who brought so many people to ruin by his "great bankruptcy," as it was called? Well, Miss Mamford—I beg her pardon, Mrs Fordham—is paying off some of her father's most distressing liabilities; and she won't be free of them for the next two or three years, so she lives in great economy, and diverts her mind as she best can.'

'But about the song, Louis; the "O-O-O!" What induces her to give up all her time to attain perfection in *that*?' we asked maliciously.

With some asperity, Louis replied: 'I told you she learned music for recreation.'

'And "O-O-O, I'm alone in the world without you," for *association*,' remarked we; on which his good-humour returned, though he blushed quite boyishly, and said:

'She copied it for me long ago; and admiring the song, wished to learn it. Also having much spare time, the idea struck her of purchasing a good piano, and setting to work.'

'Well, my dear Louis,' returned we, 'you have now an opportunity of improving the lady by teaching her yourself how the song ought to be sung. We have always remarked that she regularly breaks down at the "O-O-O." We hear her too well.'

'She doesn't know that,' replied Louis, quite snappishly, 'or *she* never would have annoyed you, or any one else, for Fanny is the best creature in the world. She never hears *you* move or speak, so can form no idea that such mere lath-and-plaster partition divides you. But go and see her, and tell her yourself how she disturbs you; for though she wishes to live very quietly, I'm sure she'll be glad to see *you*.'

And we did call on Mrs Fordham, and found her, as Louis Davidson insinuated, the 'best creature in the world.' It was astonishing how the 'O-O-O' progressed under the tuition of the composer, for he became most regular in giving his music-lessons next door, though we generally observed conversation took up the greatest portion of the evening visit.

At length the burden of the song floated distinctly sweet through the dividing-walls; and we fancied there was a peculiarly tender intonation in the avowal, 'I'm alone in this world without you.'

It was *not* fancy. The amiable widow did sing the words of Louis Davidson's song with peculiar and touching *empressement*, and now she has bestowed herself and her fortune on Louis, and they are to be married next Thursday. They mean to live cheaply on the continent for a few years, until Fanny has performed her 'duty,' as she says; and where, Louis says, 'Fanny may be perfected in music, for which she has such wonderful talent.' He also means to compose another song, the title of which is to be, 'In this world I am happy *with* you.'

Fanny always blushes and looks foolish when we ask her about the manuscript song she copied for Louis, and the difficult 'O-O-O;' but we heartily congratulate him on his happy fortune, and on the chance—if 'chance' there be—which brought him on a visit to us, when we stuffed cotton wool into our ears, in order to deaden the sounds of music next door.

THE GREAT SCAR LIMESTONE.

If England is to be better known by English tourists, they should take a little knowledge of its geology as their best guide to its various scenes of beauty and grandeur. For want of such guidance as an hour's talk of Siluria, the old red, and the mountain limestone might afford, many a health and pleasure seeker has expended all his holidays, and not a little money, yet seen little of England—to say nothing of Wales and Scotland. For while it is easy, in the course of one day's journey, to pass over a rich variety of scenes characteristic of the several systems—chalk, oolite, new red sandstone, and old red—it is also possible to visit several counties, or even to travel, on a diagonal line, over a great part of the length of England, still seeing very little of that rich variety of hill, valley, and plain for which our little island is remarkable. For example, we come from Northamptonshire into Bedfordshire, then take a turn in the vale of Aylesbury, and visit a friend in Oxfordshire—winding up the excursion by running down to the sea at Dover. After all, we have seen nothing but midland counties' limestone and chalk—the former marked by its long continuous series of fertile green basins—or say laps of land (rather than valleys)—with softly rounded or wooded slopes, and, here and there, a slow winding river; the latter shewing us dry, treeless downs, with short grass, and no water in the hollows.

Many a respectable member of society has travelled yearly to and from his favourite watering-place, seeing nothing of such scenes as are suggested to the geologist by such terms as the old red, the clay-slate, and the Great Scar Limestone. These are the terms that most distinctly point out several districts of England with regard to their scenery. Our present purpose is to direct any tourist who likes to deviate from the beaten path to a part of Yorkshire where one rock—the mountain limestone—is seen on the grandest scale; but possibly a few prefatory notes, pointing out the position of this formation in the series of rocks that make England, will be welcome to young readers.

The oldest, and, with regard to external form, the most mountainous and picturesque rocks, are found chiefly in the north and the north-west of England. Speaking in general terms, open to some exceptions, we find the several strata becoming more level, and more and more containing fossils approaching existing types as we travel, on a diagonal line, from the north-west of England—supposing we start in Cumberland—towards the south-east—say to Dover. Thus we leave in Cumberland the granite and clay-slate, having no fossils yet discovered; we pass through the mountain limestone, full of fossil-shells and corals; and then over the coal, abounding with fossil-plants. On the new red sandstone we find level fertile pastures; and the aspect of fertility is continued, with more variety of surface, when we come on the limestone of the midland counties (the *oolite*), from which we pass to the chalk—say near Dunstable—then to the London clay and gravel, and again to the chalk as we enter Kent.

This may serve as an example of the variety that may be found in one journey planned with a reference to the several rocks forming that part of the earth's crust called England. A little study of a geological map, explained by any correct text-book of geology, will enable the tourist to plan his excursions so that, in the course of a few years, he will have acquired a

Digitized by Google

fair knowledge of the land we live in. If he would see the grandeur of mountain-chains of granite, or the precipices, deep glens and ravines of gneiss and mica-schist, he must go to the Highlands of Scotland. We have nothing in England that can be compared with the sublime scenery of these primitive rocks; but we have almost everything else. If he would see, in their most compact and picturesque forms, the various groupings of hills and mountains of granite, clay-slate, and the Silurian strata, relieved by gleaming lakes, and made cheerful by cultured and wooded slopes and valleys, there is nothing in Europe that, within the same area, can be compared with our lake district; and perhaps there is no short tour in the world to match the journey from Penrith to Keswick, thence to Ullswater, Borrowdale, and Patterdale, and on to Ambleside, and over the Kirkstone Pass to Bowness.

For the more tranquil scenery of the Silurian strata, let the tourist visit Shropshire and Worcestershire, then look at the beauty of the old red, broken by trap-rock on the Wye, in Herefordshire, or in Devon, and he will have seen all the most charming scenery that England affords. But variety will still remain, when he has explored all the districts already named; for he has seen nothing of the Great Scar Limestone, to which we would next direct his attention.

We would not deceive him. He will find nothing in this district of great scars and caverns, wide moorlands, and treeless mountains, to be compared, for picturesque effect, with scenes to be found within the compass of a few hours' walk about Ambleside. If he is a *paterfamilias*, and takes his children to see as many lakes and mountains as possible in a few days; or if he neither knows nor cares anything about the wonders of the earth's crust and the flowers that grow upon it, but simply wishes to see hill and valley, wood and water, placed together so as to make striking scenery, he cannot gratify his taste better than in the lake district, and would not thank us for leading him among the solitudes of Great Whernside and Ingleborough. It is to the pedestrian, who knows something of geology and botany, and who can enjoy lonely mountain rambles, far from the beaten track of easy-going tourists, we recommend the Great Scar Limestone of the north-west of Yorkshire. It wants trees, and sheets of water, and steep declivities, to enable it to bear any comparison with Westmoreland or Cumberland; but it has its own characteristic —a grand air of loneliness and profound quietude, such as is felt deeply even when we visit it after a tour in the lake district. Its mountain masses rise, not abruptly by the margins of lakes, and overlooking pleasant villages and mansions, but swell up gradually from broad bases of brown moorlands, and are altogether less broken and striking in their outlines than the heights of 'rocky Cumberland.' Indeed, the term mountains may convey a false impression to those who know nothing of the district to which we refer; for the Great Scar Limestone extends over a large area in Yorkshire, sloping down towards Derbyshire, and ending with a bold escarpment in the Peak. Towards the north-west of Yorkshire, it swells up grandly; and its general aspect, when viewed from one of its own summits, is that of a sea of vast, rounded, and sweeping waves, with here and there the crest of a billow of remarkable height or shape—such as Pendle, Penygant, or Ingleborough. Among these undulated masses of moorland, lie sheltered dales and grassy hollows, affording good pasturage; but for picturesque effects there is a want of trees and rivers, as we have already confessed. The chief rivers of Yorkshire have their sources in this region, and are, consequently, only small streams here. The rock that gives its own characteristic shapes to the district is a limestone, of which a large proportion consists of fossil-shells—such as in our museums are labelled *Spirifer*, *Terebratula*, *Bellerophon*, &c., and lily-like corals, or *encrinites*, having a cup-shaped body, that seems to have been attached to the sea-bottom by a jointed stalk, having many branches. The total depth of the Great Scar Limestone is estimated at about eight hundred yards. In its outlines and other features, it affords the clearest proof of its marine origin; and in many other regions besides that of which we write, its general aspect forcibly suggests the theory of the bed of an ocean, abounding with the remains of extinct shell-fish and corals, gradually left dry, and, by some slow and vast operation, upheaved in huge masses, so as to preserve the original shapes of its ridges and undulations. Another characteristic from which it derives its name, is its remarkable liability to be scarred, fissured, or worn away by the action of water. In every part of the district we see proofs of this; in one place, a chasm, like Gordale Scar, open to the sky; in another, a deep bed worn in the solid rock by the Aire, or some other infant river of the district; again, a cove or limestone barrier, that seems to have been left by a cataract; or a series of slabs almost or perfectly divided; masses of limestone that have fallen from the steeper declivities; brooks descending by subterraneous channels, and vast caverns with stalactites, as at Ingleborough, and Yordas, and Weathercoate Caves.

The centre of the district in which the Great Scar Limestone reaches its highest elevations—Ingleborough, Great Whernside, and Penygant—may be described as skirted on the south by the Skipton and Lancaster Railway, between Gargrave and High Bentham, and bounded, on the west, by a line from Ingleton to Orton, and, on the east, by a line from Clapham to Hawes and Richmond. The tourist may extend his journey northward beyond these bounds, which include, however, the chief points of attraction. The centre of the district is still left uncut by railways; but the line already mentioned brings the pedestrian near enough to the grandest features of the limestone at Malham and Clapham. From the latter place he may pay a visit to the Yordas and Weathercoate Caves. The walk from Clapham to Hawes, and hence to Richmond, will not disappoint a true lover of mountainous and moorland scenery.

Let us imagine that we repeat—as we should like to do if our purse would allow us—one of our own tours in Yorkshire, and that we travel thither from the south.

We leave the rail at Skipton, to pay a visit to Bolton Priory, a monastic ruin in the valley of the Wharf, embosomed by wooded hills on the south, while, on the north, we have a view of wild moorlands. The rapid Wharf here hurries along till it approaches the beautiful ruin, and then, spreading itself over a wider channel, flows on more quietly, and with a softer sound. Lofty cliffs rise near the Priory—their surface weather-stained with hues of purple, and water-worn by many trickling streams. A short distance above the ruins, the river foams and boils through a narrow chasm in the rock—the Strid, where the fair boy of Egremond lost his life. While engaged in coursing, and leading his greyhounds in a leash, he attempted to leap the Strid, when the dogs, hanging back, drew him into the chasm. His desolate mother built the Priory. It seems no great feat to leap over the Strid; but another tale is told of a too sprightly bridegroom, who, spending here his wedding-day, attempted it, and perished in the sight of the shrieking bride and her companions. We might stay here all day telling old legends of Bolton—of 'the good Lord Clifford,' who pursued his quiet studies in Barden Tower; and of the old monks, prosperous and not over-studious,

Digitized by Google

for, in forty years, as their account-books shew, they bought only three books. One of these, however, cost forty pounds of our present money. What changes of times since the day when the Archbishop of York came here with his train of 200 men, after hunting the red deer from parish to parish all through the grassy vales of Craven! But all these things are already noted down in Dr Whitaker's celebrated *History of the Deanery of Craven*—one of the best books of its class—and our present object is to explore, not the legends of these valleys, but the antiquities of the Great Scar Limestone, in comparison with which, the legend of Egremond, the foundation of Bolton, and the Wars of the Roses, are things of yesterday.

So, leaving, but not forgetting, this beautiful valley with all its traditions, we return to the rail, and go on towards Malham. On the way, we catch glimpses, here and there, of rich pastures, and, alighting at the Bell Busk station, walk on to the quiet old village of Malham—a place visited and well described by the poet Gray, at a time when other literary men seemed to care little for the grand scenery of their own or any other country. Near this village—where the traveller may find a comfortable inn—we shall see two of the greatest scars in the mountain limestone of England. The first, Malham Cove, or 'Mawm Cove,' as the natives here call it, is a segment of an immense amphitheatre, cut out by nature in the limestone, and about 300 feet high. Climbing the side of the valley, we look down from the highest tier of this 'semicirque profound,' on the rivulet that issues from its base. It is not easy to imagine by what operation of nature the cove was formed. It looks like the barrier left by some enormous water-fall. On the moor above, large masses of gray limestone lie scattered in wild confusion all along the way to Malham Tarn, where the river Aire has its source. The whole scene strongly suggests the thought of some vast design of Titan builders, working in these solitudes in oldest time, and frustrated in their plans by the great catastrophe that burst a passage for the Aire through Gordale Scar. This is an enormous chasm, not far from the cove, and even more remarkable.

On all sides—except one, opening into a narrow, rock-bound valley—our view of the surrounding country, and almost of the sky, is shut in by overhanging and almost meeting masses of gray limestone, piled up to the height of about 300 feet. From an opening near the summit of the scar, the river Aire pours itself down, and breaks its fall on a rock in the centre of a gloomy chasm. It is a dread place; a den where—as Wordsworth boldly says—the earthquake might hide her cubs. At first sight, it might seem venturesome to climb up close beside the water-fall, and out on the open moor; but it may be easily done, for steps have been worn in the rock; and above the second leap of the cataract, we find a path upward, among the masses of rock that seemed almost meeting at their summits. When we look down, we see that Gordale Scar is an immense cavern, of which the roof has been broken, in all probability, by the action of water. We may stand now where Gray tells us he saw goats climbing—one coolly waiting to scratch its ear with the hind leg, on a pinnacle where the timid poet would not stand 'for all beneath the moon.' However, with all our love of the mountain limestone and its scars, it is a relief to get out of the gloomy chasm and its uproar of thundering water, and to see once more green grass, and something more than a patch of blue sky.

After a glimpse of Malham Tarn—a very clear upland lake, where rare trout, perch, and char might perhaps be caught, if we had permission to fish here—we go on towards Ingleborough, where the limestone, towering up from an enormous base, reaches an elevation above 2000 feet over the sea-level. To climb the mountain, we may leave the rail either at Clapham or at High Bentham. We take the former route, and, after walking through the clean and pleasant village of Clapham, where those who wish to see the great cavern may find a guide, we climb Ingleborough from the east, by a gradual ascent, and without much fatigue. First, we enter a pastoral dell or ravine, with a slope of almost bare limestone on the right, separated by a clear trout-stream from our grassy path, where the bank on our left is overgrown with the hartstongue fern, the broad-leaved bell-flower, and the enchanter's nightshade. We soon reach the mouth of the great cave, where strange shapes of stalactites and stalagmites shew what fantastic tricks water can play in wearing down the mountain limestone. But leaving these—already described in the *Journal*—we turn from the dell towards the great semicirque that forms the summit of Ingleborough.

On the way, we notice, as characteristic of the district, a more than usually large mass of rock that has fallen from the side of the mountain—not very long ago, for the hollow left in its place still corresponds well with its convex side. Beyond this place, we come upon a level moor—rather boggy here and there—and see clearly the crowning terrace, seeming by no means formidable, and very near. Yet some climbing must be done before we stand upon it. By aiming at the northern escarpment, the pedestrian will avoid crossing a hollow named 'Gaping Gill Hole,' where a mountain brook has worn out for itself a deep channel, ending in a funnel-shaped hollow, where it disappears to pursue its gloomy course among the fissures of Ingleborough Within. Arriving, at last, on the rounded summit to the south of the highest terrace, we went on northward, till we were glad to rest and look down on a scene less cheerful and varied than may be seen from the heights of Cumberland, but very grand of its kind. Penygant rises steeply, and with a desolate aspect on the north-east. On the north and north-west the view is shut in by Great Whernside and other mountain masses and terraces of bare gray limestone, with scars and ravines, or here and there extended like long water-worn coast-lines. Nearer, in a hollow on the west, and below a steep, bare scar, we see massive gray slabs and fissured blocks lying together in something like order, again tempting us to dream of the gigantic builders who, in oldest time, had made preparation for some vast pile of masonry in these drear solitudes. These features, and the vast undulations of the dark, brown moorland, make the nearer scene on the north-west gloomy and desolate enough. If there is beauty here, even on a sunshiny day, it is of an austere kind—stern, grand, and without the cheerful life of trees and rivers. Far away on the south, and in a blue mist, are seen Pendle Hill, easily known by its shape, and—seeming near it, though, in fact, eight miles distant—Boulsworth, a rounded mass of the Yorkshire moors. All around the horizon is a sea of which the long, sweeping waves are blue mountains. Below, lie fertile pastures, with streams, villages, and white roads winding up the hillsides, and westward the view extends down the green and wooded valley of the Lune to Lancaster and Morecambe Bay. To many, the glory of a mountain is to command a sixty miles' view; but we climbed Ingleborough, not to see how Morecambe Bay would look at such a distance, but to see the Great Scar limestone itself in one of its highest masses, and, consequently, the nearer view, especially from the north-west side of the terrace, chiefly attracted us. On the whole, it is like a stormy sea turned to stone. A day passed alone among these solemnities of the

Digitized by Google

past will not be forgotten. Everything tells of worlds or systems of life that passed away in ages for which we have no reckoning:

> Though with no utterance of breath
> These wide dark moorlands speak of death,
> And rifted hills and ridges gray
> Are tombs of tribes long passed away.

And the tombs themselves are perishing—slowly, when measured by our notions of time, but surely. We see how water wears down the hills in this district. None can tell what vast hollows, such as Ingleborough Cave, have been already worn in this region. These hills seem, indeed, to abide for ever, when contrasted with our own brief sojourn here; but look at them from a higher point of view, and the rock itself—in some parts three-fourths of it consisting of fossil-shells—is surely passing away:

> The mountains change their shapes, and *flow*
> From form to form, and nothing stands:
> Like clouds they shape themselves, and go.

Such were the thoughts suggested by our wanderings over the mountain limestone in the north-west of Yorkshire. The geological tourist who would see more of it than we have told, may inquire for Thornton Scar, or may enjoy the fine mountain-walk from Clapham to Hawes. He should see the falls of the Ure at Askrigg, and Yordas, and Weather-coate Caves, with their subterraneous water-falls; and if his tour be extended northward as far as Barnard Castle, he will there find a beautiful change of scenery on the banks of the Tees. If he loves wild-flowers, he will find, on his way through this district, many favourites, such as the lovely blue *geranium, prætense*, the *Malva moschata*, the *Primula farinosa*, and the grass of Parnassus, to say nothing of the elegant foxglove and the broad-leaved bell-flower, with other plants commonly found here.

But let it be observed again, that the district we have indicated is recommended rather to the pedestrian geologist than to the tourist who wishes to see the greatest possible amount of *varied* scenery in the course of a week or ten days. The latter will certainly fail to find in Yorkshire anything to bear a comparison, from his point of view, with the lake-district. However, if tired of the stern solitudes of Whernside, Ingleborough, and Penygant, the rail makes it easy now to leave them, and, in the course of a few hours, find ourselves on Windermere, embosomed in scenery than which nothing softer and more harmonious can be imagined by a painter—hills with foregrounds of all soft shades of pale green, yellow, brown, gray, and purple—turf, rock, and foliage all beautifully blended—dark purple gorges in the background, and, far away, blue mountains, Scafell, Helvellyn, and the Langdale Pikes like grand solemn sphinxes, seeming to guard the portals of a land of mystery and romance.

MR LONGFELLOW'S LAST HEXAMETERS.

In an age wherein Mr Tupper's poems reach a sixteenth edition, and Mr Browning's scarcely a third, it is evident that the excellence of a poet is not to be measured by his popularity. We are, on the contrary, inclined to look with some suspicion upon all works of the imagination which bear upon their covers any number above 'the fourth thousand,' and more particularly when they come from the other side of the Atlantic. We never enter the establishment of any fashionable bookseller without a smile, which is not altogether of approbation, at seeing so very 'large and varied an assortment' of the exquisitely bound and gorgeously decorated volumes of Mr Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated editions; collected editions; new and revised editions (with a preface by some literary gentleman, who asserts that the mind of man cannot now conceive a world without an *Excelsior*, any more than without an *Iliad*); author's own editions; nay, even cheap editions, in order to anticipate and successfully rival that piracy which this poet's popularity invariably provokes. 'Suitable gift-books' is not an unusual ticket appended to the more splendid-looking of these volumes, and it describes their character, as it seems to us, pretty exactly. Their contents are well adapted to the capacities of cultivated young ladies, who have an eternal friendship for one another, and celebrate it, after the Eastern fashion, by interchanges of presents. Any man might put the work into the hands of his bride-elect, without any fear of its making her too strong-minded. No Miss at a boarding-school ever yet had the headache in consequence of a too earnest application to the pages of Mr Longfellow. He is, for a true poet—and we do not deny him that title—the most superficial thinker possible. There is a gulf between his mind and Mr Tennyson's in this respect—although they are often vulgarly classed together—far broader than the separating Atlantic. In the more recent works of the latter poet, such as the *In Memoriam* and *Maud*, we see—even if we do not prefer them to our older favourites—his winged thoughts taking a higher flight through a region they have not explored for us before; but Mr Longfellow has never risen above a certain moderate elevation, nor, what is worse, beyond a very limited range of subjects. His latest volume, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*,* re-traverses a track that he has already pursued before; treading warily, like a North-American savage, in his own footprints, so that the hostile critic—the avenger of spilt ink—behind him, can scarcely discern the new from the old trail. We really do think that we have had enough and to spare of those Pilgrim Fathers, and that wearisome 'forest primeval.' Certainly, if we could have borne to see more of them, it would have been in some other dress than these hexameters—these ill-fitting, baggy, lengthy, uncomfortable unmentionables, into which Mr Longfellow insisted upon putting Miss *Evangeline*. One of the most favourite features of this form of composition appears to be that of repetition; the bringing a line, which is not originally a striking one, again and again under the reader's eye, until he *is* struck with it, and gets haunted by it, and is made absolutely uncomfortable through the rest of the verses, with the apprehension of renewing its acquaintance. 'A small but sufficient portion of the contents of this volume,' says a notice prefixed to the cheap edition, 'has been contributed [to secure its copyright] by an English writer,' and our hope and belief are that this English writer has only contributed the repetitions. This explanation would both rescue a fellow-countryman from the obloquy of being concerned in the production of *Miles Standish*, and also absolve Mr Longfellow from the grave charge of tautology.

A gentleman of the name of Alden is secretary to Miles Standish, Esq., the middle-aged Puritan captain, and governor of Plymouth in New England. We say Esquire, because the author is very particular about his hero's social position:

> He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
> Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire England—

* Kent. London, 1858.

Digitized by Google

which reads something like, to us, some absurdly lengthy direction. We are introduced to these two worthies, as they sit together in the same apartment, the one reading Cæsar's *Commentaries*, by the help of what school-boys term *a crib* ('out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London'), and the other inditing letters to go home by the *May Flower*—

Letters written by Alden, and full of the fame of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla.

This seems sufficiently plain, and not of any great importance; but a few lines afterwards we have the circumstance repeated in the same identical words:

Writing epistles important to go next day by the *May Flower*,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla.

Miles Standish, who is a widower, but a brave man, and inclined to venture again upon matrimony, coolly proposes, since he has no time for such matters himself, that young Alden should be his proxy in wooing the maiden; whereupon she, very naturally, but perhaps rather forwardly, replies to the proposal in an hexameter, that she had rather he had come upon his own private account:

Said, in a tremulous voice: 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'

Out of this comes headlong wrath on the part of Miles Standish, Esquire, and unnecessary self-upbraiding on that of his secretary. The former heads a band of pilgrims in an expedition against the hostile Indians, and the latter bides at Plymouth to watch—at an intensely virtuous distance—over the young maiden, who, it seems to us, is sacrificed without mercy to the high-flown notions of the two gentlemen. Happily, however—for they scarcely care to conceal their feelings upon the occasion—news comes of the Captain's death in battle. Thereupon the two young people are married. During the ceremony, however, in walks Miles Standish, Esquire, in complete armour, who, by no means owning, as he should have done, that he has been a most obnoxious old tyrant all along, blesses the happy pair, not without a delicate hint at the credit which belongs to his disinterested self for doing so. This is all that Mr Longfellow has to tell in these thousand and fifty, or (omitting the repetitions) these thousand hexameter lines. The metre is faulty, but the story is narrated with a simplicity almost severe, and not without a moderate sprinkling of poetical thoughts. If a new poet had written it, it would have merited some praise, without earning him anything like a reputation. Coming from Mr Longfellow, it certainly partakes of the nature of bathos. It bears the same relation to *Evangeline* that Miss Brontë's *Professor* bears to her own *Villette*. It seems like some early attempt that has been set aside by its author, but which, when his fame is established, he pulls out of his school-boy desk, and publishes, with a laugh in his sleeve. Still, we have no desire to part with Mr Longfellow upon anything like bad terms, and we gladly reproduce the closing picture of his pastoral story, for its charming truth and quiet colouring. Or is it not rather like the 'leaf-fringed legend' of some carven Grecian urn?

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendours,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

Among the smaller poems, at the end of the volume, there are several up to the old Longfellow mark, of which *Daybreak* is a pleasant example of his fancy, and *The Ropewalk*, of his power of description. The following verses, however, entitled *The Two Angels*, are perhaps the best in the book:

Two angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed:
'Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!'

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
'My errand is not Death, but Life,' he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Digitized by Google

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?

THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT.

'The very man! Talk of, or think of, the—no matter, and here he is. I'm really very glad to see you.'

This was addressed to me by Theophilus Snigs. He was an actor in the serious line, not bad enough to be always without an engagement, not good enough to be always sure of one.

'Well, Snigs, what is it? Want a crotchet about costume; want a notion about Italian manners, eh?'

'No, no—nothing of the kind: I simply want you—knowing as I do the extensive range of your talent—to write a piece for me.'

'A piece for you? One in which the hero, yourself, is the prominent subject; all the rest revolving around you like so many satellites?'

'No, no—leave me out altogether; I shall have enough to do to manage the house.'

'Manage, manage! Did you say manage?'

'Yes, I rather think I used that word. Why not? I am manager and lessee of the ——.'

'Why, my dear sir, it was only the other day you'——

'I know—borrowed a sovereign of you—which I shall soon be in a condition to repay.'

'But you must have fallen into a fortune, or found some very confiding money-lender, or how did you get the capital to begin with?'

'Capital! ha, ha, ha!—a *capital* joke that! You must be—excuse me—somewhat green. Do you suppose that anybody with a shilling to lose ever takes a theatre? No, it is the last resource of the actor out of employ, or the actor whom people are stupid enough not to buy at his own valuation.'

'Well, if you've no capital, I suppose you must have credit?'

'That's it. There is such a number of poor devils in the theatrical world—that is, people who live by a theatre's being open, that they would rather give their services with the mere chance of being paid, than hang about all day doing nothing, with the certainty of starvation; so, guided by experience, I have taken the Theatre Royal, ——, and mean to open in a week. Excellent prospects. I have engaged Mademoiselle Isabelle Jones—we drop the "Jones" in the bills. Buffer is my leading man, and I have every hope of getting Mrs Lungs for my leading lady. Capital prospects. *Do* write me a piece—a farce, a burlesque—anything. I'll pay liberally: fifty guineas for a slap-up extravaganza.'

I made a promise to 'see what I could do,' and we parted.

The theatre opened under the auspices of my desperate friend. I went on the first night. The house was full; there had been a large issue of paper-currency, and curiosity attracted a few dozens. The company was composed entirely of make-shifts, outsiders, men and women who never by any chance obtain a permanent engagement at a respectable house. The press was more liberal of encouragement than conscientiously critical. Mr Snigs held on for a fortnight. On the second Saturday—he had opened on a Monday—there was 'no treasury,' the technical term for no payments; the consequence was that at night no band made its appearance. This difficulty was got over by coolly informing the audience that, at the last moment, the musicians had mutinied against the leader. The audience, few and far between, laughed, and were indulgent. One youth in the gallery, however, whose tastes were musical, and who, by living in the vicinity, had acquired some knowledge of the vicissitudes of managers, irreverently shouted '*Gammon!*' In the midst of the performance an altercation was heard behind the scenes, and in a few minutes afterwards the house was in total darkness. The gas-company's man had turned off the gas. 'They were not,' he said, going to stand being put off no longer.' Confusion ensued, and the theatre was speedily evacuated. Of course, it did not re-open under the same auspices.

Some days after this, while strolling down the Strand, I encountered Histoff, the juvenile tragedian of the late, and Heaven knows how many preceding companies.

'How d'ye do, Mr Histoff?'

'Thank you, sir; as well as an unappreciated individual can be. I hope I see you well. I don't think we've met since you were in the green-room, under Mr Snigs's management.'

'Snigs made a bad business of it. His reign was brief.'

'What else could have been expected, sir? A man without resources, without judgment—a mere desperado, a man who never paid anybody in his life.'

'If you knew this before, why did you engage with him?'

'Ah, sir, you don't know what it is to be in love with your profession. It is a passion which surmounts all considerations. Besides, if one has not one's name constantly before the public, one is liable to be forgotten.'

'But how do you live if you don't get paid?'

'Oh, we *are* paid sometimes, and then a man in *my* position makes friends, and we get a ticket-night, or take a benefit, which keeps the pot a-boiling. For instance, I play at the Strand on Tuesday; and if you'd allow me to send you two or three box-tickets, it would be a favour.'

'By all means; and as I happen to have the money about me, I'll pay for them now.'

'Thank you, sir; thank you. Ah, what a blessing it would be to the profession, sir, and to the drama in its abstract and poetical sense, if a man of *your* character were to take a theatre! From what I heard you say that night in the green-room, I should think you understand the public taste.'

'At all events, I would try to elevate it.'

'I'm sure you would, sir; and you would succeed. You would be another Mr Macready, another Vestris in your notions of elegance and accuracy of detail. *Do* take a theatre.'

I laughed, and bade him good-morning, but almost immediately ran back and asked him for his address. He referred me to a tavern in Bow Street, Covent Garden, where he always called for his letters. I understood this.

Pondering the conversation with Histoff—possessed of strong propensities to write dramas, having succeeded with two, and had three returned upon my hands—and remembering all that Snigs had told me of the facility with which a theatre could be taken and *managed* without capital, a strange impulse seized me to become lessee of the Theatre Royal, ——. It was to let—it generally was to let three or four times a year. The proprietor acted upon the prudent rule of appointing the money-takers himself, and of thus securing the rent, if no other arrangement were made which placed him beyond the risk of loss. I had enough at my banker's to pay the rent without allowing any man to interfere with the appointments to office in *my* theatre. Credit would do the rest. That evening, I sent for Histoff to sup with me. He came; and after the Macbeth grace, which every actor uses upon every possible occasion of his getting anything to eat, we fell to, and rendered due homage to a roast fowl and sausages. I begged of him to spare

Digitized by Google

me the usual pleasantries suggested by 'murder most *fowl*,' and '*fowl* and fair weather,' and he graciously condescended.

When nature had been satisfied, and two glasses of 'warm-with' were placed on the table, I began.

'Histoff, I have been thinking of what you said the other morning, and am half inclined to become the lessee of the house in which you last played.'

'Don't say half inclined, sir, I beg; say that you have resolved on doing it. Do not stand, "like the cat i' the adage," letting you dare not wait upon you would.'

'Ay, but there's another quotation from the same source about vaulting ambition.'

'True, sir, true; but all these indicated an infirmity of purpose in the man who used them. I'm sure you are not the person who would let a masculine wife take work out of your hands because you were afraid of it.'

'Well, but you see there are things to be considered. If I get the house for three months, I must collect a company, and few of the actors know me. I must'——

'My dear sir,' exclaimed Histoff, suddenly rising and taking my hand, 'leave all that to me. Make me your stage-manager, your acting-manager, your factotum, in fact. "Of their own merits, modest men are dumb;" but I think I may venture to say that if there *is* a performer who understands management in general, and stage-management in particular, Histoff is the man.'

He sat down, satisfied that he had done himself justice. I was loath, however, to invest him with supreme authority. Half the charm of the thing would be gone if I were not to be the autocrat of the house. But I knew nothing of the details—nothing of the moderate expectations of actors. I had seen a great many of them on the stage, and could estimate their relative merits. Beyond this, it would not have been prudent to go. While I hesitated to reply, Histoff assured me that his influence was so great that he could get me credit for everything; and if the receipts were not sufficient to make a full treasury on the Saturday, he could always manage to satisfy everybody, by giving everybody something. Another tumbler of brandy and water, and the bargain was struck. I was to engage the theatre; and as soon as I was in possession, Histoff was to commence operations.

There was no difficulty in obtaining the lease of the house for three months. They were the three worst months in the year—July, August, and September—when nobody is in town; and it was therefore a great catch to find any one foolish enough to pay L.25 down in advance of the rent. I handed over the cheque, signed the agreement, and the proprietor gave me a note to the housekeeper in the hall to deliver over charge to me.

Behold me, after groping through sundry dark passages, narrowly escaping fractures by occasional contact with obtrusive framework and scattered 'properties,' standing in the centre of the stage. A dim light streamed from a closed window at the back of the gallery. I could just see that everything was very dingy and very dusty. There was a faint musty smell, mingled with *soupçons* of escaped gas pervading the whole edifice.

'The place wants cleaning up a bit, sir,' said the seedy porter at my elbow. 'If so be as you've been and taken the house, you've only to say the word, and I'll have the charwomen in directly.'

I made no answer, but asked for a pen and ink. He 'didn't know as there was any ink in the bottle in the manager's room, but he thought he could find a quill from *somewheres*.' I spared him the trouble of the search, and told him I should come again in the afternoon with Mr Histoff.

'Mr Histoff, sir! Why, you ain't never going to have him.'

Chiding the man for his remark, I left the theatre, and proceeding to the parlour of the tavern he had indicated, was about to ring for paper, pens, and ink, when two gentlemen, who were seated at a table in the corner, suddenly turned round, and I found that one of them was Histoff himself. I was saved the trouble of writing. Histoff's friend was a decayed actor who had abandoned the active duties of the profession and become a prompter. Histoff introduced him. He was, as my stage-manager observed, the most downy chap he knew; up to anything, and familiar with every move on the board—or boards. He had helped managers to carry on theatres by the mere force of his reputation. His word was a guarantee with the most incredulous. Histoff was in ecstasies to find him disengaged—a superfluous piece of exultation, by the way, seeing that they always went hand in hand. It was rare to find Histoff acting where Hinton did not prompt—and sometimes 'go on with a letter.'

Announcing that the theatre was mine for three months, I mentioned to Histoff my wish to meet him in the manager's apartment, in order to commence operations—to prepare an advertisement, engage performers, and settle on the pieces we should open with.

'But why go to a cold, damp, dusty theatre, when the whole thing could be settled at once on the spot?' asked my stage-manager, at the same time ringing for the waiter.

Before I could reply, the drawcansir asked me 'to give my orders.' I took the hint; and two goes of alcohol—Mr Hinton preferred Hollands—were soon on the table.

The advertisement was quickly drawn up. It simply announced that, on a given night, the theatre—the best ventilated in the world—redecorated, with new scenery, machinery, dresses, &c., would open under the direction of Orlando Shakeshift, Esq.; and that ladies and gentlemen wishing for engagements were requested to present themselves at the theatre between the hours of eleven and four, during the next three days.'

Sir Robert Walpole's anteroom, Oliver Goldsmith's staircase, Marlborough Street police-office when the night-charges are brought up, are but faint types of the approaches to a manager's room when he is forming a company. Of course Histoff had taken care to secure some of the best available stock actors, but he left it to me to engage the stars and the minor people, and to fix the salaries. He had previously given me a list of the average emoluments of the professional brethren, adding, that in the three blank months they were glad to get *anything*.

Up to this time, I knew little of actors off the stage. My fancy had consequently invested them with many of the attributes of the characters they represented. I saw in the light comedian a gentleman of infinite vivacity; the old men I believed to be entitled to the respect due to years. In the low comedian, I was always disposed to recognise a person of infinite mirth; and the ladies, I felt assured, were the most disinterested, lovable persons the mind could conceive. I was now to be disabused of my prepossessions. Not that there was not much personal worth among the claimants for my favour. Self-regarding, self-denying, temperate, unassuming, the majority of the theatrical profession are well entitled to respect. But they came to me in a new character. Each had a great deal to say in his or her own praise, each one anxious to drive a good bargain, and stipulate for 'business.' The generous, light-hearted Harry Dorntons and Charles Surfaces

Digitized by Google

were particular about pounds, shillings, and pence; the old hunkses who were always drawing close their purse-strings, or giving away their daughters and wards with large fortunes, were ready to accept any salary I liked to give them. One very saturnine old gentleman, whose speciality was low comedy and general utility, was loud in his own eulogy. I told him I had often seen him play, but that his humour did not strike me as peculiarly forcible.

'But, sir,' said he emphatically, and his eyes almost started from the poor fellow's head, 'I am starving!'

It was self-evident. I engaged him, and gave him a small advance of salary, with the mental reservation that I would certainly not employ him. The upper-crust ladies were very pertinacious. There was a transparent inconsistence in the vehemence with which they urged their own pretensions, and the earnestness with which they assured me how much they were in request elsewhere. I knew them all by sight or repute. The mediocrity was uniform; personal appearance carried the day. One can tolerate indifferent acting in a pretty woman; in a plain one, it is unendurable.

In two days the company was formed. It looked a formidable affair when the names and callings were placed on a sheet of paper. There was a first old man and a second old man; a first lady and a second lady; a young walking-lady; a singing chambermaid, and a chambermaid who couldn't sing, but could 'go on' in a ballet or a procession; there was a juvenile comedian—aged 55—a heavy man, and an eccentric; two walking-gentlemen; an old woman; a low comedian; a 'general utility' gentleman, who could do nothing well, and therefore was dubbed 'general *in*utility;' two servants; six ballet-girls; several *supers*—short for supernumeraries; a band of fifteen musicians; prompter, property-man, call-boy, dressers, porters, carpenters, scene-painters, money-takers, check-takers, messengers, wardrobe-keepers, tailors, and, to close the catalogue, a stage-manager, an acting-manager, and the lessee himself, who, as Histoff said, ought to head the list of salaried people, because, if there *was* anything to be had, he might as well have a share.

Scarcely had the advertisement appeared before I was inundated with manuscripts. I could now understand why managers either did not read the plays sent to them, or delayed to do so until driven to it in despair. In less than a week there were forty pieces of all sorts on my table! If tables ever groan, there was fine scope for the agonising grief of mine. The weight of some of the dramas was overpowering. They had evidently been written for a company of 'heavy men.' Dramas, melodramas, comedies, farces, burlesques, pantomimes, interludes, spectacles, extravaganzas—ay, and even a five-act tragedy—were submitted to my inspection, with letters highly complimentary to my judgment. I resolved honestly to read every piece and select the best. It was a very rash resolve; I had promised to perform an impossibility. Human nature never could have survived the attempt. One half the compositions were very poor translations from the French, others had been rejected in turn by every unfortunate man who had ventured upon the cares of management; some were juvenile efforts, others the effusions of madmen, or madwomen. Out of the whole lot there was only one tolerable farce. It was in two acts; the first act was good and complete, the other was an inferior *addendum*. It turned out that the first act had been *adapted* from a Palais-Royal farce, the second was original. Histoff cut away the second, and I paid for the first. One tolerable act out of forty pieces comprehending one hundred acts! Surely, thought I, the power of dramatic composition is not to be numbered among our English qualities. We cannot devise a plot, or fit a bad one with ordinary dialogue. Bulwer, and Knowles, and Tom Taylor rose enormously in my esteem. They have proved in their success the possession of a rare faculty.

I was told that when the theatre was open in the winter the receipts averaged L.60 a night. Making all due allowances for the difference in the period of the year, I modestly calculated my own probable receipts at L.20, which would just have covered my expenses. I felt comfortable. Great pains were taken to give *éclat* to the opening-night. An address, written by myself, and delivered by Histoff in black tights, commenced the operations. A three-act comedy—one of my own—formed the first course; a farce the second; an extravaganza, with dancing therein, the third. The audience was select—singularly so. I had rather it had been numerous. The receipts were L.6. Histoff saw that I was out of spirits. He consoled me with the remark that it was hardly yet known that we had opened the old house. It would be better to-morrow. And it was better—by L.1, 7s.; and it continued to improve until on the Friday following it had reached L.10, 15s. On the Saturday, my treasurer informed me that the sum payable to the company and 'the people'—that is, carpenters, &c., was L.128, 6s. The money in his hands amounted to L.40, 18s. He wanted L.87, 8s. My jaw fell. I glared at Histoff. He looked at me inquiringly. 'Can't you give him a cheque, governor?'

I confessed I had only L.50 left.

'Well, let him have that. He can pay the "little people" (the poorer of the lot), and the others must take half-salaries.'

I drew the cheque with a heavy heart; and as one o'clock approached, I saw the members of the *troupe* go one by one to the treasury; and I heard their remarks as they left it. 'A regular do!' 'Shameful imposition!' 'I shan't play to-night!' and so on. I felt humiliated. If any atom of the illusions of the drama had survived the first night's performance, the scene before me dissipated it. From that moment, I beheld in the principal comedian not the hilarious representative of a dissolute nephew, but the angry father of a large family, expecting L.8, and receiving but L.4. In the heroic woman who would have shared a crust in a prison with the man she loved, I thenceforth saw only the bounceable *prima donna*, who measured her reverence for a manager by his capacity to pay.

From that evening I renounced the cares of lesseeship, and they were readily assumed by the stage-manager, who had few scruples, and knew how to carry on with quarter-salaries, if need be.

The lesson may have its uses. Let the drama continue an illusion to those whom fate has not made actors. There is not a more rapid dissolving view than the metamorphosis from the idealities before the curtain to an acquaintance with the realities behind.

STORY OF A LAWSUIT, AND HOW THE LAWYERS WERE PAID.

The story of a lawsuit is not a fascinating title; yet we venture to commend this particular story to a class of readers in whose welfare we have always taken an especial interest—namely, lively young ladies and gentlemen, not ordinarily addicted to dry study.

The lawsuit in question, be it observed, was not carried on between two obscure individuals, but between two corporate towns of considerable importance, at least in their own estimation. Of the

Digitized by Google

municipal constitution of one of them, it is necessary to say a few words, for the better understanding of our story. This town, which we will call the town of E——, was under the government of a mayor and town-council, which council was chosen by the townsfolk, with the power of imposing tolls and duties on the inhabitants of the place, and the strangers frequenting its markets, the produce of which was intended to meet the public expenses of the town. The mayor was assisted by a small body of citizens chosen by himself, possessing with him the whole executive authority, which, in ambitious imitation, perhaps, of greater things, was called, with a pardonable vanity, the cabinet. To one particular member of this body, called the clerk of the tolls, the management of the finances was especially intrusted. And now, having sufficiently cleared the way, we may proceed to the story of the lawsuit.

It would seem that the people of a neighbouring town had trespassed on a piece of common belonging to the township of E——; had, indeed, driven some of their geese upon it, which, after remonstrance made, they had refused to withdraw; and, in addition to this serious injury, had amused the good citizens of E—— with idle tales; and, in short, had laughed at their beards. Thereupon, the mayor called a meeting of the cabinet, made a lucid statement of the case, and concluded an eloquent address with an assurance that, according to his belief and conviction, when such things were done, there was no knowing what would be done next. The cabinet resolved unanimously that there was indeed no knowing what would be done next; and, therefore, resolved further, that their solicitor should be directed to retain counsel, taking care to choose old and experienced men to conduct this just and necessary lawsuit.

So far, all went smoothly; but before the matter was settled, the clerk of the tolls reminded the cabinet that even a just and necessary lawsuit must be paid for, that lawyers required to have their fees in their pockets, before they said a word; that, whereas they ought to have at least six thousand pounds in their banker's hands at starting, they had not six hundred; that their ordinary revenue was little more than sufficient for their ordinary expenditure; and, lastly, that, as for raising the whole sum required within the year by increased tolls and duties, the good citizens, however ready to go to law, would not, and could not stand it: ergo, if they would go to law, they must *borrow*. 'To be sure we must,' said the mayor, and the rest of the cabinet; 'and we authorise you to set about raising the wind;' in more refined language, providing the sinews of law. All that remained was to get the consent of the great town-council; for, without it, no money could be borrowed, or, in the technical language used in such proceedings, no loan could be raised. This, however, with the fear of the geese before their eyes, and of all that might come next, was readily granted. But when the clerk, who was a member of the council, as well as of the cabinet, went on to observe, that he thought he had a friend who would accommodate him, the older and more knowing members said: 'No, no; it might be all very well in the old times to put a snug thing of that kind into the hands of a favoured friend; but in these days, the approved thing was competition.' He should let it be known in the town that he wished to borrow, and he would find persons enough who wished to lend; and then all he had to do was to accept the most advantageous offer. This being settled, the council had nothing further to do in the matter but to hear from the clerk a statement of the means, in the shape of new tolls and duties, or the increase of old ones, by which he proposed to pay the interest of the loan. For, be it observed, though the citizens of E—— were by no means ready to pay down the money immediately required for the lawsuit, they could well bear the slight increase of taxation necessary to make good the interest of the money to be borrowed for that purpose.

The next step in the proceeding was the giving public notice by the clerk that he was ready to receive tenders for the loan on a certain day, at his official residence. Without troubling ourselves about the rejected offers, it is sufficient to say that the clerk finally agreed to accept those of the house of Messrs A——, on the following terms:

Messrs A—— agreed to pay into the corporation's bank—which, in future, we will call *the* bank—the six thousand pounds required. The clerk, on his part, gave them a bond, by which the corporation was bound to pay them five pounds annually for every hundred they advanced; that is, to pay them interest at the rate of 5 per cent. for all the money borrowed, which would amount, for the whole six thousand pounds, to three hundred pounds annually. The clerk at the same time satisfied the lenders, Messrs A——, that the new duties to be imposed on the town would produce more than enough to pay the interest of the money; and, as a further security, informed them that the council had agreed to mortgage the produce of these duties for the payment of the interest; that is, to restrict the corporation by a bond from using this produce for any other purpose whatever, till the annual claims of the lenders were satisfied; or, in other words, to give them the first right over it. The corporation, however, he told them, demanded for itself that it should never be called on by them to repay the principal, that is, the sum borrowed; whilst, at the same time, it should be left at liberty to repay it whenever it might suit the convenience of the corporation to be out of their debt. In return, the lenders demanded on their part that they should be at liberty to transfer, that is, to sell, their right to the three hundred pounds interest, or any part of it, whenever they pleased, and to whomsoever they pleased; and that the person or persons, again, to whom it should be thus transferred, should themselves have a right to sell it to any other persons, though neither they nor these other persons should ever have a right to demand payment of the principal.

These matters being settled, the six thousand pounds were paid into the bank, for the use of the corporation; the bank undertaking, for a consideration, the trouble of receiving the produce of the new duties about to be imposed, and paying the interest of the six thousand pounds as it became due.

The bank kept a record in its books of the money lent, and of the rate of interest to be paid for it annually to Messrs A——. Thus, in the language of the town, the six thousand pounds debt was said to be *funded* by the corporation; Messrs A—— were called public or town creditors, and they were said to hold six thousand pounds of the corporation *stock*.

Now, it must be remembered that Messrs A—— lent the money, not by way of accommodating the corporation, but, as a matter of trade, to make a good thing of it—it being their trade to traffic with money as other traders do with goods. They had bargained to receive a somewhat higher rate of interest than could ordinarily be had at that time in the town of

Digitized by Google

E——. But they looked for something more in this transaction than the mere receiving of interest from the borrowers, however high; what this was, will be seen by following them in their further operations, consequent on their loan-transaction with the corporation.

There were many persons in the town of E—— who, by the profits of business, or by saving or some other means, had money by them which they wished to invest securely, in such a manner as to get an income from it without the risk and trouble of trading with it. Now, Messrs A——'s transactions with the corporation exactly offered them the opportunity which they were looking for. Let us follow one of them step by step in his dealings with Messrs A——. Finding that he has about one hundred pounds to spare, this person goes with this money to Messrs A——, and tells them that he is willing to take off their hands part of their bargain with the corporation—that is, to give Messrs A—— one hundred pounds of hard money, on condition that they should cause the bank to make over to him for ever a fair portion of the interest of the six thousand pounds at present paid by the corporation to Messrs A——. They let him see at once that he was the right person come to the right place. He wanted to buy what they wanted to sell. It was, in fact, with a view to such selling that they had dealt at all with the corporation in the matter of the loan.

'But mind,' says the managing partner, 'you are not going to have as good a bargain with us, you know, as we had with the gentlemen at the town-hall yonder. We don't mean that you should get as much for your hundred pounds as we got for ours.'

'Why so?' replies the applicant, bristling up at once for combat. 'Why so, Mr Pounce?'

'Simply because, if we were to do what you seem to expect, we should be taking a good deal of trouble with the disinterested purpose of accommodating you, without any advantage to ourselves; which is not our way of doing business. You know very well that small capitalists like you, who cannot deal directly with the corporation, could not get 5 per cent. for their money safely in the town of E——. They would hardly get as much as 4 per cent. with such good security as we can offer. So, if you deal with us, it must be on these terms. Pay down one hundred good sovereigns, and you will receive from us eighty pounds of corporation stock. No more. And mark this: at the rate of 5 per cent., which, you know, is the rate of interest paid by the corporation, you will, by the rules of arithmetic, be paid four pounds for eighty. So that, by getting eighty pounds stock for your hundred sovereigns, you will be getting 4 per cent. for your money.'

After this explanation, the terms proposed were accepted, and the matter was settled by Messrs A—— directing the proper clerk at the bank to subtract the sum of eighty pounds from the six thousand standing in their names in the bank-books, and to place it to the name of the purchaser, leaving to Messrs A—— only the remaining five thousand nine hundred and twenty. The clerk did as he was directed by Messrs A——, without knowing or inquiring what had passed between them and the purchaser in question; that being a matter with which neither the bank nor the corporation had any concern —it being sufficient for them to know that the purchaser had become the possessor of eighty pounds of the corporation stock, and that therefore, in future, they were to pay four pounds out of the three hundred —the whole interest, as before mentioned, of the six thousand they had borrowed—to him instead of Messrs A——.

This transaction, in the language of the bank, was called a transfer of stock; Messrs A—— were said to have *sold out* eighty pounds stock, and the other party was said to have *bought in*.

It can hardly be necessary to remind even a lively young lady, if she has paid us the flattering compliment of giving any attention to our not very lively details, that this word stock, whether spoken of as six thousand or eighty pounds stock, did not imply that there were six thousand pounds or eighty pounds in money *kept* in the bank; for the six thousand pounds originally borrowed belonged altogether to the corporation, and had been long since expended, but implied only *the writing down in the books of the bank* six thousand or eighty pounds, shewing how much money was to be paid annually, according to a certain rate of interest, to the persons to whose names the six thousand or the eighty pound stock was written down.

In this way, before the year was past, Messrs A—— had disposed, in different sums to different persons, of the whole of their six thousand pounds stock, and had ceased to be creditors of the corporation; which, instead of Messrs A——, had for creditors the various purchasers of stock in the town of E——.

The result of the transaction, as affecting Messrs A——, was this: for the six thousand pounds stock created by the six thousand pounds in money originally advanced by them, they received eventually, by their various sales, seven thousand five hundred pounds in money; if they sold the whole at the same rate at which the first sale was effected—namely, eighty pounds stock for one hundred pounds in money; one hundred pounds stock for one hundred and twenty-five pounds in money, and so on: so that they made a clear profit of fifteen hundred pounds by their dealings in corporation stock. The various purchasers would, it is clear, get exactly 4 per cent. for their *money;* for although they actually received five pounds interest for every hundred pounds *stock* they bought, yet, having paid one hundred and twenty-five pounds in *money* for this same stock, they would, in fact, be receiving the five pounds interest for *one hundred and twenty-five pounds of money;* and five for one hundred and twenty-five is at the rate of four for a hundred, or 4 per cent.

In the meanwhile the corporation continued all along to pay the same three hundred pounds, neither more nor less; the only difference being that the bank, in behalf of the corporation, paid it in various portions to various persons, instead of paying the whole to Messrs A——.

Whilst these sales were going on, the people of the town would ask, from time to time, on what terms they were made; and the question would be put in this form: 'What is the price of the corporation stock?' and the answer would be, 'one hundred and twenty-five,' or, 'the funds are at one hundred and twenty-five;' meaning, of course, that the price of one hundred pounds *stock* was one hundred and twenty-five pounds *in money*.

It soon came to pass, as might be expected, that some of those who had purchased stock of Messrs A——, as an eligible investment of money, for which they had no immediate use, wished to have their money again instead of stock; but they could not get this money from the corporation, because, though they now stood in the place of creditors of the corporation, yet, being bound by the original contract entered into by the corporation with Messrs A——, they could not demand payment of more than the *interest*. What, then, could those poor people do who had urgent occasion to turn their stock into money? The simplest thing in the world. They could do by others what Messrs A—— had done by them—sell their stock to those who wanted to buy; and there were purchasers enough to be found in the town of E——.

Digitized by Google

It was easy enough, therefore, to sell. But there was at this time a strong reason against selling without necessity. The truth is, the price of the corporation stock had *fallen*. For this fall, there were many causes. The cultivation of land, for instance, had of late become more profitable, tempting investment in that way rather than in the purchase of corporation stock. Some new speculations, also offering large profits, had found favour with the citizens, producing the same result. Above all, there was a general apprehension that the corporation would be obliged to have recourse to another loan, which, it was supposed—for reasons which we will not inflict on our lively young ladies and gentlemen—would considerably damage the value of the old stock. Whatever the cause, the corporation stock was now as low as eighty—that is, a hundred pounds in stock might be had for eighty pounds in money. The first purchaser was among the sufferers. After his first dealings with Messrs A——, he had purchased rather too largely, when the corporation stock bore so high a price. Now, in sudden want of money, he sold out one hundred pounds of his stock at a most unhappy time; for, as we have seen, he would get only eighty pounds in money for the same amount of stock for which he had given one hundred and twenty-five pounds; being a loser, by this double transaction of buying and selling, to the amount of forty-five pounds.

As for the new purchaser, he made 6¼ per cent. of his money, for though, like everybody else, he received only five pounds interest on the hundred pounds stock transferred to his name in the bank-books, yet since he had given only eighty pounds for it in money, he was in fact receiving the five pounds interest for eighty pounds; and five for eighty is at the rate of six pounds five shillings for one hundred pounds, or 6¼ per cent.

Many others parted with the stock which they had purchased of Messrs A——; and many to whom they sold it parted with it again, at different times, and on different terms, according as the price of the corporation's stock rose or fell, so that the stock was in constant circulation, as it were, in various portions, among the inhabitants of the town, and thus became a new sort of transferable property; so much so, that the business of effecting the different transfers became a distinct trade, carried on by persons called stock-brokers. To these men every buyer and seller went; and by them the whole business was settled for a small consideration, the buyer not knowing of whom he bought, and the seller as little knowing to whom he sold his stock.

It is of course perceived that in all these transactions the rising and falling of the price of stock affected not at all either the corporation or the actual holders of their stock, whilst they held it, but only the buyers and sellers at the time of buying and selling; for the corporation continued to pay, and the holders of stock to receive five pounds for every hundred pounds stock—the whole stock continuing to be what it was at first, six thousand pounds, and the whole interest three hundred pounds, neither more nor less.

It was not long before the corporation found itself obliged to do as the knowing ones of the town had predicted—to borrow more money.

The mode of proceeding in the case of this new loan was precisely the same as in that of the first; but the affairs of the corporation being in a flourishing state, its credit fully re-established, and a speedy termination of the lawsuit being confidently expected—moreover, and especially, the general rate of interest for money in the town being lower than it used to be, the corporation was able to effect this new loan on better terms. This time, it was to pay only 4 per cent. on the whole loan. The same transactions of buying and selling took place in this case as in the former; and this new stock was brought into circulation with the old, bearing of course a different price proportioned to the different rate of interest—that is, when one hundred pounds of the old stock, paying 5 per cent. interest, should be sold for one hundred pounds in money, or, in the language of the bank, it should be *at par*, the same amount of the new stock would be sold for only eighty pounds, or *thereabouts*; for, somehow or other, the price of the different stocks was not *exactly* proportioned to the different rate of interest which they bore. It is hardly necessary to add that these two kinds of stock were called, respectively, the 5 per cents. and the 4 per cents.

The time at length arrived when the corporation was able to relieve itself of a part of the burden of paying the interest of its debt, without doing injustice to the holders of its stock. To understand this, it must be remembered, that at the time when the money was borrowed, it was expressly stipulated, that although the corporation could never be *required* to repay the principal, it should always have the right to do so—that is, though the holder of stock, who was the creditor, could never oblige the corporation, standing in the place of debtor, to *pay*, the corporation might oblige the holder of stock to *receive* money instead of stock; and so, by clearing off the debt, put an end for ever to the payment of interest. Well, then, the corporation, having a little more money than usual in hand, and taking advantage of a time when the common rate of interest was unusually low, ventured to give notice to the holders of the 5 per cent. stock, that it was ready to pay them off, and that it certainly should do so forthwith, unless they would consent to receive in future 4½ per cent. instead of 5.

The corporation was, in fact, by no means prepared to pay the whole of the six thousand pounds. But it was easy enough to guess that the greater part of the holders of the 5 per cent. stock would submit to the proposed reduction of interest, rather than receive the money and be paid off; because, in the then state of the money-market, when they had received the money, they would not know how to dispose of it again, so as to get even so much as 4½ per cent. for it. Almost all did, in fact, consent to the reduction. The few that did not, the corporation had money enough in hand to pay off.

We have spoken throughout of the governing corporation as borrowing the money, and paying the interest; but, in truth, the party really borrowing and paying was the town of E—— collectively. The loan was sanctioned by the council which was elected by the town, and supposed to represent its wishes and interests. The money was borrowed for public purposes, and used in upholding the rights of the whole community; and most assuredly the inhabitants of the town were the paymasters, and bore the whole burden; for it was on them that those taxes were imposed, by the produce of which the interest of the loan was paid.

It may be as well to mention here, that there was another legislative council, called the Upper Council, whose consent, jointly with that of the council already spoken of, was required in the case of this and all other legislative proceedings; but as this Upper Council was not elected by the inhabitants, and was of much less weight and importance in money matters —having, in fact, nothing to do with them but to say yes or no to what had been already proposed and sanctioned by the other council—we have not thought it expedient to lengthen and complicate our narrative by introducing it.

The corporation, we are sorry to say, did not stop at the two loans already mentioned. Tempted by the facility with which these had been effected, they raised many more on various terms; so that the

Digitized by Google

interest paid amounted at last to many thousands, instead of hundreds, as at first. Let us consider the effect of this. We have said that by this system of funding debts, a new sort of property was created, passing from hand to hand by sale, just like any other property, as estates or houses. But by using the terms, 'creating a new sort of property,' we must not be supposed to mean that any actual addition was made to the wealth of the town; the only immediate effect was to make a new distribution of the wealth already possessed, which may easily be shewn by an instance. A proprietor of houses in the town of E—— derived from the rent of his houses, twenty in number, an annual income of L.200, each being let for L.10 a year. Now, for his share of the taxes raised for the payment of the interest of the public debt, he paid L.10 annually. The effect to him would be the same as if one of his houses was taken from him, and given to some one or other of the public creditors or holders of the corporation stock. And so it would be in all cases. The facility, indeed, with which this new sort of property was transferred and circulated from hand to hand, might help the trading affairs and money-dealings of the town, and so contribute indirectly to its wealth and prosperity; but directly, as I have said, there was no *addition* to the wealth of the town, only a new distribution of it—a taking of a portion of it out of the pocket of one person and putting it into the pocket of another.

Whatever benefits may arise from the system of funding debts, they must needs be overbalanced by its evils, when it is carried to a great excess, as was eventually the case in the town of E——. Some of these evils were set forth by a sagacious politician of the place in an evening conversation with a friend, a part of which we had the advantage of overhearing. 'Yes, my dear sir,' says the politician, 'I am beginning to think that this borrowing of money by the corporation is a very sad affair. I am not thinking of my own sufferings; I have too much public spirit for that, though, indeed, they are not inconsiderable; for I think you must have observed that we pay more than we did before the lawsuit for the little articles which we purchase at the shops—all owing to these weary loans; for, to get money to pay the interest of them, they tax and re-tax almost everything that is bought and sold. I don't complain of the shopkeepers, poor things! They can do nothing else; for you see, my dear friend, when an article which was sold for a shilling has a tax of a penny put upon it, it must be sold for thirteenpence; indeed, the political economists will tell you that a little more must be added than the single penny. On that, however, I reserve my opinion. But, as I said, it is not of these little matters I complain. Our manufacturing friends are like to be ruined.' The listener looked aghast. 'Yes, it is even so. You know that our manufacturers supply even distant towns with their manufactured goods, because they are supposed to produce cheaper and better articles than others. But how can they any longer produce cheap things, when the materials from which they are made, owing to these fatal loans, are heavily taxed? I am told, indeed, that the raw material, as it is called, is no longer taxed. I don't know how this may be; but everything else being made dearer by these taxes, the manufacturers must pay their workmen more, and make up for it by putting a higher price on the manufactured articles. Then their old customers will leave them, and go to untaxed or more lightly taxed manufacturing places. Why, it was only yesterday I was told by our very sensible young hair-dresser, that those odious wretches with whom we have been at law so long, will undersell us some time or other, and even those greedy, grasping Uncle Samians—though they, I believe, have not many manufactures yet. But there is even worse than this.' Here our politician, perceiving that his friend had shut his eyes to save them, abruptly concluded his lecture with some indistinct mutterings to himself about the fact, that fundholders belonged generally to the unproductive classes, so that the loans and funded debts caused a large quantity of money to be unprofitably wasted by being withdrawn from productive industry—which last words he pronounced with strong emphasis.

There were, however, moralists in the place who took higher ground than our politician. The dissenting clergyman, a man of great talent and respectability, denounced the whole system of funding debts as morally wrong, on the ground that we have no right to burden posterity with our debts without their consent. To this it was replied, that it is not easy to get the consent of posterity; but that when the case is very urgent, and the loan is judged to be as necessary for the future welfare of posterity as for our own, it might be permitted to take the leave which could not be given. In short, when it is, as the French love to say, of two things, one, either to let the country be disgraced and ruined, or to raise a loan, and fund the debt, it may be well to anticipate consent, and presume the future gratitude of posterity for the wise discretion exercised by their forefathers.

And now, in conclusion, we have to make a humble apology to the lively young ladies and gentlemen who may have been cheated by a mask—though a very transparent one—into reading about those awfully dull things, the national debt and the funds. For the town of E——, let Great Britain and Ireland be substituted; for the mayor and his cabinet, the Queen and her ministers; for the two councils, the Houses of Lords and Commons; for the elected council, the House of Commons, in which House all money-bills must originate; for the clerk of the tolls, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, one of the Queen's cabinet ministers, who is always a member of the House of Commons; for the lawsuit, a war or any other public matter, requiring a larger amount of money than can be raised for immediate use by taxation, such as the compensation gift to the West Indian proprietors of slaves; and above all, let millions be substituted for hundreds, our readers will have in the foregoing story a rude and faint sketch of that monstrous thing, the national debt, its causes and consequences.

The system of creating a permanent national debt by funding began soon after the Revolution of 1689. A few statements of facts will shew with what rapid strides it advanced. In 1693, the permanent debt amounted to about one million two hundred thousand pounds, which had been borrowed at 8 per cent. In 1714, that is, in seventeen years, it was swelled to nearly fifty-four millions. This great increase was occasioned by the expensive continental wars in which this country had been engaged in the reigns of William and Anne. After this, it was slightly reduced; but in 1748 it had mounted again to seventy-eight millions. In 1756, at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, it was seventy-five millions; at the close of it, it had attained what was then thought the frightful amount of one hundred and thirty-nine millions. More than ninety-seven millions were added to the debt during the American war. At the peace of Amiens in 1802, it amounted to more than six hundred and twenty millions. In 1831, the permanent national debt amounted to rather more than seven hundred and fifty-seven millions, on which the annual interest paid was a little more than twenty-four millions.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 254. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

A SOUVENIR OF A DINNER.

STANDING irresolute at the book-stall at the Great Northern terminus, King's Cross, uncertain in which of the red and yellow volumes I should invest half-a-crown for my mental delectation on a journey to Edinburgh, my eye rested on a little *brochure* called *The Art of Dining*.

We all know how to *eat*, but very few of us know how to *dine*. The one is a suggestion of nature, the other is an effort of high art, in which we are constantly frustrated. Providence sends meats, and the proverb tells us how those good things are neutralised by the envoys of the Prince of Darkness. There is no enterprise to which the human mind can be directed more noble in itself, or more profitable to mankind, than the conversion of fish, flesh, fowl, fruits, and vegetables into sapid and nutritious *matériel*. I will not say it has been the study of my life to dine well, for in our hot youth we care little what we eat, or when, or how the meat is dressed. *C'est toute autre chose* when the actual palate becomes a little fantastical from use, the ideal taste somewhat refined by experience, and the gratification of epicurean guests an object of social, and often of high political importance. Hence the last half of my life has been consecrated to gastronomic considerations. At thirty, I began to suspect the merits of boiled mutton and caper sauce; at forty, boiled beef and mutton-chops were discarded from my table; at fifty, I peremptorily discharged my cook for daring to place a suet-pudding before me. But if I thus circumscribed the limits of my *carte* in one way, I enlarged them in another. If I dismissed my old-established *pièces de résistance*, my heavy battalions and siege-train, I enlisted an immense body of light infantry and flying-artillery in their places. The radius of my bill of fare is very extensive, comprising innumerable French dishes with ingenious titles, and many of my own conception with loyal and popular designations. Ask at the Waterloo or Anderson's (late Macgregor's), in Princes Street, for a *pâté à la provost d'Edinbourg*, or an *Auld Reekie mayorraise*, and you will see that I have some pretensions to culinary skill. Still, I am not satisfied; none but egotists are easily pleased with their own work. I believe I have yet much to learn of the sublime science of dining. The Walkers, Udes, Savarins, and so forth, thought only of providing for a party varying from eight to twenty guests, and even more. Few have taught us how *one* person may dine. The other day, in the Dover train, I fell in with an alderman who was going over to Paris for the first time in his life. 'To dine at the *Trois Frères* or *Durand's*?' I concluded.

'O dear, no—to see the Tooleries and the Loover, etcetera. What do I care for French kickshaws? No—a man must be partickler indeed who couldn't be satisfied with old English fare.'

'Just so,' I replied, falling into his humour—'turtle, venison, turbot, and all that.'

'Now,' said he, turning towards me, and looking me full in the face, 'how you talk! You fellows of the West End, or the country, have the most erroneous conceptions of an alderman's appetite. It is true, we give the best of fare in our power to our guests on public occasions; but see us in private—we are perfect anchorites!' And he sank back in his seat, the very type of a self-denying Silenus.

'You amaze me,' I rejoined: 'the popular notion runs quite the other way.'

My curiosity was greatly piqued, and I resolved to lead my companion to a disclosure of an ascetic alderman's fare *en solitude*.

'Tell me, sir,' said I, continuing the conversation, 'if I don't take too great a liberty, what may be your ideas of gastronomic simplicity.'

'My ideas of simplicity! Why, give me but a basin of Scotch broth (the most exhilarating of broths—the very champagne of soups), followed by a tender rump-steak and oyster-sauce; a bird, according to the season; a pudding or a tart, and a piece of Stilton; with a glass of sherry after my soup, porter with my steak, and a pint of port after my cheese; and I would wish for nothing more!'

If I was amazed before, I was now petrified. Truly, a most moderate gourmand; quite a rigorous, self-denying Barmecide. The description conjured to my mind a vision of Sancho Panza feasting in prosperity. But the alderman's little sketch did not provide the lesson I expected. It did not help me to arrange a dinner for a solitary bachelor of delicate appetite and limited means. I was, and still am, at a loss in that important particular; therefore it was that (the reader must pardon the long digression) I laid out eighteenpence in the *Art of Dining*—one of Mr Murray's volumes of *Railway Reading*—and had cut all the leaves before the train had emerged from the tunnel which darkens the road between King's Cross and Potter's Bar.

The book proved to be a reprint of Mr Hayward's article from the *Quarterly*—a good *résumé* of all that had been written on the subject of gastronomy, and an amusing collection of anecdotes of famous cooks, and equally famous patrons of cooks, from Louis XIV. to Lord Alvanley. It is very edifying, and nearly complete. If the author and the accomplished diners-out and dinner-givers whom Mr A. H. consulted, have

Digitized by Google

failed in anything, it is in doing justice to curries—the most delicious of all methods of dressing certain kinds of human food. See how readily the thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen who go to India adapt themselves to it; and how the pleasure of returning to their native land in the autumn of life is qualified by the sacrifice of what had become a *sine quâ non* in the daily meal. An English curry is ordinarily a detestable mess, a gross imposition, a downright insult to the cultivated palate. Fowl or rabbit smeared with turmeric and black pepper, and served up with half-boiled rice—that's an English *ménagère's* notion of the thing. A native of the Andaman islands would recoil from it with horror; and Jack Pandy, of the 34th Bengal Native Infantry, would find in such garbage a new apology for mutiny, in which his officers would sustain him. But try a curry made as a first-class Indian *khansumah*, or butler, would fabricate it. It is easily done. I know two families who have acquired a respectable status in society by its adoption. You have all the ingredients at hand—saffron, the pulp of the cocoa-nut, butter, garlic, red pepper, onions (which should be fried separately), salt, an apple; and, mind me, use only fat meats of an open grain. The smooth, impenetrable texture of rabbit and chicken renders it quite impossible for the meat to become even partially saturated with the curry-stuff thus compounded; and unless that is done, you may as well serve up the leg of a chair or table with your rice. Shrimps and eels make admirable curries, for the same reason that pork and mutton are to be commended. They gratefully reciprocate service; they impart to the condiment some of their own exquisite flavour, while they receive the saffron impregnation. A shrimp or prawn curry, served with well-boiled rice, would enable a minister of state to win over the most bitter opponent and selfish intriguer in the shape of a foreign ambassador. But let that pass. I do not quarrel with A. H. for omitting to speak of things which only orientalists can understand. No, I forgive him for his modesty; and I also honour him for the praise *en passant* he has bestowed on my lamented friend, Alexis Soyer. He says of the deceased: 'He is a clever man, of inventive genius, and inexhaustible resource; but his execution is hardly on a par with his conception, and he is more likely to earn his immortality by his soup-kitchen, than by his soup.'

I am not quite sure that this is a just estimate, though it is kindly meant. A great cook is no more expected to make his dishes than a great general is required to head every charge of cavalry. It is his province to conceive, plan, direct, leaving to the engineers of his *batterie de cuisine* to operate their pleasant warfare. This was Soyer's *forte*. If he had been a wealthy man, he would have devoted his mornings to the conceptions of dishes, which his friends should have eaten in the evening. I once dined with him. He was then *maitre de cuisine* at the Reform Club. Eight or nine years have passed away, and I have eaten much since; but the recollection of *that* dinner is unfading. It 'lingering haunts the greenest spot in memory's waste,' as poor Tom Moore sang in one of his most charming *chansons*. Soyer was supreme in the basement-story. His chambers were united with the kitchen. He was 'monarch of all he surveyed.' The dinner took place in his chambers, and this is how it came about.

I had been conversing with the great chief about his *métier*, and observed how proud he must feel to minister to the appetites of so many hundreds of men superior by their intelligence and station to the ordinary run of Englishmen. 'Bah!' he exclaimed; 'they do not appreciate me or my cookery. It is thrown away upon them. There are many *gourmands* among them, but very few *gourmets*. Excepting Lord M. H., there is hardly one of them that knows how to order a dinner; and if he leaves it to me, and gives *carte blanche* as to the price, ten to one but he invites people who would as readily eat a piece of under-done roast beef. What do they know of *bouchées de lapereau à la Pompadour*, or *noisettes de veau à la Velleroi, garnies d'une soubise!* It is terrible, my dear friend, to think how great talent is prostituted before such coarse fellows.' I felt he was quite right, and I told him so, and I repeated part of Goldsmith's notions of a good company over a haunch of venison. 'Tenez,' he resumed; 'I think you could appreciate a superior dinner. I think you are a man before whom I could venture to deploy the highest efforts of my poor genius. Come and dine with me on Saturday next. We can repose from the fatigues of mind and stomach on the Sunday. Invite five friends. Our table must be round, and our party limited to eight. Thus all can share in the conversation. You and I, and a French friend of mine—a confidential envoy from the *cuisinier de la bouche, du Prince Président de la R-r-r-république*—will make three. Ask the rest yourself, and let them be *beaux esprits*.' I accepted the invitation.

It took me an hour to consider which of the men in my small circle would best suit the occasion. It is not often that the most brilliant intellect is associated with the most undeniable palate. Faraday is content with a cutlet; Tennyson is said to affect tripe. I don't believe it. However, when I had deliberated, made out list after list, and then weeded and pruned the collection, I decided on my five. A. was a brilliant M.P., as M.P.s go; B. was a barrister; C., an actor of abounding quiet humour; D., an artist—a superb historical painter; E., a soldier and traveller. The literary interest was represented poorly enough by myself.

The dinner-hour was eight; we were punctual. The table was chastely spread—a *tazza* of flowers in the centre; a vase would have obscured the guests from each other. A gas chandelier above illuminated the table. There were knives, forks, and napkins for the eight guests—nothing more—not even a salt-cellar—on the whitest of damask cloths. Soyer was cordial in his welcome. His face beamed with the pleasure which a sense of triumph and a prospect of enjoyment is sure to impart. He took his seat, and a servant brought in one dish. We had no soup. 'It is a mistake,' said the incomparable Soyer, 'to provide a pool for the reception of vianda. You only drown them.' The first course was fish, of which three descriptions came in, one after the other, so that they should be hot. I remember there were *filets de sole à la Normande;* but I remember nothing more of the many dishes which succeeded each other at prolonged intervals, all seasoned, all cut up, and temporarily reunited, so that a silver fork removed the slices without the intervention of a knife. Their measured *entrée* allowed repose to the stomach, time for wine, and time for talk. We did not make a toil of a pleasure. There were several wines, each adapted to a particular dish; they were sipped deliberately; it was necessary that an amalgam should be established within, and the palate allowed an opportunity of reviving. Do you blame me that I do not remember the details of the dinner, fascinated as I was with the *ensemble*? Then blame the girl in Bulwer's *Pompeii* who had never noticed the colour of her lover's eyes. How many a man remembers with what intense enjoyment he read Walter Scott's *Waverley*, but how few can recall a single passage of the unapproachable work! Then blame me not *if I* forget all. All?—no! I do remember me of one feature of the dinner: it was too striking to be forgotten.

We had reached the last course—it was midnight, and yet no one was suffering from repletion. The

Digitized by Google

servitor now brought us in ham, boiled, clothed in grated bread, and decorated with a *papillote* of foolscap. 'O Soyer,' exclaimed the guests with one voice, 'what appetites you must suppose us to possess!' We had eaten of innumerable meats, and rather preferred a good dessert. 'Cut,' said the *gastronome* to me, indifferent to the appeal of his friends. I looked at him imploringly: Why carve what no one would eat? His expression was sternly resolute, Napoleon I.'s could not have been more obdurate. 'Everybody who dines with me must eat what I command. Cut, I say; you will not repent it.' Slap went the knife into the neighbourhood of the knuckle, the meat yielding with the most graceful condescension. The second insertion revealed the trick. It was a cake, of the pound-cake quality, filled with vanille ice! Well might he call it a *jambon à la surprise*, for our weak minds were astonished exceedingly. Everybody had a corner for *that* ham. Soyer then told us that it was nothing very new, though uncommon. He had once practised the same device at the house of Sir Robert Peel, on a grander scale. He had prepared an entire course of imitative game—pheasants, partridges, snipe, hare—all were *gâteaux*, with iced creams in their inwards. Colonel Peel, the present Secretary of State for War, presided; the lady of Sir Robert was at the other hand. 'Why, what's the meaning of this?' exclaimed the colonel, who had the hare before him. 'We have done with game.' 'Never mind,' said her ladyship, who was in the secret; 'you have only to carve; nobody's obliged to eat.' And he *did* carve, as prodigiously astounded at the results as he was when Lord Derby sent to him a few months ago, and placed him at the head of the War-office.

Towards the close of the dinner, one of the servants of the establishment came in with what appeared, at first sight, to be a diminutive jack-in-the-green.

'Ah, ha!' said our host, 'that's just the thing. I think the duchess will be pleased.'

This was another surprise, at least for us. Alexis had devised a bouquet of game for the Duchess of Sutherland. It consisted simply of a framework resembling a boy's kite, and about five feet high. On this, mingled with evergreen leaves, so as to conceal the frame, were placed, with much grace and effect, a hare, two rabbits, a pheasant, partridges, grouse, plovers, snipe, larks, and ducks—all made fast to the frame. A picture of this clever contrivance afterwards appeared in the *Illustrated News*; but a woodcut covered with black ink conveyed no idea of the beauty of the original, or of the variety of plumage that reposed on a rich and glossy green.

We rose from table a little before one, to adjourn to the kitchen, to see the *modus operandi*, and give orders for a supper of broils and devils. As I turned round, I saw a portrait of the late Madame Soyer *on* the wall in crayons, and in an unusually low part of the wall. I was tempted to remark upon the singularity. 'There is a little story attached to that,' said Soyer with a melancholy smile. 'The house was being whitewashed; I was out of the way when my poor wife called. With her usual fun, she seized a piece of charcoal, and immediately sketched her sweet face on the wall, and when it was finished, she said to one of the plasterers: "There, tell Monsieur Soyer that a lady paid him a visit, and she has left her card!"'

The broils proved as superb in their way as the stews, boils, roasts, and fries which had preceded them. It was two o'clock in the morning before we parted company. Tumblers of whisky-punch crowned the feast, in which, to say the truth, there had been a rare concurrence of physical and intellectual enjoyment. The barrister's wit was as sparkling as the Mosel; the M.P.'s remarks had the solidity of the port; the player's fun fizzed with the champagne. Much was eaten, a great quantity was drunk; and my concluding phrase will be the best commentary on the superlative excellence of the entertainment—no one had a headache the next day! Let us respect the memory of Alexis Soyer.

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURIES.

In our defence of the eighteenth century against the diatribes of Mr Carlyle (see No. 252), we had but little room to illustrate the spirit of that preceding age with which the philosopher of Chelsea and all other lovers of earnestness and decisive courses are so much enamoured. Let us now, then, recur to the subject.

First, however, let us fully admit that the seventeenth century produced men who, for their lights, were entitled to high admiration. They aimed well; they ventured and suffered heroically: and much which they did was of vast importance to those who came after them. But the lights of that time were really of a very glimmering and insufficient character. Some of the principles on which our individual happiness rests were quite undetermined. Contentions which we know to be only productive of mutual destruction, while settling nothing, were then eagerly fought. Much, consequently, of that very earnestness which is now by some admired so highly, was merely an earnestness in imposing distasteful and impossible opinions on others. Let us adduce a few illustrations on this point from a work recently published.*

In 1630, a number of papist gentlemen in Aberdeen and Banffshires were pressed by the government and clergy to make profession of the reformed doctrines, the alternative on refusal being imprisonment, or banishment, and loss of their estates, with, at the utmost, some allowance from the latter at the pleasure of the king. John Gordon of Craig sent a petition to the Privy Council, humbly shewing 'that, for religion, order hath been given for banishing the petitioner's son, his wife and children, and confining himself—in respect of his great age—in a town within Scotland [Cupar], which order they have all humbly obeyed, his son, wife, and poor children having forthwith abandoned the kingdom. A two part of the poor estate which he hath being allotted for his son and his family, and a third part for himself, he now findeth that by such a mean proportion he cannot be able to live, being both aged and sickly. His humble suit is, that he may have leave to depart the kingdom to live with his son, because by their estate undivided, they may all be more able to subsist than otherwise.' Even this poor boon was denied as 'unreasonable.' About the same time, the Council received a petition from 'Elizabeth Garioch, setting forth her case as a sufferer for her "averseness and non-conformity to the religion presently professed." She was an old decrepit woman, past threescore and ten years, bedrid for the present, and not likely long to live. She had lain for months in the Tolbooth of Aberdeen, with "no earthly means to entertein herself but ane croft of sax bolls sawing, and neither husband nor child to attend to the winning and in-gathering thereof." The misery of her circumstances made her restraint, she said, the more grievous. Therefore she craved release from prison, professing, "for the eschewing of scandal, which her remaining in the country may breed or occasion," her willingness to give security that she should remove herself forth of the kingdom. The Lords mercifully remitted to the Bishop of Aberdeen to see to Elizabeth Garioch being liberated on her

* *Domestic Annals of Scotland.* By Robert Chambers. 2 vols. 8vo. 1858.

Digitized by Google

giving caution to the extent of a thousand merks for her self-banishment.'

During the Civil War, dissent from the Presbyterian Church, or even a declining to sign the Solemn League and Covenant—the said League being a bond agreeing to extirpate popery and prelacy—was punished with excommunication, which implied outlawry and loss of all worldly possessions. In 1643, we find one Gilbert Garden, in Aberdeenshire, threatened with this punishment for forsaking the church, and professing to consider his private devotions as sufficient; and he was afterwards actually imprisoned as a Brownite. A poor wheel-wright in Aberdeen, who had adopted Brownism or Independency, only saved himself by flight. About the same time, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas, who were Catholics, were deprived of their children, lest they should inherit the errors of their parents, or be sent for their education to France. The marquis, on one occasion, petitioned the presbytery of Lanark for permission to have one of his sons brought from the school at Glasgow, and placed at that of Lanark, '*but not to come home to his parents unless the presbytery permit.*' This proud noble had to receive a Presbyterian minister into his house, to be a spy upon his religious practice. After he had made some concessions, his marchioness still held out; but at last she also was compelled to yield. 'On the 9th of March 1650, two ministers went to pass upon her that sentence of excommunication which was to make her homeless and an outlaw, unless she should *instantly* profess the Protestant faith; at the same time telling her "how fearful a sin it was to swear with equivocation or mental reservation." The lady, of course, reflected that the system represented by her visitors was now triumphant over everything—that, for one thing, it had brought her brother Huntly, not a twelvemonth ago, beneath the stroke of the Maiden. She "declared she had no more doubts," and at the command of one of the ministers, held up her hand, and solemnly accepted the Covenant before the congregation. "After he had read the Solemn League and Covenant, and desired her to hold up her hand and swear by the great name of God to observe, according to her power, every article thereof, she did so; and after divine service was ended, he desired her to go to the session-table and subscribe the Covenant, and, before the minister and elders, she went to the said table and did subscribe."'

As might be readily supposed, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas continued to be Catholics in their hearts. The presbytery had only forced them into a hypocritical submission.

Quakerism came into Scotland during the Commonwealth, and obtained a few adherents among the gentry. 'Walter Scott of Raeburn, brother of William Scott of Harden, had been converted to Quakerism, and on that account was incarcerated in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. There it was soon discovered by his relations that he was exposed to the conversation of other Quakers, prisoners like himself, "whereby he is hardened in his pernicious opinions and principles, without all hope of recovery, unless he be separat from such pernicious company." There was, however, a more serious evil than even this, in the risk which his children ran of being perverted to Quakerism, if allowed to keep company with their father. On a petition, therefore, the Council gave the brother Harden warrant (June 22, 1665) to take away Raeburn's children, two boys and a girl, from their father, that they might be educated in the true religion. He, "after some pains taken with them in his own family, sent them to the city of Glasgow, to be bred at the schools there."* On a second petition from Harden, the Council ordered an annuity of L.1000 Scots to be paid to him, out of Raeburn's estate, for the maintenance of the children; and they also ordered the father himself to be removed to Jedburgh Tolbooth, "where his friends and others may have occasion to convert him." "To the effect he may be secured from the practice of other Quakers," the Lords "discharged the magistrates of Jedburgh to suffer any persons suspect of these principles to have access to him." Raeburn continued to be a prisoner in Jedburgh jail in June 1669, when the Privy Council gave a fresh order that "none of his persuasion should have access to him, except his own wife."

'At length, on the 1st of January 1670, after suffering imprisonment for four and a half years, Raeburn was ordained to be set at liberty from jail, but still to remain within the bounds of his own lands, and to see no other Quaker under a penalty of a hundred pounds, his children meanwhile remaining as they were. Mr George Keith was set at liberty on the 6th of March, but only to go into voluntary exile.'

The Presbyterians having, during their time of supremacy, thrust out and otherwise persecuted every minister who had a particle of predilection for Episcopacy, or who favoured the king on loyal principles only, the Episcopalians in their turn practised similar severities at the Restoration against the more rigid Presbyterians. A melancholy proof of the want of tolerant feeling on all sides was then afforded by the simultaneous losses of their cures by Presbyterians, because unable to submit to Episcopalian regulations, and compensations claimed from their vacant stipends for Episcopalian ministers who had been deposed on equally insufficient grounds during the preceding twelve years. It was pitiable to hear at once of poor clergymen who had been thrown with their families into destitution for declining to sign the Covenant, and of others who were now threatened with the like evils for adhering to it, the time having not yet come when one party could take a lesson from the errors of the other. To quote the work referred to:

'The many petitions of the persecuted men of 1638–60 for redress are only slightly alluded to in a few sentences by Wodrow, while he fills long chapters with those sufferings of proscribed Remonstrators which would never probably have had existence but for their own harsh doings in their days of power. He dwells with much feeling on the banishment passed upon Mr John Livingstone, a preacher high in the esteem of the more serious people, and deservedly so. All must sympathise with such a case, and admire the heroic constancy of the sufferer; but it is striking, only a few months after his sentence to exile (February 2, 1664), to find a Mr Robert Aird coming before the Privy Council with a piteous recital of the distresses to which he and his family had been subjected since 1638, in consequence of his being then thrust out of his charge at Stranraer, merely for his affection to the then constituted Episcopal government, the clergyman put into his place being this same John Livingstone! Aird tells us that, being then "redacted to great straits, he was at last necessitat to settle himself in Comray, in the diocese of the Isles, where his provision [patrimony] was," that being "so little that he was not able to maintain his family." During the usurpation, "by reason of his affection to his majesty, he was quartered upon and otherwise cruelly abused, to his almost utter ruin." The Lords recommended that Mr Aird should have some allowance out of vacant stipends in the diocese of the Isles. Another of the zealous clergy whose resistance to the new rule and consequent troubles and denunciation are brought conspicuously forward by Wodrow, was Mr James Hamilton,

* One of these boys was the great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford.

Digitized by Google

minister of Blantyre. He was compelled to leave his parish, and not even allowed to officiate peaceably in his own house at Glasgow. Much to be deplored, truly; but Wodrow does not tell us of a petition which was about the same time addressed to the Council by the widow of Mr John Heriot, the former minister of Blantyre, upon whom, in 1653, "the prevailing party of Remonstrators in the presbytery of Hamilton had intruded one Mr James Hamilton," by whom the whole stipend had been appropriated, so that Heriot, after a few years of penury, had left his widow and children in absolute destitution. So impressed were the Council by the petitioner's case, that they ordered her to receive the whole stipend of the current year.'

A somewhat picturesque incident, illustrative of the depressed condition of the Romish party in the reign of Charles II., occurred at Aberdeen in 1670. Francis Irving, brother of the Laird of Drum, was a zealot on this side, going so far occasionally as to get up a disputation in favour of popery. 'His sister Elizabeth being deceased, he resolved to have her buried in a public way in St Nicolas' Church in Aberdeen, being the principal church there, and for this purpose he collected a great company of his own persuasion, and "that the strength, interest, and boldness of the papists there might the more appear," he "in a most insolent and treasonable way, did raise in arms and bring to the town, from Comar, a band of Highlandmen, armed with guns, hagbuts, pistols, bows and arrows, and other weapons." These, "after they had entered at the Port, albeit they might have taken a nearer and more private way to the Lady Drum her lodging, where the corpse lay, in the Guestraw," being resolved to affront and provoke the magistrates and people, "had the confidence to march to the said house alongst , being the most populous and public street in the said town, in rank and order and in warlike posture, a commander marching before, and another behind, to the great astonishment and grief of his majesty's good subjects, affected to the purity of religion." On the morning of the day of the funeral, a gentleman went at the order of Francis to the provost of the burgh, told him what was to be done that night, and warned him that, if the people thronged about the funeral company, and any "inconvenience ensue therethrough," it should be at the peril of the magistracy, who ought [to restrain their people—"which was a practice without parallel for insolency and boldness." "About eleven o'clock that night, the corpse being lifted, was carried to the church of Aberdeen, with great show and in a public way, with many torches, a great multitude of persons accompanying, the coffin being covered with velvet or cloth, with a cross upon the same, and a priest or some other person going before the corpse, holding out his arms before him, and carrying a crucifix under his cloak, or using some other superstitious ceremony." The Highlandmen, having their swords drawn, guarded the corpse and torches, "and when they came to the church-door, divers others of the company drew their swords and did hold them drawn in the church all the time the corpse was [being] buried." "In the throng, two of the inhabitants of the town was wounded." "Next morning, the Highlandmen having marched out of the town, many of them in a braving and insulting manner did shoot and discharge their guns as they went by the provost's lodging."

'Francis was found guilty of "a high and insolent riot," and condemned to be imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh during pleasure, besides paying the expenses incurred in his prosecution. It does not appear that he suffered much confinement in jail; but he was forbidden to approach within a mile of Aberdeen. It was only on petition that he obtained so far a relaxation from this sentence as to be permitted to visit his mother there, in order to settle some weighty affairs of hers, on which he acted as trustee. On a subsequent petition in July 1671, he was freed from this restraint.'

Such are merely a few traits of the age of earnestness. To extend them would be only too possible.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

'GENTLE reader,' were you ever at Tenby? If you have not been there—taking it for granted that you love tranquillity and beautiful coast-scenery as much as I do—you ought to go there without delay. You ask: 'What is there to see?' and 'How far is it from a station?' I will reply to the last question first, and tell you that whatever *route* you take, it is thirteen miles over hill and dale from any station; and however unpopular it may be to say so, its being so far from the iron highways of the world is to me one of the great charms of Tenby. There are plenty of '*stations*' at countless sea-sides. And here I may as well say that I am ashamed of my *compatriots;* they—men, women, and children—have become positive slaves to the *locomotive;* they have sold themselves, limb and life, to King Steam. When they hear of something very rare and beautiful, their first question is, 'How far is it from a station?' One would think there was neither a horse nor a pair of sound limbs in England; that we had mistaken our ancestry, and lately discovered we are descended from the Chinese, and inherit our mothers' incapacity to use our feet. We surrender ourselves to the boiling, bubbling, hissing, screaming, steaming 'Express;' and if obliged to exchange the stuffy heated carriage, in which the thermometer would stand at ninety, for a cool breezy drive through lanes enamelled with wild-flowers, and shaded at intervals by trees in their summer profusion of verdure, with the song of the lark instead of the whistle of the steam-engine, for accompaniment—we grumble. We absolutely prefer the trembling and jerking of the unwieldy monster who delights in human sacrifice, to the guidance of a pair of spanking Welsh ponies, which cross the hills like a whirlwind, dash into the valleys, as if they considered broken knees a myth; and if they did upset you—which they never do—but if they did, you are there, safe in the grass, or the heather, without injury to arm, leg, or even little finger.

The thirteen miles were quite refreshing to us; when, after scrambling through the streets, avoiding, as by a miracle, running over the children, and arrived at our sea-side home, we found ourselves in a lofty house, the last that towers over the precipitous rocks of the south sands: twilight had fallen like a veil on the ocean; but we could trace the outline of the fertile island of Caldy, whose light-house marked a brilliant track upon the waters. The tide was full in, and the sea was dashing its phosphoric illuminations over the dark rocks beneath our windows.

In the morning, the view was indeed magnificent: Caldy, and its caverned sister, St Margarets, opposite our windows; 'proud Gittow,' that noble headland, standing out far on the right, washed by the pure sparkling waves of the Atlantic, as they rolled into Tenby Bay. On the left, set like a jewel in the waters—surmounted by the ruins of a religious house—arose with firmness and dignity the rocky island of St

Digitized by Google

Catherine, shewing patches of verdure, and blushing here and there over the deep and caverned fissures, with the abundant blossoms of the sea-pink; a little beyond rose the Castle hill, with its ruins forming a commanding boundary between the south and north sands. Beyond that, stretched out the noble bay of Carnarvon; and beyond that again, there were dim outlines of mountains, as if they were exhalations of the brilliant waters. As we stood in that charming window, the only object that reminded us of man's 'handywork' was the remains of an old bastion tower, crowning a projecting rock which had evidently been the turning-point where the old city-wall ran on as a sea-wall. A walk between the ramparts, which are in a singular state of preservation, terminated at our window. It was quite a new delight to step out between those aged battlements, starred by innumerable wild-flowers and mosses, and enwreathed by small-leaved ivies, where the botanist would find sufficient interest and occupation for hours, upon a few yards of this enriched masonry. It was like standing on the threshold of a new world, to enter that old tower from the battlement-walk, and seated safely on the top, to enjoy the sea and the landscape. Climbing up and down the dark rocks, are the ruins of the gray sea-wall, now altogether lost amid the rubble, and now emerging from behind a natural pinnacle, as if resolved to do brave battle with time. Nothing can be more picturesque than the inequalities of these 'remains'—here a bastion; there, further on, another mural tower; then up and down, a long broken line of ruin. We discovered from our 'look-out,' that our house rested against a very perfect portion of the wall—perfect to the second story. One of the towers had absolutely been beguiled into it, so that the drawing-room boasts of a nondescript sort of oriel recess, whose cell-like window, imbedded in the substantial masonry of old times, commands a half land-view of the 'burrows,' and the lovely village of Penally, sheltered amid trees and flowers.

All this beauty is set to the music of the waves, now sonorous as an organ, now dying away on the sands in whisperings, soft as the breeze amid the corn. We never attempted to resist the fascination of watching the receding tide, giving as it did every moment fresh interest to the scene—exposing the base of some gigantic cavern—retreating from ledges of rock over which the waters danced in the sunbeams half-an-hour before as calmly as they did above the silver sands—exposing the rocky bridge upon which, at low-water, you can pass from St Margarets to Caldy Isle, and enabling you to cross the sands, which are as firm and hard as marble—too firm and pure to emit an exhalation—to St Catherine's Rock, and explore its caves. The north sands are preferred by many to the south; they are, as a pretty descendant of the ancient Flemings assured us, 'more lively' than the south, 'which are cold and grander-like; but it's so pretty to see the boats round the pier, and the bathing-machines, and the trees down to the water's edge, and the flower-gardens, all just under the principal street, and the shops so beautiful, and the elderly gentlemen so quiet in the reading-room.'

You should have heard this information, given with a rapidity that would have been startling, but for the soft melodious voice of the speaker. The peasants who come in, in their high hats and jackets, to sell the produce of their gardens, are all sweet-voiced and gentle-mannered. We were three weeks in this town during the excitement of a regatta and the weekly bustle of 'the market,' and we never saw but one drunken person, and never heard a loud or harsh word spoken by one to another. It may be said that 'ladies' do not go in the way of meeting drunkards, or 'hearing harsh words spoken'—they do not desire to encounter these painful sights and sounds—but, unfortunately, they see them and hear them constantly in London and out of London, and it adds much to our happiness to be freed from them. We drove daily through lanes enriched by the greatest variety of wild-flowers—not even in Devonshire had we seen such beautiful lanes; and into villages, whose rude walls and barren aspect often recalled the villages of Ireland, meeting abundance of pigs and children—the latter dirty and beautiful enough to strengthen the resemblance—but we were never once asked for charity. The little girls who open the lane-gates never even hold out their hands; and when you visit a castle or a church, you are not hurried or importuned; while what you do give is received courteously.

There is a freshness about Tenby and its people which at once revives and amuses. Though they have no pretension to be considered the 'original' Welsh, they retain sufficient marks of their Flemish descent to be unlike the regular money-making people of our 'watering-places.' Of course, they make the most of their 'season;' but, 'season' included, Tenby is still decidedly '*moderate*' to a Londoner, who, by the way, on his arrival, is sadly perplexed to know where his wants can be supplied.

'The library' is a perfect Noah's ark. The best tea is to be had in 'packets' at the library; and pianos, perfumery, walking-sticks—in addition to a good collection of books, and abundance of civility in exchange for a great deal of trouble.

Sugar is sold at the linendraper's. A young man, who really takes excellent photographs, told us he intended adding a grocer's shop to his art, and thought they would do well together. We hope they may. If they are out of stamps at the post-office, you can get them at the toy-shop. And the postman teaches the rudiments of music. In two days, you may know all the towns-people, and the towns-people know you. The basket-women need not be told where to take your purchases to; and the little sea-lads, who live quite as much in the water as on dry land, discover in a day if you desire shells or *actiniæ*. The latter are altogether different from those gathered at Weymouth, Ilfracombe, or Penzance. Of course, there is a band. One good Welsh harp would be worth twenty of such bands. And there are abundance of yachts and boats, and the best warm sea-water and shower-baths we have seen anywhere out of Brighton.

The whole land is jewelled with ruins—Manorbeer, Carew, and Pembrook castles—all within a drive; and every knoll and wood, every crag and valley, has either its castle, its church, or its old priory.

Having now given you the outline of what you may 'see,' I must add that, amid all these attractions, I had leisure to pry into the concerns of MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

I beg my readers to believe that I have not a general habit of prying. I like, I confess, to see and to hear; and not only to ask questions, but to listen to replies. But I must say that my opposite neighbours at Tenby attracted my attention so forcibly, that I have risen before the sun to observe their movements, and often used my opera-glass, to see, if possible, how they were occupied inside their dwelling. I saw who they were at once; there could be no mistake about *that;* and I conjectured what their object was in taking up their abode in that out-of-the-way corner. The neat, trim little pair desired to avoid observation. They liked retirement, and wished to live as they pleased, without reference to the habits or expenditure of their neighbours. This could not be objected to in a land of liberty; and their active and prudent life insured admiration. Very active, indeed, it was; they were out and about, as I have said, before sunrise; and seemed to me to be stirring long after a June sunset. Although they

Digitized by Google

occupied an elevated position, they attended to the wants and education of their four little ones themselves; to provide for and train up their children in the way they believed they should go, seemed the business of their busy lives. The little lady was a model of neatness and activity—very particular in her dress; and if she saw the least speck of dirt on her husband's coat, she attacked it so remorselessly, that I often fancied her extreme particularity would wear out the coat before its time. Her husband was really handsome—not at all like the members of his family we meet in London; his eyes, bright and sparkling; his figure, good; his legs, straight. I should, however, say that his temper was both violent and obstinate; and he was by no means a good neighbour. Indeed, I have seen him purloin both fuel and food from a poor little family round the corner—and that in the absence of their parents. In this respect, his little plain wife was as bad as himself, for she received what he brought home with evident approbation. I was not as much astonished at this as I might have been had I not known the gipsy habits of the family for a number of years. They are pretty much the same in town and country; but those who reside in London are more obtrusive than their country cousins, and are by no means so fresh or well-looking. All the family have quick perceptions; they rapidly and certainly distinguish their friends from their foes; and I confess I have ever experienced a large share of their confidence. The little gentleman at Tenby soon perceived that I watched him and his, narrowly; he did not seek to evade observation, or take any precautions against it. I frequently met his wife (by the way, I do not think I have mentioned his name; it was *Sparrow*)—I frequently met Mrs Sparrow in the market. I knew her by her foot. I think that, at one time or other, this very estimable parent must have been in captivity—some boy had betrayed her unsuspecting innocence, and trapped her. Certainly her right foot was slightly deformed; and a bit of chain, about half an inch in length, dangled from her ankle; so she was easily distinguished from others of her family. She managed to evade all dangers in that crowded market with marvellous skill. Sometimes she would take possession of a morsel of meat; and once I saw her standing, like a coast-guardman on the look-out, on that marvellous erection, a Welshwoman's black hat, watching where she could seize upon 'something,' 'anything' to carry home.

You have discovered that our opposite neighbours were only a pair of sparrows, but I hope the discovery will not cause you to abandon them. I assure you they kept up my interest in them to the last. The little creatures had seized upon a fissure in the old gray tower, and converted it into a home; it directly faced our drawing-room window, was protected by the parapet, and was far above the reach of those amphibious Tenby boys, who prowl continually after fishes of the sea, and birds of the air.

How these boys escape drowning is a miracle. I saw one washed out to sea, screaming for help, and covered my eyes in an agony, when the scream died away, and was followed by a ringing peal of childish laughter. I looked again, and there was the urchin on the seething sand, cutting the most lively capers in mockery of the waves.

Those boys go scrambling over and over, and in and out of holes in these gray walls—now poised on one foot, then hanging from an ivy branch, or a weed, that looks hardly strong enough to support a daw, then rolling over and over until, convinced they must be dashed to pieces, you peep from over the top of the precipice just in time to see the human hedgehogs unroll and run off to the sea.

I was dreadfully afraid that one of these amphibites would disturb the domestic felicity of my opposite neighbours—and indeed the little creatures feared it themselves, for if they perceived a marauding boy in the meadow or on the cliffs, or if the black cat was sunning itself ever so innocently in the garden, Mr and Mrs Sparrow met on the parapet, and took council together, chattering, and jerking their tails; and more than once I saw them drop their young ones' food on one of the battlements, and fly away in different directions, because the eyes of a very overgrown boy were fixed upon them; they were determined not to pass their threshold while *he* kept watch and ward. The cat's appearance was announced by so peculiar a twitter, that I knew when she was in the garden without looking. Where they collected food, from half-past four in the morning until nine in the evening, I know not—they must have scoured the whole neighbourhood—and what was singular, the two never went in the same direction. If one went north, the other went south, and *vice versâ*. They always parted with a 'twit,' a bird-like good-bye, and as the aperture would only admit one old bird at a time, one invariably waited until the other came out. If Mr Sparrow thought his wife remained too long inside, he would hang on one foot to a tiny piece of stonecrop which grew under their hall-door, and swing round and round like a toy-bird, but never letting go the food. She always remained double the time in the house that he did—he seemed simply to feed the young folks and fly away—but she had doubtless household duties to perform. As the days passed I saw the little soft bills of the young protruded, sometimes two at a time over the ledge, but this was certainly not approved of by the parents, at whose approach the bills vanished. The peculation they committed round the corner was 'lifting' sundry goods and chattels, bits of wool and moss, from, I think, a stonefinch's nest—apparently their own house was not sufficiently provided with bedding—and the stonefinches, perhaps disappointed in their first brood, had made ample provision for a second. At all events, the sparrows watched their opportunity, and when the finches deposited their goods, and set off to fetch more, one or other of the sparrows pounced in and bore off the prize, stuffing it into their own house as rapidly as possible. This singular conduct did not seem to have been discovered by the other birds, who continued to labour, literally for the sparrows, who *looted* what they required until their wants were satisfied.

As the young birds feathered, they grew bold, bobbing their heads out, and thrusting their shoulders up, bristling with stiff, stubby little feathers, to which the down still adhered—just as you see a dandelion, half puff, half bristles. Of course the boys saw them; they stood and gazed up, and tried to reach them with stones; but all in vain. Besides, the meadow belonged to a lady with a grand Welsh name, and a wonderfully extensive pedigree, and they had no business in the meadow—nevertheless they would creep in through a broken gate. A Tenby boy is not easily daunted; he perseveres where there is a prospect of mischief in a way that would excite the admiration even of a pickpocket.

One morning I had been as usual watching *my opposite neighbours*, observing how the little ones drew back into shelter, knowing, as it were intuitively, the approach of their parents, long before I could see them, when the servant of the house opened the drawing-room door.

'I beg pardon, ma'am; I thought you was out.'

'What did you want?'

'I wants a nothink; only Jimmy Cadwallader wants to have a try at taking a *nestis*, that he says is in the oul' tou'r; and he could get hur, he says, out'en winda'; hang over the tou'r, he says, and take hur easy.'

Digitized by Google

Jimmy Cadwallader was close behind, and I recognised him as the urchin who had been washed out to sea, and caused me more anxiety by his daring than all the Tenby boys put together. Of course, I read him a lecture on the iniquity of bird-nesting, and endeavoured to touch his feelings by asking him how he would like to be torn from his parents. I shall never forget his grin of delight.

'I'd be precious glad—they flaps me so, and keeps me to schooling.'

His broad sunburnt forehead overshadowed his little sparkling eyes; his head was surrounded by tufts of what looked like scorched grass; his nose was nothing, but his broad mouth turned up at the corners, so as to give his face the expression of a juvenile Momus. I told him he was a very bad boy.

He answered, with his dirty finger in his mouth, that 'everybody said that.'

I told him it was very likely that some day he would fall and perhaps break his neck and die, and what did he expect if he died in such wickedness.

The corners of his mouth ran up under his eyes, and he answered, 'Double lessons.'

I could not get on at all with my visitor, so said at last that he should not go near the tower; and if he made any attempt to take those young birds, I would have him punished.

He answered that 'he 'd seen me watching at 'em many times; that he knew I wanted 'em, but I could never take 'em myself; but he 'd gie me the *fourr* for "tupence," or "*tue*" for "nothink," if I'd let him have 'em.' There was something so Puck-like and comic in the little fellow's impertinence, that I forgot to be angry, but still lectured and reasoned with him; however, he did not heed a word I spoke, but looked round the room, his eyes returning to the prohibited window. When I had said all I could think of, he observed: 'Sure no one only a lady would think so much of a handful of sparas!'—and with an expression of supreme contempt on his absurd little round-about face, he stumbled out of the room. In less than ten minutes he was breast-high amid the wavelets that were frolicking on the sands, advancing one after the other, stealing on surely, but imperceptibly, so that in another hour I saw him scrambling up the rocks, while the wavelets, swollen into waves, dashed and foamed at their base.

As to my opposite neighbours—we left Tenby before their family were 'out,' although 'the season' was rapidly advancing. Had their nest been in a hedge, they would have permitted their young ones to try their strength amid the branches days before; but the undefined instinct which guided their comings and goings, which gave them such wonderful strength of wing, and taught them who were their friends and who their foes, prevented their suffering their offspring to leave the nest, as soon as they would have done had their home been differently situated: an unbroken fall from such a height would have been certain death. One young bird had achieved the parapet, and was loudly congratulated by his parents, and certainly that day they gave him double the food they gave the others, who gaped and twittered in vain. I watched the little fellow return to his dwelling in the evening, with some of his parents' anxiety. The three sat together on the parapet for several minutes, talking in their twittering fashion, and giving their heir-at-law sundry little pokes and shoves, the purpose of which intention could not be mistaken. He very frequently stretched his wings, and crouched, as if determined to make his spring; but his courage failed. I fancied the mother coaxed, and the father scolded; then the young bird sidled along the wall, and crept down a little way—one of the old birds fluttering round—but evidently it would not do: he could not reach the nest after that fashion; so looking very grave, he crept back again, and sat a little longer on the parapet—the old lady flying backward and forward, to shew him how easy it was. At last, he darted forward, and achieved his object. I fancied he tumbled headlong over the domestic hearth, for his arrival caused a terrible uproar, the old birds talking loudly all the time; but this soon subsided; though long after the moon had risen, as I watched the distant sea, far, far out, I could hear little murmurs from my opposite neighbours, as if they lacked room, like children who had outgrown their cots. Although they were 'nothink but sparas,' I know that observing their movements increased my reverence for HIM who implanted so much forethought and tenderness in little birds!

FRANCIS VON GAUDY.

THIS man is dead now, but he has left us his works, and his name is of high standing amongst the German authors of this century. His writings are not only translated into English, but into many another language; and many are the hearts that have been gladdened by his sparkling wit, and by the noble strain of his high thoughts. On the 9th of February 1840, they buried him in the Dorotheen cemetery at Berlin; and the epitaph underneath a simple vase, with a marble laurel-wreath at top, overshadowed by the drooping branches of a weeping willow, tells us where to look for the mortal remains of Francis von Gaudy. As to his soul, it is with us still, in the works he has left us. '*Son cœur est ici, mais son ame est partout.*'

Poetry and soldiership being ill matched, it is not to be wondered at that Francis von Gaudy, who undoubtedly was a good poet, was a very bad soldier. He might have made a good one in time of war, for nothing could ever daunt his courage; but, unfortunately for him, after the battle of Waterloo, there was no more war in Europe. In time of peace, however, the qualifications by which the denomination of a 'good soldier' is earned are vastly different from those which are required in war-time, and Francis von Gaudy could lay no claim to their proprietorship. To follow, year after year, the same old beaten path, to submit to the drudgery and annoyance of absolute subordination, resigning the very shadow of independence, even to the freedom of thought itself—were demands he found but little to his liking.

No wonder, therefore, that he soon got tired of the eminent situation of a lieutenant in his majesty the king of Prussia's 46th infantry, and that he discharged the important duties attached thereto with a heavy heart and a growing impatience.

As it happened, however, that he was not rich, and that his pay as an officer constituted chiefly his means of subsistence, he was forced to hold out for many a weary year, in spite of his reluctance, till at last the event occurred described in the following narrative, which induced him to throw up his commission at all hazards.

German officers are subjected to this kind of control exercised by the commander of their regiment; he is bound to transmit annually to the superior authority a certain minute report concerning the general conduct, the character, and the qualities of each of his subaltern officers. These reports—characteristics, as they are called—exerting of course much influence on the further advancement of the criticised individual,

Digitized by Google

are a matter of no small annoyance to the officers, and the more so, that they are always kept secret.

Now, from what we have already stated with respect to our poet, it was likely that his annual characteristic should contain certain appendices which were but little adapted to favour his prospects in the military career. Indeed, the general commanding the division had been somewhat surprised to find, every year, over and over again, the same passage repeated in the aforesaid document, asserting that Francis von Gaudy, though an amiable companion in society, and a thorough gentleman, was a very bad officer, who cared but little for the benefit of the service.

The general, a man of mild temper and easy habits, whose maxim was, to live and let live, had been indulgent for some years, hoping perhaps that the transgressor might improve; but when the same passage, couched in the same terms, was again repeated with such remarkable obstinacy for the fifth time, he began to think that there was little chance of such an event, and resolved to interfere at the first convenient moment.

The regiment to which our hero was attached was garrisoned in a small country town in Silesia, and the general commanding the division had to inspect it once every year. It was therefore for his next visit that he reserved an investigation of the matter by sounding personally the careless warrior and thorough gentleman.

Early on an autumn morning in the year 1835, the small country town of Brieg, in the Prussian province of Silesia, wore a very active and lively aspect. Adjutants and other mounted functionaries, all looking very consequential, were seen galloping up and down the streets, though without any very appreciable reason. Drums were beaten, signal-horns and trumpets sounded through the town, inquisitive crowds of sympathising people, intermixed with numerous female amateurs of the military profession, floated up and down the streets, or crowded round the entrance of the barracks, full of expectation of the coming spectacle.

At last the barrack-gates were thrown open, and out marched, preceded by the band, the gallant 46th, in full gala-dress, with its colours fluttering, and its band playing the Prussian hymn; all glitter and brightness—a magnificent spectacle, which could not fail to elicit loud cheers from the enthusiastic population of the country town. The colonel, who rode at the head of his regiment, appeared utterly unmoved by this display of friendly and loyal feelings on the part of the civilians, male and female, and only looked exceedingly grave and dignified. It was a highly important day; in fact, the most important of the year, and looked for with no small excitement, especially by himself: his men had to pass in review before the general commanding the division.

The regiment marched through the town, and took the road to the parade-ground, followed by a large train of civil enthusiasts. When it had reached its place of destination, it was drawn up in file; and by means of much swearing on the part of the colonel, whose excitement went on increasing proportionally to the approach of the decisive moment, everything was soon made ready for the reception of the superior officer.

The general had sent word that his arrival would not take place before eleven o'clock in the morning; it was therefore only a matter of course that the regiment was held in readiness by the colonel at eight o'clock A.M.; a kind of punctuality—very common in the profession, by the way—which not only delivered him from any apprehension of delay or neglect, but which, at the same time, gave his inferiors a useful lesson in the art of patience and waiting.

At last, when the sun was about half an hour from the summit of the arch of noon, and the greater part of the civil enthusiasts had lost patience and gone home, a dense cloud of dust, whirling up from the highway, announced the approach of the general's carriage. A few minutes afterwards, he was seen alighting with the officers of his staff, mounting on horseback, and galloping straight towards the middle of the regiment.

'Present arms!' The muskets clattered, the band fell in with the solemn tune prescribed for the occasion, and the colonel's heart beat very fast.

The general rode along the front of the regiment, accompanied by the colonel, to whom he was heard to address a few questions now and then. When they reached the spot where Lieutenant Gaudy stood motionless before the middle of his platoon, with his sabre lowered in military salute, the colonel was seen whispering a few words into the general's ear, who forthwith threw a searching glance of evil foreboding at our hero.

When this first muster was over, the regiment was urged by the colonel through a numberless variety of evolutions, all of which were intended to strike awe and terror in the ranks of some imaginary enemy, but which, in reality, had no other effect than to render the men much fatigued, and the colonel very hoarse.

These practical exercises being gone through, the regiment was formed into an open square, the arms were piled, the general and the other mounted officers alighted, and it became the turn of the theoretical department to undergo a similar investigation.

In Germany, instruction in the various branches of military service is given to the men by the commissioned officers themselves, who are consequently personally responsible for the state of intellectual education in their respective companies.

'Who is the officer intrusted with the instruction of the fourth company of the second battalion?' asked the general.

The question was a mere formality, the colonel having previously favoured him with the desired information.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped out of the ranks, and saluting the commanding-officer, avowed that he was the person to whom this important affair had been confided.

The general glanced at him in a manner by no means very affectionate. 'I wish you, sir,' said he after a pause, speaking very slowly, and with an intentional accentuation in his voice that did not escape the notice of our hero—'I wish you to examine the men in the different branches of instruction in which you have educated them, so that I may be able to convince myself whether the tuition has produced a good effect.'

Our poet knew at once what the meaning of all this was. The request, though entirely in harmony with the general's visit, was nevertheless rather unusual and obsolete, and could scarcely be proposed without a particular reason, which was made the more obvious by the fact that the general was well known to be no friend whatever to such proceedings, and especially, as in this case, before dinner.

The accumulated bitterness of many a year, arduously suppressed till then, was about to give vent, and to break through the bonds so long hated and despised by our friend. He knew that, whatever the result of the examination might be, he could not escape a public rebuke if the general had made up

Digitized by Google

his mind to find fault with him; and he resolved, therefore, to anticipate him, and to bring on the catastrophe himself.

Saluting the commanding-officer once more, he asked respectfully in what particular branch of knowledge he was to examine the men; whether in tactics, military deportment, nomenclature, regulation of service, science of arms, and so on.

He might do as he pleased; the general had no wish to restrict him to one particular subject only; he was at liberty to select his theme.

The company was marched into the middle of the square; the general, the colonel, and the rest of the officers of the regiment drew near to attend to the spectacle. When everything was in readiness, the general touched his hat with his right hand, in token that he was waiting for matters to begin.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped up to the file-leader of his company, and asked him in a loud voice what was the greatest vice which a soldier could indulge in.

'Drunkenness!' answered the man without hesitation.

'What is the name of the commanding-officer of your company?' he went on, addressing the next man.

'Captain von Rüdesheim!' was the immediate answer.

On the faces of the ensigns, something like a suppressed smile became visible. The captain, whose partiality towards the bottle was proverbial in the whole regiment, tried to look unconcerned.

'Which is the next vice most blamable in a soldier?' was the following question, addressed to the third man.

'Gambling!'

'Who is the commanding-officer of the second battalion of the 46th infantry?'

'Major Charles Pharo,' answered the man with praiseworthy accuracy.

The hilarity of the ensigns became somewhat irrepressible, although they strove hard to conceal it. The major, who presided over a certain club which was in the habit of sitting, with locked doors, twice a week, seemed by no means well pleased at hearing his name thus mentioned. The colonel looked very grave. With regard to the general, it was impossible to say whether he felt annoyed or amused at these singular questions; his countenance remained utterly impassive.

'Who was the inventor of gunpowder?'* This next question, started in a very abrupt manner, was addressed by our hero to a square-built man, with a cocked-up nose, who was apparently not prepared for a quick reply, and who looked somewhat perplexed and exceedingly stupid.

'Be quick!' urged the examiner.

The man seemed to reflect. He was turning over in his mind the answers given by his comrades; and finding that the 'captain' and the 'major' had already been approved of, he reasoned that it must needs be now the turn of the colonel. Happy to have arrived at this logical conclusion, he replied with much self-satisfaction, 'Colonel Dunce!'

'You are mistaken, my friend,' said the officer with earnestness. 'That is the name of the commanding-officer of your regiment; but he is not the man that has invented the gunpowder.'

This question was the last. The general, beginning to have some apprehension of his own turn coming next, made a sign to stop the proceedings.

On the following morning, Francis von Gaudy, the lieutenant, was given to understand that he had better apply for his discharge, as otherwise it might come to pass that the same would be forwarded to him without his intervention. He did so accordingly, and henceforth was known only as Francis von Gaudy, the poet.

* A proverbial saying in Germany. 'He has not invented the gunpowder,' means as much as 'He is no great luminary,' or as we say, 'He will never set the Thames on fire.'

THE BONE-CAVES OF GOWER.

Few of my readers, I fancy, have not visited a cave at some time or other of their lives, and still fewer ever went into one without experiencing a good deal of curiosity, or perhaps some slight fear. There is always a certain amount of mystery in the narrow entrance and deep gloom of the interior—a mystery which must be considerably enhanced on the first discovery and exploration of a place never before trodden by man. Our ancestors, under such circumstances, would probably have been afraid of encountering something worse than 'loathed Melancholy, in Stygian cave forlorn, 'mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,' and would expect to find them the resort of warlocks and witches; but we, being better educated, visit them with a determination to find, not their present, but their former inhabitants.

Caves are nearly always found in the same formation—that of the mountain limestone, which is the lowest member of the carboniferous group, and one which is generally associated with the most broken and romantic scenery in Great Britain; the reason being, that in geological times, ages and ages ago, these rocks have been thrown up to considerable heights by repeated convulsions, so as to be exposed to the after-effects of water and the atmosphere. As examples of this, we may mention the localities of Matlock and the Peak, Clifton, Cheddar and the Mendip Hills, which are familiar to every English tourist. The geologist, however, interesting as the subject of caverns is, from the many changes and theories involved in their formation, has another point to determine in his examination—and that is, to see whether there were any, and if so, what inhabitants tenanted them in past ages—a subject of intense interest, as it throws light on extinct races of animals as compared with those existing now, and also on the conditions of the countries in which the cave-animals lived. Several bone-caves have now been discovered, and their contents exhumed and brought to light; the largest being those of Banwell in Somersetshire, Kirkdale in Yorkshire, and Oreston and Brixham in Devonshire: the latter, very recently explored, was the subject of a paper by Mr Pengelly at the late meeting of the British Association at Leeds. Probably, however, there is no district in the whole country where there are so many caves within a short distance of each other as in Gower, which is a peninsula on the western coast of Glamorganshire, surrounded on all sides but one by the waters of the Bristol Channel and the estuary of the Burry River. Seaward, it is ironbound by lofty limestone cliffs, affording some of the finest coast-scenery in England; but on the Burry side it is flat, marshy, and comparatively uninteresting. They who like a thoroughly good excursion, will be much pleased with Gower, for there is ample entertainment for the geologist, antiquary, and artist—the whole peninsula teeming with relics of the past, in the shape of ruined castles and Druidical remains, not to mention those older relics entombed in the rocks around, compared with which those of the human era are as a drop of water in the ocean of time. Although Gower is in Wales, the natives are anything but Welsh, having descended from a band of Flemings who were imported by Henry I., to occupy the ground which was so constantly the scene of dispute by the Welsh and the Normans. Ever since that time, their posterity has occupied the peninsula,

Digitized by Google

to a certain extent keeping intact and aloof from their Welsh neighbours. As a consequence, the language spoken is altogether English, of a peculiarly pure and somewhat old-fashioned character, containing many words that one would scarcely expect to find in use save amongst the upper classes.

But we must get on to our caves, though much that is interesting might be told of this primitive district. Swansea—the nearest town to our destination—is, strictly speaking, itself in Gower, but a walk of some eight miles is requisite before we reach that part of the coast on which the first cave, the Bacon Hole, is situated. Neither this nor any of the others are easy to find, and indeed a stranger to the locality will waste many precious hours, perhaps, before he has succeeded in making out the path, as the cliffs are exceedingly precipitous, and the mouths of the caves all face the sea. The Bacon Hole was opened in the year 1850, and measures taken for the thorough exploration and removal of the bone-deposits found there, great care being required in the latter object, owing to the crumbling away of the bones when exposed to the air. An excellent paper on the subject was written at the time by Mr Starling Benson, of Swansea, and afterwards published in the Transactions of the South Wales Institution. The entrance of the cave—which is about thirty feet above the level of high-water—has the roof, of solid limestone, projecting beyond the stalagmite floor, which gradually slopes from the exterior towards the inner portion, where the roof suddenly rises to twenty feet, masses of stalactite almost connecting the two. Perhaps some of my readers may not be aware of the difference between stalactite and stalagmite, though the former now is common enough in the descriptions of the Derbyshire caves. A stalactite is the separation of some earthy matter—very generally carbonate of lime—from solution by water, and its solidifying when in the act of dropping. A stalagmite is the same material spread out over the surface, the drops having fallen. The floor of the cave, then, was excavated for a depth of eight or nine feet, cutting through the layers of stalagmite, limestone breccia, and deposits of cave-earth and sand, until the floor of solid limestone was reached; and the following remains were found at successive intervals through the whole distance. Immediately resting on the limestone was a layer of stalagmite and sand, containing sea-shells—but few in number—with bones of birds and water-rats; proving that at the first commencement, the cave was on a level with, or below, the water's edge, and that the mollusca which inhabited the shells had actually swum over the floor. The question will probably be asked, how, then, are they found thirty feet above the water? And the reason is this, that, at some subsequent period, the whole line of coast was elevated to this height—a wonderful change, which, however, is very familiar to the geologist, and by help of which he solves many a difficult problem. In the layer of black sand above these shells and bird-remains, bones were found of the gigantic mammoth, the size of which would be almost incredible, were they not there to speak for themselves; indeed, a portion of a tusk was carried away, which must have measured twelve feet in length. The mammoth, or *Elephas primigenius*, an extinct species of the family of Elephant, has been found in a state of remarkable preservation, particularly in Siberia, where a specimen was exposed in an ice-cliff, which proved to be twelve feet high and sixteen feet in length—not only the skeleton, but actually the flesh and skin being tolerably fresh, owing to the nature of the refrigerator in which it was enclosed.

In the Bacon Hole, a nearly perfect skeleton was exhumed, though with the bones considerably displaced. Above them, in the next layer, were further remains of the same animal, mingled with those of rhinoceros, hyæna, wolf, bear, ox, and deer, succeeded by a considerable thickness of limestone breccia—or unworn fragments of rock—cemented by stalagmite. At the surface was a layer of black mud, containing recent shells—brought in by birds—and bones of ox, roebuck, fox, and red-deer, together with some species of ancient British pottery. What a history is here written, from the far-distant time when the floor of the cave had not even appeared above the water! What successive races of animals used this cavern as a retreat, before man made his appearance! The mammoth-bones may have drifted in; but it is more probable, from the perfect state of the bones, that it had lived and died there. Coeval with it were the carnivorous animals, which most likely brought in many of the bones of the ox and deer, although, in some of the caves in England, the antlers of the latter have been found regularly shed, proving that they must have lived there. Finally, we have the recent shells, bones of animals still in existence in this country, and traces of man; so that this narrow layer of mud at the surface may represent the human era. Notwithstanding the long period which must have elapsed for all this to take place, so enormous is the *time* that geologists have to account for, that even the history of this cave is considered *recent*.

Other bones somewhat similar were found in the Mitchin Hole, about half a mile to the eastward; but the most interesting and best known caves are at Paviland, near the promontory of the Worm's Head. The worst point about them is their difficulty of access, for low-water at spring-tides is the only time at which anybody can approach them by land with anything like safety: there certainly is a path over the cliff, but only fit for a sailor or a monkey. These caves have been known to the geological world for a good many years, and were visited by Dr Buckland, who published an account of them in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*. The antiquary will share the interest with the geologist, for, in addition to the animal remains, human relics were found, in the shape of bones, articles of ornament, and coins of the reign of Constantius—all of them from the larger of the two, the Goat's Hole, in which the floor ascends, and is covered with diluvial loam, mixed with fragments of limestone and spar, recent shells, and teeth of elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyæna, wolf, fox, horse, ox, deer, sheep, rats, birds, and fragments of charcoal. The recent shells and bones of birds were most plentiful in the interior extremity, and the material in which they lay was earth cemented by stalagmite. The skeleton was that of a woman, the bones stained dark red, and covered with a coating of ruddle coloured by red oxide of iron. On the cliff, immediately above the cave, are traces of a British camp, with which doubtless the skeleton has some connection. In the second hole, a little distance off, were more bones; and from the position of the opening with regard to the other, Dr Buckland conjectured that the two were once united, but that the action of the waves has long since washed away the main cavern, and left only the respective passages at the end. Here is an instance of the power of denudation, a force which, even more than elevation, has contributed to the present configuration of the crust of the earth, and one which even now is constantly altering the coast-lines of this very county.

The last bone-cave on our list is a few miles from Paviland, at Spritsail Tor, near Llanmadock, a village on the other side of the peninsula, in which remains of rhinoceros, hyænas, and horses were found, the latter appearing to be plentiful both here and at Paviland, but very scarce in the Bacon Hole. Here, then,

Digitized by Google

in a coast-line of about fifteen miles, are five bone-caves, affording work and speculation enough to the geologist. As they are all about the same level above the sea, it is probable that they were all raised at the same time; and as an additional proof of this, the blocks of limestone at the same height on the sides of the cliffs at Caswell Bay, between the Bacon Hole and Swansea, are all deeply water-marked, shewing evident signs of having been exposed to the same wave-action that is now going on below them. The question may be asked, why Gower appears to be so much more prolific in caves than other limestone districts? There is no reason for supposing that it is so, as I imagine that it is solely to the denuding powers of the sea that we are indebted for the discovery of these; and it is more than probable that many such have disappeared altogether under the influence of this long-continued action. It is a very suggestive fact, that on the opposite sides of the Bristol Channel are also caves in the same mountain-limestone formation, and with pretty much the same deposits of animal remains. It is likely enough that these were all united at one time or other without the interposition of the Bristol Channel, which, compared with the age of these rocks, is a very recent intruder. How wonderful are the speculations which such facts as have been detailed in this article necessarily suggest to the thinking mind, that the reflections about a bone should bring in their track theories involving changes throughout the whole world. Well might David say: 'Verily, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?'

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was eight o'clock of an evening towards the end of July—a July long, long ago. The sun was sending in his westering rays at the windows of a substantial-looking house, the country residence of a professional gentleman, whose head-quarters were in Edinburgh. It was known as Clydeview Villa, and the locality in which it stood was somewhat famed.

From the era of creation, the river that ran by it had come quietly on, as if gathering its strength, and hushing its breath for the wild and desperate leap it took with a roar as of life and consciousness. For six thousand years, the trees of the forest had shed their annual glory of leaves by its brink. On calm days, the leaves would fall gently on the bits of foam, eddying about the edges of the dark waters; but when a storm came, they would be swept, branches and all, down to the very bosom of the Atlantic.

By the side of this river painted savages had stood and sharpened their arrows of flint; but at the times of which we write, parties of ladies and gentlemen came, with camp-stools, parasols, and wide-awakes, and while they ate sandwiches, said how 'nice' it was—instead. Some, further gone than others in literature and the fine arts, quoted Byron on the cataract of Velino, and said it would be a fine subject for so-and-so's pencil; and some looked and said nothing. In the presence of natural grandeur and beauty, silent homage is always grateful, and charity demands that the best construction be put upon it. This neighbourhood had also, in modern times, been the scene of one of those experiments which benevolent and well-meaning men, who want a short-cut to universal happiness, have sometimes tried, and always failed in. But we have not to do with Utopian theories at present. As has been said, the evening sun was looking in at the windows of Clydeview Villa. The drawing-room fronted the west, and the blinds were all down. There was not much to see inside; merely a well-furnished apartment, and a lady lying on a sofa reading—reading only to pass time till her husband came home, and not so much occupied but she could say to herself: 'I wonder if the children are in bed yet. What can Miller want out again to-night for?' Having lost the sense of the last paragraph, she went back upon it, and by the time she got to the foot of the page, being in a comfortable position, and the hush of evening coming on, both inside and out, she fell into a gentle doze. Meantime, the children were all in bed. Jeanie Miller, or 'Miller,' as Mrs Black, since she had been rising in the world, called her children's nurse, had heard them lisp their evening-prayer, and received the last sweet kiss, wondering, in her simplicity, that Mrs Black did not like to do this office for her children herself. If her mistress could have penetrated her thought, she would have answered thus: 'Miller, as a mother, I might wish to do it occasionally, but my engagements put it out of my power.' So Mrs Black keeps her engagements, and loses her children, for by the time they can compete with mamma's engagements, they will be young ladies and gentlemen.

It must be acknowledged that, on this particular evening, Miller rather hurried the ceremony—she had an engagement too—and she moved about on tiptoe, putting on her bonnet and shawl before all the weary little creatures had fairly closed their eyelids; but down they went at last, in the sleep of childhood, and a regiment might have marched through the room without awaking the little sleepers.

The moment they were safe and sound, she hastened from the house, and striking across the fields, made for the corner of a fir-plantation, where, for nearly half an hour, a young man had been hanging about very impatient. For no other person would he have waited so long, and he was anything but pleased at having to wait for this one. He had walked back and forward, and scanned the earth and sky, and decided that all the gates about needed painting, and thought many other things better and worse, before Jeanie came in sight.

Now, although she had been running, and knew she was behind her time, no sooner did she see George Armour, than, from whatever cause, she took to walking in a very slow and deliberate manner. We have it on the authority of Mr Milton, that when Eve saw Adam, she slackened her pace; and we have all, men and women, remnants of the Garden of Eden hanging about us to this day.

'You're late, Jeanie,' was the greeting of her lover.

'I came as soon as I could,' she replied; and arm-in-arm they turned into the shady path up the water-side.

When Mr Black came in, his wife roused herself, and after ascertaining that there was nothing of much interest taking place in the city, she said: 'Miller asked out again to-night—the second time this week. She didn't use to take up with any of the people about. Next time she asks out, I will consider it proper to question her.'

'Couldn't you guess, Mary, what her errand is?'

'Guess! If she were a light-headed creature, I might guess it was some love-affair.'

'And not be far wrong. We're all light-headed some time, you know. As I came up, I saw her walking with one of the painters who were here in spring—the one that did the ornamental work.'

'That was the man I remember remarking for his good looks. Is it possible she can be thinking of marrying?'

'Shouldn't wonder—it's curious what notions people take.'

Digitized by Google

'Curious! I call it ungrateful. Here did I take her into our nursery, a poor orphan girl, and have kept her for six years. She suits me exactly—speaks well, and has no vulgar tricks or words; and she has taught the children to read almost as well as I could have done myself. They like her, and she likes them. Surely she does not know when she is well off.'

'I'm sorry you are losing her: I'll give her a gown, and you can give her some crockery.'

'If she is going, one thing will be quite enough, Robert.'

'Now, Mary, on your own showing, I think we are bound to be a little grateful.'

'She has had a very good place of it here, Robert, and there is no need for overdoing a thing. I wish I knew where to get one in her stead. It really is provoking!'

Nevertheless, be it recorded, Jeanie got her gown and her cups and saucers, and something more, when she left Clydeview Villa to become George Armour's wife, and was much and justly regretted by all the household.

It was a fair sight to see this young couple. Not that Jeanie had much to boast of in the way of good looks; on the contrary, George's choice had been matter of surprise to their joint feminine acquaintance. What did he see about her? What he saw, we can't say; but what was to be seen was an open honest face, expressive of good sense and feeling, and a general air of determination. As for George, no one needed to glance twice at him without being struck by his really handsome face and form: so far as those were concerned, all the blood of all the Howards might have coursed in his veins. When we throw into the scale the fact, that he was sober and industrious, and a capital workman—not to mention that he had saved money—the general remarks on Jeanie's wonderful good-fortune are accounted for. In a small house, furnished with things new and neat, and having a morsel of garden in front like a dainty apron tied on, there they were, these two, with youth and health, and the probability of a long and happy life before them.

It is an old saying—very old, probably, and true to the letter—that it is not all gold that glitters. Jeanie had not been very long married when she began to say to herself: 'I am happy—very happy; I have everything to make me so.' Now, it is to be observed that when people keep assuring themselves that they are happy, and further, when they repeat the statement to others—which, however, Jeanie did not do—there is reason to suspect some flaw, something wanting. A man in the pure air does not say: 'I breathe, I breathe exceedingly well; I have oxygen and nitrogen, and carbonic acid—what more can I want?' He goes about with his lungs inflated, and his blood purified and enriched, and his spirit buoyant; he does not need to tell that he has pure air—the thing is evident. What was it? Nothing very tangible, nothing that the young wife acknowledged to herself. But 'over all there hung the shadow of a fear.' A little boy came: his father took to the child, and the shadow waned for a time. In the fulness of her heart, the mother decked her baby daintily. For the first time, George charged his wife with extravagance. Her face grew white as she answered: 'They cost me nothing. Mrs Black gave me the things, and I altered them to fit Georgy.'

'That may be, but mind I'm no the man to keep up the like o' that.'

If there was a thrifty, economical housewife in the country, it was Jeanie Armour; but she could not be thrifty enough for her husband's taste. It was an unnatural thing in one so young, this overweening propensity to save. It struck a chill to the very heart of his wife, although she tried to persuade herself that it was far better than if he had gone to an opposite extreme.

She reasoned with him; but George was one of those persons—Heaven help those who have to deal with such—upon whom reasoning has just as much effect as if addressed to the wind. She tried joking on the subject, and here he was more vulnerable, and consequently received it in a way that effectually prevented its repetition. She often wondered what he did with the money saved, but was afraid to ask.

Thus you see poor Jeanie, while still believed to be a most fortunate woman, and putting a brave face on things externally, found that she was indeed unequally yoked. Perhaps George found this, too, for he began to stay out at nights with society more congenial to him, and came in generally flushed with drinking. His wife took no further notice of this than to attempt, in a quiet, gentle way, to induce him to stay at home. Neighbours began to speak; some of them told her where George spent his nights, and, as she said afterwards to a friend: 'I had tried the fair way wi' him, and I thought o' trying the flyting; but thankfu' was I that I hadna, for I had naething to reproach mysel' wi' after.'

It was one morning, when her second child, a girl, was about six months old, that George went out as usual to his work: no look or action, not the slightest, denoted that he crossed his threshold with other purpose than going to his ordinary employment. The little boy was playing about the door as he went out, and cried 'Father!' after him. If he did hear that cry, he heard as if he heard it not—let us hope it did not reach him. The child went in for comfort to the source where he always found it—his mother; and she soothed him by saying that his father was in too great a hurry to speak to him now, but he would hear all he had to say at dinner-time; then, propping the baby in a chair, and setting the other to amuse her, she went about her usual household work, dropping a word and a smile upon them every few minutes. Punctual to the time, dinner was ready, well cooked and comfortable. A quarter past the hour, and George did not come; half-past, and there was no appearance of him. She gave the children their dinner, and waited another half-hour. He must have been detained—such a thing had happened before, and she did not feel surprised or uneasy; so clearing away the things, she sat down to her sewing, with the little ones playing on the floor beside her. It was just the old employment at Clydeview Villa over again; and a stranger coming in would have said what a pretty picture the room presented; but any one who had known Jeanie then, and seen her now, would have observed a change. She was still young, but the roundness of youth had passed from her features, and its light buoyancy from her step. Three years of half-life under a kind of pressure acutely felt, though not just apparent on the surface, had taken effect. She sat thinking, as she worked, how her husband's passion for saving, and his rapidly developing taste for drinking, would co-exist. What could she do or say?—what could be done to break the spell of these terrible vices, before his very being was crusted over against every good influence?

Evening came, and no word of him; night, and still nothing of him. The children were laid to rest, and, poor things, slept wholly unconscious of their father's wickedness or their mother's care. Well it has been said, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

The solitary woman sat down behind the little curtain that shaded the window; she would have lifted it, but that she did not wish to attract the attention of passers-by. The window looked out on the high road that passed through the village, and as there were no houses opposite, she could see over the hedge that bounded the small garden into the fields

Digitized by Google

beyond. It was a calm summer night, or rather, it seemed that the day lingered and lingered to meet the morning. With eyes glued to the glass, and ears painfully stretched, she listened to the stillness, which was deep, except when footsteps, echoing on the beaten road, would come on, pass, and die away in the distance. Towards the small hours these ceased entirely, and the silence was unbroken, except now and then when the corncrake sounded its ricket from the opposite fields. Still she watched. The gray dawn of morning came on calmly and holily, filling the mind with awe, like the dim religious light of a vast cathedral, till the sun rose and threw the elements of gladness over the land. Smoke began to curl up from a house here and there, and early workers turned out to begin their daily labours, and still the weary woman sat on, one conjecture after another thronging through her mind, but no guess of the truth for an instant coming across her. Now the faint whimper of the baby drew her from the window, and she soothed it to quietness, and listened again, for momently she expected some one to enter with tidings of calamity. She prepared breakfast for the children, moving as softly as if she had been stealing, for she grudged every sound that interfered with the intense watch she was keeping. By ten o'clock, she could stand it no longer. She dressed herself, and leaving Georgy to play about the doors, took the infant, and went to her husband's master to inquire about him. When Mr Brown heard her question, he looked surprised. 'Mrs Armour,' he said, 'your husband left my employment yesterday morning: he drew all his money which was in my hands. He is,' he continued, in a tone meant to convey some kind of comfort—'he is a saving, industrious man. It amounted to L.49, 16s. 6d.'

Jeanie, with her habitual prudence, controlled her feelings, and thanking him for his information, went hurriedly home. Could it be that he had deserted her and the children? It looked like it. She formed her resolution. All the money she had was exactly ninepence. She went to a neighbour, and saying that she had to go to Edinburgh, asked her to take care of the little boy till she came back, and at the same time she borrowed a shilling. With 1s. 9d. in her pocket, and her infant in her arms, she set out in quest of her husband.

Very fast she walked—excitement carried her on; and when she was more than half-way, a coach coming up, she paid 1s. 9d., and made the rest of her journey on the outside of it.

Arrived in Edinburgh, she went right to the shop of a decent man with whom she was acquainted, and whose kindly nature induced her to go to him in her present strait. She had no relatives in the city—indeed, she had but few anywhere, so she was constrained to rely on the good offices of an acquaintance.

'Mrs Armour, how's a' wi' ye, an' how's the gudeman? I'm glad to see ye, woman.'

This greeting nearly upset Jeanie, who requested a private word with Mr Boyd, and in a few sentences explained her errand.

'Ye dinna say sae—the scound—— But it's no possible.'

'That's what I think, Mr Boyd, and I am glad to hear you say it; but what can it mean?'

'That's what we maun try an' find out. I'll step away doon to Leith, an' see if there's ony word o' him there. If he's leaving the country, it's as like he wad tak ship there as onywhere.'

So, leaving his shop in charge of his shopman, he took Mrs Armour up stairs, and put her under his wife's care, telling her to keep her mind easy till he came back—an advice more easily given than taken in the circumstances; however, it was a relief to have taken a decided step towards solving the mystery; and the kindliness of Mrs Boyd was very soothing, while she got the rest and refreshment she was so much in need of.

Before Mr Boyd came back, she was on the watch for him; and catching a glimpse of his face as he crossed the street, she gathered no good news from it. When he entered the room, he looked everywhere but into Jeanie's face: he was at a loss how to convey the information he had got.

'Now, Mrs Armour,' he began, 'keep up your heart; we've a' our trials; an', after a', it's no sae bad as it might hae been. Ye'll do fine your lane; an' ye'll no want freends.'

She rose, and grasping his arm, said: 'Did you see him? For any sake, what is it? Is he dead?'

'No; he sailed this morning for America.'

All colour went from her face; she pressed the infant closer to her, and murmured: 'Left us—left us!' and one or two big tears fell on its face. As for Mr Boyd, he went down stairs and relieved himself by calling George Armour no end of ill names.

CHAPTER II.

If Jeanie had been a fine lady with ample means, her feelings would not have been more acute; but she would have had nothing to turn the stream, or to prevent her from nursing her anguish. As it was, alongside the one fact that stood out before her—her husband's desertion of herself and children—was the question, how were they to live? When a great sorrow is intruded upon by a great call for exertion, the healing process is well begun.

If things could be seen in their true light, the poor have oftener less reason to envy the rich than is supposed. Next day Mrs Armour took her way home, comforted by the kindness of her friends, and with money—which she had accepted as a loan—sufficient for her immediate wants.

Mrs Armour had two second-cousins residing in Glasgow—elderly maiden ladies, differing a good deal in character and disposition, but alike in this, that they had both little independent incomes; both lived in cozy flats; each had a narrow circle of her own, segments of which frequently met at five o'clock teas and nine o'clock suppers.

One of these ladies had loved and lost, which, the poet says, is better than never to have loved at all—the case of the other. The latter had been born, had lived, and was likely to die, in the same house. Twice a week she had read the same newspaper all her life, and always read first that list of events, the middle one of which she herself had missed.

The former had 'gone through' a good deal; had struggled with poverty; had, as has been said, loved and lost; and we think it depends upon the way in which such a loss comes about, whether it is better than never to have loved at all. Hers had not been effected by the hand of death, which at once and for ever hallows all it touches.

Well, very soon—for bad news travels fast—these ladies heard of Jeanie Armour's calamity, and met to lay their heads together as to what was to be done. Both expressed a high degree of indignation against George Armour. Both said with emphasis that men in general were very far from being what they ought to be. The one said *she* had never seen the man to whom she could intrust herself and her property; the other said, women were so ready to be deceived, poor things (with a sigh), and to believe all the fair speeches made to them. After mature deliberation, they came to the conclusion of offering their young relative L.10 a year each—which, in addition to anything she might do for herself, would, they thought, make her pretty comfortable. And so it would. Very kind of them it was, for they were not

Digitized by Google

quite in a position to make it an act of no self-denial. One of them was appointed a deputation to wait on Mrs Armour, and explain to her a clause attached to the terms of the donation, which they regarded as of the last importance. The one who had 'known trials' cheerfully undertook the commission, although it was something of an exertion, and even of an event, in these days to travel so far. However, she reached her destination without accident or adventure; and she had not been long with her relative before the two women sat down and had a good cry. Then Miss Elder took courage, and explained her errand. She could have felt in her heart to give the money unconditionally, but then what would Miss Bogle say? Besides, it would be foolish, and there was no doubt it was for Jeanie's good.

'Jeanie,' said she, 'we will give you twenty pounds a year, if you will promise never to have anything more to do with George Armour.'

At first, Jeanie had almost been driven blind and stupid by her husband's desertion; the very midsummer green of the trees and grass seemed turned to blackness; but the necessity of getting through her daily work, and of planning for the future, and the consideration of her husband's great cruelty, in leaving them to doubt, and anxiety, and destitution, without a word or a sign, brought about so strong a reaction, that sometimes she thought that such a man was not worth grieving after. In this mood of mingled pride and indignation, she readily gave the promise which the ladies required; and Miss Elder went home to rejoice Miss Bogle with the account that their cousin's eyes were opened to see things in a right way. But for all this, Jeanie could not unsex herself, and the original tenderness often returned and overflowed in tears.

The story let loose in the village, flashed through its houses and shops, its smithy and post-office—nay, even its manse and its hall, in a way that might have made the electric telegraph, had it then been in existence, blush for its deliberation.

The amount of pity that was expressed for Mrs Armour was great, but it fructified in a way which shewed that the blossom must have encountered frost in the setting. In a day or two, people had ceased even to speak about it; and Mrs Armour went quietly away to a moorland village some twenty miles off, and inquired as to the probability there was of collecting a little school. There seemed to be an opening there; before she left, she took a very small house which chanced to be empty; and in the course of a month, she had her furniture removed, and herself established as village-schoolmistress.

The 'branches' which Mrs Armour undertook to teach—and which she was quite capable of teaching—were reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing. Her school was well attended; children liked to go; she had a 'way' with them. Indeed, every one had a kindliness for her but the parish schoolmaster, who rather thought that she poached on his manors. If she had only been a widow, he considered, he could and would have quashed the opposition effectually; as it was, he could only look glum, and he did it.

The little people who then frequented Mrs Armour's school are now the parents of the village; and it was only the other day we noticed them advertising for 'a lady who could impart the harp and piano, French, Italian, and German, with drawing and wax-flowers: a knowledge of singing and botany would be a recommendation. Guaranteed salary, L.100 a year.' We quote this merely to shew what immense strides have been made in some directions within the last score of years. At that time, there were only two pianos in the district; now, they are as common as tables. Then, neither in Mrs Armour's school, nor in that of her masculine competitor, did the pupils quote Milton, or read memoirs of Shelley—they do both now; and it is not uncommon to find Macaulay's ballads done into crochet-work covers, reposing on tables under the shadow of bead-baskets.

As, by perpetual attrition, water wears the rock, and as the grand fantastic splendours of the stalactite cave are reared by the residuum of the dropping water, so time obliterates the memory of a grief, or, at least, wears the edges away, and sends its daily round of cares, greater or less, to build new hopes, new interests, new memories; and many a scathed and crushed creature has thanked the God of Providence that it is so.

Mrs Armour went on her way quietly, and, in process of time, cheerfully. Her children were well and happy; and her little school, and little annuity, answered remarkably well: but never a word of her husband, direct or indirect, did she hear. At nights she would lie awake, pondering over what he could be doing, or where he could be. Sometimes she would think of him as comfortable and doing well, but wholly forgetful of her and his children; sometimes as destitute and an outcast; and during sleep, when imagination escapes from control, she followed him in dreams to the ends of the earth. In the broad light of day, a form in the distance having any resemblance to his would cause her to start and tremble. She often feared she might discover him in a beggar at her door, for she had heard and read of such painful recognitions. But the years passed on, and no clue came to her hands to afford any enlightenment on the subject, until the seventh year of his absence came round.

The principal draper in the village had a brother, who had set out in early life, like many of his countrymen, to push his fortune, and found, like some others, that fortune rather pushed him. He had journeyed from continent to continent, and wandered in many lands, only to come back to his native place not much richer than when he set out. He heard Mrs Armour's history, and suddenly it flashed on him that, during his travels in America, he had met a man answering to the description, and bearing the name of George Armour. They had travelled the same route for two days, and were crossing a river on the third, when suddenly the ferry-boat capsized. They were all thrown into the water; two men drowned, the rest saved: the man bearing the name of George Armour was one of the two that perished.

When the report reached Jeanie's ears, she immediately sought an interview with the individual who brought it, and whose wandering instincts were just about to lead him to set off again.

He did his best to satisfy her anxious inquiries, but, as he had not taken more than a general interest in the drowned men, he could not give so many particulars as she could have wished; but she left him, convinced that, without doubt, it was her husband whose life had been thus brought to a sudden end. She put on a widow's dress, and mourned in her heart as sincerely and more acutely than if he had been all he ought to have been. Her health failed somewhat under the shock of the intelligence, but a little change and relaxation soon restored her.

Miss Elder and Miss Bogle, though, as Christian women, sorry for the death of a bad man, felt a degree of satisfaction in the certainty that now he would not come back, as they always expected he would, to be a burden to his wife.

It was the best thing George Armour had ever done for her—if he could be said to have done it—this making her his widow. It secured her position; it improved her standing in the public eye; and it set her mind at rest. Any one who has ever been long tossed between hope and fear, knows that certainty

Digitized by Google

even of the worst is greatly preferable to suspense. Widowhood is a legitimate channel, into which sympathy can flow without meeting an obstacle; but the neglected or deserted wife occupies very different ground, both in her own eyes and those of others.

PAIN A BLESSING.

Sir Humphry Davy, when a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab which bit his toe when he was bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had maintained instead, that *pain was a good*, his doctrine would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole constitution of the world were altered, *our very existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering*. An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr Carpenter in his *Principles of Human Physiology*, from the *Journal of a Naturalist*, shews the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this law of our nature. A drover went to sleep upon a winter's evening upon the platform of a limekiln, with one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was a gentle warmth when he lay down, became a consuming fire before he rose up. His foot was burned off above the ankle, and when, roused in the morning by the man who superintended the limekiln, he put his stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground, the extremity crumbled into fragments. Whether he had been lulled into torpor by the carbonic acid driven off from the limestone, or whatever else may have been the cause of his insensibility, he felt no pain, and through his very exemption from this lot of humanity, expired a fortnight afterwards in Bristol hospital.

Without the warning-voice of pain, life would be a series of similar disasters. The crab, to the lasting detriment of chemistry, might have eaten off the future Sir Humphry's foot while he was swimming, without his entertaining the slightest suspicion of the ravages that were going on. Had he survived the injuries from the crab, he would yet have been cut off in the morning of his famous career, if, when experimenting upon the gases, the terrible oppression at the chest had not warned him to cease inhaling the carburetted hydrogen; nor, after a long struggle for life, would he have recovered to say to his alarmed assistant: 'I do not think I shall die.' *Without physical pain infancy would be maimed, or perish before experience could inform it of its changes.* Lord Kames advises parents to cut the fingers of their children 'cunningly' with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut a stick, and burn them in the candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. *Without pain we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frame, or our exertions to its powers of endurance.* In the impetuosity of youth, we should strike blows that would crush our hands, and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our limbs; and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our sports and our walking tours till we had worn out the living tissue, with the same unconsciousness that we now wear out our coats and our shoes. *The very nutriment which is the support of life would frequently prove our death.* Mirabeau said of a man who was idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to shew how far the skin would stretch without bursting. Without pain, this limit would be constantly exceeded, and epicures, experiencing no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, which was ambitious of emulating the size of the ox. Sir Charles Bell mentions the case of a patient who had lost the sense of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its proper place, to the destruction of the skin of the palm and the fingers. This of itself would be an accident of incessant occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us drop such materials more hastily than we pick them up. Pain is the grand preserver of existence, the sleepless sentinel that watches over our safety, and makes us both start away from the injury that is present, and guard against it carefully in the time to come.—*American paper.*

SUMMER GONE.

Small wren, mute pecking at the last red plum,
  Or twittering idly in the yellowing boughs
  Fruit-emptied, over thy forsaken house,
Birdie, that seems to come
Telling, we too have emptied our year's store,
Summer is o'er:

Poor robin, driven in by rain-storms wild
  To lie submissive under household hands,
  With beating heart that no love understands,
And scared eye, as a child
Who only knows that he is all alone,
And summer's gone:

Pale leaves, sent flying wide—a frightened flock,
  On which the wolfish wind outbursts, and tears
  The tender forms that lived in summer airs:
Till taken at this shock,
They, like frail hearts whom sudden grief sweeps by,
Whirl—sink—and die:

All these things, earthy, of the earth, do tell
  This earth's continual story: we belong
  Unto another country, and our song
Shall be no mortal knell,
Though all the year's tale, as *our* years rush fast,
Mourns, 'Summer's past!'

O love immortal! O eternal youth;
  Whether in budding nooks it sits and sings,
  As hundred poets of a hundred springs;
Or slaking passion-drouth
Out of the wine-press of affliction, goes
Godward, through woes.

O youth undying! O perpetual love!
  With these, by winter fireside we'll sit down,
  And wear our snows of honour like a crown,
And sing as in a grove,
Where all the full nests ring with vocal cheer—
'Summer is here.'

Roll round, strange years: swift seasons, come and go;
  Ye brand upon us only an outward sign,
  Ye cannot touch the inward and divine
Which God knows—and we know;—
Sealed, until summers, winters, all shall cease
In His great peace.

Therefore, uprouse, ye winds, and howl your will;
  Beat, beat, ye sobbing rains, on pane and door;
  Enter, slow-footed age; and thou, obscure
Grand angel—not of ill,
Come thou but *once*, and then, whene'er thou come,
Glad, we'll go home.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 255. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

BEING AND PROFESSING.

THROUGH what principle in human nature is it that people so often do themselves injustice in their outward semblances and their professed opinions? We generally hear of our fellow-creatures being addicted to making their outsides fair, while their secret thoughts, designs, and wishes, are far otherwise. But the converse is also a common experience.

You will meet a Calvinist and an Arminian on the same day, and be surprised to reflect that the former is the more amiable man of the two. Yielding to what he thinks an irresistible logic, he, so far from carrying it out regarding his fellow-creatures in his own behaviour to them, has a face of geniality to all, and is a universal benefactor. One could almost suppose that, just because he does profess a stern creed, he the more feels himself called upon to prove that it does not chill his heart—whereas the Arminian is under no such call. Or it may be that, secretly having some misgivings as to that universal pardon which his own heart would extend, he feels as if there were some balm for him in supposing that another and higher Power will be less relenting. It may be partly in both ways that the strange contradiction arises. Perhaps the phenomenon of the 'best-natured man with the worst-natured muse' is of the same character—a remorseful and self-reproaching complaisance 'taking it out' in a little occasional quiet satire.

One of the most remarkable contradictions between personal behaviour and theory ever known, was in the case of the celebrated Mr Malthus. The harshness of his doctrine (however true) towards the affections of poor human nature, was what we all know. Men used to figure him, in consequence, as a sour, stoical old bachelor, who could have calmly looked on while starvation and pestilence were checking off the supernumeraries of creation. But the real Mr Malthus, as we know from the reports of those who knew him, was an amiable, gentle-natured country parson, who grew old in the sunshine of a fireside which his worth and kindliness had blessed. He would have been precisely the last man in the world to interfere harshly with the tastes and enjoyments of others, or to order any one away from nature's feast, or any other feast, as a person for whom there was no platter. He whose name has been worked into the language as expressive of the undesirableness of children, was fond of children, and beloved by them, as usual, in return. It would have been a curious study for any one who knew him intimately, to trace what it was in his mind that suggested to him, and enabled him to maintain so pertinaciously, a dogma which mankind in general have viewed with a kind of horror. Perhaps the very unconsciousness of unkind feeling towards his fellow-creatures was what enabled him to take up his unkind doctrine; a colder man might have distrusted himself, fearful it might be an emanation of his severity of temper, for which he would get into discredit.

State parties, and individual politicians professing patriotic views ought, in consistency, to be the most kind and beneficent in their personal acts; while the partisans of strong government might be expected to prove tyrants in their own circles. But there is a notorious remark to precisely the contrary purport—namely, that the professors of patriotism and philanthropy are often more exacting, arbitrary, and harsh in their private conduct than the most high-flying Tories. Is it that the former can satisfy the calls of conscience in the case by the profession and the advocacy, and, feeling as if no more were wanting, do no more accordingly, but rather feel themselves entitled to be a little sour now and then; while the Tories, sensible that their doctrine would subjugate the people (for their own good), are under a call to shew that, with this severity on their lips, they can be practically beneficent—willing, shall we say, to do every imaginable thing for their fellow-creatures but trust them with the power of doing anything for themselves?

There again is that strange, deep remark of Swift, that nice people are people of filthy ideas. It is a satire on refinement, surely in the main unjust; but there are certainly some people of great external nicety, whose inner minds, as occasionally appears in their conduct, are far from being cleanly. Probably it is that, sensible of the fault, they fly for solace to the exemplification of the opposite. They are nice through mere antagonism to their want of true purity.

In one of the personal narratives of the siege of Lucknow, it is stated that many of the persons formerly most noted for their courtesy and good-manners, proved, in the exigencies of the time, uncommonly selfish; while amongst people who had been thought rude and rather rough, there were many bright examples of self-sacrificing kindness. Is it to be believed that men put on virtues *because* they have them not, only speak of sincerity when they are shamming, and will even be deceivers in their faults?

I must confess to a disrelish for perfect characters, or persons who are always straining up to some uncommon pitch of correctness in some particular point. When I find an uneasy, restless, unsatisfiable

Digitized by Google

eagerness about being good, I always fear that the goodness may not prove solid or lasting, or that it may be accompanied by error in some other quarter, more than down-weighing it. The really worthy people are those who make little din or fuss about either their own conduct or other people's. The truth is, to be over-conscious of sin is itself sin—with genuine innocence you might live an age and never hear of iniquity. So also I feel it to be a kind of reproach to speak much of a country as a very moral country. It seems to imply that there is some unusual sense in that country of propensities to be struggled with, or of rewards to be gained by suppressing or appearing to suppress them. Such a country may always reasonably be suspected of being in reality worse in some points than its neighbours. Our friend, Major Truefitt, is so much impressed with this view, that he is always solicitous of defending his native country of Scotland from the charge of being a specially moral country. He insists that it shews as much reckless imprudence in commerce, as much erratic amatory enthusiasm, as high a degree of bacchanalian extravagance, as any country under the sun. He calls on you to look at its Darien expeditions and Stuart rebellions in the past, its Western Banks, its returns of births and of 'gallons entered for home consumption' in the present, and say whether that country can be fairly accused of any suspicious amount of either prudence or external morality. There may be a few people constantly crying out, Let us be moral; but you must not on that account fix a stigma upon the whole population.

A tremendous problem every now and then occurs amongst us; a man turns out to be a frightful cheat and defaulter, or a dreadful profligate, who had for a long course of years appeared as a person of profound piety and entire worth. The ordinary—we might say the vulgar pronouncement on the subject is, that the man was all along a feigner of good qualities and sound opinions and duties—a successful hypocrite. A more candid and analytical view would admit some shade of sincerity even in this wretched sinner. We must remember how much we can impose on ourselves; what struggles there are in us between good and evil inclinations; how natural a resource it is for the erring to try to make some consolation and atonement out of good intentions, blind gropings at rectitude, desires to see that advanced which may at least save others. There really is no authentication for one-third of the hypocrisy or insincerity which we commonly speak of as existing in the world. In other words, the possibility of a life-long speciosity, or keeping up of appearances opposite to the reality, has never been proved. Human nature would break down under any such appearances in a very short time, if there were not a support in that palpable unmistakable power we have of self-deception, of believing that we believe, of apologising for the want of deeds by emotions, and disguising the selfishness of our opinions under fair pretences.

Ordinary people are so much in the habit of judging of historical persons by the bearing of the acts of these persons on their own convictions, that it is difficult for them to read history in any other light. Thus, one whom we call a persecutor will always appear as a monster of wickedness, while any one whom we call a martyr will equally seem to have an indefeasible claim upon our admiration. Yet it is perfectly certain that many persecutors have been excellent men. It is a remark of Neander, that the best Roman emperors, as Marcus Aurelius and Julian, opposed Christianity, while the more profligate bearers of the purple refrained from molesting it. And it is easy to see how this might be. It being granted that a certain doctrine is of the highest consequence for the ultimate happiness of men, and a departure from it equally fatal, it irresistibly follows with a well-wishing man, unrestrained as men heretofore have been by any foresight of counteracting evils, that it will appear worth while to destroy a heterodox few in order to save the faith of the many. Thus it is, indeed, that persecution is always a strictly logical crime. But it is more. It always has a good end in view, and may therefore well be the fault of good men. It is only when its bad results are seen, or men begin to fear for the responsibility they incur in acting out such dreadful things on merely an assurance of themselves being right and others wrong, that persecution is allowed to cease.

A few ideas are here thrown out with a view to suggesting fruitful trains of thought in the reader. If he will only follow them out, I do not doubt that he will come to see cause for taking a great number of things in a different light from that in which they first strike the eye of the observer. Let him find a useful exercise in looking below the seeming and the professed for the real, even though it shock a few of his most respectable old prejudices.

A VISIT TO THE CHOCTAWS.

Down the Mississippi moves the steamer; onward, onward, never resting, never tiring. In vain the primeval forests on the banks stretch towards us their hundred arms, as if to draw us into their dark mysterious depths. Onward speeds the restless vessel, neither stopping to afford us a fuller view of those gigantic hickory-trees and sycamores that lift their heads so high above their brother-giants of the forest, nor of those lovely groups of cotton-wood that throw the shadow of their long branches far across the stream; nor to let us pay a flying-visit to the cozy log-houses which here and there peep forth from amid the verdure on the banks of the little tributaries, which gush forth to mingle their waters with those of the 'great father of rivers;' nor even to let us cull one flower from the beautiful islets which stud his broad bosom. Not until we reach Fort Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas, do the splashing wheels relax. Here, those who, like ourselves, are bound for the 'far west,' descend from the majestic Mississippi steamer into humbler craft of the same kind, which, grown too old for active service, are moored off the little town, and serve not only as landing-wharfs, but as warehouses and hotels.

With such poor accommodation to tempt us, we will not dwell long in this hot, swampy place, swarming with mosquitoes, but embark again on the swelling waters of the Arkansas, and follow its course upwards towards the west. With surprise we witness the rapidly increasing depths of the water in this river. Yesterday, the loamy banks might be seen rising high above the level of the stream; to-day, the waters, which have assumed a darker and more reddish hue, lave the roots, and even the stems of the trees that fringe the banks; and rushing onward with unfettered speed and energy, here bank up enormous heaps of snags; there break down barricades of a similar kind, which it has taken them years to build; or uproot trees still standing, and carry them off triumphantly, as a tribute to the Mississippi. Soon, however, the decreasing quantity

Digitized by Google

of drift-wood shews that the waters are again receding; and in a little while the banks again rise high above them; and the stream becomes so shallow, that it requires a steady hand to guide the vessel safely past the numerous shoals and snags that obstruct its path.

Who shall describe the wondrous beauty of the primeval forests on these banks; the sublime majesty, the exalted repose of nature, as yet untouched by the hand of man; the legions of grasses and of herbs, of shrubs, and creeping plants, whose myriads of flowers form a chaos of colour that dazzles the eyes of the enchanted beholder; the numberless forest-trees, grouped together in families, whose leafy crowns, varying from the tenderest to the deepest green, present an unbroken picture of delicious freshness; for ancient moss-covered stems, that lift their branches high above the impenetrable underwood, and have seen hundreds of summers, seem as full of life and vigour as the young saplings, sprung from their seed, which grow under the protection of their shadow. As yet, the sound of the busy paddles but rarely disturbs the silence of these solitudes, and the various denizens of the forest have not yet learned to dread the approach of man. With fearless curiosity the stag gazes at the passing steamer; while the parrot, undisturbed, climbs chattering from branch to branch; the purple head of the wild turkey is thrust forth inquisitively from amid the foliage of the low brushwood; and the black bear, bathing in the stream, raises himself on end, and blinks his little eyes good-naturedly at the approaching leviathan, until, annoyed by the large waves raised by it in its passage, he shakes his shaggy coat, and trots grumbling into the thicket.

Between four and five hundred miles the steamer passes up the Arkansas amid this imposing scenery, a few small clearings, at far-distant intervals, shewing where alone the hand of man has touched the primeval forest; and not until we reach Little Rock, the capital of the state of Arkansas, do we come upon evidence of that constant progress of the white race westward, which is almost yearly adding new states to the territories of the stripes and stars. But our visit is not to these new rulers of the American continent; we are in quest of the red man, the ancient lord of the western world—of the red man, not in the degraded state to which too many of his race have been reduced by the civilisation, which for nearly three hundred years has been hunting them like noxious animals from place to place, giving them nothing in return for the lands of which it deprived them, but the vices bred in its populous cities, and the 'fire-water' that maddens the Indian, and gives tenfold intensity to all his worst passions—but of the red man such as he has become when at last left in quiet possession of some of the loveliest tracts of his native land, free to borrow the aids of civilisation as he may require them. Therefore, not at this little capital will we dwell, but continuing our course up the Arkansas, we will speed past the Dardanel rock, on which still towers the tall tree that of yore served the Indians as a watch-tower—past the Bee Rocks, in whose clefts and crevices myriads of wild-bees have found a home perhaps for thousands of years—past the friendly little town of Van Buren, spread out in an open smiling valley, till we reach Fort Smith, where the Potean falls into the Arkansas. Here we land on Indian territory, though not yet among the Indians, for Fort Smith is an American town, full of American go-ahead notions, and though situated in the midst of an unpeopled but blooming wilderness, is already speculating upon forming an important station on the railway which ere long shall unite the gold-fields on the Pacific with the commercial ports on the Atlantic.

Lovely, indeed, is the spot in which Providence has allowed the Choctaws at length to find rest for the soles of their feet, and to prove that the race of the red man is, as little as any other of God's children, absolutely incapable of civilisation. Above Fort Smith, and more especially from the point where the Canadian falls into the Arkansas, the country becomes diversified by numerous small prairies, which break the monotony of the forest scenery, while mountains rear their heads around. Sugar-loaf Mount, the Cavanean Mountains, and the Sans Bois Mountains, enclose narrow valleys of surpassing beauty and fertility. Fields, spangled with flowers of the most gorgeous hues, invite the sower to confide to them the seed that produces the staff of life, and promise a hundredfold in return for his labour. Numberless rivulets that run to meet the larger streams diffuse a delicious freshness through the air in summer; and the neighbouring mountains and impenetrable forests shut out the cold blasts in winter. And amid these lovely scenes the traveller needs no longer start back at the sound of the rustling foliage, fearing to see an arrow or a tomahawk speeding to arrest his life, or the blood-thirsty eyes of an Indian or a panther glaring at him from the bushes. The tomahawk has been exchanged for a sickle, the wild warhoop for the joyous call of the huntsman; and where bears and panthers used to roam as monarchs of the forest, now browse peaceful herds, that furnish wholesome food for an industrious population. As a welcome guest, the stranger may wander from farmstead to farmstead, sure to find a red hand held out to greet him, a plenteous meal to satisfy his hunger, and a comfortable bed to repose in, and in many cases an intelligent companion to converse with; for well-being and even riches are not uncommon among these agricultural tribes of Indians; and in localities where the tattooed warrior not very long back knew no better how to record his vague thoughts and wild imaginings, than by grotesque hieroglyphics traced upon tanned hides, there the civilised Indian now reads newspapers in his native language, and sends his sons to the schools of the far east.

The territory occupied by the Choctaw Indians, who, according to Catlin, number at present 22,000, stretches southward from the Arkansas to the Canadian river, and borders on the east on the state of Arkansas; on the south, on the territory of the Chickasaws; on the west, on that of the Creeks; and on the north, on the lands of the Cherokees—all of which tribes have attained a similar degree of civilisation, and at present differ very little from each other. Previous to their settlement in these regions, the Choctaws inhabited the rich hunting-grounds in the states of Alabama and Mississippi, which were purchased of them by the United States government, for a sum to be paid in yearly instalments, spread over a period of twenty years; which term is now nearly expired, the money having returned into the hands of the white men, without having conferred much benefit on the red. But, according to their own traditions, the migrations of the Choctaws began long before the arrival of the white men in the western world. 'Many, many winters ago,' they say, 'the Choctaws dwelt far away towards the setting sun, far beyond the great flowing water (the Missouri), behind the snowy mountains (Rocky Mountains). A great medicine-man was their chief. He led them forth each day, walking in front of them with a long red staff in his hand. Wherever he struck his staff in the ground, there they pitched their tents; but each morning the staff was found inclining towards the rising sun. This, said the medicine-man, was a sign that they must continue their wanderings; but when they came to a place where the staff remained upright in the ground, that would indicate that there the Great Spirit

Digitized by Google

would have them dwell; that there they should have their home. For a long, long time, they continued their wanderings, until at length they came to a place called Nah-ni-wa-ge (sloping hill), where the staff remained upright in the ground. There they settled, and built a large camp, one mile long and one mile broad. The men dwelt on the outside, the women and children in the middle; and Nah-ni-wa-ge is to this day considered the centre of the old Choctaw nation.'

To the fertility of the country, which gives rich harvests in return for very little labour, and to the softening influences of the climate, more than to the endeavours of the white race, is to be attributed the transformation of these nomadic savages into civilised agriculturists; yet it must be allowed that the American government has of late years shewn itself truly solicitous to promote the welfare of the Indians; and it is around one of the agencies founded to protect the various tribes from the encroachments of the white squatters, that has grown up what we may denominate the capital of the Choctaws, the little town called Hei-to-to-wa by the Indians, and Sculleville, or simply 'the Agency,' by the Americans. Hei-to-to-wa is fourteen miles from Fort Smith. The road, passing through the beautiful valley of the Arkansas, leads us first to Fort Coffee, very prettily situated on an eminence on the bank of the river. This fort, built thirty years ago as a defence against the Indians, has now been converted into a school for Indian boys, who, to the average number of fifty at a time, are educated here under the superintendence of a Methodist missionary, paid by the American government. Well-cultivated fields of corn and maize surround the fort. Negro slaves are busy at their various occupations, and merry, black-eyed, copper-coloured urchins are at play in the gardens. The distance from the school to the Agency is five miles. At first, the road skirts a great prairie; then, after a time, turns into the forest-land again; and here we soon come upon clearings in which the carefully tilled fields and comfortable log-houses, surrounded by vigorous young fruit-trees, announce the approach of the Indian town. Hei-to-to-wa, however, though called a town, consists of but one broad street, formed of log-houses, with gardens attached, and rather bears the appearance of a happy bustling village, in which Indians, negroes, and whites —the latter mostly married to Indians—are seen moving about in perfect harmony. The sound of the thrashing-flails from the barn-yards, the noise of numerous forges, the bellowing of cattle, and the barking of dogs, tell of happy industry and general well-being, while the numbers of persons in the street indicate that something unusual is going on. Our visit indeed happens to be coincident with a gathering of the chiefs at Sculleville, which has made the Indians flock in from the neighbouring farms, and has filled to overflowing the boarding-house, which, in true American fashion, has been got up in the town, more especially for the accommodation of Indian fathers and mothers who may wish to visit their daughters who are at school in Hei-to-to-wa, where there is an establishment for Indian girls similar to that for boys at Fort Coffee. Indian women, no longer held among the Choctaws in that degrading bondage which made them the slaves rather than the companions of their husbands, have accompanied the latter to the meeting, for games and pastimes of all kinds diversify these assemblies, and you may see these ladies—for we suppose we must no longer call them squaws—in numbers in the streets, like their better-halves, clad in European attire, but in colours the excessive gaudiness of which indicates a half-civilised taste, and with a quantity of that pretty bead-work and straw-work ornamentation about their dress, which shews that, with the savagery of Indian life, they have not abandoned its arts.

At the western extremity of the town is a warehouse, in front of which runs a slightly elevated gallery, which serves as the public tribune of the Choctaws. Round this tribune, under the lovely summer sky, assemble, towards evening, all the Indians who have flocked together in Hei-to-to-wa to listen to the wisdom of their congregated chiefs. The first who takes the word has evidently come from a distance. He is not a half-naked tattooed warrior, with his head encircled by a crown of many-coloured feathers, but a stalwart farmer, clad in a travel-soiled, fantastically shaped cotton garment, with a broad-brimmed brown hat on his head; but what is wanting in the splendour of his attire he makes up for by native dignity of manner and by a *suada* that makes an American who is standing by, and who understands not one syllable of what is spoken, exclaim in perfect sincerity: 'Well, hitherto I have thought the English was the most beautiful language, but hereafter I shall give the palm to the Choctaw.' Chief after chief stands up in similar manner to deliver his opinions on the subjects mooted, and to indulge in that love of speechifying which is characteristic of their race; and with unflagging attention, the assembled multitude listens until dawn of day. In the same primitive manner as certain public affairs were discussed on the present occasion, the courts of justice are at all times held, the criminal being present, and, when sentence of death is pronounced, being despatched on the spot by means of a bullet.

In public assemblies of this kind the women take no part, though they may collect at a respectful distance outside the ring of male auditors; but at the public games, which are celebrated with a kind of religious reverence, they are interested spectators, and sometimes take part in the betting. These games, which are generally carried on in some great open prairie, have been handed down from generation to generation since times immemorial, and form a subject of so much national pride, that whatever the degree of civilisation he has attained, the Indian, on occasion of their celebration, throws off his cumbersome apparel, and painting himself from head to foot like his fathers of old, enters the arena to contend for honours which are ever dear to his heart. The principal and most widely diffused among these Indian games is that of ball or ring, to which some notion of 'medicine' or magical power is still attached. The mode of proceeding, when a public contest is to take place, is as follows: Two men, renowned for their dexterity, challenge each other for a trial of skill. The day of meeting is appointed, and messengers are sent out by each champion to enrol partisans on his side. These messengers proceed from settlement to settlement, and from house to house, mentioning the name of the chief combatants, and the day appointed for the contest; and those who promise to join, signify the fact by touching a highly ornamented staff, with a ring at one end, carried by the messenger—a ceremony considered so binding, that to fail after having performed it, is to cover yourself with dishonour. As every participator in the game is accompanied by all his relatives, half the nation or tribe may sometimes be found assembled on these occasions—those who do not take an active part indulging at least in the excitement of betting. When the contending parties have arrived in the prairie selected for the sport, tents are pitched, the ground is measured off, and each party erects on its side, 250 feet from the centre of the playground, two poles sixteen feet high, placed at a distance of six feet from each other, and connected at the top by a cross-pole. These arrangements are superintended by four elected umpires, to whom also are given in charge the various stakes and prizes,

Digitized by Google

consisting of horses, rifles, blankets, wearing-apparel, household furniture, &c., &c., and who spend the night in watching over them, singing dismal songs, and smoking pipes in honour of the Great Spirit. At sunset, the next day, the combatants appear upon the ground. With the exception of a short petticoat and a gaily embroidered belt, with a horse's tail dyed in brilliant colours attached and pendent behind, they are quite naked; but the absence of clothes is made up for by the paint, of every imaginable colour, with which their bodies are besmeared from head to foot. In their hands they hold sticks of some light kind of wood, with a ring at the end large enough to hold the ball, but not to let it pass through; and the game consists in trying to catch the ball in this ring, and to fling it through the poles. The party who first succeeds in making the ball pass a hundred times through the poles erected on its own ground, has won the game.

When the sun has set behind the forest, torches are lighted, and the players advance in procession towards the poles. Singing and howling, clattering their sticks against each other, and striking their drums, they dance around them, while the women, likewise moving in procession, take up their place in two long rows in the centre of the playground, where they also lift their voices in chorus, and rock their bodies to and fro, now resting on one foot, now on the other. In the meanwhile, the umpires sit smoking their pipes on the line of demarcation; and the night passes in revelry. At sunrise, a gunshot gives the signal for the games to commence. The ball is hurled high into the air by one of the umpires, the players rush forward from both sides to catch it in their rings; and with short intervals of repose, the game is kept up till sunset, perhaps to begin again the next day and the next.

Many of the Choctaws have accepted Christianity, but many still cling to their ancient faith, and more especially to its doctrine of the life hereafter—a fact which proves that the love of the wild forest-life is not yet quite extinct among them. According to their belief, the dead have to make a long journey westward until they reach a deep and rapid stream, beyond which are the hunting-fields of the blessed. This stream they must cross by a bridge made of the stem of a tall pine-tree, stripped of its bark, and smoothed and polished. The good proceed with firm and steady steps across the slippery bridge, and reach the blessed hunting-grounds, where the heavens are never clouded, where the air is always cool, and where they are endowed with new and everlasting youth, and spend their time in endless joy hunting and feasting. But bad men, when endeavouring to pass the narrow bridge, see the steep banks giving way, are seized by unconquerable giddiness, and precipitate themselves into the depths below. There the waters fall thundering from the rocks, and the whirlpool spinning them round and round, ever brings them back to the same spot, where the air is poisoned by the exhalations of dead fish, where the trees are dead and leafless, where snakes and toads revel in the slimy mud, where eternal hunger gnaws their entrails, and whence they endeavour in vain to climb up the steep banks to catch a glimpse of the abode of the blessed.

In the comfortable log-house, as in the rude wigwam, one of the chief delights of the Indian is to sit round the fire and listen to the legends of the past as they drop from the lips of the aged. Here is one of these legends, which, no doubt like many another myth, owes its origin to a name. Among the tribes incorporated with the Choctaw nation is one called the Crawfish Band. The story of its adoption the Choctaws tell as follows: 'In the beginning, the Crawfish Band lived in great caves, where for many miles around there was no light. They had to find their way to the daylight through mud and morass, and to get back the same way. They looked like craw-fish, walked on hands and feet, did not understand what was said to them, and were very timid and fearful. The Choctaws often watched for them to speak to them, but they escaped into their holes. Once, however, the Choctaws cut off the way, and then they ran towards the neighbouring rocks, and disappeared in the clefts. The Choctaws then laid dry wood and twigs outside, and made a great fire and a great smoke, and in this way they drove out some of the Crawfish men. These they were kind to; they taught them to speak, and to walk on two legs; and they cut off their long nails, and plucked the hairs off their bodies, and then adopted them into their tribe. But many of the Crawfish men remain in the earth, where they live to this day in deep dark caves.'

Such is the lore with which the Choctaw diverts us while under his hospitable roof, and we would fain linger longer with these interesting children of the forest, who are gradually being converted into quiet dwellers in cities, but our time is out; and those who would know more about them and the neighbouring tribes, we must refer to Mr Möllhausen,* who has been our own guide.

A CHILD'S HOLIDAY.

I WAS seven years old, and hitherto, as I thought, I had lived a life of too much seclusion. A Boy of my age, forsooth, and to have seen so little of the world—it was discreditable! We lived in London, and yet—would it be believed?—with the exception of Pantomimes, the performances of Conjurors and Ventriloquists, and other childish exhibitions of the like nature, I was wholly ignorant of Metropolitan enjoyments. Even to the scenes I have mentioned, my Father and Mother had accompanied me—a circumstance which materially detracted from that pleasurable sense of self-importance, which made itself by that time felt within me pretty strongly. I had been to the Tower without them, to be sure, and had experienced considerable satisfaction from an interview, upon equal terms, with a Beefeater, and an undisturbed and protracted contemplation of some phlegmatic horsemen in complete armour; but even then, our Butler was behind me; and I think I caught him once in the very act of a derisive smile. The fact was clear, that I was not allowed sufficient liberty. I, the heir of the house, was scarcely less in leading-strings than my little brother, a small boy of five years old. It became obvious to me that such a state of things was not to be endured. It was absolutely attempted upon one occasion (I relate it with shame), to induce me to accompany that youth, with a couple of nursemaids, in a walk in Kensington Gardens. A dishonourable spectacle, which the good people, however, (I refer to my parents,) had the prudence not to insist upon my exhibiting. I protest I would almost as soon have been seen in Regent Street, inside a Perambulator.

On my seventh birthday, I entertained a select party of young gentlemen—at Dinner? Nothing of the sort, my Public, I assure you. At *Tea and Cake*, and a supper to follow, principally composed of bonbons. A mere Juvenile Party, whereat my small

* *Reise von der Mississippi nach den Küsten der Südsee von Baldwin Möllhausen.* Leipzig: 1858.

Digitized by Google

brother and some of his little friends made themselves most uncommonly ill with certain ornamental devices which looked in their childish eyes to be good to eat. It was on the morning which succeeded this very mild entertainment that I determined to throw off the yoke in earnest, and assume that independence to which my years entitled me. The epoch was peculiarly fitting; while the circumstance of my having received the sum of five shillings from my grandmother upon the preceding evening, gave me the pecuniary means of commencing life upon my own account.

I determined to pay a visit to the then newly opened exhibition called *the Panopticon* (stigmatised classically, since its total failure, as *the All-my-Eye*), and to do so independently of Father, Mother, Butler, Nursemaid, or any other such degrading companionship. I had heard people discoursing of it, and understood that it was a long way off; but how far, or in what direction, or even what sort of a place it was when one got there, I was profoundly ignorant. Therefore, for convenience' sake, I thought I would do a bit of patronage, and take some person with me who should be better informed. The idea which first crossed me, of treating the Policeman who patrolled our square to this entertainment, I put aside at once, as savouring of protection and dependence: the Crossing-sweeper, I felt convinced, would never part with his Broom, and I had a sense of propriety which revolted at the notion of being connected with an instrument of that kind in the public streets: the same reason prevented me from making overtures to the Baker's young man, whom I had never beheld divorced from his gigantic basket: while the Butcher-boy, who dressed in blue, and wore an unseemly weapon outside that garment, was of course even still more open to objection.

At last, I remembered that when our boots required any cobblering, short of a new sole or upper leather, we had sometimes been taken into a back-street in the neighbourhood to a certain humble son of Crispin, in order that he might see what they required before he sent for them to the house; and this person had a very good-natured son. I was certain of that, because the young man, upon an occasion of my having been knocked down by a passing cab, had carried me in his arms in the most delicate and feeling manner possible; and had been so wrapped up in my misfortune—just as if I had been a mere child—that he had quite forgotten to take down the number of the cab, with a view of 'summonsing' it, which was the idea, when I returned to consciousness, that immediately occurred to *me*.

It was to this person, therefore, I determined to apply. But before I left our house, which I did about five minutes after my father had set out for his chambers, I left a few lines—by help of a chair—upon the Dining-room mantel-piece, for my mother (where I knew that she must needs find them in a few hours), to state briefly, the circumstances of my self-emancipation, and also the place where I was gone.

'My dear Mamma—I am now in my eighth year and grown up. You will not be therefore astonished, or, I hope, displeased, that I am gone out to-day, as Papa does, without anybody to take care of me. It is quite impossible to say where I may be going; there are so many things to be visited, you see, my dear mamma; but I intend in the first instance to turn my steps towards the *Pannoponnikon* (or something like that). Your affectionate son, Robert (*not* Bobby).

'*P.S.* If I am not back at the children's dinner-hour, they are not to wait, please.'

I left that letter on the mantel-piece; put on my Sunday hat and my best gloves; selected from the stand one very enormous green umbrella, which I judged would give a sort of finish to my appearance, and establish me as one of mature years in the public eye; then I opened the street-door with great difficulty, and leaving it open—since I could not by any means shut it—took the first street to the right hand, with the lounging air of a thorough man about town; the only drawback being that I had to trail that green umbrella behind me, which, of course, was far too big for me to carry otherwise. I found the old bootmaker at home, who seemed surprised as well as delighted to see me. He was sitting cross-legged upon his chair and with no shoes on, as was his habitual custom; but he made a pretence of shifting his feet about as though he would have found his shoes—in token of respect—although he and I both knew that they were not in the room. I said, in a condescending but off-hand manner, that *I* did not require his services, but those of his son, whom I had taken it into my head to treat that day with a visit to the Panopticon. While some one was despatched for this young gentleman, I passed the interval, instead of compromising my dignity by conversation, in endeavouring to introduce the huge knob of the umbrella into my mouth, a feat which was at length crowned with success, and afforded me much pleasure. There I stood—and I think I can see myself at it now—with this enormous green excrescence growing, as it were, out of my interior, unable to speak, and scarcely to breathe, but filled with a sense of self-importance which would have sustained me under even more trying circumstances; and there sat the cobbler and his myrmidons, evidently enraptured by my appearance and manners, and hardly proceeding with the business they had on hand.

I was presently released from this ignominious position by the arrival of Crispin the younger. He was a faded, washed-out, rather unhealthy-looking young man of about seventeen, with a silver brooch in his lilac cravat, and a soiled yellow waistcoat, festooned with an enormous chain of mosaic gold. His mother, who was very fond of him—and he was a good son, I am very sure, and more dutiful than some I wot of, who dress with better taste—treated him to these little elegances with a pride equal to that with which he wore them. His eyes were very weak, but good-natured looking; and his legs, which were very thin for so big a lad, were willing enough.

He declared himself to be quite ready to accompany me to the Panopticon, and suggested, as he knew the way to it, that he had perhaps better walk before instead of behind me. I waived my social superiority, however, altogether, and insisted upon our walking side by side. I daresay our conversation was not less interesting to ourselves, if less intellectual, than that of any other couple of persons parading that day, in the same direction. I confided to him the harrowing secret of how I had once inadvertently smothered a dormouse which I kept in a lozenge-box, by putting him—with the best intentions—too near the fire; and he in return described how his mother had picked up that very brooch which he then wore, at an auction in Tottenham Court Road—a bargain.

We soon arrived at the Moorish Palace in Leicester Square, and I paid with pride the two shillings out of my own pocket which admitted us both within that Hall of Splendour. I listened with grim delight to the lecturers upon Conjuring, who exposed the arts of those charlatans who had cheated my infant senses.

Digitized by Google

And afterwards, when young Crispin endeavoured to make me believe that the little man at the keys of the huge organ produced with his fingers all that delicious thunder, I bade him be quiet, because that time was past when I was child enough to credit such a thing. I did not care much for the glass-blowing, and still less for the patent sewing-machines: but I was enchanted beyond measure by the man in the diving-helmet in the long glass Box full of water. How I longed to smash one side of it with the ferrule of my green umbrella, and see how the water would rush out at the hole, and leave him stranded at the bottom in a twinkling; but of course such a proceeding was not to be ventured upon except in imagination. Young Crispin and I had spent hours in this place, and yet I don't think we were either of us weary. Only we had had too many Banbury Cakes and glasses of cherry-brandy at the refreshment-stall, not to feel a little bit drowsy, and inclined to sit down. So we chose a seat in the uppermost gallery, from which we could look down upon all things, and up to which there came from beneath all manner of pleasant sounds: the hum of the huge Organ, the splash of the falling water of the Fountain in the centre, the distant whir of machinery, and the murmur of conversation from the crowd who perambulated the beautiful building. Young Crispin, under these dreamy influences, succumbed so far as actually to go off in a sort of doze. His weak legs having found a resting-place, his weak eyes took advantage of the fact to close in slumber. I myself, I thought, was far above any such degradation. Tired at two o'clock in the afternoon of my first day of independence? Never! I leaned forward upon the rail, however, which overlooked the scene beneath, and having hung my enormous green umbrella upon the same, outside—not knowing where else to put it to, out of the way—I sucked and sucked at the great knob of it, and watched the people crossing and recrossing beneath, or looked down into the depths of a magnificent glass *vivarium*, which lay immediately beneath, but at a vast distance, filled with all sorts of gleaming fishes and wonders of the deep. I stared at these till I scarcely knew where I was. Presently the Fountain began to leap to a less lively measure, the Organ to have a tone less distinct and more soothing, the machinery to be set to a more monotonous air, the people to converse more like bees than human creatures. Gracious goodness, what was that! All on a sudden, I was set wide awake, and plunged in an ecstasy of horror, by the consciousness that the knob of that green umbrella had somehow wobbled out of my mouth, and that the whole thing was then descending straight upon the *vivarium*.

The total catastrophe could not have taken above half a minute, but it seemed to me to comprehend an age of agony. I watched the hideous incubus, like some monstrous and ill-omened bird, wend slowly upon its errand of destruction; I saw the people's upturned eyes concentrated upon me like one burning glass; I heard a scream of horror burst from the awakened Crispin, and then a tremendous crash, and outburst of a torrent of water, below. Hurrying feet upon the staircase, threats, imprecations, vows of vengeance, succeeded in a whirl of horror. Then I saw Crispin offering his silver brooch—that tremendous bargain—and mosaic gold chain in payment for the damage, and both these valuables refused with indignant scorn. At that sight I felt that I must needs have done a world of mischief indeed. At last—Beatific Vision! —I saw our own fat Butler with arms extended, and joyful face. He had been despatched by my distracted mother on the instant that my little note had been discovered, in the faint hope that he would find me safe at the Panopticon. She herself had gone to my father's chambers, and he to the police.

Notwithstanding my advanced age and independent position, I was most unfeignedly glad to see this emissary, and to find myself—it's so long ago that I don't remember what became of Crispin—safe in the arms of my good people at home.

AN OPENING FOR BRITISH ENTERPRISE.

The 2d of September inaugurated a new era in the history of British India. The government passed into the hands of the Queen. All honour to the East India Company! They had vanquished oriental potentates; they had given us an empire; in a few years they would have learned to vanquish their own prejudices, and in this latter conquest to have more closely knit India to Great Britain.

It is singular how inveterately the Company and their agents adhered to the antipathies of their earliest predecessors towards the Europeans who went to India for the purpose of earning a livelihood, or possibly achieving a fortune, without having previously covenanted to serve the Company. This, in its results, was the great blot upon the administration of India. In the midst of many great doings, it caused others of mighty consequence to be left undone. It tended to retard progress, and justifies the hope expressed in the first line of this article, that the 2d of September 'inaugurated a new era.'

There is such a thing, however, as a distinction without a difference. The new council is very like the old directors. What the Company did, the new council may be apt to approve; but there is this hope for us all, and we should rejoice to think it a guarantee—the new government of India is directly responsible to the House of Commons, and, in the fear of raising the ire of the legislature, may be disposed to change its policy towards what a Scotch member of parliament is fond of calling 'the independent element.' The scope for improvement in India is very wide. It will be a sin and a shame if the fullest encouragement be not given to Europeans to resort thither with their capital, their intelligence, their thews and sinews. Down to 1833, adventurous men were scared with the apprehension of being *deported* to England if they offered the slightest offence to any member of the local governments. The story of Mr Buckingham, who was sent home, *vid* China, for presuming to censure some acts of the governor-general or the governor of Madras in the columns of his newspaper, the *Calcutta Journal*, is well known to the reader of the current history of India. But offences of a much milder dye than the alleged crime of Mr Buckingham were threatened with the condign punishment of deportation. A coachmaker at Bombay was contumelious in his bearing towards a secretary to government, who would not pay his bill. The secretary appealed to the governor and council for protection from the 'common European.' The Bombay gods trembled on their Olympus; but Jupiter Elphinstone, the governor, was magnanimous —he deemed interference *infra dig.*, and the tradesman was spared. Every man residing in India was, down to 1832, a misdemeanant before the law if he had not proceeded thither armed with the indentures of a 'free merchant' or a 'free mariner,' reluctantly granted at the East India House; and these indentures or licences being liable to withdrawal by the local government, the 'nicest' offence jeopardised the liberty of the 'interloper.' Without the licence, he was obnoxious to banishment to England at a few hours' notice.

When the charter was renewed in 1833, the restriction upon the general resort of Europeans was removed. But every kind of encouragement to agricultural improvement was withheld—road-making was retarded—laws were enacted which rendered the

Digitized by Google

tenure of property uncertain; so that, after the lapse of twenty years, the Europeans settled in the Mofussil or interior of India are not more numerous than they were when the door was opened to their admission! 'A new era has been inaugurated.' The country craves such improvement as will enable it to enrich England, and enhance her importance and strength. The voice of the soil cries out for the labour that shall render every acre fruitful; the people are athirst for that elevation in the social scale which can only be wrought by European contact; and these demands will be complied with. The House of Commons, alive to its duty, has elicited, through the medium of a committee of its own members, a number of facts which, operating as the train communicating with a mine, have exploded and blown to atoms the fallacies which constituted the intrenchments and *chevaux de frise* of the old government. The native of Great Britain now should know that there are 'fresh fields and pastures new' open to his spirit of industry; and it behoves the press to direct his attention to a source of wealth so much more certain to yield good results than the richest mines of New Caledonia, although it may possibly demand a more patient effort. It will hardly be credited, but it is nevertheless an established fact, that in many parts of India the climate is *perfectly European*, and the land of wonderful fertility. In one part, 'the climate is infinitely superior to anything we have in England.'

We admit the general insalubrity of the plains of India; we grant there is no available arable land, even in the mountainous districts of Kumaon, the Punjaub, the Deccan or Chota Nagpoor, the Cossyah and the Jynteah Hills; we do not refuse to believe that the valleys of the Punjaub, the Eastern Dhoon, and Pegu, are injurious to the European constitution; we concede that in the Meerut division of the North-west Provinces, in Mysore, and in Lower Bengal, Europeans cannot safely labour in the open air. We assent to all these propositions, on the faith of the representations of *employés* of the East India Company; and yet, after this magnanimous string of concessions, we are prepared to shew that myriads of acres of excellent land, in salubrious localities, invite the European to India.

Take, for instance, the Neilgherries, or Blue Mountains, north of the presidency of Madras. According to the testimony of a most experienced and conscientious officer, Captain John Ouchterlony, of the Madras Engineers, the climate, which is the first consideration, is 'infinitely superior to anything we have in England.' Its quality was tested by a Highland regiment —the 74th—which passed many months in the hills, the men being always engaged in the open air, assisting to build barracks, cultivating gardens, and brewing their own beer. Sickness was quite unknown among them. There are 200,000 acres of land in the Neilgherries available for farms or residences, and the soil is adapted to the growth of almost any European and every Asiatic kind of produce. Cotton, coffee, and tea may be grown in great quantities. There is a deficiency of wood-fuel; but peat is generally distributed over the entire range of the hill tract. It was discovered by an Irishman, who had an eye to the bogs. He reaped no reward for his discovery, but to the inhabitants it is a great benefit and blessing. A cart-load of nearly half a ton may be bought for a shilling. Of European productions, the most abundant are precisely those which are most needed, and their cultivation may be immensely extended. Potatoes, wheat, barley—for malting—hops, grasses for hay, and dairy produce for thousands of settlers, constitute the staples of the hills.

Next to the Neilgherries are the Himalaya. There is not much level ground in any part of those lofty regions. A system of terracing is, however, resorted to, and the cultivation will admit of being greatly extended. At the lower part of the mountains, easily accessible from Calcutta, Dr Hooker reports that there are 'very great capabilities indeed' for the growth of tea. He describes the climate as 'exceedingly healthy' for Europeans, and is of opinion that their presence would tend to the creation of an immense trade between Tibet and India. Dr J. R. Martin, a man of great renown for his treatment of tropical diseases, is also much prepossessed in favour of the climate of the Himalaya, at an elevation of 4000 or 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and especially if the mountains be isolated. At the base of the Himalaya, and in plains of easy access to the mountains, there is wide scope for farms and settlements, over which Europeans could exercise control for several months in the year, betaking themselves to the hills during the very hot weather, when active operations are suspended. Major-general Tremenheere of the Bengal army is equally favourable to the climate, and speaks very confidently of the wonderful field presented in many parts of India for mining operations; and in this respect he is earnestly supported by Captain Ouchterlony. The country yields iron, tin, copper, coal, gold, and diamonds; but as yet it has been very little worked. In addition to the hilly districts above named, we may instance Nepaul, Myneput, the Pulneys, Shevarroys, and Coorg—all presenting openings for capital.

In the plains of Hindostan, as well as the mountains, there appears to be a fine avenue for enterprise. The growth of cotton and sugar, coffee, hemp, wheat, and fifty other commodities, may be largely promoted by the aid of European capital applied to the introduction of a better system of agriculture. 'The application of science to agriculture has made such progress in Europe during the last half-century, that the extraordinary results produced are,' says General Tremenheere, 'a standing rebuke to all authorities connected with India, where not even a first move has been made in that direction.' The personal appearance of the indigo-planter is quite sufficient to establish the healthiness of an out-of-door life even in Lower Bengal, where hundreds of Englishmen might be employed as overseers and agriculturists.

But it is not only as capitalists that Europeans will now find an ample field in India. The perfidy and incompetency of the natives of India have become so glaring, that the government, from a sense of duty to itself, as well as to the country, will henceforth readily accept the services of respectable natives of Great Britain. Their employment in the courts of law, and the superintending of the police all over the country, will go a great way towards improvement in the administration of justice; and the interests of native and European will become the more thoroughly identified by a large infusion of the latter wholesome agency in the direction of an extended system of internal communication. There is no denying that, rich as the soil of India may be, and cordially as it may invite the enterprising European to devote his time, his money, and his talent to the development of its resources, a great increase in the number of roads and railways must forthwith take place. Nor in roads only; canals are needed, and a system of irrigation upon an enlarged scale. In many wide districts, irrigation is necessary to the cultivation of cotton, and cotton, to England, is, we know, everything. With these improvements, all of which demand European labour, and some amendment in the administration of justice, India will soon offer to the intending emigrant of the middle class an almost boundless field of enterprise. He has only to arm himself with a resolution to lead a temperate life, avoiding spiritous liquors as much as possible,

Digitized by Google

and his chance of success in the country, under the new *régime*, will, in all likelihood, be very considerable.

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THE next two years of Mrs Armour's life were singularly peaceful and cheerful. Her school was thriving, her children well and happy, while, for the first time since she was married, there was nothing on her mind—no secret anxiety wearing her down.

And now it was that the schoolmaster thought of maturing his plan for crushing opposition, and for triumphantly bringing the enemy over to his own side.

Civil wars have been brought to a close, rent kingdoms restored, deeply seated feuds have been healed by a process similar to that contemplated by Mr Holiday. The rival Roses were blended in the persons of Elizabeth and Henry; Ferdinand and Isabella joined kingdoms when they joined hands; and the young and interesting members of the houses of Montague and Capulet meant to extinguish their ancient enmity in the same way, had not a tragic fate stepped in to prevent it: so that the man of authority had many precedents to encourage him, and went forward nothing doubting. Surprised, therefore, was the schoolmaster when the lady said 'No.'

Perhaps it was the man who was not attractive in Mrs Armour's eyes, perhaps the state of matrimony, perhaps both; but it was as we have written, and the poor man returned to his dwelling looking more glum than ever. It would not be matter for astonishment if Mr Holiday was a few degrees sharper and shorter than usual with his young friends for the next two or three days to come.

Ten years had revolved, and the anniversary of the day on which George Armour last crossed his threshold had come round. It was a Sunday—a midsummer Sunday morning, still and hushed. Except perhaps a labouring-man taking a turn round his garden, and for once bending his back, not of necessity, but to admire his flowers, so rich and fragrant, or a horse being taken to a pond to drink, all was quiet and tranquil. The soft air made a gentle motion among the corn in the blade, and blew the dust from the green glossy leaves of the roadside hedges; the insects were out in the sun; and the birds—what glad, gleg, little, light-headed creatures they are (so handsome, and one would think they knew it), with their throats full of song, and their pin-head eyes glancing hither and thither like specks of living jet.

By and by, the country-people, as the villagers call them, come dropping in; young blooming women with showy ribbons, and flowers round their faces of a hue which cast even the carnation of their cheeks into the shade; sobered-down matrons, whose dressy days are over, with chubby tanned children keeping close behind them: these enter the church, and take their seats; while their fathers, husbands, and brothers stand about outside, talking, till they see the minister go in. One or two carriages, several gigs, and two or three carts—the last with cushions improvised by stuffing sacks with straw—drive into the village, and send their occupants to join the stream slowly flowing churchward. From corners of the village creep forth the aged poor—always more conspicuous in a country church than in a town one—the men with lyart haffets and staff, and the coats which have gone in and out of the chest and the fashion for so many long years; and the little bent round-shouldered old women, with big black bonnets—affectingly decent—of a long-gone-by date, worsted shawls, and bunchy umbrellas. From below thick white borders, the little face of age peeps, seamed and withered. One wonders how it has fared with them on their long rough pilgrimage; whether they have softened and mellowed, or grown hardened and embittered, since the time when they found their feet fast in mortal shoes, which there is no putting off except in that dark and narrow passage they must enter so soon.

At last the congregation are all in. The rich have got settled in their cushions—God knows they don't always recline on roses either, much as they are sometimes envied; the gentlemen have disposed of their hats, and drawn their fingers through their hair; the ladies have spread their skirts roomily, opened their richly bound Bibles, and have in hand their cut-crystal gold-stoppered smelling-bottles ready for a case of drowsiness; it being bad manners to sleep in church.

The poor have unwrapped their Bibles from white handkerchiefs, and laid their roses, sweet-william, southernwood, on the book-board, posies which (barring the southernwood) shed a perfume such as no bottle on the Queen's toilet-table could rival. There were plenty of middle-class people also, intelligent and sober-minded. Mrs Armour was present too. It would have been something extraordinary if she or her children had been missed from their accustomed seat. The windows of the church were all down, and the psalm—sung heartily, if not scientifically—floated out to join the universal hymn of nature.

The text was read and the sermon begun, when an unusual incident occurred.

The beadle was seen stepping up a passage on one side of the church, in the manner which he supposed least likely to attract attention, but which set all the children below, and still more those in the opposite gallery, who had him fully under their eyes, wondering whether it was a cat or a bird he wanted to catch for the purpose of instant ejectment. But no; when he arrived at Mrs Armour's seat, he nudged the person sitting at the foot of it, and whispered a few words; that individual nudged and whispered the next, and so on till the message reached Mrs Armour, when, the seat being narrow, five people rose and stood in the aisle till she got out, much wondering what she could possibly be wanted for.

'It's a gentleman wantin' tae speak tae ye, Mrs Armour,' said the beadle. 'See!' and he pointed to Mrs Armour's house, 'there's a post-chaise at your door. I'm thinking he would come in it.'

And as he stopped speaking, Jeanie saw her old Edinburgh acquaintance, Mr Boyd, make his appearance from round the corner of the church. He came up to her, looking rather sheepish.

'I daresay, Mrs Armour,' he began, 'ye'll wonder what's brought me here on a Sabbath forenoon; but the fact is, an auld friend cam in upon us yestreen very unexpected; he's been long abroad, an' this is his ain country; sae naething wad ser' him but he maun be out the day. He's no in very gude health, an' that maks folk restless, ye ken.'

Mr Boyd had run on thus far with a kind of nervous rapidity, and Mrs Armour felt surprised that he had called her out of the church for such a reason: they might have waited till the service was over, she thought.

Mr Boyd went on again: 'It's ten years sin' he's been at hame, Mrs Armour'—glancing at her black dress—'an' it's just ten years sin' I didna ken how tae tell ye that your gudeman had left ye; an' now'—he motioned his hand towards the chaise.

'Somebody that knew George,' said Mrs Armour; 'if he has anything good to tell of him, he will be welcome indeed.'

They had got nearly close to the carriage-door, when a head was put out, and there, haggard, thin, and blanched, Jeanie again saw her husband's handsome face! She stood fixed to the ground.

Digitized by Google

He said: 'Jeanie, will ye take me in?'

All that she could gather strength to say was, 'Yes.'

The elderly ladies, her kinswomen, her promise to them, and her own wrongs, were all alike forgotten at that moment. Here was her husband probably destitute, apparently dying, and she did not see any other course open to her. Mr Boyd was close beside her. He had expected that she would faint, or scream, or do something out of the ordinary way; so, greatly relieved, he patted her on the shoulder and said: 'That 's a woman.'

This remark of his, or rather exclamation, embodied the entire philosophy and explanation of the thing: none of us men could have done it; but women, as Mr Boyd said to himself, as he took a turn along the road after seeing them into the house—'women are curious beings; it 's a question now but she makes more of him than if he had stayed at home all the time and done his duty.'

However, greatly pleased with the issue of his journey, he soon re-entered the chaise, and left them to themselves.

Now, our readers—at least the feminine portion of them—are sure that we have nothing more to say than that George Armour returned home a wiser and a better man; that native air and good nursing restored him to health; and that he did all that in him lay to atone to his wife and children for past misconduct. We shall see.

But how had these ten years been spent?

CHAPTER IV.

During eight years, he had been tossing from one state of the American Union to another, sometimes working industriously, and hoarding his wages penuriously, then herding with the vile, and losing both his senses and his money in intoxication and riot; having to stand the wild and wicked jests of the crew he was among, upon the latter loss, which they knew gave him sore distress. This troubled him, but his conscience did not. Regret for anything he had done, or was doing, he did not know, except when sin brought suffering on him in his own person. On the contrary, he valued himself upon the fact that he was not so bad as some others.

Then came the news which roused all the more intelligent and adventurous blackguardism of the world.

There was gold in California, gold to be had for the lifting. At the first blush of this intelligence, George Armour, in company with bands of the reckless and the wicked, set out for the land of gold. Gold! gold! already he felt his hands clutching it, his fingers closing on it. The floating scum of every city of Europe set in for the golden centre. The multitudes dwelt in tents. Tents are suggestive of an age of innocence and wandering shepherd-life, or of a well-drilled and disciplined military array—but these tents sheltered crime of every dye under heaven. George Armour was not behind. He gathered gold, he drank; he gambled, and went gold-seeking again. This life of alternate exposure and riot began to tell on his constitution, originally strong, and which, in a different course of conduct, and with ordinary care, might have served him to the utmost limits of man's life.

It was rough nursing any one got at the diggings; and even the necessaries of life, in no long time, rose to an enormous price. So, shaken as he was, George Armour resolved to try his luck once again; and if he succeeded, to keep his own counsel and his gold, and make for home. He was lucky, even beyond his expectations; and he no sooner landed in England than he embarked his capital in freighting a ship with the stores most needed at the gold-fields. By this venture, he became rich.

He hung about England for a time, but not getting better—but, if anything, rather worse—he came to Edinburgh, and consulted medical men there. They told him that, by strict temperance and regularity, he might have a chance for his life; but that otherwise, it was all over with him. If it is come to that, thought he, I may as well go home. This thought led him to seek Mr Boyd, and inquire of him as to his wife's whereabouts; and hence his arriving, as we have seen, at her door on that Sunday forenoon.

If he had any feeling of shame at all, when he entered his wife's home, it was very faint indeed. He still believed in himself as being a much better man than many he had known; and when he asked Jeanie if she would take him in, it was more by way of saying something of an introductory kind, than that he thought it was a necessary question. He had no doubt that she would only be too glad to see him again; and he gave her a sketch of his history, not containing any of the more glaring facts, which we have only hinted at, but filled in with sundry cock-and-bull stories, calculated to leave the impression that he was rather an exemplary character than otherwise—which indeed was his own conviction.

She believed his account; but in a few days found that, whatever of hardship he had undergone, he had returned the same selfish and exacting man; and that if, as he said, he had made money, he was determined to part with as little of it as possible.

The school had to be given up; he could not bear it. Miss Bogle and Miss Elder instantly stopped their annuity. Miss Bogle insisted on it, although Miss Elder, left to herself, would gladly have continued it; so Jeanie was reduced to the allowance which her husband doled out to her as if it had been his life's blood; living in a place like that ought, he said, to cost next to nothing.

Even in his weak state, he felt the life he was condemned to lead irksome to a degree. His children, although told that he was their father, did not feel natural affection for him—they rather instinctively disliked him: he saw this, and imagining them to be spies upon him, generally sent them from the room, and they were glad to go.

Neither was he looked upon by the public with an over-friendly eye; he found people generally shy of his approaches. There was one exception, however; a man of the name of M'Coll, whom he had known intimately in early life, and whom he now found established in the locality as a lawyer in a small way. He did not bear a high character in the district; was mean of soul, and grasping. But George, even if he had been inclined, could not afford to be particular; and when he got a pony, M'Coll accompanied him in his rides, and exerted himself in many ways to beguile the time which hung so heavy on his hands. The entire change from his former habits to temperance and regularity, brought about a lull in his disease, although it was short-lived.

Jeanie bore with his bad temper, watched his slightest wish, and devoted herself to him by day and night, with small thanks on his part, for he never said, and probably never thought, that she did enough. He clung to life, but at last his malady assumed such an aspect that he could not disguise from himself that life was ebbing from him; he had been accustomed to shut his eyes to consequences so long, however, and look at things in such a distorted light, that it was not likely his senses should begin to serve him correctly now, when the vacuity of mind and torpor induced by disease seconded his efforts in cultivating that total apathy which he called resignation to fate. Sometimes he upbraided his wife for not looking more cheerful; 'but for M'Coll, he did not know what he would do; as for George and Betsey, she had brought them up to forget they had

Digitized by Google

a father; if she wished to go out, she need not punish them by sending them to look after him, he could get M'Coll when he wanted company. M'Coll knew what a man wanted; he did not come in with a face as long as the steeple;' and so on.

But to do him, or perhaps rather his disease, justice, an outbreak of this kind was only occasional; for the most part, he was quiet and passive.

The greater his debility became, M'Coll's attentions grew the more constant, till at last he was a daily visitor, and even, when it became necessary, insisted on relieving Mrs Armour by taking turns of sitting up at night with him. Jeanie did not much like M'Coll, but she had no choice, and so far as fatigue was concerned, the relief was most welcome. Although, how this man should tie himself, hour by hour, to the sick-bed of a weak, querulous man, evidently dying, who had not even the claim of relationship on him, was more than she could account for; certainly, she thought, he must be a kind-hearted man in reality, although she could not like him, and would have preferred another sort of companion for her husband's last days.

It was not long, however, before the riddle was read to her very plainly and rather unexpectedly.

One day, George seemed to be more excited than usual, and told his wife that he expected M'Coll in the evening, and that she might go to bed as early as she liked, for he would not want anything, and she would be the better for a sound sleep.

It is amazing how faint a breath will blow into life the embers of dying affection. These latter words of George Armour's fell upon the weary, crushed spirit of his wife like dew upon the withered grass. Her love for her husband was just about expiring of sheer starvation, and she grasped at these words as if her ingenuity could make a meal of them. Poor creature, so little was she accustomed to any consideration from this quarter, that these few words, which anybody might have said from mere humanity, actually brightened her eye, and made her step lighter. It was a brief flutter of hope—that night she sounded the depths of her husband's heartlessness.

True to his appointment, M'Coll came, and Jeanie observed in him that slight, and, on the part of the individual, unconscious difference of manner which distinguishes the person having business in view, from the same person with thoughts wholly free. Jeanie was not what is called a sharp, clever woman, far less a jealous, suspicious one, yet she could not help thinking there was something more than usual to take place between these two men.

Her husband, for the sake of thorough ventilation, occupied the largest room in the house—not very large after all—she herself slept in what was little more than a hole in the wall opening from this apartment, and was in the habit of leaving her door half open, that she might hear readily, and be instantly on the alert if wanted.

As had been proposed, she had gone early to bed; but owing to her thoughts wandering over many things, it was long before she slept; however, sleep at last she did. She was a light sleeper at any time, and now it was not long before she suddenly awoke, owing to the glare of a candle being shed over her face; it was just at the moment, however, that it was being withdrawn, and she saw M'Coll in the act of moving away with it in his hand. He crossed the room to George's bedside, and she heard him say: 'She 's as sound as a top.' Her curiosity was excited, and raising herself gently on her elbow, she listened, the door being turned round on its hinges, she could see through the interstice. George was sitting up in bed with an inexplicable expression on his thin wasted face. Jeanie gazed at him with a feeling of profound and unutterable pity. Many times, as she had sat watching him, her heart had sprung to her lips, and her feelings nearly burst forth; but knowing the stinging repulse she was likely to meet, she kept them to herself. But the afternoon's gleam of kindness—perhaps it might be the beginning of a change. M'Coll, too, came within the range of her vision as she watched. She saw him steady a small stool on the edge of the bed, spread a sheet of paper on it, set ink close by, and move the candle nearer.

Then George asked: 'Have you got witnesses?'

'All right,' replied M'Coll; 'when we are ready for them, I can have them in, and get their names down in a second.'

'Begin, then,' said Armour.

And M'Coll, taking the pen, began to write, to George's dictation, what Jeanie instantly discovered to be his will. She listened to the end, and heard him bequeath all that he had to his loving and faithful friend, Simon M'Coll, as if neither she nor her children had been in existence. This, then, was his kindness, his consideration! She saw M'Coll assist him up into a position to sign the document, and give him the pen for that purpose, when, for her children's sake, although neither grasping nor very courageous, she rose, and, in her long white night-dress, glided across the floor. The men were so occupied, that neither of them observed her till she laid her hand on her husband's arm, and said: 'George, if you have no regard for me, think of the children, your own flesh and blood. Will you go direct to the other world with a piece of iniquity like that to answer for?' and she pointed to the paper his hand hung over. Then, turning to the other, she said: 'M'Coll, you want witnesses. I am here to witness that you mean to rob the widow and the orphan.' The pen dropped from George's hand, and M'Coll grew pale. Her appearance was so unexpected and so ghost-like, and her voice so soft and solemn, that these men, hardened though they were, cowered before her. A few moments passed, and M'Coll, lifting the useless paper, said: 'I suppose, Armour, I may as well go?'

'Yes, go now,' replied George; 'and come back to-morrow night, and we 'll see what's to be done—I'll think over it.'

M'Coll slunk away; he had still enough of manhood left in him to be ashamed. When he returned the following evening, Mrs Armour led him to her husband's bedside; and there he saw those handsome features fixed and ghastly in death. He turned quickly away—he did not like to look in dead men's faces. George Armour had been quite in his usual state of health till four o'clock that afternoon, when he fell asleep, and never woke again.

Now, my story is really done, except that I may say that Jeanie found that what her husband had left would make her independent in a moderate way; and that her children grew up to be a comfort and an honour to her.

THE WORM-WORLD.

Until a period comparatively recent, the freshest tyro in zoology would have experienced little difficulty in defining the difference between an animal and a plant. Either the distinction of Linnæus, which, while admitting organisation and vitality to the vegetable world, reserved voluntary motion and sensation as the peculiar endowment of animals, might have been adopted; or the more practical distinction of the greatest of all comparative anatomists, John Hunter, which assigned a mouth and stomach as invariable characteristics of animal life. But as the study of microscopic anatomy revealed an unexpected degree of organisation extending throughout the most minute

Digitized by Google

divisions of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, these distinctions were gradually abandoned. Plants, it was found, possessed, in their absorbent pores and cells, organs analogous to the mouth and stomach of animals; while not only did a greater number of the latter appear destitute of the power of locomotion, but several species of plants possessed it to a considerable degree. The question was then attempted to be resolved by a chemical distinction. Animals were said to exhale carbonic acid, and plants oxygen; but this test, although correct as regards the more highly developed representatives of either kingdom, completely breaks down when applied to their inferior species. There are plants that eliminate nothing but carbonic acid, while certain animals exhale only oxygen. This unexpected complexity led to a more careful investigation of the subject, and the result has been the conclusion, that, to use the words of Professor Owen, 'animals and plants are not two natural divisions, but are speciallsed members of one and the same group of organised beings.'

Certain practical distinctions exist, however, for our guidance, even among the confused occupants of the boundaries of either order. Where the form of organisation is merely a simple cell, requiring a strong microscopic power to reveal its presence, an animal nature is presumed, provided the object displays contractility, and maintains itself insoluble in acetic acid. The diminutive being that corresponds to this humble test is known as the *gregarina*, and was first observed about thirty years ago, a parasitic inhabitant of various insects. Its animal character was far from receiving immediate recognition. By some zoologists, it was held to be the egg of an insect; by others, a stray unvitalised globule; while a third party considered it purely vegetable. Its true nature was at length admitted, and although destitute of mouth and stomach, circulatory, respiratory, or nervous systems, and only nourished by absorption, its contractility and insolubility, combined with a close resemblance to animal embryos destined for a higher development, justify its elevation out of the vegetable kingdom. The gregarina is not only of interest as representing the most rudimentary example of an animal, but also from forming the lowest type of the *entozoic*, or, as we have familiarly called it, the worm-world.

The extensive distribution of entozoa, or parasitical animals, throughout the various divisions of the animal kingdom, has been only recently appreciated. Every animal is now believed to be infested with some variety or other. In man, no fewer than eighteen different kinds have been observed—a number not so much due to any special liability, as to better means of observation in his case.* They are met with in insects (for instance, the bee), fishes, reptiles, and birds, and in mammals both tame and in a state of nature. They are not limited to a particular locality, but push their way into such secluded and sensitive regions as the brain, lungs, liver, heart, and eyes. Their vitality is very powerful, and enables them to resist the effects of extreme cold and extreme heat beyond any other class of animals. The species which infest the Baltic herring preserved in ice, have been made, upon the application of heat, to exhibit readily symptoms of life. The wheat parasite which produces the diseased condition of that grain well known as cockle, revives under moisture, although dried and apparently dead for a series of years.

From a knowledge of the law that the functions of every species are adapted to its destined locality, we should not have looked for a high degree of organisation among entozoa. Solely nourished by the digested food of other animals, their assimilating power is naturally simple. Excluded from air, they require no respiratory organs, and always maintaining the same position, they are quite independent of any means of locomotion.

They are usually divided into two classes, the solid and hollow. The members of the latter division are the most numerous, the more highly developed, and the most frequent, if least troublesome, subjects of medical treatment; but instead of pursuing the subdivisions of either order, we shall select such characteristic examples as may best illustrate those features that impart most interest to the species in the animal economy. First, of the *Cestoid* or tape-worm order. There are two great representatives of this family, and so definitely do these maintain their respective distinctions, that advantage has been taken of them in a manner we should never anticipate—namely, in an ethnological relation; for the worm that prevails among the natives of Britain, Holland, and Germany, is never met among the inhabitants of either Russia or Switzerland. A tape-worm consists of a series of rings or segments varying in diameter, but whose united length not unfrequently reaches ten, twenty, and even thirty feet. The superior or most internal ring, forming the head, is the most remarkable one. Correctly speaking, the head constitutes the body, as the rest of the joints are merely temporary appendages. The anterior part of the head is armed with a double row of hooklets, which, together with three or four suctorial ducts in their immediate vicinity, serve alike to introduce food and to maintain the position of the animal. The digestive, circulatory, and nervous systems, all on an imperfect scale, are best developed in the head. It is only in the neighbourhood of the oral suckers that nervous ganglia occur. The alimentary canal consists of a double row of tubes, grooved along the successive joints, to facilitate transmission of the food. The four vessels composing the circulatory system run parallel with the divisions of the digestive tube. The animal is not, however, exclusively dependent for support upon food introduced by the mouth, for each individual segment has a power of appropriating a certain amount of nutriment through direct absorption. This process is interesting, from its resemblance to a similar arrangement in the nutrition of plants. The head of the tape-worm absorbs nourishment from the animal it infests, as the roots of the vegetable from the soil. The analogy is further borne out by comparing the partial assistance afforded to the nutrition of plants through their leaf-pores, with that given to the worm by its permeable joints. Each joint is, moreover, a reproductive organ, and, like its analogue in plants, breaks off at certain seasons.

The worms of the *Trematode*, or the Suckers Proper, differ in many respects from those of the Cestoid type. They are short—not averaging above an inch in length; ovoid in form, and generally flat. Unlike the tape-worm, they possess no hooks at the mouth; but their sucking-tubes are more numerous and more distinct. They are scattered over various parts of the animal, and, with the exception of the most superior, which forms the mouth, serve as processes for adhesion. Each sucker is supported by a small muscular slip, beside which is a nervous ganglion.

* The popular association of the presence of entozoa with disease is not in all cases correct. The *Trichina Spiralis* has been found so extensively developed in human muscle, as to produce a mottled appearance, while its unconscious possessor remained in perfect health.

Digitized by Google

The alimentary tube is forked almost from its origin, very strongly resembling the veins of a leaf. In these, as in the variety already considered, the reproductive function is the most highly developed. But the most extraordinary fact regarding all species of entozoa is their introduction into the interior of living animals. This phenomenon long formed one of the most difficult problems in natural history; and until very lately, no more satisfactory explanation could be offered than that of Aristotle, which explained it on the theory of spontaneous generation. The true process is hardly less curious.

Each joint of the tape-worm was represented as being a reproducing organ, in which myriads of eggs are deposited. As soon as these eggs attain maturity, which generally happens about midsummer, the joints are detached from the head; or, as we should say of a plant, the ripe fruit is thrown off. The abandoned head remains behind with only two or three adherent segments. The outermost of these begins immediately to divide into two portions. These soon after break into four, and no long period elapses before the damage occasioned by so extensive a loss is effectually repaired. Meanwhile, the detached segments are speedily abandoned by their ova, which immediately enter upon a larval (caterpillar) state. No difficulty was found in tracing the liberated young of the worm thus far; but the problem of their entrance as large and mature individuals into the cavities of other animals, remained unsolved. It continued in that state until the discovery of larvæ, adherent to the liver and other internal parts of snails. Possibly the snail would become a victim to some warm-blooded animal—as, for instance, a bird—the wandering worm being then safely conducted to its destination—probably the sole survivor of the millions that issued from a similar abode some time before.

The development of the Trematode or sucker-worms is even more curious. Perhaps one of their extruded larvæ chances to become the inmate of a slug. In such a situation, it speedily outgrows its larvous form, and assumes that of the lowest of all animals and entozoa, the gregarina. It then abandons the snail, and is seen at no distant period to be tenanted with numerous young. These do not at birth assume the maternal or gregariniform shape, but are fashioned after the tailed animalcules. They are from the first able to swim, and exhibit a lively appreciation of this power, until such time as the ever-active laws of their nature necessitate the next and ultimate transformation. This is indicated by a loss of the caudal appendage; and then—supposing the worm still attended with good-fortune—it attacks some animal that can afford a suitable nidus for its complete development.* To the perils of the tedious journey before an entozoon at every stage of its growth, the extraordinary fertility of its reproductive function must be ascribed. It is not surprising that the intricacy of such processes should have led to their having been at first regarded with doubt. The result of more general observation has, however, tended to establish their correctness. The worm fully developed in a certain kind of carnivorous fish, is in its larval condition an inhabitant of the cuttle-fish, known to form a favourite prey of the other. Again, the vermicule that attaches itself to a mouse, only arrives at maturity by transference to the tissues of a cat.

It may be asked why nature permits such an enormous destruction as happens to entozoa. The common *Ascaris lumbricoides* produces no fewer than sixty-four millions of eggs, of which possibly only a unit attains development. But the rest are by no means without a use, although they do not reach maturity. They serve as food to myriads of those animalcules, abounding in air and water, upon whose activity the health and enjoyment of higher beings is immediately dependent. The importance of this secondary purpose of the entozoa may be illustrated by reference to a similar adaptation observed in the case of the ordinary cereals. These, in their annual growth, are primarily intended for their own perpetuation, but the use to which they are put as articles of food is vastly more important in the economy of nature.

* These respective processes illustrate two scientific terms, the use of which is frequently misunderstood, metamorphosis and metagenesis. Of the former, which is a more limited change, and refers to the alteration of form undergone during its successive stages of development by one individual, we had an example in the history of the tape-worm. Metagenesis, a more complicated process, applies to the changes of the *representative* of an animal in its progress from a larvous origin to maturity, such change requiring a *succession of individuals*. This process is illustrated in the development of the trematode worms.

TWO HOURS WITH THE CUSTOMS.

The old song tells us that there is no place like home. However true this may be, home is not a place one is always glad to return to. The man hard-worked for eleven months in the year, who comes back after his four weeks' holiday, with the morrow's desk, ledger, and musty office in prospect, may very possibly enter his own door with other feelings than those of perfect satisfaction. He comes into his room, and finds it damp and dismal from having been unoccupied; he remembers the high spirits with which he quitted it. Two or three things are lying about, evidently out of their places; he recollects that he put these things away in a hurry, at the last moment before he set off, and contrasts his feelings at that time of excitement and anticipation with those he now has, with another eleven months before him to wait for a similar moment of pleasure. There are fifty things which, on entering your room, after returning from enjoyment, put you in mind of hours of pleasant expectation, and raise a variety of sensations not all in accordance with the loyal fealty which every true Briton is supposed to owe to his own fireside.

There are few places where the qualmish feelings of return are more prevalent than on the various ways leading between this country and the continent. It may be safely said that, of those who go hence to the continent, one half at least are in pursuit of enjoyment, and, moreover, with very sanguine expectations of obtaining it. On the other hand, few foreigners come here to enjoy themselves; and of Englishmen returning home, the greater number have just left their holiday behind them. In consequence, we are sorry to say, the road which leads from home is apt to be more joyous than the same way when it is trodden in the other direction.

For this reason, the little annoyances of travel only seem to amuse people when they are going out; but few can bear them with perfect patience when they are coming home. Foremost among these annoyances are custom-house examinations. How many a young traveller, arriving in France for the first time, has anticipated this examination merely as a bit of fun, and, what is more, has found it so. But we imagine that no one ever found anything very funny in examinations on this side the water. The *douaniers* abroad, with their puzzled air, tumbling over our insular wares without well knowing what to make of them, are often more amusing than annoying, if the traveller happens to be in good spirits. Still more entertaining

Digitized by Google

are their uneasy glances over our books; the poor fellows scarcely know what to be at, between their dislike of rousing an Englishman's bristles, and their dread of the consequences of letting treason pass the frontier. We well remember the puzzle of a whole band of Austrian douaniers over an English Bible, upon which they were going to lay an embargo, not because it was a Bible, but because it had the royal arms, with the *Dieu et mon Droit*, on the title-page. They took the motto for a republican watchword. There is, in this respect, much to amuse in continental examinations. But the man must have singular powers of extracting fun out of anything, if he can find any in the proceedings of an English customs-officer. Abroad, politics find their way everywhere; and there is always the ridiculous side of foreign politics to persons such utter strangers to political fears and apprehensions as ourselves. A foreign officer never looks into anything without some idea that he may find a plot in the corner. But an English examination is a dry, matter-of-fact business, about which the only consideration is, how to get it over soonest. Add to this that, in passing English custom-houses, one is always in a hurry, and very often in bad humour, and one may therefore make some allowance for the occasional tartness of our officials.

An English custom-house examination is conducted, by arrangements made between the custom-house and some of the steam-boat companies, on board many of the vessels arriving from the continent by the Thames, thus avoiding the delay of an examination on landing. It is, in consequence, carried on in the full view of all the passengers, who, having nothing else to do, amuse themselves with prying into their neighbours' secrets.

The arrival on board of the custom-house officers is the signal for the assemblage of the passengers from both sides of the vessel. Here, for the first time, the poor squalid woman who has been fetching her sick child from the French coast, where she could get the sea-air cheap, jostles against the fat lady with two servants and four tremendous children, who have been on the continent to buy bonnets and learn manners—in the first of which objects, by the way, they have succeeded much better than in the second. Two knots of the other sex are to be seen emerging from the opposite staircases. The one is a band of Belgians, sadly deficient in overcoats, and who, for the last half-hour, have been submitting to every kind of insult from the steward and the cabin-boy, rather than pay the former his fee of sixpence. They are ordered off the tables, on which they are squatting; they are told that they ought to be ashamed of themselves; they get their shins kicked and their brandy-flasks upset without relaxing a muscle from the stoical smile which they have evidently set up for the occasion. The other knot consists of a set of Oxford youngsters, who have been astonishing waiters and porters—if anything could astonish a waiter or a porter—by the enormity of the fees they have been scattering over half the towns of Europe, and who look about them as if they had purchased in hard cash the privilege of being insolent to every one who is in the position of a receiver of money. These two sets of men are the types of their respective classes: the foreigner in England, and the Englishman abroad—the one travelling with the determination not to pay a farthing beyond the absolute exigencies of the law, and quite prepared for the consequent insults they receive; and the other, ready to submit to any extortion, provided they are allowed to insult the natives in return. As it is a fixed notion among foreigners, that an Englishman will be impertinent whether he pays for it or not, they prudently resolve, in every instance, to put the highest possible tax on the licence.

The entire baggage of the inmates of the second cabin does not equal that of the single fat lady who has just made her appearance upon deck from the first. She values herself on her skill in getting through travelling difficulties. She has paid the steward half-a-crown to make interest for the precedence of her baggage—the steward, in consequence, has just now whispered in the ear of the gentlemanly-looking man with light hair and a stylish overcoat, who is the head of the party of three which is come to make the examination. The other two are a curious cross between clerk and sailor, with white neckcloths and pilot-jackets—a combination never to be seen except on these occasions. But the fat lady is destined to be forestalled, and by a second-class passenger too. This is a tall thin man, in a coarse white, but thoroughly comfortable overcoat, who has been the cock of the second berth since the beginning of the voyage, where he has been drinking brandy and water, and patronising the foreigners; and is now promoted to a confidential conversation with a first-class gentlemanly passenger, who owns that unsteady, unquiet look which men have who consider it their duty to be always on the look-out for information. Our friend in the white coat has the management of a dozen horses the steamer is bringing over, and he has been boasting how he buys them in Belgium for twenty-four pounds apiece, and sells them to Suffolk farmers for fifty; how he once tried to dispose of a cargo in the west of England, and lost ten pounds per horse, with a variety of equine statistics of the same kind. He has not appeared to make any effort to be earliest in the examination business; but somehow or other, his portmanteau is the first that turns up. Some old travellers have the trick of getting before their neighbours in a mysterious way, which the cleverest juggler might envy. It is a single, worn, battered, leather portmanteau, which, when opened, displays a marvellous amount of warm clothing, and an assortment of culinary utensils which would have provided a dinner for a whole picket of Zouaves. It is evident that the man has a noble idea of creature comforts, and that such comforts are only to be obtained after the English fashion; for there is not a thing there which you could not declare to be English at half a mile's distance. This class of men, who live three-fourths of their time on the continent, are, without exception, the most determined Englishmen in existence—they pass their lives in money-transactions with foreigners without understanding a syllable of their language, and in living with them without adopting the slightest portion of their manners. This man would be miserable if he did not cook his own steak, boil his own potatoes, and carry with him half-a-dozen gallons of English gin. That little portmanteau tells the whole story of a whole class—the ingenuity of its arrangements, the absence of every thought but that of the mere animal being, the thorough English prejudice, the strange mixture of business and carelessness, the capacity for packing enjoyment into the smallest possible compass, and carrying his own pleasures about with him; all of which is more or less characteristically English, and the last part eminently so. The foreigner always expects to find his pleasure as he does his bed, purchasable in each new locality.

It is now the turn of the old lady, whose hundred-and-one boxes have all been placed in readiness by the obsequious steward. They contain every single useless article sold in every one of those towns, which people, who go out to come home again and say that

Digitized by Google

they have been on the continent, find it necessary to visit: saints in ivory, and devils in wood; china in all sorts of extravagant shapes; coloured prints, which look as if they had been washed in a cloud, and then rubbed against the blue sky to polish them; false jewellery in every shape and form; stones made bright by being licked and rubbed against the coat of a Tyrolese mountaineer; bottles of Bohemian glass of a dingy red, which the lady was assured was the true ruby colour, only to be got on special occasions; stuffed cats; paper ornaments for legs of mutton; blue soap; scents in frightful quantity; stuffs of glaring colours, which would make up into anything except clothing—unless, indeed, the manager of a suburban theatre will buy them for his next pantomime—but which the lady has bought because they look travelled, and unlike anything in England: all of these forming an assemblage which the veriest huckster at a bazaar would have tossed under the table as valueless and unsaleable, but which the fair virtuoso in petticoats—there really ought to be the word 'virtuosa' now-a-days—regards with an eye of intense satisfaction as they are brought forth one after another. Who could not foresee the two drawing-rooms at Peckham Rye bedecked with all these gleanings of travel, as Mr Jesse would call them; the old English china hedgehogs and wicker-work banished into the lumber-room, and the whole neighbourhood invited for the purpose of tea and admiration. The inspector is getting somewhat impatient after the first dozen cases have been exhibited. Some of the articles are liable to duty, and he refuses to pass them. The lady remembers having been told by some experienced friend on leaving England, that by a little bullying she may soon get the better of the customs-officers. She tries the experiment accordingly, but is very quickly undeceived; nay, becomes speedily so chop-fallen and fluttered, that she would pull out the money to pay duty for the cap and gown she has on, if the inspector could venture the joke. Thank Heaven, she has done at last!

Next comes a man who has likewise received advice from his friends when he went abroad, and, what is more, followed it. We all know his face—that of the sleek business-manager of one of the great City banks. The advice in question was, to offer exactly half the price demanded for every article that he had a mind to purchase. The continental dealers, well used to this sort of thing, recognised their man in a twinkling. In consequence, they asked precisely three times the sum they would have charged to any one else, and when they had reduced their demand to one-half, were still the clear gainers by twice their ordinary profit; while the customer has left them delighted with the idea of having shewn the foreigners that an Englishman is not to be imposed upon. The things themselves are singularly well chosen, and one is pleased to see how many flowers, shawls, and knick-knacks he has brought home for his wife, who was too nervous to cross the Channel. The only wonder is, that he should have been done so completely in the only part where he fancied himself the strongest—the money part of the business. However, to have made a bargain, or to think that one has made a bargain, is precisely the same thing to human nature.

Next came a couple of young ladies, whom the fat female citizen took, during the voyage, under her especial care, because they looked pale and interesting; as a set-off, probably, to her own complexion, which was that of a full-blown peony. She has been teasing the poor girls throughout the voyage with questions about themselves—where they were going to, and whence they were coming from; much to the annoyance of the poor things, whose hearts were full, and who desired nothing so much as to be let alone. She tried to force all manner of things down their throats at breakfast, when all the while it was evident that they could not eat; and was only stopped by the interference of an old gentleman, who was their fellow-voyager, from compelling them to swallow a whole tumbler of stiff brandy and water, because at one moment they tended towards sea-sickness. Her patronage has been so far of advantage, that they get an early turn to pass their examination. The truth was, the old lady wanted to have a glance at the inside of their trunks. She did not find much she could appreciate, although the collection so far resembled her own, that it was a collection of trifling matters from a variety of places. But in this case it was here a bunch of Rhine flowers, there two or three little German story-books, little ladies' sketches, little pieces of needlework, little bits of jewellery, and a hundred other things—all of them evidently tokens or souvenirs of many a happy hour passed in enjoyment and friendship. One of the girls fairly burst out crying, to the extreme astonishment of her fat friend, as one after another of these recollections of her pleasant summer were tossed about. She was going home notwithstanding. Her companion, whose box was full of sweetmeats and wrappers, was going to school. Her parents had evidently imagined that England was a kind of Nova Zembla, to judge of the mass of furs, shawls, and comfortables which her box disclosed. They have the most curious notions abroad of a winter in England, which is infinitely milder than in the north of France or in the whole of Germany, and less trying than even in the south of France, as we escape the terrible winds which are the pest of that part of the world. But the most characteristic portion of the girl's property was her literature. None but a Teutonic mother would have thought of permitting such an assemblage, still less of putting it up herself. There was a Bible, some essays of Martin Luther, and half-a-dozen books of sermons, by the side of philosophical treatises anything but orthodox, sentimental poetry, and comedies of a freedom which would make the hair of Miss Martha Brown, mistress of the Myrtle Academy, stand on end; if she had the chance of finding them in the first place, and understanding them in the second.

It was now the turn of the batch of foreigners, who had been blocking up the gangway till it was evidently the interest of every one to get rid of them. Upon the officer asking them for their keys, the smile which they put on was inconceivably bewitching. They looked as if they were about to offer to the British government their entire stock of movables. Each had his single carpet-bag, and waited his turn, keeping up the smile aforesaid with an astonishing rigidity of muscle. The first bag opened exhibited an old coat, a hair-brush, a checked shirt, and an empty flask. The next exhibited a checked shirt, an empty flask, and a hair-brush. The third contained an empty flask, a hair-brush, and a checked shirt. Then came a bag which actually contained a large portion of dirty striped linen, which one of the men employed in the search began rummaging with a minuteness and curiosity which, after the very general way in which the other things had been looked over, seemed quite surprising. The truth was, the man had smelt brandy in the clothes, and was looking out for the bottle. His search for it was very much like that of Page for Falstaff in the buck-basket, and, as it turned out, was as little successful. The only article of value which any of these men seemed to possess was a box apiece, filled with a collection of small bottles, containing some nostrum for colouring wood or linen. Half of the foreigners that visit our shores come over with some small idea of this kind, to see to what account they can turn it. One man has a receipt for making palm-soap without

Digitized by Google

palm-oil; another has some new sizing matter for paper; a third has a new dye for the hair, which he extracts from pearl-ash. These men are all from the lowest orders of educated society on the continent—men with a smattering of general knowledge, inquiring by turns into everything, mastering nothing, but hitting every now and then upon an idea, which they amuse one or two years of their life in endeavouring to make money of; delighting themselves in the meantime with expectations, and when they fail, going, with a shrug and the whimsical good-humour with which Germans take disappointment, to look out for something else, which commonly ends in the same manner. No wonder that their wardrobe is so scanty, and that they grudge the steward his sixpence. But the visit of this class of men, contrasted with the class of Englishmen who go to the continent, has a very material effect on the opinions which the two sections of mankind have for each other. It is a most forcible illustration of the gold and silver sides of the shield. We rarely see any but the shabby classes of foreigners, dirty, subtle, and scheming, and the great mass of the British people form their ideas accordingly. Very few English schemers go abroad, and the *mauvais sujets* of English birth who take refuge on the continent are confined to a few towns. The great mass of British travellers belong to the class who spend money, and require respect, if not servility in return. We have noticed men walking the streets of Paris—Englishmen of some rank—who at home are perfectly quiet and modest, but who put on a stately air, and look defiance in the continental city. The reason is simple enough: at home their position in society is recognised, and they have no necessity for throwing back their heads, and curling their upper lips, in order to enforce it.

Next came our batch of travelled youngsters, who kept up their spirits to the last, and looked as gay as when they set out, whatever they may have felt. The first box they exhibited looked exactly as if it had been filled from some neglected corner in an old turnpike-road. They had thought it their duty to climb every celebrated mountain in Switzerland, and, by way of vouching for this fact, to bring away a stone from each, which ended by forming a collection of rubbish, which certainly none but an Englishman would have thought of travelling over five or six thousand miles to fetch. The mammas and sisters, however, will be delighted to put away in their drawers an ugly piece of rock, because it is stated to come from the Finster-Aarhorn, of which they kick aside the fellow every day of their lives met with in the lanes.

By this time we were tired, and went below. For an hour after, our friend the inspector was still at work over a parcel of poor accoutrements belonging to persons whom we had not seen before, and of whom we cannot even now imagine whence they came. Poverty certainly has singular modes of hiding itself away. The last of all was the poor woman with the sick child. There was not a single article turned out which did not tell of the struggle to provide comforts, which in those sad cases in which comforts become necessities, is one of the most grievous tasks of human life. Even to the toys, which had been wrung from the day's meal to provide some little relaxation for the weary hours of the forced idleness of sickness; the whole mass of shifts to ease discomfort, and make pain tolerable at the least possible cost, came before us with so painful an impress of the most real of all sorrows, that we were too glad to escape from it.

We had seen the year's existence compressed into an hour, of characters the most various, and positions the most different. A moralist might have read a deeper lesson than the loose ideas which then suggested themselves to our less thoughtful mind.

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

FROM CHEMISSO.

Thou see'st her busy with the linen,
The oldest there, with silver hair,
The heartiest of the washerwomen,
And in her six-and-seventieth year.
She's struggled hard through daily toil
And laboured with a cheerful mind,
And meekly striven in life's turmoil
To act the part her God assigned.

And in her bygone youthful years,
She loved, and hoped, became a wife,
Has known full well the many cares
That crowd round woman's daily life.
A mother's pains 'twas hers to know,
The sick man's couch in love to tend,
To see him in the grave laid low,
Yet Faith and Hope in heart retained.

Her children must be clothed and reared;
With cheerful heart to work she went,
She trained them well, to toil inured,
And working hard to be content.
And when her dear ones, older grown,
From her, to earn their bread, must part,
She gave her blessing—and alone,
In years remained, but strong in heart.

And she has sat and worked at night,
And spun the flax her savings bought
To finest yarn; with heart as light,
The yarn she to the weaver brought;
He's woven it to linen fair;
She sat and sewed, when time allowed,
And made herself a treasure rare—
She made a faultless coffin shroud.

And she has laid it by with pleasure,
Nor does she shudder at the thought,
It is her first, last, greatest treasure—
The treasure that her savings bought.
She puts it on each Sabbath day,
To read God's word, with *that imprest*,
She lays it carefully away,
Until within in Peace she'll rest.

And oh! that I, at life's close too,
Might feel—as she, so light of heart—
Had done the task assigned to do,
And with such trust performed my part!
That so I'd known through life to pass,
And to God's will so meekly bowed,
And at the end such happiness
Could feel, in gazing on my shroud.

X.

HOW TO IDENTIFY STOLEN FRUIT.

When the thief gets clear off, undiscovered, with his booty, the finest peaches, nectarines, or apricots on the wall, it is usual to give them up for lost. Who could identify fruit? Who could say, these things were stolen from me, and not from somebody else? Any person can do so who will take a very little trouble beforehand, in anticipation of the chance of robbery. Let him set a mark on his most promising pieces of fruit, when in a green state, by affixing to them, on the side next the sun, an adhesive label of his initials, or any other private mark. When the fruit is ripe, the labelled spot will still remain green; and when a capture is made, the thief will be petrified at finding that there is conclusive evidence against him, even in the peach itself. This precaution is described in *Notes and Queries*.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 256. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

THE MYSTERIOUS FACE.

I AM an old-fashioned old boy, and when I was a child, I was an old-fashioned young boy; so of what fashion I really am it is hard to conjecture. I have tried to read Mr Thackeray's works, but I do not think I quite understand them, not being literary, and feeling puzzled by satirical remarks, especially when I know beforehand that the author is a wit, and that I ought, therefore, to find a hidden meaning in every line: yet from what I have been able to make out, I should say that I was a *fogy*. I do not belong to any club, though my means are comfortable; I live in London, and have often been asked whether I should like to join the Polynices or Artaxerxes. Well, I *should* like; and yet, you see, I could never exactly make up my mind, because I never *have* belonged to a club. No; there is a tavern I frequent, where the cook is most excellent, and where I dine daily at the same minute, in the same corner. *Once* that corner was usurped: I tried to dine at another table, in vain! I was unwell the next day, and had to take medicine; but the waiter, Charles, has been very careful ever since; and I believe, that rather than allow me to be subjected again to similar inconvenience, the proprietor would feed a succession of beggars, *gratis*, in that place for the entire afternoon, to keep it for me, just as noblemen with younger sons at college present octogenarians to their livings. Why must I dine in that particular corner? Because I always have done so. That unintelligible remark about noblemen's sons and livings is not mine, but my nephew Tom's; Tom, whom I have employed to write out this account, from my dictation, insists on putting in his remarks, will 'touch up' my narrative, as he calls it, and I do not quite like it; no more do I like his slapping me so hard on the back, and rubbing down the calves of my trousers when I have been standing for some time with my back to a large fire; and I do not know why I should let him and everybody play upon me, but I always have. There is also a cigar divan to which I go every morning at ten o'clock, and read the newspaper till half-past twelve, smoking during that time two cigars. One paper always lasts me the whole time, as I peruse every column; and yet, somehow, if any one in the course of the afternoon asks me about the news, I find it has all slipped out of my head. No, Tom, I am not asleep all the time; if I were, my cigar would go out, which it does not—often. I remember my childhood: we always had roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding on Saturdays, cold meat and fruit-pie on Sundays. I can also call to mind my boyhood and school-days, for never have I in after-life been able to discover such toffy as that sold at the dame's round the corner, or such open tarts as appertained to the pastry-cook's higher up the street. I was about eighteen when I first discovered that earth possessed a charm, not indeed equal to eating and drinking, but only secondary to those pleasures: the name of *woman* began to stir my heart; I indulged in reveries and poetical fancies; and often in the midst of the joys of some unusually piquant dish, have I thought how sweet it would be to see a fair form gracing the opposite seat, enhancing the flavour by her sympathy and, when there was enough for both, participation.

When in the presence of ladies, however, I was bashful, embarrassed, awkward; I trod on their dresses, spilt scalding coffee down their backs, pulled all their music off the piano, split their fans, dropped and broke their smelling-bottles, and made myself generally disagreeable; so that I retired early from the field, and made up my mind to die an old bachelor. Still, I could not stifle a yearning towards beauty, which, after a while, took the settled form of a fancy for painting and sculpture; at least as far as those arts took the female face and form for their study. I never bought, but I pottered about sales and exhibitions, and spent hours daily in staring in at shop-windows, and turning over second-hand prints. The society of women's pictures is certainly not so thrilling as direct communication with the real article; but then it is more comfortable—the bewitching smile in a painting never turns to a frown; the expression of the features fades not into bored apathy immediately you are left alone with it. You have not got to tickle its vanity—you feel no jealousy when others gaze on it; on the contrary, the admiration of friends enhances your pleasure; and if you are poetically gifted, what charming scenes, tender and domestic—oh, how far above reality!—may the imagination conjure up. Even I, who hate poetry—that is, I can't read it, can't make out what the writer is driving at—even I can fancy all sorts of things, and encounter all sorts of adventures while gazing at a good picture of a beautiful woman. I never came to understand anything about the art as an art, and it was some time before I picked up picture-slang. For instance, one day a friend came up to me at a sale, and interrupted my musings over a painting, by whispering: 'Are you thinking of bidding? Be warned, my dear fellow, and do not go high—quite a take in! not a Titian! by no means a Titian!' 'Perhaps not,' I replied, 'but very pretty; I doubt whether Titian herself had a better leg and ankle.' Of course I came to know better than that, but still I am not yet a first-rate amateur.

Digitized by Google

It was when I was about thirty that I was very much struck one May-day by a face in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It was that of a full-sized Judith, who was standing in a striking, if not strictly feminine attitude, with a bloody sword in one hand, a dripping head in the other, and her eyes turned up to heaven. That face fascinated me; I waited patiently till a seat opposite the picture was vacant, and then plumped myself down, and, heedless of the connoisseurs, country-cousins, and flirting couples, who trod on my toes, and hustled me on every side, there I sat and gazed my—— (No, Tom, that is not so elegant; scratch it out)—gazed to satiety (that is better).

I was fascinated. Day after day did I return to feast my eyes upon that picture; and the R.A. was making quite a nice little competency out of me in shillings, when I began to find myself lying awake at night thinking of those upturned eyes, and, horrible symptom, my appetite shewed signs of feebleness. Having no fancy to become a second Pig, Pig (What's his name, Tom?), Pigmealy'un, I left off my visits to Trafalgar Square; and as Ovid tells us the best remedy for love is to multiply the objects of our admiration—proving thereby that Hahnemann was not the first homœopathist—I patronised the exhibition in Pall Mall, determined to find a rival for Judith. In the first room there was nothing particular to arrest my attention; but the moment I entered the second, I was struck all of a heap by a Siren. No!—yes! it was! The attitude was different, the expression was different, the dress was very different; indeed, the present lady only wore her hair, which was fortunately very long and plentiful, but still there was the identical nose, the very charming chin, the same bewitching mouth. It was a fate, then; for how could two artists have struck out the same idea by chance? I left the room confused, bewildered; and the waiter at Bob's that day looked astonished when I told him I was ready for the Siren; nor was his surprise mitigated when I ordered a pint of Judith. I now no longer attempted to resist my destiny, but gave myself up to rapt seraphic contemplation of the ideal (Ah, cabbage! Uncle has one of Bulwer Lytton's books in his hand.—Tom), visiting one or other of the exhibitions every day until they closed, and then I felt a void in my existence I had never known before. I grew melancholy and dyspeptic, and consulted a medical man, who prescribed complete change of scene; to obtain which I made up my mind to quit my native land, and take up my residence, for a fortnight, at Boulogne. I pass over the horrors, the perils, the miseries of the voyage, which lasted upwards of two fearful hours, and proceed to chronicle my extreme good-fortune in discovering a boarding-house where the hostess was English, the guests English and Irish, the servants English, and, oh! the cookery English. Here I took up my abode, and sought once more the distractions of society—that is, I played Pope Joan with the old ladies for counters at a penny the dozen; I walked on the pier, and saw the people bathing, and the packets come in; and I subscribed to the *Etablissement des Bains*, and sat in a corner on the ball-nights. Plunged in this vortex of dissipation, the face which had so long haunted me began to fade from my remembrance, when one day, the third after my arrival, as I stood on the pier and watched the debarkation from the London packet, I saw a lady advancing alone, along the plank leading from the vessel to the shore. Her veil was down, yet I could distinguish the outline of her features, and my heart throbbed with emotion. With a stately step, she pursued her way to the custom-house door, and then, ere she entered, turned, and to see more clearly where her luggage was being carried to, raised the envious veil. It was she! the Judith! the Siren! the ideal of two artists, and mine. I put the burning end of my cigar to the back of my hand to see whether I was awake or not, and an instantaneous blister proved the fact indisputably. Who shall describe my bewilderment? I felt like the he-dancer in a ballet when the principal she-dancer bursts at unexpected moments out of cupboards, linen-presses, laurel-bushes, flower-beds, and tombstones. Was it angelic? Was it diabolic? Was it a coincidence?

I went home with an oppressive presentiment that something was going to happen to somebody somewhere, and mused till dinner.

We sat at meals in the order of our arrival, and got promotion when those above us departed; and as I had hitherto been the last, I was surprised to see a clean napkin laid next to mine below me. We did not have clean napkins daily, but folded up our dirty ones, and stuck them through a ring with a number on it, which we invariably forgot; so the clean napkin attracted attention, and Mrs Jones, our hostess, explained that we were to have an addition to our circle, a Mrs Plantagenet, widow. My heart gave a bound in my bosom—what if it should be her! Pooh, nonsense; it was most probably some dumpy old woman with a red nose, who took snuff, and next to whom it would be very unpleasant to sit. Be she whom she might, the stranger was late; the soup, the fish passed away, the *entremets* were handed round before the door opened, and—it was SHE! I thought I should have swooned, collapsed, died of apoplexy, of rush of blood to the heart, and believe that some or all of these calamities would have happened to me, had not a heaven-directed mouthful of oyster-paté gone down the wrong way.

'Have a glass of water?' said she in the most natural way in the world, as if we had known each other for months.

Could she have seen pictures of *me*? Was I her ideal, as she was mine?

'Anything going on here?' she asked, when I had somewhat recovered. 'What's at the theatre?'

I replied that I had not been there, not understanding the language.

'Oh, you must learn it,' she said; 'it is soon done, if you are plucky enough to talk, and don't mind being laughed at when you make mistakes.'

'There is the Etablissement, where they dance.'

'That is all right. I adore dancing; don't you?'

'Yes, a little; that is, I am rather clumsy at it.'

'Oh, soon learn—practise in the evening, take lessons in the morning. Is the champagne good here?'

I hastened to order a bottle and offer her a glass. I had never got on so well with a lady before. I was like the simple Simon (Query, *Cymon*.—Tom) of antiquity, Love had polished me. When I sought my pillow that evening, two things astonished me: one was, the manner in which my destiny had taken my education in hand; the other that, as a widow, she must have been some one else's destiny beforehand; but doubtless that was a forced match, an ill-assorted union. Bashful and unenterprising as I naturally was with the fair sex, my present advantages might have been lost from the mere want of being followed up, had not a series of minor events—lacking individually the same startling and supernatural character which distinguished those employed to bring us together, but still bearing the stamp of destiny when considered as a whole—combined to draw Mrs Plantagenet and myself into closer intimacy. Thus, the morning after her arrival, I was smoking my after-breakfast cigar in the paved court at the back of the house, when the Venetian shutters of a window on the ground-floor were opened, and she appeared, clad in a delightful fresh morning-dress. She started,

Digitized by Google

smiled, and bowed. I apologised for the cigar. It was the scent of all others she most preferred, which emboldened me to remain near the window. What a beautiful day it was! how she would enjoy a walk, if she only had a companion. I offered to attend her; she demurred a little, and saw no harm—we were not known. In a quarter of an hour we were quite familiar. Had I had a dancing-lesson yet? No! She herself would teach me a few steps. In two hours we were walking arm-in-arm up to the Napoleon column; in two days we were dancing together at the Etablissement; in a week, we called each other Leonora and Edward; in ten days, I was an engaged man.

In consequence, as she informed me, of a distressing lawsuit at that time depending, it was not convenient for Leonora to return to England just then; and as I had certain affairs to arrange, and certain relations (a word rhyming with expectations) whose advice it was desirable to ask, and, so far as it coincided with my own views, follow, it was decided that I should cross the Channel, settle everything, and return to Bliss; while Bliss remained at the boarding-house at Boulogne, and occupied herself in looking out for comfortable lodgings in the upper town. It certainly saves one a good deal of trouble to marry a widow.

By Leonora's advice I went straight from Boulogne to London, for though the voyage that way is of longer duration, you can go to bed and sleep all the time, or at least you can try to do so; so I took a berth on board the *Stumakpoomp*, and, in order to secure it, undressed and turned in before the vessel left the quay. The experiment was to some extent successful, for though the motion caused me to feel giddy, bewildered, and helpless, I was spared that horrible sensation of approaching dissolution, accompanied with tickling in the sides, which I had before experienced, whenever the packet shot rapidly down the side of some unusually big wave, and indeed escaped all the worst symptoms of the malady.

After I had lain quiescent on my back for about three hours, two gentlemen came into the cabin whom, from their long hair, beards, and general cut, I rightly conjectured to be artists.

'Well Jack, as it is raining cats and dogs on deck, and the saloon is full of temporary invalids drinking brandy-and-water, I suppose this is about the cosiest nook in the whole ship. Upper or lower?'

'You have the longest legs. Lower.'

'All right; here goes;' and the taller of the two swung himself up into the berth immediately opposite mine, the other rolling into that underneath him.

'Jack!'

'Yes!'

'Can one smoke?'

'No!'

'What a bore.' And they plunged into general talk. They discussed politics, cookery, operas, preachers, everything; but their principal conversation was of paintings and painters; to all of which I listened in a dreamy way, passively, not paying attention, when suddenly a word caught my ear which startled me like an electric shock—'Judith.'

It was the end of something said by the under man, and the upper directly answered:

'O yes, I remember now; she sat also for Blowser's Siren, didn't she?'

'That's her. Pity she is so extravagant. Over head and ears in debt. Can't put her foot in England, they say. I saw her yesterday on the pier.'

'Speak to her?'

'Not I; she had the prize in tow; it might have spoiled sport. Besides, she tipped me a little frown.'

'Ah! and you say he is well off?'

'Very, they say. He won't be long so, poor beggar!'

'And he is really going to marry her?'

'Safe.'

'What a consummate ass! It is rather a bore though; perhaps he won't let her sit.'

'Not while his money lasts, perhaps; but that cannot be long, in her hands; and then he cannot be a very particular sort of chap to marry her at all.'

Only Dante could describe my feelings; suffice it that on arriving in London I made searching inquiries into the antecedents of Mrs Plantagenet, the result of which was to determine me to break off the match.

It is pleasant to have a wife who is a model of virtue, sobriety, industry, good-humour; but not one who is a model of 'Venus rising from the sea.'

An enlightened British jury, however, saw the matter from a different point of view, and when the action was brought against me, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—damages L.500.

THE PROVINCIAL DIALECTS OF ENGLAND.

No district in Europe affords so many interesting philological varieties as those presented within the comparatively small area of the British isles. Besides the two great branches of the national speech divided by the Tweed, we have the Erse of the Scottish Highlands, the Cymric of the Welsh mountains, the Gaelic of Ireland, and the Manx of the Isle of Man. The natives of the Channel Islands retain to this day a Norman-French patois which has much in common with the language of the troubadours; and scarcely a century has elapsed since the Cornish variety of the aboriginal Celtic still lingered about the rocky shores of the Land's End, and vestiges of the old Norse were still to be found among the further Orkneys. England itself is split up into almost as many dialects as there are counties, many of which, in spite of the levelling influences of education and steam, still continue well defined and strongly marked. The peasant of Worcestershire understands not him of Westmoreland, and the talk of a Lancashire weaver is utterly unintelligible to an Exmoor shepherd. Even in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, if you talk good English to a labouring-man, he touches his hat, begs your pardon, and passing on in evident reluctance to continue the conversation, avows himself to be 'no scholard.' In order to understand these differences, we must bear in mind that our northern forefathers, though all included under the generic term Saxon, were in reality comprised of various tribes, differing considerably in language. Bede mentions Jutes, old Saxons, and Angles; and there were probably others. A nice observer may detect great diversities of grammatical and orthographical forms in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts according to the province of the author or transcriber. Alfred's works are written in the pure Saxon of Wessex, his native district; but the Saxon chronicle composed at Peterborough is intermixed with many Mercian peculiarities; and several fragments of Cædmon that we know to have been copied in monasteries north of the Humber, partake of the broad character of the Northumbrian dialect. In the manuscript literature of a later age, we find similar variations. Robert of Gloucester's chronicle is written in a western dialect not unlike that of Devonshire at the present day, while *Pierce Ploughman* is essentially Anglian. The differences observable in the literary language would of course be still more marked in the speech of the masses, who were entirely uneducated, and had little or no communication with the inhabitants of other provinces. The same causes operating from age to age, would lead still further to isolate the various groups of populations; and it is only fair, therefore, to suppose that much of the peculiarity of language prevalent in Anglo-Saxon times is

Digitized by Google

retained even to the present day in the popular speech of the same districts. Hence our provincial dialects, instead of being the barbarous jargons represented by the lexicographers of the last century, are in truth the real wells of 'English undefiled,' and their investigation of great importance to the philologer, as well for the numerous archaic and otherwise obsolete words which they have preserved to us, as for the light they throw upon the origin and structure of our written language. The influence of the Danes must also be taken into consideration. Giraldus Cambrensis tells us that in his day the inhabitants of the northern counties spoke a very barbarous language, which the southern people could not understand; and this he attributes to the colonies of Northmen who settled there. Nasman also relates a story of a Dalecarlian boy brought to England in the retinue of a Swedish ambassador, who was able to converse easily with a lad from Yorkshire. Any one who takes the trouble to compare Brockett's dictionary of northern words with a glossary of any of the western dialects, will at once see the great preponderance of the Scandinavian element.

At the present day, the English dialects may be divided into four principal groups—the northern, eastern, southern, and midland, nearly answering to the old political divisions of Northumbria, East Anglia, Wessex, and Mercia. Any more elaborate classification, though such has been attempted, must be purely arbitrary, as the various forms graduate one into the other in a manner which makes it difficult to say where one ends, or another begins. Verstegan, writing in the seventeenth century, says: 'We see that in several parts of England both the names of things and pronunciations of words are somewhat different; for example, according as one should say at London: "I would eat more cheese if I had it;" the northern man would say: "Ay sud eat mare cheese gin ay had et;" and the westerne man saith: "Chud eat more cheese an chad it." Lo, here three different pronunciations in our owne countrey, whereof many the like examples might be alleaged.' This observation yet holds good; the western and the northern still remain the most strongly marked of our dialects, although in point of interest both must yield to the midland idioms, which formed the undoubted sources of our present literary language. We propose to give specimens of the leading varieties, beginning with the counties nearest Scotland, and proceeding southward.

The dialects of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, may be considered identical in all essential particulars. They all, more or less, resemble the dialects of the southern Lowlands, and become deeply imbued with the Scotch accent as we approach the border. The celebrity of the lake district has given this dialect quite a little literature in itself; and many of the ballads and songs written to illustrate it have achieved more than provincial fame. A few stanzas from Anderson's *Impatient Lassie* will exhibit its principal features:

Deuce tek the clock! click-clackin sae
Ay in a body's ear;
It tells and tells the teyme is past
When Jwohnny sud been here.
Deuce tek the wheel! 'twill nit rin roun.
Nae mair ta neet I 'll spin,
But count each minute wid a seegh
Till Jwohnny he steals in.

How neyce the spunky fire it burns
For twee to sit beseydo;
And theer 's the seat where Jwohnny sits,
And I forget to cheyde.

My fadder tui, how sweet he snwores—
My mudder 's fest aslip.
He promis'd eft, but, oh! I fear
His wud he wunnet kip.

What can it be kips him frae me?
The ways are nit sae lang,
And sleet an' snaw are nought at aw
If yen were fain ta gang.
Some udder lass, wi' bonnier feace,
Has catch'd his wicked ee,
And I 'll be pointed at at kurk—
Nay, suiner let me dee.

There is another specimen from a song of the same writer; it is a bit of advice to a discarded lover:

Mun, thou 'll nobbet lwose tee gud neame,
Wi' gowlin an' whingin sea mickle.
Cockswunters! min, beyde about heame,
An' let her e'en ga to auld Nickle.

Thou 's spoilt for aw manner o' wark,
Thou nobbet sits peghan an' pleenan.
Odswucke, man! doff that durty sark,
An' pretha gi'e way git a clean an!

An' then gow to Carel wi' me;
Let her gang to knock-cross wid her scwornin;
See clanken at market we 'll see,
A 'll up'od ta forgit her or mwornin.

The Lancashire dialect, which is also that of Cheshire, and a part of Derbyshire, differs from this very considerably. The most striking peculiarities are perhaps the retention of the old termination *en* in the plural of verbs, and the narrow and almost indescribable pronunciation of the diphthongs—*thou*, how, mouse, are spoken as if written theaw, heaw, meawse, &c. *Hoo* is generally used for she; and the Saxon guttural, which delighted the ears of the Laird of Monkbarns, is often preserved in words ending in *ing*. The dialect has been admirably illustrated in the works of the facetious Tim Bobbin, and we select as a specimen an abridgment of his apologue of the Tailor and the Hedgehog, premising that it is intended to be a hard hit at his critics:

'A tealyer i' Crummil's time war thrung poo'ing turmets in his pingot, an fund an urchon ith hadlond rēaw; he glender'd at 't lung, boh cou'd mey nowt on't. He whoav'd his whisket owr't, runs whōam, an tells his nebbors he 'd fund a thing 'at God newer mede eawt, for it had nother hēad nor tele, hond nor hough, midst nor eend. Then they'dn a keawnsil, an th' eend awur 'at tey'dn fotch a lawm fawse owd felly het an elder 'at cou'd tell oytch thing. When they'dn towd him th' kese, he stroak'd his beard, sowghd, an order'd th' wheelbarrow to be fotcht, an they beawld'n him avey to th' urchon. He gloard at 't a good while, droyd his beard deawn, an wawted it ow'r wi' his crutch. "Wheel me abeawt agen o' th' other side side," said he, "for it sturs; an by that it su'd be whick." Then he dons his spectacles, steared at 't agen, an sowghing, said: 'Breether, its summot; boh feather Adam nother did nor cou'd kerson it—wheel me whoam agen.'

An old Cheshire hunting-song begins—

'Thear 's slutch upo' thoi coat, mon—thear 's blood upon thoi chin;
It 's welly toim for milkin, now wherever 'ast 'e bin?'
'Oiv bin to see the gentlefolk o' Cheshur roid a run.
Owd, wench! oiv bin a hunting, an oiv seen some rattling fun.'

In the secluded Craven district of West Yorkshire, we have another variety, which Chaucer has given us specimens of in the language he has put into the mouth of his north-country scholars. It has been very fully investigated in the *Craven Dialogue and*

Digitized by Google

Glossary of Mr Carr, from which we extract the following. The interlocutors are deploring the ignorance of some grouse-shooters who did not know what to make of Yorkshire oat-cakes:

'*Gibes.*—Thou sees plainly how th' girt foulin didn't ken what havver cakes war.

'*Bridget.*—Noa, barn; he teuk 'em as they laid o't flēak for round bits o' leather. I ax'd him to taste it; an' seed taks up 't beesom start, potters yan down, an' keps it i' my appron. He then nepp'd a lile wee nooken on 't, not t' validum o' my thoum naal, an' splutterd it out ageean, gloring gin he wur puzzom'd; an' efter aw I could say, I couldn't counsel t' other to taste ayther it or some bannocks.'

This is more like the Cumberland than the Lancashire dialect, but sufficiently different from either. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* gives us the shibboleth of the three varieties of the word *house*, which the Northumbrian pronounces *hoose*, the West Riding man *hă-ose*—nearly like *au* in the Italian *flauto*—and the Mercian in a manner usually represented in print by *heawse*. There are several other varieties of provincial speech in Yorkshire; and the native of this county has even had a newspaper published in his native dialect—the *Yorkshire Comet*, established in 1844, but soon suppressed on account of its broad personalities. A paragraph from the editorial prospectus will afford a good specimen of the language of the central districts:

'Wun neet, as oor Bet an' me wur set be 't fireside, shoo turned hersen suddenly roond, an' said: "Thoo 's a fooil, Dicky!" "What! Bet, does thoo really meean ta say alize a fooil?" "Ah dew," shoo said; "thoo 's a real fooil." "Hoo does ta mak that oot, Bet?" said ah, for ah wur noane hauf suited aboot it. "Ah 'll say it ageean an' ageean," says shoo; "thoo 's a real fooil; an' if ta's onny way partikelar ta knaw, ah 'll tell tha hoo ah maks it oot. In't first plaace, luke what braans thoo hez; as starlin' as onny 'at ivver thease gurt men hed, an' yet, like a fooil, thoo taks it as eeasy as a pig in't muck." "Weel, weel," ah continid, "what wod ta ha' ma ta dew, lass? Tell us, an' ah 'll dew 't." "Then," says shoo, "start a pnaper i' thee awn native tongue, an' call it t' *Yorshar Comet!*"'

As a specimen of the North Riding peculiarities, we give an actual notice of the bellman in a small town near Roseberry Topping:

'This is te gie nôutice Jamz Pickersgill yats his yune te morn t' morn, t' morn t' nēan, an te morn t' neet, an nare langer, se lang as storm hoāds, coz he caen't get eldin.' (This is to give notice that James Pickersgill heats his oven to-morrow at morn, to-morrow at noon, and to-morrow at night, and not longer, so long as the storm lasts, because he can't get fuel.)

In Derbyshire and Shropshire, the speech has more affinity with that of Lancashire. Mr Howitt, in his *Rural Life in England*, gives a specimen of the Peak dialect:

'*Farmer at table to his Guest.*—Ite, mon, ite.

'*Guest.*—Au have iten, mon. Au 've iten till I 'm weelly brussen.

'*Farmer.*—Then ite, and brust thee out, mon! Au wooden we hadden to brussen thee wee.'

The Nottinghamshire variety is hardly so broad. In Charles Hooton's clever novel of *Bilberry Thurland*, the dialect is painted to the life. Here are the last words of an old Sherwood farmer:

'Feel o' my forchead: gie me houd o' thy hand,' said Zachary. 'It canna be—I mun go. Dunna grieve about thatten, Jim, my lad! T'ou knows whereabout my good old woman lies. I toud her on her death-bed—poor blessed creatur!—I toud her nobody should come there but me. Ay, I've done as well as I could. I 've used everybody right, as far as I knowed; and when I didn't, God 'll have mercy. I know how it 'll be. When I am gone, and there 's nobody i' this farm to do to 'em as I 've done, ar lads and lasses 'll come into th' churchyard, and they 'll say: "Here lies ar old mester; he was a good old mester."'

In Leicestershire, the popular speech loses many of the distinctive forms of the northern dialects, still retaining, however, many marked peculiarities. The sound of *a* is almost invariably narrowed to *e;* hence *hee*, *dee*, and *wesh* are constantly heard for hay, day, and wash. *U* is lengthened to *oo*, as in *dook* for duck, *hoosband* for husband, &c. *Have* is very commonly used for am, as in the phrase, 'Oi've in a hurry.' Verbs form their present tense by the addition of *en;* thus, they say, we *loven*, we *haten*, we *pullen*, for we love, hate, &c. A Leicestershire farmer was complaining of a Cockney sportsman who would persist in riding over his land in spite of his refusal to allow it. So, said he—

'I oop to him street awee, an says oi: "Whoy dunna *yeaow* go roun by the ramper? (*turnpike.*) What, in the neam o' the Vargin, d' yeaow think o' *yeaowrsen*, to roid ovver moy closen *a thissens*, nigh hand yeaow 'll turn me oot o' me own house, I suppose. Yeaow come here to bully me; yeaow as arn't got a yacker o' lond i' the county. Yeaow bully oi—yeaow!" an so I yeaowed him out o' the field; an just as he war thro' the gat, the *surry dog* says: "Oi thought it wor open lond." "Open lond!" says oi; "then you thought a lig like Hobbly's pig." "An what did he *thought?*" says he. "Whoy," says oi, "he thote he war goan to be killed, an they ony putten a ring thro' *it* noase."'

As we approach the Avon, we find the language considerably modified by the proximity of the southern or west-country dialects. The speech even of the most uneducated part of the rural population closely assimilates to standard English; and this feature, however we may be disposed to account for it, is most strongly marked at the blending point of the two dialects along the line of march counties which, in the days of the Heptarchy, formed the debatable land between Wessex and Mercia. Fuller, the church historian, writing in the seventeenth century, tells us that in his day the people of Northamptonshire spoke 'the best English of any shire in England,' and adduces in illustration the fact, 'that the last translation of the Bible agreeth perfectly with the common speech of the county.' This is still strikingly true of the central portion of the county; and the same remark holds good of those districts of Bedfordshire and Herefordshire where the rival idioms come into contact. In Northamptonshire, the old Roman Watling Street forms a tolerably correct line of demarcation. Twenty miles north of this road, the dialect is nearly allied to those of Leicester and Lincoln; while within the same distance in a southerly direction, we find the narrow drawling utterance of the western counties. For example, in the phrase, 'I must be going myself in the morning,' a Peterborough man would say: 'Oi mun be gooin mysen i' the moorn;' while a man from the southern division would pronounce it, 'A must be gwain meself come marnen.' Nor is the difference confined to pronunciation. In the progress from north to south, not only do we meet with many curious variations in the verbs and other terms of colloquial intercourse, but the substantives—names of natural objects, birds, plants, agricultural implements, &c., undergo a marked and decided change. A bridge becomes a *brig;* and a shock (of corn) is transformed into a *stouk*. Yeast is turned into *barm*, and *bittles* are re-christened *clocks*, an affinity of the German *chuleich* and the Scottish *clock-bee*. Again, in the southern districts, the process of collecting corn after the reapers is known as *leasing*—a good old word, from the Saxon *lesan;* in the north, it is called *pecking*, or *poikin;* while in the central district,

Digitized by Google

or Lingua Franca, no other term is recognised than the orthodox *gleaming*.

We have now traced the principal varieties of the northern dialects, from the border to the heart of mid-England. On another occasion, we propose to consider those of the western and eastern counties.

THE SISTERS.

It was on one of those warm, bright, still summer mornings that always seem to me to belong to the Sabbath, that I, accompanied by my sister and her husband, for the first time entered the parish church of the pretty village of Beconsfield. The appointments of the interior pleased me, and I took my seat with a calm, home-like feeling. I was much charmed with the singing, as the service proceeded, and the preacher was an earnest, eloquent man.

I am not conscious of having been inattentive to the duties of the morning, but the eyes will wander sometimes. Our pew was on the left side of the centre division; and in one on the other side of the aisle were two ladies whom, from the exceeding plainness of their dress, I set down in my own mind as sectarians. The ladies appeared young, that is, relatively—about three or four and twenty. The youngest was marked, but not at all disfigured, by the small-pox, and by the continued closed eyelids, evidently blind. She was fair, and had a pleasing expression of countenance, frequently improved by the feeling which flitted across her face. I was much interested in her. But her sister, as I presumed her to be, I could not understand, and yet her face was one of those which instantly captivate—a fair, oval, almost faultless face, with dark eyes, and plainly braided brown hair. The imperturbability, however, with which she listened to the music and the sermon surprised me. Once or twice, a colour rose to her transparent cheek, but it could not have been caused by either the singing or the eloquence, for it happened at times when there was apparently nothing to excite.

My visit was to extend only to a fortnight; three days had already elapsed; and as my sister was particularly engaged on the next day, I went out for a stroll by myself, or at least only accompanied by my nephew, Master Frederick Rawlins, a fine little fellow of four or five. I had wandered through green lanes and over grassy meadows until I began to feel rather tired, and was looking at inviting stumps of trees, and green hillocks, when we suddenly came into a bye-lane, in which about a dozen cottages were clustered. Although I knew we must be near home, I looked first at one house, and then at another, purposing to ask for a moment's rest and a glass of water, for the day was very warm.

But one door was closed; at another, a mother was scolding some children; at another, two or three boys, together with an aged man, seated in a wicker-chair, were busily talking, and as busily plaiting some coloured straw—everybody plaited about that village; and so I passed on until I came to the last, and here I stood still. At the open door of the little abode, the blind young lady of the church was seated, a plain muslin cap over her fair hair, and in a dark cotton dress, rapidly plaiting some fine white straw. I was almost glad that her infirmity prevented her seeing my embarrassment; but perceiving that her quick ear had caught the sound of strange footsteps, I said aloud to my little nephew: 'Perhaps, Freddy, this lady would be kind enough to let us rest for a few minutes.'

'Lady!' repeated Frederick; 'why, it is Miss Rebecca.'

'Ah! Master Rawlins, I am glad to see you; how is mamma?' she asked, rising quickly, and taking his little hand.

'Mrs Rawlins,' I said, in as gentle a voice as possible, 'is quite recovering from her little illness, and was in church yesterday.'

'How glad I am to hear it. You will pardon me, but are you not a relative of Mrs Rawlins?'

'Her sister.'

'I thought so: your voices are so much alike.'

During this colloquy, Freddy and I having seated ourselves, I looked, with a slight bow, at the imperturbable elder sister, who, similarly attired, was sitting at a small table at needle-work. I asked her to oblige me with a glass of water; she coloured, and, I thought, looked confused; but before she could have complied, the blind sister approached, and, by her fingers and gesture, explained my request. She rose instantly, and my heart sunk within me, as, with a sweet smile, and a really elegant inclination of the head, she presented the water. Could *she* be *deaf*? The tears started to my eyes, and my hand trembled as I took the glass. What a fatality! As I looked upon the sweet face, that now seemed to me strangely intellectual, my fatigue was gone. I drank the water, and rising, pressed the deaf lady's hand, thanked her for the moment's rest, and then turning to the younger sister, took one of her hands in both mine, and said, in rather a tremulous voice, that I should trouble her soon again with a visit, as her house was so pleasantly situated; and then, taking the hand of my little nephew, who was singularly silent, wended my way thoughtfully to my sister's house.

It was a day or two before I had an opportunity of questioning my sister about those afflicted sisters.

'Ah!' she said, 'it is a sad story. Their father was a highly respectable solicitor, and Dr Rawlins's father attended the family as their physician. Poor Rebecca, that is, the younger Miss Glenfield, had the small-pox when she was about twelve years of age, and the poor mother, in attending upon her, took it also. Mrs Glenfield died; Rebecca recovered, but was blind. Mr Glenfield, it seems, took it sadly to heart; he had loved his wife, and cared little to look upon his blind daughter. He took to speculation, and of course neglected his business. Then he was seized with the typhus fever; and poor Amelia, that is, the elder Miss Glenfield, in attending upon her father, was attacked in her turn. The father, in *this* case, died, and Miss Glenfield recovered, but to incurable deafness and absolute poverty; for when the claims upon Mr Glenfield's estate were satisfied, the helpless girls had scarcely a shilling left.'

'But had they no friends?'

'They had some relatives, and, I believe, at first were kindly treated. They have still some little annuity, and their seat in church; but I suppose nobody cared to take charge of them.'

'And so these poor girls were left to God, and their own endeavours. Has Dr Rawlins given any attention to their case?'

'O yes; he has done a good deal for Miss Glenfield, so far as health is concerned; but the deafness he considers incurable; and as to poor Rebecca, there is no hope.' And thus the conversation ended.

During the remainder of my stay at Beconsfield, my visits to the sisters were neither few nor far between, scarcely a day passing on which I did not call at the little cottage in the evening, for we soon became very familiar. It was really gratifying to observe the bright smile that would lighten Rebecca's face, and the sweet intelligent welcome of Miss Glenfield's eyes, that accorded so naturally with the few words she spoke, as my foot crossed the threshold.

On the afternoon previous to my leaving Beconsfield, I of course went to bid adieu; but this was not my only motive. Rebecca's cheek turned pale as I took her hand, and the tears started to Miss

Digitized by Google

Glenfield's eyes as she tried to smile a welcome. This was to be my last visit, and the solitary creatures had become used to my society. This time I could not stay long; so, after a little conversation about our parting, and the hope I had of our again meeting, I drew Amelia a little aside, and asked her whether she thought her sister would feel much disappointed if a doctor pronounced her deafness incurable.

'It has been already pronounced incurable,' replied Rebecca quickly; 'Dr Rawlins said he could do nothing more. In fact, Miss Hill, we have dismissed every idea of the sort; yet, if she could recover her hearing even to a slight degree, what a comfort it would be, for you can't think how lonely I am, and so, of course, is she, poor thing: but then she can see.'

This was a new revelation, for it had never occurred to me that Amelia's deafness was a deprivation to any but the deprived; but so it must have been, for she scarcely ever spoke except for some general or necessary purpose. During this colloquy, as I saw that Amelia was looking at us inquisitively, I requested her sister to explain my question.

'You are very kind, Miss Hill,' observed Amelia, and a faint colour rose to the poor girl's cheek; 'but it would be folly in us to think of impossibilities: we must dree our weird.'

Notwithstanding this, after my return home, I could hardly sit down till I had paid a visit to a well-known aurist, Mr Morton of Brook Street. He was a plain-spoken, plain-looking man, rather above the middle height, and with singularly intelligent and expressive dark eyes.

He listened patiently and attentively to my statement; and in reply to the question, as to whether there was any hope:

'It is impossible to say, ma'am,' he replied slowly, and as if deliberating, 'without seeing the lady. Twenty-three years of age, and has lost her hearing through fever, about four or five years ago: it is a pity I had not been consulted earlier.'

'I knew nothing of the case,' I replied. 'I have only become acquainted with the young lady these last two weeks; and besides, my brother-in-law, Dr Rawlins, attended her.'

'Dr Rawlins of Beconsfield—a very clever man. But you see, Miss Rawlins, I have devoted myself exclusively to the ear—that is, to the organ of hearing; and a very interesting subject it is. I assure you, Miss Rawlins, that very many patients who have been submitted to me as incurably deaf, have had in reality no organic defect or disease at all.'

As he seemed about starting a hobby, I at once resolutely asked when Miss Glenfield could see him.

'Miss Glenfield! She does not belong to the Glenfields of Beconsfield?'

'She is the late Mr Glenfield's eldest daughter.'

'Well, that is strange. Why, my brother served his articles to Mr Glenfield: you see, he was a delicate youth, so it was thought the country would be best.'

'But Mr Glenfield is dead, and the two poor girls are left in comparative poverty.'

'Dead! Ah! I remember the fever. But the other daughter—she is not deaf?'

'She is not deaf; but, by a strange fatality, she is blind.'

'Blind! Poor things, poor things. Well, bring the young lady any morning you choose—that is, before twelve.'

'But, sir,' I replied, 'Miss Glenfield resides at Beconsfield, so it will be necessary to appoint some particular morning, when we shall be happy to attend you.'

'At Beconsfield! Why, I am going to Beconsfield to-morrow. Mrs Smith of Oaks Lodge has sent for me; she is subject to deafness at her confinements. Hers is only physical weakness. But as I am called in professionally, of course I attend; and perhaps, after all, it is as well. I think your brother attends the family.'

'Very likely, sir. But what about Miss Glenfield?'

'Do you give me her address. I shall have to attend Mrs Smith for two or three weeks: it will be no trouble to me, you see; and during that time, I shall be able to ascertain whether I can do anything for your friend.'

While he was speaking, I had drawn out my card-case and pencil, and on the back of one of my own cards, had written, 'Miss Glenfield, Woods Cottage, Woods Lane;' and when he had finished speaking, presented the card and a guinea—the usual fee, I believe, of a morning visitor. He took the fee and the card, and after glancing at them, placed both in the pocket of his waistcoat, and then rising as I left my chair, he said: 'I take this fee, Miss Rawlins'—(Miss Rawlins! when he had just read, as plain as the engraver could write, Miss Hill!)—'I receive this fee in testimony that I have undertaken the case; but I take no more. Whatever attendance or medicine Miss Glenfield may require, I will see to myself, and rest assured, I will spare no pains. Good-morning, Miss Rawlins;' and bowing me out, he closed the street-door.

That very morning I wrote to my sister, requesting her to apprise Miss Glenfield of the aurist's purposed visit, and, if possible, to be at Woods Cottage herself the next afternoon; and also to inform me of the result of the interview. In compliance with my request, Caroline wrote that he had come, according to promise; that he had given no decided opinion; that Miss Glenfield had borne the visit remarkably well, but that poor Rebecca had been much agitated.

Well, time passed on, Mr Morton answering somewhat dubiously my occasional inquiries, till I received a letter from my sister, which rather surprised me; it ran thus: 'DEAR LOUISA—I wish you could ascertain positively whether Mr Morton is married or not. I have asked Frederick—to be sure, only, as it were, casually; and he thinks he is unmarried. But I want to know positively. He comes very frequently to the cottage—more frequently than I am sure a case like hers can require. It is a sad thing to be deaf; but it would be a much sadder thing to have her heart blighted—though, perhaps, it is already too late. If Mr Morton is married, he sees Amelia no more, except at my house.'

I was thunder-struck, and yet not a little amused at the idea of a young girl having her heart blighted by an eccentric surgeon more than twice her age. I determined, however, to run down at once to Beconsfield—run down as I had promised—and see the aurist and Amelia myself. But it so happened that on the next day, when I went to the station, I discovered I had made a mistake: it was the arriving train I was in time for, the other would not depart for two hours. As I stood on the platform, vexed at my stupidity, and hardly knowing whether to wait or return home, I was accosted by a gentleman, whom, if I had not been addressed as 'Miss Rawlins,' I should never have recognised as Mr Morton. He looked ten years younger than when I first saw him; his dress, too, was improved, and altogether he seemed to me a happy, and quite a handsome man.

'Just come from Beconsfield, Miss Rawlins?' said he, taking my hand, and pressing it warmly. 'I wonder I did not see you before, but I suppose you must have been in another carriage. All well at home?'

'Quite well, sir; thank you,' answered I, rather distantly. 'But how is Miss Glenfield?'

'Very well indeed—getting on nicely. But I see I

Digitized by Google

am detaining you from your friends,' as a group of strangers approached to where I was standing; and again pressing my hand, he bowed, and hurried away. I was vexed; but as I had seen the doctor, what use was there in my waiting two hours to go down to Beconsfield?

In the evening, as we were sitting at tea at home, I introduced the subject of Miss Glenfield's possible cure; and after alluding to Mr Morton's skill, asked boldly whether he was married.

'Married!' repeated my mother, looking up in surprise. 'No, Louisa, no. He is one of those old bachelors who would grudge himself a wife. Why, Anne lived there as housemaid, and she says he keeps the servants on board-wages, and almost starves himself.'

'I don't know,' said I, vexed to hear the doctor depreciated, 'what business Anne has to talk of those who employ her. He seems to me a kind and benevolent man.'

'He may be so, Louisa, in his profession,' remarked my father, looking up from his evening paper; 'but depend upon it, he is not generally benevolent. Why, I once applied to him myself about the poor Poles, and he refused to subscribe one shilling: he never gave to public charities, he said—nor to private ones either, in my opinion.'

All this was nearly conclusive, but I resolved to hazard another inquiry. The next morning, I went to a milliner, a friend of ours, who resided in the vicinity of Regent Street. After admiring her elegant novelties, and attending to a little affair of my own, I spoke of my young friend and Mr Morton, and then smilingly asked whether she worked for *Mrs* Morton.

'I work for Mrs Morton and her family too,' replied my friend; 'but not the lady of the aurist, but of his brother, a respectable solicitor. In fact, the Mr Morton you mean has no wife, and if he had, I am afraid the poor lady would scarcely employ me'—she went on smiling and shrugging her shoulders—'for Mrs Morton tells me he is terribly stingy.'

As this confirmed what I had previously heard I felt satisfied, but before replying to my sister, resolved to call on Mr Morton myself.

He was at home, and evidently very glad to see me; but when I said that my sister, Mrs Rawlins, was very anxious to know *when* he could pronounce a decided opinion as regarded Miss Glenfield, I remarked that he coloured, and seemed rather embarrassed. He paused a moment.

'To tell you the truth, Miss Rawlins,' said he hurriedly, 'I should like to finish the cure at home.' He hesitated. I looked at him, but knew not what to reply. I suppose I must have appeared much delighted, for there was no mistaking his meaning. His own countenance brightened, and he went on, with little circumlocution, to say, that he had conceived a great regard for Miss Glenfield; that he was sure she was the only woman who could make him happy; and that he was very desirous of making her his wife.

I could scarcely restrain my feelings at the idea of poor dear Amelia's good-fortune; however, I managed quietly to congratulate him on his choice, to speak in the highest terms of Miss Glenfield's ladylike demeanour, and her amiability and affectionate disposition; 'but then,' I added, 'you know she is poor and friendless, and has a dependent sister.'

'As to her sister,' replied the aurist, 'I like Rebecca almost as well as—as Miss Glenfield; and as to their being friendless, between you and me, Miss Rawlins, I don't think that much of a loss: I shouldn't like to be troubled with a wife's tribe of relations.' Again the word *wife*! but I preserved a calm countenance; and as he hesitated anew, I ventured to ask when the wedding was to take place, 'for I suppose,' I added, 'Miss Glenfield and you have already settled it.'

'Why, no, Miss Rawlins; indeed, Amelia has not settled anything; but I don't think she would object. I wanted to have spoken to you or Mrs Rawlins: I think Mrs Rawlins must be ill, for I have not seen her for some time; and, indeed, I did go to Mrs Morton, my brother's wife, and requested her to visit Amelia, telling her that she was a daughter of the gentleman my brother had served his articles to. And what do you think she said—that she had no idea of visiting a mere adventuress! That woman shall never cross my threshold again. Miss Glenfield is a gentlewoman, and could not have used such language. Could not you and Mrs Rawlins manage the affair? I will write to Amelia this afternoon, to prepare her, as to the time, although the essential part I consider settled already; and pray, Miss Rawlins, let the matter be arranged as soon as possible, so that I may be able to attend to business as usual. There will be some little matters of dress required,' he went on: 'there are two fifty-pound notes for Amelia; if she wants more, you will be so good as to write. Of course, when she is in her own house, she will have everything at her own disposal. And there is another fifty for Rebecca; she will be an essential companion for her sister when I am from home.'

I took the notes in a perfect bewilderment. There was I, a young maiden of twenty or so, preparing for my own bridal, which was to take place in a fortnight, quietly arranging with a stranger the preliminaries for the wedding of another.

'But I forgot to tell you, Miss Rawlins,' resumed Mr Morton, 'that I am going this evening to Mr Glenfield, the proctor, Amelia's uncle. He has shamefully neglected her; but as he *is* her uncle, and is a respectable man, I will ask his consent to the marriage, and invite him to attend, if it was only to vex my brother's wife.'

I walked home in a dream. Why do romancers puzzle their brains to bring about their consummations by means of extraordinary events and coincidences? Could anything be simpler than the present concatenation, anything wilder than the result? These two poor, lonely, helpless girls, whom I had left sitting by their cottage-door, working for bread—the one in utter darkness, the other surrounded by a dread silence which thunder itself could not break—behold them now coming forth from their solitude into comfort, competence, and society; the blind clothed in smiles of happiness, and feeling no want of eyes as she leans on her sister's arm, and the deaf with love in her full heart, and the music of all nature in her ears! It was delightful to think that I had myself a part in bringing about this consummation; and yet, as I walked, my eyes filled, and in spite of all my efforts, the tears came rolling down my cheeks.

Soon after, my own marriage took place, and I removed to another part of the country. In due time—that is to say, in less than a month—I received a letter from my mother, giving me all the news. My mother stated that she had bestowed as much attention, and felt almost as much interest in Miss Glenfield's bridal, as she could have done in that of one of her own daughters. She added, she was not at all surprised at the interest I had evinced in Mr Morton's choice; 'and I really begin to be of your opinion, Louisa, as to his kindly disposition; and as for his being parsimonious—so far as I have seen—it is rather *Mrs* Morton, who will limit the expenditure of the family. I wish you had seen Miss Glenfield in her bridal-dress—she looked so beautiful, so calm, so ladylike. Poor Rebecca scarcely knew what to do; but I had her by my side, and she wept her tears on

Digitized by Google

my bosom. Poor girl! she whispered to me that she thought it was the first time she had ever really regretted her loss of sight, she should so like to see her sister.'

A DAY AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

'Gone the half-hour, Mr Smith,' says the voice of our indefatigable head-servant, about half-past six on a cold November morning. The individual thus addressed turns over on his side with an 'All right, Tom,' and is asleep again in half a minute; but is at length roused effectually, some quarter of an hour afterwards, by his next bed-neighbour removing his upper stratum of bed-clothes, and another affectionately shying a pair of slippers at his head. By this time all the members of the room are stirring, chiefly induced thereto by the efforts of the fags, who take it by turns to get the sleepers up in time in the morning. A great scramble now takes place for the boots and other articles of dress, which were scattered about in the scrimmage of last night. One poor fellow is in hopeless despair at the unaccountable disappearance of his trousers; another discovers that his jug has been broken in the battle of bolsters, and has leaked over his coat. At ten minutes to seven the great bell begins to toll, and the *præpostor* of the bedroom, roused partly by the noise, and partly by the friendly entreaties of the fags on duty, thinks it time to rise. Then comes the furious rush down the steep dark stairs, in which the fall of one determines the fate of many, followed by a sharp burst through the quadrangle to the door of the great school, just as the first stroke of the hour begins. By the door stands Headly, the school-marshal, who, as the hour strikes, makes desperate efforts to shut the door in the face of the string of boys. He is usually unsuccessful at first, but taking advantage of a break, manages to bang it in the face of a few, who walk disconsolately back to their boarding-houses. Prayers are now read by the head-master to the assembled school of four hundred boys, all standing. Then commences calling over, the boys going out by their forms, and the names of the absentees receiving a tick in the lists of the master. Each form then separates to its own school-room for first lesson. While this takes place, Jones, who has been assisting at a supper the night before, seizes the opportunity of getting a construe out of a more industrious comrade. Our master enters, and we take our seats round the desks, and a certain number of boys are put on—that is, stand up to construe. All get through well with two exceptions. One poor fellow who has prepared his lesson by means of a crib, is completely floored in his derivations and parsing. Jones is, unluckily for him, put on just where his acquired construe leaves off, so that in the middle of his translating he comes to a dead stop, and floundering on, translates 'robur,' a robber, amid a general titter. He is sternly bidden to sit down, and will be provided with sedentary amusement during the half-holiday which takes place in the afternoon.

After about an hour of this work, we adjourn to our different boarding-houses to breakfast. Our hall is a large and lofty room, with numerous tables scattered over it, on which are arranged the provisions of tea, rolls, and butter. Fags are now sent down town for supplies of marmalade, eggs, sausages, &c., which latter are cooked by old Sally, who in her cottage, with its large chimney, has officiated for many successive generations of boys. The fags, after their run in the cold, have now the opportunity of warming themselves, by making the præpostors' toast at the great fire. While enjoying our breakfasts, Potts rushes into the hall crying out: 'Muggerhanger is going to be coached.' Flogging is so rare an event, that it always excites a deal of interest. Breakfast is left immediately, and we rush *en masse* to take our station under the school-room, where the offender is to suffer execution. We listen to the wheezes of the birch-rods, and speculate as to the effect it produces, and when it is over, trot back again to our breakfasts. We mostly form little coteries at this meal; and although not so to us, it would seem to others a very noisy and uncomfortable one. The boys drop in according to the time at which their forms are over, in a very desultory way, and those who have finished, often salute their neighbours with pellets of bread, or lumps of sugar; till at last some boy high in the school, who is trying to get up his Euripides at breakfast-time, catching a glimpse of one of the assailants whose pellet has lit on his nose, angrily rushes from his seat, drives him from the hall at the point of the boot, and a cessation of hostilities takes place.

Breakfast is over by nine o'clock, and we either have a game of fives in the fives courts, or take a stroll in the country for half an hour, and then we adjourn to our studies to prepare our second lesson. The studies are in rows opening into passages, in which are fires, round which we chat, or prepare coffee and eggs in the evenings. The studies are queer little holes, more like the state-rooms of American steamers than anything else. I do not believe a fashionable lady in the present style of dress could get in; certainly, if she was in, there would be no room for anybody else. Yet the studies can be made exceedingly snug and comfortable, if one chooses. Mine is six feet by five, and holds no end of furniture: a sofa, lounging-chair, and tables, besides a bookcase, and lots of pictures, especially hunting subjects, which I look longfully at these cloudy November mornings, mentally resolving, if possible, to go on foot and see the hounds meet at Newton on Thursday. Near the ceiling of my study is a cupboard, where I keep my coffee-pots, kettles, &c.; and a stock of cricket pads, bats, and stumps behind the door, and a moderator-lamp on the table, complete the equipment of my study. All the members of my form in the house collect in my study to prepare our second lesson, which happens to be a tough bit of a Greek play; we just finish it as the clock strikes the quarter past ten, and then rush down to our school-rooms. Second lesson lasts another hour; and as to-day is a half-holiday, we have another lesson at half-past twelve, which lasts till dinner. This is rather a more orderly meal than breakfast, and commences with a long grace. The buzz of talk never ceases, and is chiefly about the events of the morning lessons, and the great football match that comes off in the afternoon, with various speculations and prophecies as to its probable result. After the half-hour allowed to dinner, we rise; another grace follows, and we loiter about to spend the time till three o'clock as best we can. Some read books in their studies, or the daily newspapers in the dining-hall, or stroll down to Millington's, the school bookseller, to look at the new books; while others peregrinate the town, looking in the shop-windows, and perhaps find their way to Mrs Mesh's, the pastrycook. I, with a friend, wander about the meadows, or the Bunchurch Road, talking of a variety of subjects, and suddenly resolve to give a supper that evening to some of my particular friends. We return just in time to dress for football before 'calling over' at three. Calling over now ensues in the same way as in the morning. Most of us are bits of dandies about the football-dress, which is really quite picturesque—our side in duck trousers and jerseys of spotless white; our opponents with blue stripes on their jerseys. Each player wears the cap of his own boarding-house, of the brightest coloured velvet, with gold or

Digitized by Google

silver braiding, and tassels which flash in the sunshine, surmounted by the crest of the house.

The match to-day is what is termed A to H, that is, those whose names begin with the first letters of the alphabet play against those whose names begin with the remainder. Each side, of about eighty players, takes up its position at opposite ends of the largest half of the spacious close, leaving the junior portion of their side to guard their goal, made of two posts, about twenty feet from one another, with a cross-piece about ten feet from the ground. The object of each party is to kick the ball over their adversary's goal. Above us the fine old elms raise their lofty heads, now almost bereft of leaves; on the topmost branches are seated grave old rooks, which caw their opinions of the game. Between the trees appear the conventual-looking mass of school-buildings, with the beautiful chapel. Around are groups of spectators, who survey our proceedings with great interest. Between the two parties lies the quiescent ball. A shout comes from the opposite side, 'Are you ready?' to which we answer 'Yes,' and their leader rushes at the ball, and with one kick sends it over our heads; but our back-players are on the alert, and the ball is quickly returned towards those who sent it, and we eagerly follow it up. Then comes the tug of war. On our side, Williams hugs the ball, and makes a rush towards the enemy's goal. But he does not advance many steps, for he is grasped by a host of foes, who maul him, and try to wrest the ball from his hold. He is well assisted, however, by his own side, and at length the whole mass of struggling players rolls down on the slippery turf, while from those undermost come shrieks and groans expressive enough. A pause ensues till the belligerents have got upon their legs again, and then ensues a fearful battle for the ball, in which human legs are both the assailants and sufferers, for in this game more of the passions of real warfare are excited than in any other. It would require the talent of a Homer, or the fervour of a Macaulay, to describe the fortunes of the day—what kicks, what falls were received, how at first we were driven back, how later in the fray we succeed in kicking a goal.

As the quad clock strikes a quarter to five, 'No side' is shouted by the head of the school, and we repair to our boarding-houses in a very different style from that in which we emerged from them. Jerseys are torn, and trousers and belts bear numerous marks of intimate acquaintance with the soil of the close, while our resplendent caps, that at first glittered in the sunshine, have suffered rough usage, in the being often knocked off and trodden under foot. We slouch along lazily, discussing warmly the merits of the day—what a splendid drop of Mulloch's that was, and how well Long Barnett ran into the enemy's goal; and pity plucky little Short, who was so mauled in that scrimmage under the three trees; and decide that our side played capitally, and won the match well, as really they had some first-rate players among them.

Supposing that this had not been a half-holiday, we should have had two lessons of an hour each in the afternoon, and had the rest of the time to ourselves. During the few minutes that elapse before locking up at five o'clock, Williams and I hurry down to order provisions for our supper this evening. We are rather long in making our purchases, and running up the High Street, see the servants shutting the quadrangle gates. We make a furious charge, and are aided by some comrades inside who see our danger; they hang upon the servants, and prevent the gates being shut. In we creep, and get into the hall in time to answer our names, which are being called over by one of the præpostors. Tea is the same description of meal as breakfast, but we, wishing to save our appetites, do not partake of it. We retire to our studies, and prepare the first lesson for to-morrow morning. When that is over, we set about the pleasant task of making ready our feast. As my study is to be dining-room, I clear the decks for action, by throwing everything movable out into the passage, and borrowing two or three chairs from neighbouring studies, while I bring out all my private crockery and the remains of my last hamper from home. Williams has got a saucepan, and procured some of the supper-beer, which he is making into egg-flip, over the passage fire, and boiling the coffee. The smoking viands come in from Old Sally's, smelling very savoury—veal cutlets, kidneys, some vegetables, and a tart. We and our three guests sit down round the tiny table, and are extremely jolly, enjoying the meal as only school-boys can who have been playing football all the afternoon.

We are roused at half-past nine from fighting over again the battles of the day by the bell for prayers. The names of those in our house, between fifty and sixty in number, are again called over in the hall by one of the monitors, who then reads prayers. After this, we go off to bed, but not to sleep. As our præpostor is hard at work down stairs reading up for an Oxford scholarship which comes off next week, we are our own masters, and take advantage of the liberty by making a furious inroad into No. 3 bedroom; where, although we meet with tough resistance from bolsters and every other sort of bedroom weapon, yet we succeed in turning the room topsy-turvy, and leaving the occupants something to do in the shape of bedmaking. Elated with our success, we attempt a similar foray into No. 6, but are somewhat taken aback by finding their præpostor, Old Briggs, up, who first throws his stock of boots, kept under his bed, at the heads of the foremost, and then *chevies* us back with his cane to our bedroom. However, being a good-natured fellow, he gives up the chase, and we reach our room in safety. We then think it expedient to retire to bed, and, after a good ghost-story from an Irish fellow, who is a capital hand at the supernatural, are soon asleep, as sound as tops. I am, however, once awaked by the arrival of a boot, which hits me in mistake for Pat, at whose head it was hurled by our præpostor, who cannot bear the nightly solo of snoring in which Pat indulges.

'Beg pardon, Old Smith! Do punch that fellow's head; one cannot sleep with such a row going on!'

Pat silenced, we are all soon asleep again; and thus ends one of the enjoyable days of that very happy school-life on which, now that I am launched forth into the world, I look back with such pleasant reminiscences.

THE FÊTE OF MADONNA DELL 'ARCO.

It is curious to see how serious the nations of Europe are growing, one after another. In those wondrously good old times when the pope and princes managed everything, the whole world was a masquerade, with a death's-head in the middle. The Reformation first brought seriousness into life. Merry England ceased with the civil wars, and busy, thinking, serious England took her place. No people are more merry at times than the American negroes, or are less so always than their masters. Goldsmith found the French of his time piping and dancing, a time when every one under a noble paid away two-thirds of his income to a dissolute court—when a man was hanged for shooting a partridge, and sent to the galleys for buying a pound of salt out of his parish. The French of to-day, with all respect to Mr Albert Smith, are generally a grave people. Paris may be, as he calls it, a pot boiling over with fun, but this only on Sundays, when the half-million of overworked and underpaid *ouvriers* expand into fun like the slaves on a holiday, and for the same reason. Who does not feel inclined to sing after the toothache? but the relief is,

Digitized by Google

after all, not worth the pain. The French peasant of the country, who works all the week on his own freehold ground at his own will, is as grave as a judge. His Sunday, after mass, is generally spent in strolling over his fields and picking out the weeds.

Italy was a merry country still under Maria Theresa, who kindly relieved her subjects from any share in their own affairs; but under the twenty years of Napoleon, who first taught the Italians that they could fight, as she grew manly, she grew grave. It is curious to compare the accounts of any intelligent traveller, Beckford, for instance, who was at Venice before the French invasion, with those of Eustace and Forsyth after the peace of Vienna. All the old shows and sports with which the doges and senate coaxed and juggled their slaves died with them. Then perished the gilded farce of the Bucentaur, with its gay procession and phantom sovereignty of the Adriatic. Once a year the government went in state to see the fishermen of the Lido and Malamocco poke each other with oars and poles into the water. In 1809 the French governor put a stop to this, telling the people to reserve their blows for the Austrians. Then, too, perished the great procession of the car at Padua, which the people used to tug about, sixty feet in height, and covered with lights and flowers. The carnival still holds its ground, but is the ghost of what it was. It was worse than a funeral to see it at Venice a few years ago; the grim revellers obliged by the police to put on the mask of merriment, pacing about with painted faces and rage in their hearts, like the little ballet-girls whom one may see at the morning-drill of the opera hopping about to the merriest of tunes with the tears running down their faces. Railways and the battle of Novara seem to have killed the soul of joy in the hearts of the Italians. The whole country is become a police-barrack, where pope, kings, and generals, are everlastingly calling to the people to move on. No wonder their faces, like their hearts, are sad. Even Naples is sad. Even the fête of Madonna dell 'Arco is dying out; and we will therefore describe it before it has utterly perished, more as it was than as it is.

The fête of Madonna dell 'Arco is *the* national festival of the Neapolitans. The people have it, and enjoy it as their peculiar property; by people meaning those three hundred thousand brawny, dark-eyed, lazy, but lovable sons and daughters of Neapolis who make up the most useless and picturesque community in Europe. As for the bad imitations of Parisian beaux and belles that call themselves the aristocracy, they would die rather than be there. So the poor folk, for once in the year, have a day to themselves to be happy in their own way; and they certainly do not miss the opportunity.

We had done our Naples, as the phrase is, thoroughly; had bathed at Baiæ; been twice at Capri and its beautiful grottos, where pendent crystals form the roof, and the azure mirror of the Mediterranean the translucent pavement; we had sketched and painted at Pæstum; panted up Vesuvius, and spent absorbed and wondering hours in the silent city of the dead. After three months richly enjoyed, even Naples may become monotonous. My companion, a thorough Frenchman, and one of those devoted sons of art who seem first to germinate fully under an Italian sky, felt none of this—a painter never does, where there are scenes to be copied and heads to be sketched. 'You have seen nothing at all,' he said, in answer to my complaint—'only places and great people, who are the same everywhere. We will take a *calesso*, and go to-morrow to the Madonna dell 'Arco, and see a little what the Neapolitans are really like. To-morrow, 4 A.M., *temps militaire*.' So on Easter Monday, half an hour after the time specified, and two hours at least before the Londoners begin to rouse themselves for their dreary rout and riot of Greenwich fair, we were out of Naples, and driving fast down the Portici road.

Beautiful hour, in every clime, that follows the sunrise, but most beautiful in the regions of the south. Air, earth, and sea exhaled a dewy fragrance, while the steamy mist over the bay betokened the scorching heat that was to follow. Early as it was, the road was alive with people—all Naples seemed to have poured itself out, some on foot, but most in that wonderful variety of vehicles which one sees nowhere else. The fast calessi and corricoli gallop by in a cloud of dust, covered with flowers and boughs, twenty crammed into the place of ten, for to-day every vehicle carries double. Then comes a heavy ox-cart drawn by a pair of patient beasts, with garlands on their wide-spread horns, labouring under the weight of a household. Even the humble donkey has his load, for the genuine son of Naples cares little what his vehicle is, provided he has not to go on foot. Another mile, and other forms and faces are in the crowd—bands of villagers dancing hand in hand with castanets and tabours, and green boughs waving in their hats; boatmen from Capri and Amalfi; the beautiful girls of Ischia and Sorrento, with their hair twisted into turrets like Cybele of old; of every village, town, and island along the coast, the sons and daughters came pouring in a crowd which thickened at every step, till, at the Ponte Maddalena for a time, it was a complete jam. The heat and dust were intolerable; so, dismissing our calesso, we turned up a narrow path among the vines, and after an hour's stroll through the leafy arcades and delightful shade, emerged upon an open green before the little church of St Marco.

A Roman Catholic church without a miracle is an inn without a sign. St Marco, of course, has its miracle, which, at any rate, has the merit of peculiarity. In the middle of the church hangs the miraculous picture—a very old Byzantine painting, in which all is effaced except the face of our Lady, which has a most indubitable black eye. And *this* is the miracle; for when it hung, as it used to do, in the open air upon a tree, some sacrilegious *losel* threw a stone at it, and hit the Virgin a most substantial knock on the right eye. Immediately the blood began to flow, the eye swelled up, and the whole face looked as angry as paint would permit. The criminal forthwith repented and turned virtuous, or became a priest, which is the same thing; a church was built on the spot, and now, in danger of any sort, no one dreams of applying for help except to the Madonna dell 'Arco. Accordingly, the interior of the church is most curious. Along the ceiling and walls are whole fleets of little ships and fishing-boats, the offerings of endangered mariners; hundreds and thousands of waxen images; disgustingly minute representations of diseases; wooden models of burning houses, upset carts, and overturned carriages; combats and battles in little square pictures, where the sufferer is invariably kneeling and staring upward with his mouth open, and a very bright blue, red, or yellow Madonna sitting on a cloud and peering benevolently downward.

At first, however, coming out of the glare and heat, the effect of the silent and half-lighted chapel, paved with kneeling figures, was very solemn. As some rose and went away, others were dropping in; but the only other sound was the voice of the officiating priest and the subdued noises of the multitude without. The mass ended, but the characteristic part of the devotions was to come.

No one can feel what the Roman Catholic system really is in its popular working without coming to such places as these. To the Italian peasants, the Virgin is a stewardess, an amicable mediatrix

Digitized by Google

between them and the Supreme, whose good offices are to be gained by entreaties and bribes; and when their presents have no effect, they feel themselves aggrieved, and grumble accordingly. When the service was over, men and women, young and old, thronged around the altar, pouring forth praises, prayers, complaints, and adjurations. There was a woman with a scrofulous child, streaming with tears, and shrieking out: 'O divine lady, who dost so much for others, why wilt thou do nothing for this?' An old man, paralysed, held up by his two sons, was making the best bargain for himself: 'Two candlesticks I promise thee, of the best silver; and if the harvest be good, a gown at least worth ten carlini.' In a corner apart, a man lay prostrate on the ground, his frame quivering with his emotions, and evidently weeping bitterly. 'You see that man?' said L——. 'I know him, for I saw him only three months ago—where do you suppose? At Naples, on trial for his life, for an atrocious murder at Resina. He escaped only by a flaw, and meantime has, no doubt, committed a dozen crimes, and will commit a hundred more, till stopped by the fate of all his tribe, a bullet or the galleys. Meanwhile, he is winding up his score with Heaven, and to-morrow he will be again on the mountains with a comfortable conscience.' A little noise at the door made us turn; a train of pilgrims appeared blindfolded, with each a handkerchief round the arm, the end held by a friend. Down the middle of the aisle ran a strip of gray marble, which the people scrupulously avoided treading on. The foremost pilgrim now knelt down, and proceeded to crawl along the marble from end to end, licking it as he went. The rest forthwith knelt down, and did likewise. The length might be about sixty feet, and there were eighteen of them who went through this nasty superstition.

From the church into the open air, was stepping at once into the deluge. A sea of figures covered the open space, and spread out far and wide between the trees, and from the crowd ascended a universal hum and tumult of voices, broken by shouts of laughter and the reports of occasional crackers and guns in honour of the day. Wherever the shade was thickest, a group was on the grass, spread out around their meal; and wherever the ground was smoothest, the dance was going on with unwearied activity. Here first I saw the tarantella danced, and, till then, never knew what dancing really was. These brown, vigorous, handsome women, and swarthy, strong-knit men, as their deep eyes flashed and sparkled, and the rattle of the castanets rung louder and sharper, seemed to have a new life in them, and to fling their whole life into their limbs. The tarantella is, in fact, a wonderful piece of pantomime, and one that will not bear transplanting. Then, as they stopped at last, utterly exhausted and panting for breath, the glass of iced-water or lemonade was at hand, and they would recommence as perseveringly as before. The consumption of macaroni that day must have been something enormous. To see a Neapolitan eat it at any time, is a fact in one's life. Coils upon coils descend into his fathomless interior; and when he has stopped—apparently from sheer repletion—a glass of lemonade starts him as fresh as ever. This day, the few who stopped in Naples must have been badly off for their food, for all the macaroni-sellers seemed congregated here, and the smoke of their little tin stoves went up under every tree; but those venders of spirits and strong drinks that are the pest of an English fair, were not to be seen. The Italians are habitually and constitutionally temperate, and perhaps, for this reason, a stranger wandering through the crowd is sure not only of civility, but kindness. If you draw near the dancers, they give way to give you the best place. To stop near a party at their meal, is to insure an invitation to join them; and if the invitation is accepted, they are genuinely delighted. There must be no mean qualities in a people which continues kind-hearted and amiable after eight centuries of the very worst government in Europe.

The fun had been fast and furious up to this point, but as the sun sunk in the west, there was an evident slackening. Carriages began to move off one by one; the sons and daughters, wives and husbands, who had been dancing and flirting apart till now, gathered themselves together, every one bearing a bough from the neighbouring trees with an image of the Madonna suspended from it. Tired and pleased, we retraced our morning's path through the vines, and entered the Portici gate as the last rays of the sun were fading over the murmuring city and quiet bay.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MANY a one is glad that the holidays are over, and to be once more fairly at work. The scientific and learned societies have all commenced another session—the Royals, with something very abstruse; the Linnæans, with something very dry; the Antiquaries, with something very dusty; the Geographicals, with something very amusing; the Chemicals, with something very acid. From such beginnings the brightest hopes may be entertained of the discoveries to be made, and the work to be accomplished by the time the session shall be over in June of '59. The Geographicals here and there, however, find time for a serious paper, and had one on the laborious search made in Australia for Leichardt and his exploring-party; as hopeless a search, unfortunately, as that after Franklin. Mr Gregory, the author of the paper, is already favourably known as an earnest traveller and explorer. He is, as the phrase runs, the Geographical Society's medallist, not because he makes their medals, but because he received one; which is about as clever as to call the man who listens to a good story, a humorist.—The Civil Engineers have awarded a long list of prizes in the shape of medals and books, in encouragement of their own special branches of art and science: for improved methods of submerging telegraph cables—for hydraulic mortar—for an improved construction and arrangement of railway stations—for the building of docks, and the laying down of water-supply; and they announce that they will be ready with similar rewards next year for whomsoever may have the genius or industry to deserve them.

As regards mechanical subjects—we have heard of Alger's patent furnace, which is so constructed as to produce from 400 to 600 tons of pig-iron a week, and with a saving of 25 per cent. in fuel and labour; and viewing the cost in proportion to the quantity of iron produced, it is said to be one-half of that by the present method.—We hear, too, that certain manufacturers in Sweden are producing iron and steel by Bessemer's process; and that in works newly established at Sheffield, equally successful results have been achieved.—Now that the noisy talk concerning the Atlantic telegraph is over, much quiet discussion is held thereupon; on the causes of failure, means of reparation, precautions to be observed; besides the puzzling questions of magnetic phenomena. A few signals have been forced through the

Digitized by Google

wire by the aid of a Daniell's battery; but too few and feeble to make the projectors very sanguine. Professor Thomson, writing to his friend Joule, says that in his trials upon the wire, he has discovered some curious facts with respect to insulation, and the freaks of electric currents, some of which admit of explanation, while the most remain unintelligible. The rationale will no doubt be brought to light some day; meanwhile the professor is busy studying what he calls the pathology of faults. There is telegraphic progress to be recorded nevertheless. The *Gorgon*, on her return from that triumphant demonstration at New York, took soundings for another line of telegraph, from the banks of Newfoundland to Fayal, and thence to the mouth of the English Channel. A cable, weighing ten tons to the mile, is to be laid across from Suffolk to Holland; one from Cromer to Emden, and another to Cuxhaven. And our countrymen at the antipodes are about to connect Victoria with Tasmania by a cable of 800 miles across Bass's Strait.

Wrecks on the eastern coast have again occasioned a revival of the question about harbours of refuge on that side of the island. Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire each claims foremost consideration, and we can only wish the Harbour of Refuge commissioners who are now inquiring into the subject a happy deliverance.—The much-debated question of coal for the steam-navy is decided by the committee in favour of north-country coal in preference to Welsh. It is preferred, they say, because, while effectual means exist for the consumption of smoke, it injures the boiler-tubes less than the coal from Wales. This accords with the experiments made in Lancashire with coal and coke as a fuel for locomotives, which give the advantage demonstrably to coal, and for the same reason: the mischievous incrustation deposited on the tubes is avoided; they collect only an oily soot such as forms on a tea-kettle, and last as long again as with coke. This reads fairly enough in print; but we happen to know that the annoyance to passengers on some railways from the smoke of coal-burning locomotives, is a constant grievance—one which they ought not to be expected to tolerate.—Up in Caithness a considerable deposit of bituminous shale has been met with, which, on analysis at the School of Mines in London, is found to contain 45 per cent. of fish-oil. How came the oil into the shale? is a question we should like to see answered. Will it do for gas? There is a village in Ireland now lit with gas manufactured from the peat of a neighbouring bog.

The merits of Mr Wethered's 'combined steam' are more and more recognised by practical men, and not without reason. Mr Wethered, proceeding from the fact that ordinary steam is far from pure, and therefore less energetic than it might be, causes it in his machines to combine in certain proportions with a very dry steam, and then utilising the waste heat by an arrangement of tubes in the chimney, he shews that the steam can be worked at from 300 to 400 degrees; and he makes it appear that, with this 'combined steam,' engineers have greater economy with great increase of power.—In Paris, M. Séguin aims at the economy in another way: by his 'pulmonary steam-engine,' constructed on the principle, that as heat and force are correlative, it is possible to get the force without the prodigious waste of heat that takes place in engines of the usual construction. All that we as yet know of its mode of action is, that the same steam is used over and over again, returning in full vigour to the generator to repeat its work. It is clear that we are yet far from the end of the advantages to be derived from steam-machinery. The Peninsular and Oriental Company have caused diligent experiments to be made on the shape of screws, to discover, if possible, that which will secure the quickest voyage. Their fleet now comprises twenty-seven screw-steamers of from 350 to 2620 tons burden.

Few persons but have heard of the advantages promised from the use of thick iron plates or slabs as shields for ships or batteries in naval warfare. Government has been trying the question in a practical way at Portsmouth, and set the *Excellent* firing away at an iron-banked frigate, and at the *Erebus*, one of the iron-batteries built for use in the Russian war. The result appears to be conclusive. A discharge from thirty-two pounders made slight hollow scars upon the surface; but the ball from a sixty-eight pounder went through the four-inch iron, and shivered the oaken beams behind. It seems safe to infer from this, that the superiority of iron to wood for defensive purposes is not yet established.

A machine-making firm in Surrey have brought out a 'blast-drill,' over which agriculturists ought to chant praises, because turnip-growing is to become therewith a matter of absolute certainty, seeing that it makes short work with the fly. Drawn up and down a field, it dusts the young leaves of the turnip-plants with a mixture of lime and soot, not on one side only, but on both sides; and while the fans are performing this salutary operation, they create a strong indraught, which sucks in and annihilates the fly. What will the entomologists say?—Heer Ochsner of Rotterdam—and who so likely to accomplish such a feat as a Dutchman?—has demonstrated the possibility of walking on water. He does this by means of his newly-invented podoscaph; and recently astonished his countrymen by appearing on the Maas, wearing a podoscaph fifteen feet long on each foot, and holding a pole, flattened at one end as a paddle, in his hand. Thus equipped, he walked up the Maas to the Rhine, and on to Cologne in seven days.—In Philadelphia, the Franklin Institute have approved a brick-making machine, which, fed with clay, squeezes out bricks quite as fast as they can be lifted away. The moulds are fitted to the rim of a wheel; hence the supply is rapid and regular.—We may very properly end these notices of machines and minerals with a passage from the recently published Report of the Chamber of Commerce of Wolverhampton, a town that knows something about coal and iron. They—the Chamber—are not afraid to refer the late commercial crisis to its true causes, chief among which was the forcing of manufactures into the market far beyond the natural and legitimate demand; and this system of forcing, they say, was 'rendered possible, and in many cases, stimulated by a system of open credits granted by mercantile houses in favour of foreign correspondents; by banking facilities afforded to men of little or no capital, and by the discounting of fictitious bills of exchange.' Let manufacturers and money-brokers lay these things to heart, and we shall hear no more of ruin arising out of what was fondly called 'unexampled prosperity.'

We find in the chemical arts a few noticeable facts: a red dyeing material derived from coal-tar, specimens of which were exhibited to the Franklin Institute above mentioned.—At Montreal, two able chemists, to baffle the dishonest designs of those who take photographic copies of bank-notes, have discovered an ink which is to render that trick impossible for the future. The ink, made of calcined oxide of chromium, the colouring matter of the emerald, is in colour a good green, and is distinguished as the 'Canada bank-note tint.' With this a geometrical pattern is to be printed as a groundwork, and on that the denomination in the usual way, and such a note, we are assured, is safe from the attempts of knavish photographers.—

Digitized by Google

M. St Claire-Deville, whose mission to the volcanoes on the part of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, we noticed some time since, has just concluded his examination of the gases thrown out from the *fumerolles* or small vents around the base of Vesuvius, and states that there is a considerable variation in the quality of the gases in proportion to the time elapsed since the eruption, and with the distance of the vents from the principal crater.—The researches of this experimentalist upon boron, made in co-operation with Wöhler, are among the most remarkable of recent chemical inquiries. Boron is a substance classed between silicon and carbon, yet with the anomaly that it is not crystallisable, as these two are. But the researches in question prove it to be producible under three polymorphic forms, and crystallisable. Specimens were laid before the Academy, of various colours, from honey-yellow to garnet-red, the crystals in some instances being perfectly limpid and transparent. One kind, distinguished as adamantine boron, is formed by a combination of aluminum with boric acid, and possesses most remarkable properties. It is harder than diamond. Boron-powder will cut and drill rubies, and even the diamond itself, with more facility than diamond-powder. This fact will be a surprise to many; and though at present a fact in its infancy, it involves important consequences in art and science. Deville and Wöhler incline to the belief that the diamond is dimorphous, and susceptible in as yet unknown conditions, of assuming the form of boron. In one respect, boron corresponds with titanium—namely, that at a high temperature it absorbs azote, and azote only from the atmosphere, and will have nothing to do with the oxygen.

M. Jamin has done some good work, and of refined quality, in optical science, experimenting on the variations in the refraction of water under different pressures. The result, it is thought, will have a practical use, inasmuch as the phenomenon is a measure of the compressibility of water; and if a concordance should be discovered between water and other liquids, the measure will be arrived at without having to take into account, as at present, the size of the tubes or vessels in which the compression is carried on.

Referring to the statement in the September *Month* concerning the insecticide powder exhibited to the Academy by M. Millot-Brulé, we take the opportunity to mention here, that the sulphur-coal of which the powder is said to be composed, exists abundantly in England, and is known among geologists and miners as 'coal brasses.' Large quantities are raised near Halifax, and used in the manufacture of vitriol and copperas; as also in the adjacent counties of Lancashire, Durham, and Northumberland. In South Wales, the coal contains pyrites of a superior quality, which, after a roasting to expel the sulphur, are used in the manufacture of pig-iron. According to the returns prepared by Mr Robert Hunt, and published by the School of Mines, the quantity of pyrites raised in the United Kingdom in 1857 amounted to 74,000, worth £63,000. In this the pyritous coal, or coal brasses, figures for 11,000 tons.

New discoveries are recorded in photography. One is, that photographs having all the appearance of real solid relief, can be taken from engravings—a flat surface. And Mr Fox Talbot, to whom this interesting art owes so much, 'has succeeded,' to quote the statement put forth by the Photographic Society, 'in transferring the sun-picture direct from either glass or paper negatives to the engraver's steel or copper.' Some well-known objects have already been experimented on in this way, which, as Mr Talbot describes, 'is easy to practise, requiring the same qualifications in the operator that ordinary photography does—namely, a certain tact and dexterity which everybody does not possess. All photographs can be engraved that make good transparencies; but feeble ones, without strong contrast of light and shade, are not so successful.'—The Society are making preparations for another photographic exhibition at their rooms in Coventry Street next January; they announce, moreover, the formation of a photographic library for the use of members; and place the rooms 'at their service for all purposes connected with the progress and recognition of the heliographic art;' and further, to prevent the record of their proceedings falling into arrear, the Society's *Journal* is to appear twice a month during the period of their meetings. With a view to the promotion and preservation of what is called 'high art,' painters are warned against copying from photographs instead of copying from nature: a warning well worth attention. Few real lovers of art would wish to see it degenerate into a laborious Pre-Raphaelitism. The diffusion of sound knowledge thereupon by the aid of primary schools, as in Austria, is a question on which many thoughtful minds are engaged. One of the best papers read at the late Social Science meeting at Liverpool, was Mr Ruskin's on *Education in Art:* it abounds in sensible remarks on the subject. People should learn to draw as a matter of course, as they learn to read, write, and cipher; if only that with the knowledge of drawing they have the same power over form, as with arithmetic over number. No fear that all the world will become astonishing artists: Mr Ruskin speaks the truth on that point where he says: 'We shall not succeed in making a peasant's opinion good evidence on the merits of Elgin and Lycian marbles; nor is it necessary to dictate to him in his garden the preference of gillyflower or of rose; yet I believe we may make art a means of giving him helpful and healthy pleasure, and of gaining for him serviceable knowledge.'

CRYSTAL PALACE OF NAN-KING.

Sitting at our comfortable firesides, and reading any old-style book that speaks of the 'Porcelain Tower of Nan-king,' we at once conjure up to view a famous superstructure of china-ware—a leviathan cream-jug, flower-pot, or tea-cup of exquisite porcelain.

But let us hear what a late visitor says of it: 'A comparatively small portion is white. Green is the predominant colour, from the fact that the curved tiles of the projecting roofs are all of this colour, while the wood-work supporting the roofs is of the most substantial character, and in the peculiar style of Chinese architecture, curiously wrought and richly painted in various colours. The bricks in the body of the building are well burnt, and on the external surface are green, yellow, red, or white. The bricks and tiles are of very fine clay, and highly glazed, so that the tower presents a most gay and beautiful appearance, that is greatly heightened when seen in the reflected sunlight.' So that, after all, an Englishman at a distance is not far wrong in the conception he may have formed of the Nan-king wonder; and if any reader has a wish to see for himself a veritable 'China brick' of this far-famed tower, just let him step aside for a moment into the Missionary Museum, the next time he passes Bloomfield Street, Finsbury, London, E. C., and there, we doubt not, the porter or the clerk will feel flattered if called upon to exhibit the singular specimen of Nan-king porcelain.

Digitized by Google

The Nan-king prodigy has doubtless been a pet with the Chinese people themselves, for they have not failed to ornament it within and without.

For instance, the inner walls of each story are lined with polished tiles, a foot square, on each of which the figure of Buddh is moulded in bass-relief, and richly gilt. Each flat has, on an average, more than two hundred of these 'Dutch-tiles;' and over the whole of the interior, there is an aggregate of two thousand. The niches in each landing-place are graced with idols and miniature images. Short and pithy proverbs are inscribed here, there, and everywhere, to catch the eye of the stroller. Outside, over each balcony, there is a projected roof of wood, carved and curiously painted; and from these jutting corners there swing bells, which keep up a perpetual jingle with every passing breeze. The native account of the pagoda gives the calculation that, 'on the whole, there are 150 bells on the edifice.' To give additional attraction to it, this pagoda has its lamps and lanterns in its windows and at its angles. The work already referred to states that 'outside the nine stories there are 128 lanterns, and in the lower floor, twelve glass lamps;' 140 in all, which, when lit up, must produce a most striking illumination. A building like this, then, must have its attractions for various grades—the superstitious, the sight-seers, the gay, the curious, and the idle. To notice one of the names borne by the lofty mass—*the recompensing favour monument*. Some four centuries ago, the emperor Yung-loh removed his court from Nan-king to Pe-king; and on doing this, he looked about to see what tribute of gratitude he could raise to the memory of his august mother in that metropolis where his parent had nursed and trained him. The celebrated pagoda was in ruins; and his majesty conceived the idea of re-erecting the fallen structure. He did so; and, setting aside its connection with a form of meaningless superstition, the pagoda of Nan-king has stood for four hundred years in the centre of China, a glorious mark of the grateful love of a son for his mother's care, and a Chinese 'sermon in stone,' on the text, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.'

Amongst the names given by the Chinese to this famous tower are—*The Long Spear*, and *The Thirteen-storied Pagoda*. Either appellation suggests something of its great elevation, and to illustrate both requires a hurried outline from top to bottom of the huge skeleton.

Its site lies a little south of the city-walls, near the gate of 'collected gems,' within the precincts of some Buddhist lands that are of great extent, stretching northward to the banks of the Yang-tze-Kiang. There is a tradition that, on laying the foundation of this gigantic superstructure, several thousand pounds-weight of coal-dust were first of all laid down, to make the underground firm and safe. Over this, a brick-work platform rises ten feet high, up which there is, all round the base, a flight of ten steps, leading into the interior of the lowest floor. The circumference of the structure at this part is nearly 300 feet. The thickness of the wall here is computed at four yards. The material used in the construction is generally brick, stone, and mortar; the bricks in the body of the building being large and well burned—their exterior being vari-coloured. There is a huge, lofty mast that runs up from the bottom to the top through the middle of the entire structure, which possibly may have originated the name 'long spear' or 'shaft.' The exterior of the pagoda is octagonal throughout, but—except the lower floor, which also is eight-sided—the interior to the top is quadrangular. As you ascend to the summit of this tower, you have to wind up a screw-flight of 190 steps. You pass through nine floors or stories, all of equal height. At each story there is a landing-stage, with two or three openings leading out to a small and unsafe balcony, from which, if one likes to venture, he may take a grand survey of the surrounding country. When you reach the highest floor, you find, of course, that the diameter of the circle has lessened considerably, and the thickness of the wall is four feet less than at the bottom. But what may probably disappoint you much, is the discovery that this so-called 'thirteen-storied pagoda' has, after all, only nine. It is invariably spoken of by the citizens of Nan-king, and believed by their countrymen at a distance to be of 'thirteen stories.' The inconsistency is explained by themselves, on the ground that in the original outline it was the design of the projectors to build up thirteen floors; but, having reached the ninth, apprehensions were excited lest the course of the clouds should be interrupted, or the wrath of the god of thunder should be awakened. So it was deemed prudent to desist from any further addition to a 'tower whose top might reach unto heaven.' In the original plan, the full height of the heaven-pointing spire was to be near 350 feet; but the latest foreign visitors, on measuring it, found it to be only 261.

Thirty feet over and above the topmost story, the cupola rises on the summit of the magnificent may-pole we have described as running up from the bottom, and forming a shaft to the whole edifice. This pinnacle consists of several coils of iron hoops; and, as report goes, under this valuable dome there are deposited gems of marvellous virtue and value, besides bolts of gold, strings of copper money, lumps of silver, tea, silk, satins, and sacred manuscripts. The rearing of such a monument as the pagoda of Nan-king must have cost a large sum; and the repairs alone, which were undertaken by the imperial government four hundred years ago, drew three million and a quarter dollars from the national funds, or nearly L.1,000,000 in English money.

Another of the native names for the Porcelain Tower is *The Pagoda of A-yuh;* and this leads us to look a little into its early history. The form of the building clearly connects it with the introduction of Buddhism into China. A-yuh was an early sovereign in Central India, noted for the number of temples he caused to be raised in honour of Buddha. It is presumed, from his name being given to this tower, that it was erected by some of his followers on their migrating into China. The legendary account of the event is as follows:

An Indian priest of the Buddhist profession reached Nan-king about the year of our Lord 250. This city was at the time the capital of China, and the residence of the imperial family. That foreign priest soon became popular for his ability to perform extraordinary and unheard-of feats, all of which he attributed to the divine spirit he worshipped. The renown of the western sojourner reached the ears of his majesty on the throne, who commanded the stranger into his presence, and demanded what supernatural evidences he could produce in favour of Buddha. The Buddhist father, in reply, assured his majesty that there were numerous relics of Buddha to be found over the face of the earth, and that, if his majesty desired, he himself would go in search, and return with one possessed of supernatural qualities. The emperor then promised that, should the priest succeed in obtaining such a relic, he, on his part, would erect an edifice in which it should be meetly lodged. The priest started upon his cruise, and within a month returned with a jar or earthen receptacle, in which a relic of Buddha was lying. It was at once presented to his majesty, and immediately the splinter—it was said to be a bone of Buddha—began to exhibit its miraculous virtues. It lighted up the imperial

Digitized by Google

apartments; it smashed the copper vessel into which it was thrown; steel and diamond could not scratch it; fire could not injure it; and huge hammers could not make the slightest impression on it. Not only this; but the emperor ordered an attendant of powerful muscle to advance, and, with a heavy mallet, strike some tremendous blows on the piece. Still to no purpose, except to break the hammer, and to magnify the effulgence of the bone. The king's faith was confirmed. He at once commenced building the first pagoda in China; and this was the Nan-king pagoda.

At last, to conclude, which we do with great reluctance, we have to tell a sad truth of the history of our Nan-king pagoda during the past twelve months. We confess we approach the tale with disrelish. We have lingered about the 'spiritual fane' (another name for it) as if it was now and was to be. But, as on every other object of admiration in and out of the Celestial Empire, there is written on it 'vanity of vanities.' During its existence of 1600 years, storms have swept over it, and some have swept down its dome; thunders have rolled over it, and lightning struck its iron-coiled cupola to the ground; and the ruthless hands of brigands have defaced various parts of the structure: but to the eternal disgrace of the 'rebels' who have occupied Nan-king for the last five years, they first defaced the whole of the interior by fire, and then blew up the entire edifice with gunpowder, scattering its famous bricks and antique relics to the four winds of heaven.

The Crystal Palace of Nan-king is no more.

CAN THIS BE CHRISTMAS-TIME?

Can this be Christmas-time?
  The wind that scarcely shakes the spray,
  Or bears the gossamer away,
  Sighs warmly as on summer's day
In mine own northern clime!

And yet 'tis in December.
  Ah, me! what furious war of wind,
  And thunder-riven clouds I mind,
  Laden with ruin, lightning lined—
What drear tales I remember!

Stories of misery,
  Of grinding want, of hunger's throe,
  And orphans' wail, and widows' woe;
  Of men found dead in graves of snow,
And seamen lost at sea.

Yet fairer memories too.
  However dark and drear the day,
  The morrow may be bright and gay—
  The storm-cloud ever wears a ray
Inside of silver hue.

Once more I seem to hear,
  At eve, sweet voices welcome tell
  To day when wondrous birth befel,
  And joyous clash of many a bell
From church-tower chiming clear.

And lo! the morrow fair,
  That sees the forms of old and young,
  Joy in their hearts, to church-gates throng,
  To hail the time with choral song,
And humbly muttered prayer.

Then, when the day is past,
  And over snow-drifts cold and white,
  The moon showers down her frosty light,
  See, from each cottage-window bright,
The yule-tree's cheer is cast.

Hark! laughter's ringing cry,
  The music of blithe hearts and free,
  That hails the stolen kiss with glee,
  Snatched 'neath the sprays of Christmas-tree,
Hung from the rafter high.

Now round the cheerful blaze
  They gather for the wassail's cheer,
  Or, trembling, to the grandsire near
  The young list, with delightful fear,
To tales of olden days—

Of hapless ladye's doom,
  Who fled, when weary of the dance,
  To hide her from her lover's glance,
  In oaken chest, which, luckless chance,
Converted to her tomb.

Ah, time! whose memory
  Bears me away to happier shore,
  And home, and all I love, once more—
  Where is the sweetness that you bore
For me in days gone by?

Can *this* be Christmas day?
  The earth around is parched and dry;
  The Indian sun, with fiery eye,
  Shines hotly from a cloudless sky,
And scorches with its ray;

Each tender painted flower
  Droops 'neath the noonday's glances bright;
  The insect in its happy flight
  Flashes his armour in the light,
And gaily lives his hour.

O God of every clime!
  With whom all time is but a day,
  Turn not from helpless souls away—
  Hear us whilst we all blessings pray
In this most holy time.

Aurungabad, *December*. H. C. B.

SUPERIORITY OF PREVENTIVE TO REMEDIAL MEASURES.

'In the operations of nature, there is generally a succession of processes co-ordinated for a given result; a peach is not directly developed as such from its elements; the seed would, *a priori*, give no idea of the tree, nor the tree of the flower, nor the fertilised germ of that flower of the pulpy fruit in which the seed is buried. It is eminently characteristic of the Creative Wisdom, this far-seeing and prevision of an ultimate result, through the successive operations of a co-ordinate series of seemingly very different conditions. The further a man discerns, in a series of conditions, their co-ordination to produce a given result, the nearer does his wisdom approach—though the distance be still immeasurable—to the Divine wisdom. One philanthropist builds a fever-hospital, another drains a town. One crime-preventer trains the boy, another hangs the man. One statesman would raise money by augmenting a duty, or by a direct tax; and finds the revenue not increased in the expected ratio. Another diminishes a tax, or abolishes a duty, and through foreseen consequences the revenue is improved.' So remarks Professor Owen in his British Association Address. Of course, it is easy to understand that the drainer of the town, the trainer of the boy, and the diminisher of the tax, act in a more divine manner, as well as with better likelihood of good results, than those who take the opposite courses.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 257. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

THE BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNIE DOON IN A NEW ASPECT.

THERE was a time in the history of this little globe—a very long time ago—long before any human beings lived upon it—when an enormous vegetation prevailed over many parts of its surface. Not only did no human beings then live on earth, but no mammalian animals of any kind—no birds even—nothing higher than a few reptiles, the chief population of our world then consisting of fish and other sea-animals. From the vast tangled woods huge loads of vegetable ruin were continually carried into the seas, and straits, and estuaries, there to rot, and in time fall to the bottom, and form a bed or layer; a process, however, which accident was constantly interrupting, for the same sea would now and then receive for a considerable space of time together only sand, or mud, which also would fall in beds to the bottom. So, in short, were formed those alternating *strata* of coal, and sandstone, and shale, which we see in what we now call a coal-field. This, however, was not all. Vegetation contains an infusion of iron. When the débris of the ancient forests was decaying in the sea, the iron became a solution in the waters. Now a small animal dying amidst such a solution, or even a leaf decaying in it, becomes a nucleus around which particles of the metal are gathered. Thus is formed a nodule or pebble, containing iron, mixed with clay, carbon, and other substances. And when many of these are formed at one time, they compose a bed by themselves—a *stratum* of ironstone, alternating with those of coal, sand, and shale already adverted to.

Inconceivable spaces of time elapsed. The great business of nature went on. There were no longer such vast forests; but other matters were strewn over the sea-bottoms; birds and mammals came gradually into the world. Sea-bottoms became dry land, and dry land was every now and then getting once more submerged. Great changes took place on the surface, chiefly by the action of seas and rivers. One of the last great operations—last in geological time, but still to us a vastly remote event—was the passage of a glacial sea, an immense ice-pack, over much of the present land-surface of the northern temperate region, sweeping off great quantities of the softer rocks, excavating valleys, and generally producing that flowing and undulating outline of the surface which we now see, leaving also a thick bed of clay and blocks—its spoils—strewn over the ground. Then came calm, ordinary seas, laying down beds of clay and sand, and rivers depositing silt and gravel, and finally the present surface, and Man to occupy it.

Even after all this long history was past, there was another long one to enter upon—the province of the archæologist and the historian. All is progressive in nature, and nothing is more progressive than man himself. Ages elapsed, during which he was only wakening up into intelligence, and spreading his thin bands over the wide empty world. He at first could only fashion a stone or a flint into an implement for his hand. But one day a bright genius arose, who found a better substance for the making of tools—namely, copper: he saw that this wanted hardness; so he mixed in tin or zinc, and made bronze. Bronze was the first metal used by man. A long period of comparatively respectable barbarian-life passed, with bronze swords, and ornaments, and tools—much fighting, little gentle morality, social arrangements only dawning. But brighter minds were continually rising here and there in the mass; and one of these detected the existence of a far harder, yet equally ductile metal, which he could melt by heat out of what appeared a mere mass of hardened clay. This is IRON. A long iron period succeeded, being, generally speaking, that over which written history extends—namely, the last three thousand years. In this time, as most of us know, great advances were made in arts; vigorous nationalities and political fabrics were established; intelligence increased; morality improved, yet without seeing human society brought to anything like a satisfactory point. All we can say is, we are better than we were, and hope to be a good deal better yet.

One thing very striking, very arresting, in this history, is the intimate connection which we see between that metallic solution which long ago gathered around the little dead creatures in the Carboniferous seas, so as to form a bed of irony clay at the bottom, and the advance of man in his grand mission of acquiring a mastery over the elements of nature. Without iron in the past ages of history we never could have had efficient tools of any kind; consequently we must have remained in a comparatively rude and mean estate. This is a most signal fact; but we now have another fact still more remarkable. Till the present age, iron has been a child: it is now a full-grown man. Somehow our fathers did not get at it very easily, and only got it in small quantities. We get it as twenty for one, and apply it to purposes of which our fathers never dreamed, to vast complicated engines for effecting labour, to the making of railways and locomotive engines, to the construction of ships, and even of houses. It may be

Digitized by Google

said that that addition of power which the savage obtains when he becomes possessed of a knife or an axe, is but a faint type of the addition of power which society has obtained within the last thirty years in its increased production of iron.

Now, Iron is a great bounty of the Creator; but it is not equally a bounty to all. Where it exists otherwise than in connection with coal-beds, and men are dependent on forests for the means of smelting it, it cannot be realised in large quantities. Where Nature's more happy arrangement exists, the ironstone and the coal laid in alternate layers, as if the one had been from the beginning *intended* to be used in connection with the other, vastly greater quantities can be produced. But the Carboniferous Formation is very partially distributed over the face of the earth. Fortunately, it abounds in Britain and America; the Civilising Metal is chiefly in the hands of those nationalities who are most disposed to the pursuits of peace and civilisation. In 1845, Great Britain produced 2,200,000 tons, being about equal to the entire quantity produced in the rest of the world. Rather oddly, valuable as the metal is, its discovery has proceeded with a surprising slowness, even in those districts in which it is most plentiful. Thus it was not till after 1830 that the rich seam called the *Black Band* was wrought in the west of Scotland; nor till 1845 was this known to extend beyond a space of eight or ten square miles. At the present time, this field ranks with the old ones of Staffordshire and South Wales, which were previously the most important in our country. It has been a source of astounding wealth to individuals, a great commercial support to the city of Glasgow, and a means of introducing a totally new aspect of things throughout a large province.

Even in what are called the Lowlands of Scotland, there are large tracts of country almost wholly unproductive, and consequently very thinly peopled. One sees a wide moor, with only here and there a poor cottage; or a valley with low rounded hills, in which there are but a few pastoral farms. The sheep and the curlew are the conspicuous animals, with now and then the variety of a grouse or a black-cock. It was in such wilds in Lanark and Ayrshires, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., that the sterner Presbyterians dwelt, who gave Claverhouse and Dunbarton's dragoons so much unpleasant duty. Now-a-days, if you chance to wander into one of these wildernesses, you will be apt to find it bristling with coal-works, and glaring with blast-furnaces, while long rows of stone-built cottages speak of a large industrial population, probably knowing very little of the 'covenanted work of reformation' beyond what the once lonely grave-stone of the martyr will tell them. Such is an Iron Field, a rough, and, in some respects, a repulsive scene, but one associated with some of the greatest doings now going on upon earth. Let us briefly look into the details of one such district.

Through the southern part of Ayrshire, the river Doon pursues a course of about eighteen miles, from a mountain lake to the Western Ocean; presenting in its lower part those lovely scenes amidst which Burns was born, and which he has celebrated as the 'banks and braes of bonnie Doon;' further up, shewing us only the usual features of a pastoral valley. Eleven years ago, the sheep reigned undisturbed over these long swelling uplands. But it was found that in this valley there is a great depth of the Carboniferous formation, containing several rich seams of ironstone mingled with the previously known coal. The consequence has been the planting of a great work in the district. Far up the hillsides, beside the once retired little farm-stead, rises the machinery for digging coal and iron. At one convenient spot lower down, are five blast-furnaces continually vomiting forth their arrowy flames mixed with smoke. A plexus of railways for carrying the coal to, and the iron away from, the furnaces, pervades the ground. Groups of cottages are interspersed, affording shelter for a totally new population numbering two thousand six hundred, for no fewer than eight hundred men are employed in this work. Thus it may well be supposed that there are some new moral, as well as physical and mechanical, results to be looked to in connection with the Dalmellington Ironworks.

A blast-furnace is a conical tower, fifty feet high, with four apertures near the top, through which fresh supplies of coal and ironstone, in a certain proportion, and with a small quantity of limestone in addition, are every now and then poured in from a gallery of the same height connecting with a platform on which these materials are collected. Through an aperture near the bottom, the refuse clay, fluxed by the lime, is run off at frequent intervals in a vitreous slag, which being of no use, is carried away, and thrown over a spoil-bank. A lower aperture, opened once in twelve hours, emits the pure melted metal, which, running along a channel of sand, fills up a close range of furrows of about a yard long, making, perhaps, as much as twenty tons in all. Most people have heard of *pig-iron*, or *pigs of iron*, with little idea of the origin of the term. It arises from a resemblance borne by the longitudinal channel and its numerous close-laid branches, to a sow and her many sucklings; the iron of the long channel is the *sow*, that of the cross channels the *pigs*. It forms a striking sight, one that would bear painting, to see a casting at night, when in one place the red lava-like stream goes sparkling on its way along the black ground, while in another, the dark figures of men pass about among the burning bars, turning them up out of the sand for hastier cooling. From each furnace there will be upwards of two hundred tons of iron produced each week; thus a thousand from the Dalmellington work in all; to be distributed, some of it to form railways in India, some of it to form railways in America, some to be used nearer home. At our visit to the work, we observed a great quantity of smaller bars lying about, and learned that they are sent to the south of Spain and Portugal, to be placed in the beds of rivers, where the copper in solution in the water takes the place of the iron; and so they end by being transformed into another metal. This amount of production is immensely beyond what was practicable in former times. Within the last twenty years, Neilson discovered that hot air blown into the furnaces saved coal and also time. Each furnace is therefore now provided with side-furnaces, containing iron air-passages, by which air, forced in by the pumps of a powerful engine, is raised to a temperature of 600° Fahrenheit before it touches the metal. The result is an immense stimulus to the trade of making iron.

The iron-workers, coming at first as strangers into a thinly peopled country, have all along continued in a great measure isolated. They therefore form an interesting problem in social life. The great bulk of them live in three hundred houses which have been built for them by their employers, the rest resorting to two villages at some distance. Now, these houses are neat, cleanly, comfortable dwellings, such as no person whatever would find it a hardship to live in. Most of them consist of two rooms, with a scullery, and many are provided with small gardens. They are rented to the men at the rate of sixpence per room, being enough to return merely a moderate

Digitized by Google

interest for the outlay, the object being not to make a profit, but to subserve the conveniency and comfort of the men. Our conviction is, that these houses are superior in every essential respect to the great bulk of the dwellings used by the middle classes sixty years ago. For the convenience of the people, the masters have also a store, where all kinds of necessaries of good quality are sold at fair rates for ready money—a singular establishment, which reminded us much of those of the *kiopmen* of Norway and Iceland. A light ale is among the articles dealt out here; but no spirituous liquor is sold; neither is there a public-house in the district of the works—none nearer than two miles in one direction, and four in another. From this restriction we did not find that any evil effects arise. The people are generally a sober people; indeed, one has but to look at the comfort of their houses, the sound, clean clothes of the women and children, and the decent appearances everywhere, to make sure that comparatively little of their gains goes along the black road which leads to the whisky-shop. A stoppage from wages of twopence per week for married, and one penny for single men, supports a good school, where the head-master has L.120 a year, being 50 per cent. more than the average remuneration of the parish schoolmasters of Scotland. A further small stoppage fees a medical practitioner. The masters engage the services of a missionary, and the formation of a library has been encouraged. Thus the physical and moral wants of this little community are provided for, partly by arrangements of a liberal and judicious nature on the part of the employers, and partly by the contributions of the employed. The effects appear to be most satisfactory. From the desirableness of a position in these works, the masters are enabled to take select men, and so make their employment still more desirable; for of course it is important for a respectable working-man that he and his family should have worthy people to associate with. Hence it has arisen that when colliers were striking in neighbouring districts, no tendency that way appeared in the Dalmellington works. We felt much interested in learning to how great an extent the masters and manager attribute the happy terms on which they stand with the men to the good dwelling-houses. It appears that a good comfortable house to live in, is the very first element in the necessities of a working-man. He feels that no other external circumstance contributes so much to his happiness; and we must sadly acknowledge that there is no other thing he can regard as so uncertain of realisation, in the event of his making a change. Where good houses are, therefore, there may we expect—other things being equal—the best and steadiest men to be gathered together.

We spent three days in this singularly planted scene of industry, studying the mysteries of iron-mining and hot blast, and the condition of human nature generally in connection with the making of iron, and the whole subject left a gratification on the mind which but rarely results from a country visit. It appeared to us, finally, as if we sometimes attach more than enough of consequence to the observations of travellers on distant countries, and too little to what is going on in many districts of our own. Here is a little tract of ground, transformed in a few years from a pastoral valley to a great manufactory, sustaining thousands of people, and contributing largely to the national wealth. It is but a specimen of a whole province, equally metamorphosed in the last thirty years. Were there such a rapid development of wealth and population in any part of the United States, we should hear no little of it: occurring in our own country, no traveller describes it. The truth, however, is, that the west of Scotland is as American in this respect as America itself; and we need not look to New York or Cincinnati as a marvel, while we have Glasgow nearer home, expanding in sixty-five years from fifty to four hundred thousand inhabitants.

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER I.—THE REVENGE.

'Open the window, wife, and let in some air. Phew! this place is enough to choke one.'

It was a close, sickening atmosphere, truly. The chamber was dark and low, and on the old tester-bed, hung round with checked curtains, lay something covered with a ragged counterpane.

The speaker approached the bed, drew aside the soiled coverlet, and started back as he beheld a ghastly face, with eyes unclosed, and rigid jaws.

'Come here, Hannah—come here. Uncle Zebedee 's dead!' The man spoke in a low tone, then turned and looked at his wife. She was a neat and gentle-looking woman; he, a fine, broad-shouldered man.

'O Richard!' The woman's face and voice expressed her horror at the sight before her. It was death in its most repulsive form. An old man, with pinched and withered features, with beard unshaven, and eyes unclosed, lay on that wretched bed, staring upwards, as though, hovering over his couch, he still beheld the awful presence that had announced his doom.

It was Zebedee Peck, the miser, who lay there, stark and dead; and the man, in a stone-mason's dress, standing by the bedside, was Richard Mallet, his nephew, a working-mason.

'God ha' mercy on him,' said the man, after a silence, during which he and his wife stood gazing in awe on the face of the dead. 'He 'll need it, poor soul! He hadn't much mercy for others.'

Through the open windows came a murmur of voices from the court below; then there was a noise of footsteps on the stairs.

'Here are the neighbours, Hannah. Come, look up, lass. There 's lots to be done.'

Richard Mallet threw the sheet over the face of the dead, and went to the door to meet the new-comers. There was a goodly troop, principally women. Curiosity was written on every face. Peck's Court had been in a state of excitement for some hours.

For two days past, the old miser's house had been shut up, and nobody had seen anything of its owner. At first, it was supposed to be only one of Daddy Peck's whims, and his eccentricities being well known, no one troubled themselves about the matter. The next day, it was reported, early in the morning, that the old miser had had a fit; by noon, it was said that he had hung himself in his garters from a beam in the garret; and lastly, towards evening, it was asserted that he had been murdered by thieves, who had plundered the house, and escaped over the back-wall. Whereupon, a consultation was convened at the pump, by the matrons of the court, as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and various resolutions were proposed. One lady advised trying the effect of a watchman's rattle, and a cry of 'Fire!' under the window; another advocated a long ladder, and a descent through the garret; a third was for having a policeman sent for, and breaking open the front-door with the strong arm of the law; while a fourth, an enlightened washerwoman, suggested sending at once for Richard Mallet, Old Peck's nephew and nearest relative. This bright idea carried the day; and a fleet messenger was at once despatched for the stone-mason and his wife—'in a case of life and death,' as the messenger was strictly enjoined to say.

Digitized by Google

When, therefore, Richard Mallet proceeded to inform the neighbours that his uncle had been found dead in his bed, and nothing more, there was something like disappointment written on their anxious faces. The court had made up its mind to a terrible catastrophe —a suicide at the very least; and now there would be nothing but a coroner's inquest after all. However, with that to look forward to, and the question of the miser's wealth to discuss, it had gained something, and so the court recovered its equanimity.

'He's gone then, at last!' 'Well, we're all mortal, you see!' 'His money's o' no use to him now!' were amongst the pious remarks uttered by the bystanders, as they crowded round the bed.

'Let's hope his money will go into better hands, marm,' said the intelligent washerwoman, addressing herself to Mrs Mallet. 'You mustn't fret, my dear; it's the ways o' Providence, and all for the best, you know.'

Seeing that Mrs Mallet had never spoken to the deceased a dozen times all the twelve years of her married life, it required no great amount of resignation on her part *not* to fret. She was only pale and frightened.

'Go home, Hannah,' whispered her husband; 'I'll see to things, and get these people away. Don't tell Jess.'

Mrs Mallet made her way out of the house, an object of much interest to various members of the court, awaiting, at windows and on door-steps, her reappearance. It was a trying moment for the good woman. She was before a critical audience. If she carried her head erect, it would be attributed to her pride as the wife of the miser's heir; if she held it down, it would be taken as a hypocritical assumption of sorrow; if she made haste, it would be to avoid 'lowering herself' by talking to them; if she loitered, it would be to shew herself and receive homage. But Mrs Mallet cared little for the criticisms going on around her, and hastened home to get her husband's supper ready, looking neither to the right hand nor the left.

Richard came home before long. The hearth was swept, the supper ready, the boys in bed, and little Jessie, the lame child, sewing on her stool by the fire. The mason hung up his cap and coat behind the kitchen door, washed off the lime and mortar from his hands, and then, a clean—intelligent-looking man —came and sat down to his supper.

'Come here, Jessie,' said he, when the meal was finished.

The child hobbled to him on her crutch.

'You remember Uncle Zeb, don't you?—the old man we went to see once, eh?' Richard kissed the child's forehead.

'Yes, father.'

'Well, he's dead, my girl; he's dead. Do you remember what he said to you that Sunday as we went to see him?'

'Yes. He asked me if I'd like to be a rich woman, and have a fine house, and go abroad; and I said no, because I couldn't help mother to sew, or get your tea ready then.'

'What else did he say?'

'He said: "When old Uncle Zeb's dead, my dear, you'll find he hadn't forgot you;" and then—then I began to cry, because he grinned at me so.'

'Yes, it's true enough. That's what he said, Hannah,' remarked Richard, turning to his wife. 'I never said a word about it then, nor since, nor has Jess. It was better not. But he told me how as he had made his will, and hadn't forgot this child.'

Mrs Mallet almost dropped the loaf of bread in her hand, in her amazement.

'You don't think it's true, do you, Richard?'

'Can't say, my dear. He was cunning as a fox, and deceitful as Old Nick. More likely he's 'a left it to a 'ospital. Anyhow, the will is found, and, as he'll be buried to-morrow, we shall know afore long.'

Richard Mallet seemed to take the matter very coolly. Not so, however, with his wife. The bare idea of their poor lame child inheriting any of the hoardings of Old Peck, the owner of nearly all the houses in the court, and the reputed possessor of an account at a bank in the city, was too much for her. The wildest hopes were excited in her mind; she could think and talk of nothing else.

'Well, Richard,' was her concluding remark that night, 'we've been very happy all these years, and yet we've never seen the colour o' his money; and, after all, we can do without it. If he should leave us anything, it won't be that we've been seeking for it; nobody can say that. We've had too much pride ever to demean ourselves by courting him for his money's sake; and ever since he abused you so, for marrying me, nobody can say you have cared to have his favour.'

'You're right there, Hannah. If any of it should come to us, we'll know it's come as it ought. Don't be too sure on it, though. Uncle Zeb was just the man to play us a trick at the last. He never forgave, he always said.'

It was well, perhaps, Richard Mallet added these words; they were some little preparation to his wife for the events of the morrow.

When the morrow came, and the miser had been laid in a grave hallowed by no tears nor tender memories, the will was opened in the presence of Richard Mallet and his wife, in one of the deserted rooms of the miser's house. Through the half-open shutters, a scant sunbeam streamed on the wig of the old lawyer reading the will, and made a track of dancing motes across the dusky air. Mrs Mallet sat on a worm-eaten chest (there was only one chair in the room, that occupied by the lawyer), and Richard, holding his hat in his hand, stood by his wife's side.

The old lawyer read the preliminary clauses of the will, to which both his hearers listened attentively; the one with respect for the big words, the other with a patient endeavour to grasp their meaning. The executors appointed were two gentlemen living in a village in Kent, where the deceased was born. Though Zebedee Peck had drawn up his will himself, it was all in proper form. He had commenced life as a pauper-child in a Kentish workhouse, risen, through the progressive stages of hop-picker and errand-boy, to be clerk in a lawyer's office, and, finally, bill-discounter and money-lender in London. Consequently, Old Peck knew what he was about, when he made his last will and testament. He had prepared a surprise, however, for whoever should read it.

The old lawyer suddenly stopped, blew his nose, and glanced down the parchment. There appeared to be something unusual in the document.

'All my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever'—repeated the lawyer with an uneasy sort of 'hem'—'I give and bequeath to—to—Jessie Mallet' (the parents both turned pale), 'the daughter of my nephew, Richard Mallet of Little Winkle Street, in this city, and this'——

The lawyer glanced over a few words further, and then came to a dead stop.

'This is quite irregular—quite out of the course. Really I don't know; I think, my friend, it would be better your wife should step into the next room whilst I continue.'

'No, sir; go on: she can hear it,' said Richard.

The lawyer, with a strange look at them both, resumed. 'And this is the *revenge* I have long promised myself. In leaving my money thus, may I be sowing the seed of estrangement between Richard Mallet and his child! May it place a bar between

Digitized by Google

them all their lives! May it divide their household! May it make the daughter ashamed of her father, and the father jealous of his daughter!'

Mrs Mallet put out her hand to her husband with a terrified face. Richard stood quite still, but his brow grew black as night.

'May wealth be the curse to them it has been to me, and bring discord between kith and kin! It is with the belief that it can and will do this that I leave my money to Richard Mallet's daughter. "Ill-gotten gains never prosper," he once told me. Let him remember this—let him take it to heart now, when these same gains have become the legacy of his own child.'

The lawyer stopped, for Mrs Mallet had burst out weeping; but Richard was standing as before, though with great drops of sweat upon his brow, and his wife's hand clenched tightly in his.

'Them is words, sir, as nobody as a right to use,' said he, in a low, hoarse voice—'them is words as 'ull rise up in judgment again him one day. Sooner than have one penny o' his money now, I'd—don't pull my hand, Hannah; I know what I'm a saying—I'd see my wife and children lie dead in the streets. Look here, sir—look here; that was Uncle Zeb's work!'

The man had suddenly bared his arm, and was pointing to a ring of livid flesh that encircled it.

'When I was a lad, he hung me up by that arm, and beat me with a rope, because I wouldn't do his dirty work. I forgave him that though, years ago, for I got on in the world without him, and got married, and was happier than he had ever been. But now that he tries to set my own children agen me, as he once tried to set me agen my wife, I wish the Lord may'——

'O Richard, don't, don't!' His wife put her hand upon his mouth, and stayed the curse upon his lips. 'Don't say them bad words; don't, Dick, don't. Remember what you tell the boys always. O my poor man!'

She clung to her husband's shoulder, and wept there.

'You're right, my lass. I preach, but I don't practice.'

Richard Mallet drew a deep breath, passed his hand over his wet brow, and sat down on the chest, with the veins all swollen in his face, and his limbs trembling with the efforts to subdue himself.

'Is there anything more to read, sir? I'll know it if there be, if you please.'

'No; nothing but the usual clauses for giving proper power to the executors—mere matter of detail,' replied the old lawyer, apparently very ill at ease.

'Then, sir,' said Richard slowly and deliberately, 'I'd like to say once for all, in the presence of you and my wife as witnesses, that I 'erby refuse to have, and renounce, for me and for my child, every farthing o' this man's money.'

Richard uttered the words as solemnly as though they had been a proper legal oath of renunciation, and then, with a look of relief, got up and kissed his wife. 'Don't cry, my woman; we 'll be going our way home again.'

'Yes; better do so, perhaps—better do so, Mr Mallet,' said the lawyer. 'But I must remind you that—that the property of the deceased is left to your *child*, and not to *yourself*. It is in the hands of trustees. You cannot, therefore, renounce what is not your own. However, we 'll talk matters over together to-morrow, at my office.'

The cloud that came over Richard Mallet's face at these words did not disappear again that night. He went home in silence, nor spoke one word to his wife all the way.

For the first time in his life, he drove Jessie away from him, when she brought her stool and knitting to sit at his feet; and, for the first time since they were born, the boys went to bed without their father's kiss.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE REVENGE WORKED.

Richard Mallet never closed his eyes that night. He got up at six next morning, had his breakfast, and then, as though nothing had happened, went and did half a day's work before going to the lawyer's office.

His wife stood and watched his manly figure as he strode down the street in the blue light of early morning, with his tools on his shoulder; and then, as he turned the corner, she went back to her fireside, and sat and cried as though her heart would break, till the milkman came round with the morning's milk.

It was a long day at home. Jessie wondered what made her mother so sad and absent, and why she sat and looked at her so strangely at times.

'Are you angry, mother?' asked the child once, as she caught one of these looks fixed upon her.

'Angry, bairn? Don't talk—don't talk. Perhaps it would have been better you 'd never been born, my poor girl. The Lord only knows;' and the mother turned away from her little daughter with tears in her eyes, and a foreboding heart.

When Richard came home, his wife saw by the expression of his face that the matter was decided in some way.

'Hannah,' said he, laying down his tools, and wiping his forehead with a handkerchief he took out of his cap—'it 's as he said. Our child has got this fortune, and we can't take it from her. He tells me Jessie is worth twenty thousand pounds!'

'Twenty thousand pounds, husband! What? Twenty thou——! O dear, dear.'

The poor woman laughed and cried in the same breath. Twenty thousand pounds! It was impossible not to rejoice. Uncle Zeb's maledictions were forgotten for a moment, in the dazzling visions those words raised before the mother's eyes.

'Call Jessie here,' said Richard, sitting down.

And Jessie came to her father's chair, and looked up wistfully into his face. It was something new to feel afraid of father; but Jessie did feel so, as she beheld the way in which he looked at her.

'Jessie, my girl, I want to talk to you,' began Richard. 'Now listen to what I am goin' to say; you 're a 'cute little lass, and can understand me, I know. Uncle Zebedee's will has been opened, and we find he 's left all his money to you. You 'll be a very rich woman one day, Jessie, and you 'll have a big house of your own.'

The pale face of the child flushed, and her eyes sparkled.

'You 're very glad, Jess, ain't you?'

'Yes, father, I am glad. Shall we have a home of our own, then, and a garden?'

'Yes, you will. And you 'll wear fine clothes, and live with grand folks, who are a deal cleverer than father and mother.'

'But I shan't leave you,' said the child, with a quick grasp at her father's hand.

'Not for always, p'raps; but you must go to school, and learn of somebody who can teach you better than father can.'

Richard Mallet's face twitched as he thought of the old spelling-book over which he and his child had spent so many happy evenings. They were at an end now. But, looking at his wife, he went on:

'Yes, we musn't keep her like ourselves, Hannah. She must have good schooling, you know. She must be different from us.'

Jessie stared at her parents with her big brown

Digitized by Google

eyes, and her heart beat fast. She was a clear-headed reasoning little creature. The life which she had been compelled to lead in consequence of her infirmity —an infirmity more the result of a delicate frame, than actual disease—had quickened her intellect, and rendered her wise and thoughtful beyond her years. So she shed no tears, though her heart was full, but took her chair out of her father's sight, and plied her needles fast in silence.

That night Richard Mallet and his wife sat by their fireside till long after midnight discussing the fortunes of their child. At one moment, the poor mother thanked Providence for Jessie's good-luck; at another, she shuddered at the thought of the curse attached to the miser's wealth.

'O Richard, if his words should come true. If our child should grow to be ashamed of you and me!'

'Hush, Hannah!' Richard checked his wife angrily. 'It's only like a babby to talk i' that way. How can a dead man's words do any harm!'

Though Richard assumed indifference to his uncle's malediction, it troubled him in reality. The first thing on waking, the old miser's terrible words occurred to him. All day long, as he plied hammer and chisel in the stone-yard, fragments of the curse sounded in his ears. As he sat at dinner, under the shed, he found himself mechanically tracing in the dust, with the end of a broken tool, the words: 'May it place a bar between them all their lives.' Many a night did his wife hear him sigh in his sleep, and mutter and moan about 'the gold' and 'my own bairn.' But by day he would rebuke his wife for being affected by superstitious fancies, and tell her she ought to know better than to trouble herself about such things. He would not have owned for the world that these same fancies were haunting him, sleeping and waking.

Richard Mallet was a man of resolution and few words. When he had decided on doing a thing, he did it at once. So, having come to the conclusion that his child must be brought up as befitted her altered circumstances, he lost no time in lending his aid to carry out the necessary changes.

Ere six months, Jessie Mallet was the inmate of a handsome home in a boarding-school in Kent, near one of her trustees; and the stone-mason and his wife had returned to the life they were leading before the death of Zebedee Peck.

It was not the old life, though. Richard was as steady and industrious as ever, as good a workman, as kind to his wife, and as fond of his two boys; but there was a change in him. It was not that the new position in which he now stood towards his master, his fellow-workmen, or the world, perplexed him. He was not the man to disquiet himself on that score. He held up his head as before, worked hard, took a joke good-humouredly, brought home his earnings every Saturday, and never troubled himself about what the neighbours thought or said as to his affairs.

It was at his own hearth that this change was to be seen; at his own hearth, where, when he taught the boys their letters at night, he missed a gentle little voice in his ear, and a soft little hand in his; where his eye often rested on a chair that stood vacant in the corner, with a little crutch by its side. At such times, he would grow hard and stern. There was not the influence in these things that clings to tokens that remind us of the dead: they only recalled a separation founded on injustice and wrong. Uncle Zeb need have prophesied no further; he had already obtained a cruel revenge. The very fear of his curse ever being accomplished was enough to embitter the rest of his nephew's life.

'Hannah,' said Richard Mallet to his wife one Friday morning, 'I shan't be home to-night, nor mayhap for these next three days. I'm going to see her.'

He kissed his wife, put on his best hat, placed a stout stick and a small bundle on his shoulder, and went away. Jessie had been gone nine months.

On Tuesday night, his wife stood at her door looking out anxiously for his return. It was nine o'clock, but warm and fine, and the month of June. Ere long, in the dusky twilight, she espied a toil-worn man coming slowly up the street. A neighbouring lamp shone on the man's figure, as he approached. Hannah started as she caught sight of her husband's face. It was so worn and jaded, she hardly knew him.

'Gi'e me a sup to drink, Hannah,' said Richard, when he had entered the house and sat down.

The dust upon his dress shewed that he had made the journey on foot.

'It's a long spell to Canterbury, you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do.' He was anxious his wife should understand that the cause of his fatigue was physical.

He took a long draught at the mug of beer, put it down, and then, with his elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand, said: 'I can't touch my supper yet a while. I'm dog-tired. I'll tell you all about my journey, now, and then we've done with it.' He took off his hat, loosened his neckerchief, and then, without raising his eyes to his wife's face, began:

'Hannah, I have seen our child. I have been down to Canterbury, and seen the place where she lives, and the company she keeps. But though I've seen her, she ain't seen me; I hadn't the face to shew myself arter all. When I got down yonder on Sunday afternoon, and see the grand old house she is livin' in, nigh by the cathedral, and the young ladies walkin' in the garden, I said to myself: "It will never do to shew yourself there, my man;" and so I made up my mind I'd come back as I went, without even a word or a kiss, and be satisfied if I could only clap eye on her for a minute. So I watched about the house till they all come out two and two to go to the cathedral close by, and then I saw my child, hand in hand with a lady in silk, who walked at the head o' the line. She seemed kind o' gentle with our little girl, and helped her on a bit, for she couldn't quite keep up with the others; and Jess looked up at her as though she liked her, and wasn't afraid. I kept my eyes on her, and followed after 'em up to the church-door, and when they went in, I seemed to be drawn on like, and went in too, as though I couldn't do other. It's a brave place is that cathedral, and lots to see in my line; but I could only look at one place all the time, where she was sitting among the ladies, looking just as quiet and as good as I've seen her look a score o' times a sittin' in yon chair.' He paused a moment, then went on. 'You should have seen her eyes, Hannah, when the organ was playin'! She was happy then, I warrant. I minded to sit on a back bench where she couldn't see me, and there I watched her, whilst they played and sung, till, all at once, I felt I was going to choke, and then (God forgi'e me!) I rose and walked out of the church, with a curse upon my lips. I would have set off home then and there, but somehow I couldn't tear myself away. I saw them all come out of church again, and go back to the big house, and I loitered about the iron gates, hoping I'd see her again in the garden, or at the windows, but I didn't. A servant came out, afore long, looking very smart and tidy; and, thinks I, I'll just ask him how Jessie is, and what she's a-doing of now; but when I went up to him, he stared at me in a uppish-sort-of way, and so I only asked him what o'clock it was. I'd half a mind to ring the bell, and go in, after all; but every time I looked at my dress and my bundle, my heart failed me; so I turned away at last, and came back as

Digitized by Google

I went, without ever hearing the sound of my bairn's voice. Perhaps I was a fool, and ought to have gone in without fear or shame, as an honest man should; but the Lord knows I'd rather have come back as I have, than seen her look ashamed o' me, or brought a blush to her cheek. I couldn't ha' borne that, Hannah!'

Richard Mallet's voice sank as he uttered these words, and his great hand trembled as he bent his head over the table. The spirit of the man seemed bruised and broken down.

For many days Richard Mallet repented of the sacrifice he had made, and upbraided himself for ever having allowed his child to be removed from him.

'Why did they ever permit this unnatural separation to take place?' the parents asked themselves.

'Jessie would never be theirs any more now,' said the poor mother. 'They had better forget their own bairn. By the time she had finished her schooling, she'd be no company for such as them.'

Richard was the first to regain right feeling on the subject.

'Hannah,' said he one day, 'we've done our duty, and it's no use talking. Jessie must be brought up as she should be, and you and me ought to be the last to stand in her way. I promised her trustees we'd be no hindrance to 'em, and we ain't goin' to break our word.'

When Richard spoke thus, he looked more cheerful, outwardly, than he had done for many a day.

Whatever fears and anxieties he might have, they were henceforth to be confined to his own breast.

To be concluded in our next.

BILL FUSTIAN'S RUNNING COMMENTARY ON THE DOINGS OF THE RESPECTABLE CLASSES.

The sins of the respectable classes do get now and then found out, and very bad they appear. I suppose we might have all gone on eating peppermint lozenges for ever without knowing what a horrible mixture they are, but for that shocking case at Bradford the other day, when nineteen or twenty people lost their lives by eating such lozenges in which arsenic had been mixed. Well, nobody meant to put arsenic into the lozenges. The arsenic was an accident, on which I care not to comment at present. But see what was really meant to be done. The intention was to mix in with forty pounds-weight of sugar—the proper material—twelve pounds-weight of a stuff called 'daff,' which is nothing but a white earth; arsenic, in short, having been, through carelessness, substituted for 'daff.' Thus it comes to light that these respectable people are accustomed to make us buy lozenges more than a fourth part composed of mere dirt! So do they not scruple to fill our stomachs with trash, that they may fill their own pockets with money. Always the same story among that sad set of people—cheating, lying, poisoning, *anything* for gain! Always professing, too, to be so shocked by the habits of those wicked lower orders; adding insult, I may say, to injury. I wish they would learn to take the beam out of their own eye, and see that it is not a false beam.

They would all cut each other's throats at any time for twopences. See the conduct of that great omnibus company, which, having six hundred omnibuses constantly going in the streets of London, from which it draws a revenue of six hundred thousand pounds a year, cannot endure the existence of one poor little rival company, which has only fifteen buses, but of an improved description. Wherever one of the Saloon omnibuses, as they are called, appears, four or five others belonging to the older company beset it closely on all hands, to prevent the public from entering it. This is called *nursing* the Saloon Company's 'buses. Fine nursing truly—it should rather be called overlaying. Another means of destroying the rival company was to bribe small shareholders to vex it with legal and other difficulties. One states that he was thus engaged for a consideration of fifty pounds (never paid) to file a bill in Chancery for the purpose of getting this poor little Saloon Company wound up—a scheme, however, which did not succeed. A shareholder in the big company who had been particularly active in these proceedings, congratulated his friend that the Saloon Company could not keep on—their horses were dying like rotting sheep, and they had not a penny in their coffers to help themselves with: he was working day and night, he said, against them, and he would sell his coat off his back to get them crushed. Amiable feelings these for one of the respectable classes to indulge in. One would have thought that a body drawing six hundred thousand pounds a year would have been at such ease in their minds as to profit, that they could have afforded to allow the small fifteen-'bus company to live. But no. Great as may be the gains of these respectable people, their necessities are always greater. And, while professing that there is nothing like a fair competition, they would all prevent competition in their own case, and by any sort of means, if they could.

Nearly three hundred years ago, in what we consider barbarous times, a gallant knight dying on the field of battle, had a draught of water brought to him to quench his raging thirst. As it was rising to his lips, he saw a poor soldier who was dying also, and who cast a longing look towards the draught of water. The knight immediately sent the water to the soldier, saying: 'Poor fellow, his necessities are greater than mine.' Men will ever bless the name of Sir Philip Sidney for this act of lofty self-denying benevolence. How refreshing, how encouraging to all in Christian unselfishness, is this tale! Contrast the conduct of a modern trading company, trampling down their fellows in the pride and might of an overwhelming greed. What a pitiable state for middle-class respectable human nature to be reduced to. Oh, my horny-handed brethren of the workshop, let us all pray to be saved from necessities, real or fancied, which prompt to such feelings and such actions.

The effrontery of some of the great money-consumers and appropriators of the middle classes is most remarkable. There were seven Glasgow firms—*infirms* they should rather have been called—who drained the Western Bank to the extent of one million and thirty thousand pounds, all to carry on business upon false principles, in the desperate hope that something would cast up in their favour. These men, while yet standing, destroyed the means of livelihood of hundreds of honest people in their own several lines, because there is no competing with men making a desperate use of other people's money. When they fell, they involved hundreds of other people, bank-shareholders, in misery. There is but the crust of dependence to-day to many who were living in comfort a year ago, in consequence of the superb selfishness of these speculative traders. But men of this sort, when they become bankrupt, only think themselves unfortunate. It probably appears to them, that the only cause of the mischief is their not having got quite enough of 'accommodation.' Only have given them a continuance of the proper 'banking facilities,' and they would have kept their ground. Creditors are overawed by the very grandeur of the ruins which such men make, and are easily forced into settlements advantageous to the debtors. Indeed, an insolvent of this species is rather like a

Digitized by Google

free and independent man negotiating a transaction in his own favour, than a bankrupt called to account for his shortcomings. It would be a strange thing, indeed, if he were not able to clear out with a tolerable wreck of stock wherewith to begin the world again.

Accordingly, it is not surprising to be told, as we are, by a local print, that these men have been living since the crisis of November 1857 'in first-rate style, in elegant mansions, with trim servants, and plenty of them, travelling every day in first-class railway carriages to their country-houses,' and that the greater number of them 'have resumed, or are about to resume, business in Glasgow, just as if they had been innocently knocked over in a commercial storm which they had no hand in raising.' One is stated to be rearing a new building for business purposes at a cost of L.8000. Verily, these respectable classes are very merciful to each other in misfortune, especially when this is deepened by a shade of guilty extravagance and folly. I wish they were as tender to *us*, when we pick up a hare or go to the union for temporary relief.

I am told of another set of respectable people, men driving gigs, or better than gigs—decent family men who seem duly anxious to get to a good instead of a bad place hereafter—who are known to have sold out of this bank at dates remarkably near to that of the stoppage, when some knowing people were beginning to be tolerably well assured that there was danger in the wind. Clever dodge this, getting all the rich dividends, and when no more were to be got, but retribution was about to be called for, handing over the concern, like the bottle-imp, to a neighbour. It would be interesting to get a return of the number of widows and other helpless ignorant people who thus received a heritage of ruin. It is, I presume, looked upon as quite a proper kind of transaction in respectable middle-class society; but I know that Tom Corduroy, Dick Moleskin, and myself, are all of a mind in thinking that we should be unfit to be spoken to in future, if we had acted in such a manner. It is all taste; but really I feel a sort of pity for these respectable people, who love money so much that every action by which it may be made or saved seems allowable, provided only the law has nothing to say upon the subject.

TWO LETTERS FROM THE LEVANT.

LETTER I.

Scio, *Monday 14th.*

We have sailed over the long blue waters thus far, and are anchored off the old Genoese fort at Scio. We landed this morning at a rude sort of mole or breakwater, the harbour inside being hardly deep enough to receive the caïques of the natives themselves. A small Greek population has here established itself, and rebuilt a portion of the beautiful city, with warehouses for the island's exports, consisting principally of olive-oil, silk, and gum-mastic. Previous to the calamity which fell upon this devoted spot—the entire destruction of the place by fire and sword, in consequence of its connection with the Greek patriots of 1822—the whole of a space of six or seven miles in extent, lying between high and rugged mountains of a whitish rock, and the winding beach of the strait betwixt Scio and Anatolia, was thickly populated, and the resort of the chief merchants of Smyrna. To Scio, where lay their domestic treasures, they repaired to enjoy such leisure as business left them, and the fruits of a life of labour in old age. There stood their luxurious habitations amidst fields of flowers, shaded by the peaceful olive, and perfumed by the orange and the lemon-tree. Scarcely a sign of this magnificence remains; but in a convent not far south of the town, where 7000 of the flying Sciots were put to the sword, the bones of the dead still whiten the ground, and the deep sabre-cuts in the decaying skulls still witness against the Turkish tyrants. In revenge for this destruction, the Greek admiral, Canaris, found means to sink the ship of the Capitan Pacha, with all the plunder of Scio, before she left the roadstead. Although the divers have descended again and again, and company after company has been formed for the recovery of the treasure, the gold and the silver, and the guns of brass still enrich the floors of ocean, twenty-seven fathoms beneath the surface. Wandering through rich orange-groves and a still flowering wilderness, we came upon 'Homer's School,' where the blind old man of Chios is said to have taught his pupils about 3000 years ago. Some antiquaries prefer considering it as the Temple of Cybele; but, certainly, whether for poetry or religion, I never saw a place more fitted and peculiar. The Straits of Scio, and the isles that stud them, lay beneath it; the masses of white rock gleaming from far-off Samos inclined to azure in the haze; and, mystified by distance, rose the rugged Mimas, precisely as it used to do in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. The air of Scio is the healthiest possible, and the climate perfectly luxurious. The labour of the female population at least, is confined to making silk purses, chewing the aforesaid gum-mastic (masticating), and distilling the sweetest of waters from orange-blossoms and the flower of the jasmine. Mastic is said to whiten the teeth and strengthen the stomach, and the groves which produce it are well worth visiting.

To-day (15th), we sailed into the Gulf of Smyrna, and made an expedition on its south coast to the baths of Agamemnon, mounted, like the sons of the prophets, upon asses. These animals in this country are either better taught and managed, or are not so obstinate and evil intentioned as in our own, where it always seems that some invisible power obstructs their way. Mounted on asses, then, we blush not to confess we were, for they are the chief riding animals now in the East, even as when one of Israel's judges had thirty sons who rode on thirty asses, and they who were thus mounted ruled over thirty cities. Near Vourla, here there are three remarkable hummocks, called 'the Sisters,' separated from 'the Two Brothers' of the same family by a deep ravine, through which runs a rivulet. Here are situated these famous baths. A fine tank has been constructed, about five feet deep, and broad enough to swim in; into this a copious stream of water pours continually, so hot that a bare hand or foot cannot endure it: the water is pure and quite tasteless. Into the bath, and close to this hot stream, a rivulet of water from a cold spring has been made to run, to moderate the temperature as may be required. A few ruins were scattered about; but the whole place was neglected, and, for the most part, disgustingly dirty. In any other country, this place would have been the resort of thousands, but here nature does her best, and man his worst, in all things. These baths derive their name from the wounded soldiers of Agamemnon being directed hither for cure by an oracle, while he was engaged in the conquest of Mysia.

Digitized by Google

17*th*.—For the last two days, immense battalions of 'embodied cranes' have been returning over our heads, after another campaign against the Pigmies, the diminutive inhabitants of the mysterious regions of Central Africa. One division has no sooner passed across the gulf than another makes its appearance: from their clamorous exultation, let us hope that they have been victorious. Though high in air, their conversation is distinctly audible; and could we understand it, we should know much more of the source and course of the Nile or Niger than from any of the followers of Bruce and Lander; for these cranes have come from the marshes beyond the Desert beneath the line, where hippopotami wallow amongst luxuriant reeds, where the Niger loses itself, and the Nile draws its waters for the inundation of the land of Ham. They have peradventure seen Luxor and Karnac, Syria and Palestine, and have returned to take possession of their old habitations, and to receive a welcome from their Mohammedan protectors. They warn us to prepare our summer clothing, and bid those proceeding to Odessa and the Cimmerian Bosphorus, to bend their sails and recommence their voyage. These birds are continually referred to by all the ancient writers.

The country about Vourla is very agreeably diversified with hill and dale, with rock and mountain; grassy plains and groves of olive and mulberry trees, the arbutus and the myrtle; brooks and fountains, scattered villages and cypress-planted cemeteries. It is a country of eternal verdure and perennial beauty. Of Clazomenæ, which stood upon the island in the bay, there are now scarcely any traces. the birthplace of him who preferred a grain of wisdom to a heap of gold, now seems unconscious of ever having sustained a city, but still does honour to their judgment who fixed upon it for a city's site. Vourla is chosen by the French and British admirals, when in the Archipelago, to water and refit at; the plague, that is never out of Smyrna, comes not hither; and it is well to windward of 'the inbat,' which in summer blows all day strongly up the gulf, and against which no heavy ships can get to seaward. Now, however, as we are for Smyrna, let the inbat be our friend, and put our polacca before it: she sweeps along so steadily as scarcely to seem to move, while anchored vessels, 'towers, and towns, and woods,' appear to pass her westward-bound, and in hot pursuit of one another. Studding-sails and royals are now fluttering upon the heated gale; in they come together as though the wand of a magician had simultaneously wrought it; and now her topsails are down in an instant, and now she swings to her anchor as the interminable chain-cable thunders through the smoking hawse-hole: we are at Smyrna.

19*th*.—The rides about this place are intensely interesting; we traverse plains the finest in the world, skirting the bases of mountains the most famous in classic poetry, 'the solitary hills of shaggy Sipylus,' whence Niobe still pours her rivulets, Mount Tmolus ever fronting us; or we traverse the same route as that of Gyges, king of Lydia, or, in ages less remote, of the fierce Tamerlane.

Here we meet everywhere the black tents of the Turkomans; they shift about from place to place, according to the necessities of their flocks; carrying the young kids in their arms across the brooks, and such as are ill, in panniers upon donkey-back. We see caravans laden with iron about to penetrate the interior, and others, again, coming from that direction burdened with carpets and the merchandise of the East. These caravans are guided by women or men, each sex sitting in the masculine manner upon the ass, which always leads the string.

21*st*.—We have just returned from a visit to Ephesus, from a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin Mary at that once celebrated city, where the fathers of the church sat in council to settle the mysteries of Heaven and the faith of men. We started in the early morning from the sleeping city—Smyrna—and through the narrow half-covered bazaars, while the bat was still busy at his erroneous whirlings in the uncertain twilight, and the peaks of the Two Brothers were scarcely burnished by the sun. Over the hill, and through the cypress grave-yard, we watched the gulf grow brilliant, and the day break as it seldom breaks elsewhere. We were under the guidance of a surrugee, who took the lead, and accompanied by an Armenian interpreter, who would have made the fortune of a painter of national costumes, in his turban and fur-trimmed robe of lavender-coloured cashmere, and mounted on his beautiful and gracefully managed steed. We met, too, groups of travellers almost equally picturesque; Turkish soldiers, bringing in hundreds of miserable creatures tied together, convict-like, with ropes, forced from their homes in the far interior to be disciplined for the service of the sultan, and converted into soldiers or sailors, as demand might require. Half an hour's canter further on disclosed a numerous retinue—officers splendidly attired in the old Turkish dress, and armed with scimitar, pistol, and yataghan; mounted also on strong and showy horses, richly caparisoned, they gave us a good idea of what Turks must have been in the palmy days of their ascendency. They were the body-guard of a bright gem within its casket—a beautiful lady, reclining in a sedan, was borne by mules amidst this train; beautiful, I say, and doubt not, though we caught no glimpse of her fair face. The ark that contained this precious freight was covered with scarlet cloth, and the number of mounted attendants proclaimed her to be a pacha's favourite wife, journeying probably, *viâ* Smyrna, to Constantinople. Here, then, were two fine opportunities, had we but been Quixotically disposed.

We arrived, after some hours, at the ruins of Metropolis, whereof nothing now remains but some indications of an aqueduct, and the foundation-stones of enormous walls and edifices, aforetime doubtless the glory of their builders. Crossing the river Caÿster by a ruinous old bridge, and after a long and fatiguing ride of nearly sixty miles, we came in sight of the castle of Aisaluk, the minaret of a mosque within its walls, and the lofty square abutments of that enormous duct which supplied the City of the Moon with the waters of Mount Pactyus, in times too remote to contemplate. As we approach nearer, we see the materials of which they were composed to be chiefly Roman bricks and cut stones, bearing evidence of having belonged to yet more ancient edifices. Here is a portion of the architrave of a temple, placed perpendicularly above a mass of the most various erections; there a Greek inscription *inverted* impresses us with the barbarity of the ignorant builders. Passing under the aqueduct, we followed a narrow pathway through the ruins of Aisaluk: broken pillars of marble and granite were scattered about on every side; stones with mutilated inscriptions, and such of the remains of a great city as by their strength bid defiance to time and vandalism, in surprising quantity and confusion were heaped up everywhere. Here we see a brick-built mosque, supported by four exquisitely carved Corinthian pillars, three of gray, and the fourth of red granite; there, amidst the labour of Greek sculptors, stands a trough and fountain with some Saracenic writing—a medley of Greek, Roman, and Turkish masonry—standing and prostrate pillars, some whole, some broken; imperfect capitals and fractured architraves thrown about in the confusion of chaos—a picture of utter ruin and desolation, such as the pen can give no adequate idea of.

The inhabitants of this once populous and powerful city are reduced to a very few families of miserably poor, harmless, and oppressed Turks. At a wretched hovel we left our horses; and, while the frugal supper

Digitized by Google

was preparing, visited the celebrated mosque. The two red granite pillars, supposed to have been taken from the Temple of Diana, are of extraordinary dimensions; three of the tallest of our party could scarcely enclose one of them in their extended arms; they must be, therefore, eighteen feet in circumference, and at least five-and-twenty above the ground they stand on, and yet their bases are quite buried in the rubbish. The dome of the mosque is still complete, and still retains some of its painting and gilding, but the crescent is gone, and the shattered minaret threatens to scatter its fragments on those who dare to enter the olive-planted court where the Faithful used to perform their ablutions before prayers. This is the great building called by the missionaries the Church of St John. We ourselves contrived to take a bath in a sarcophagus, which a fountain perpetually keeps full of the purest water in front of the little khan, or inn.

After supper, induced by the freshness of the evening and the silver light of the great goddess of the Ephesians, I went forth among the ruins to smoke my chibouque and deliver myself up to the influences of the solemn scene. Forlorn, indeed, were the objects by which I was surrounded: the silence was unbroken, save by the mournful cry of the jackal amidst the hills and the fitful flitting of the bat and the night-hawk; Hesperus was burning in the west, above Mount Coressus, with surprising lustre; and overhead, Orion was sparkling as though it were freezing; Arcturus and the Pleiades were still 'wheeling unshaken through the void immense,' as in the days of the old bard of Midian, still burning in the same relative position after the long lapse of ages, new, and bright, and glorious, whilst around me were scattered in fragments the most stupendous efforts towards lasting durability that 'the short-lived reptiles of the dust of earth' could compass. The night air was chill and damp, and I returned to the khan sooner than I had wished. I looked in at an old brick vault upon my way, and found our poor horses still unsaddled, and with nothing for fodder save chaff and old straw; nor could I get anything better for them, nor persuade our attendants to take any trouble about the matter. All the inhabitants of Aisaluk—about six or seven people—were assembled at the khan with pipes and coffee; their place of devotion was near at hand, and at intervals they performed their ceremonies with great apparent sincerity, prostrating themselves on small pieces of carpet, and singing a kind of hymn. They offered me of their tobacco, but would not taste my brandy, nor even permit me to drink it out of their vessels. Before I had done smoking with the Turks, my companions had laid themselves down upon the bench, and were soon at rest. This I cannot do at an early hour, however fatigued, so I took up a book I had with me, and endeavoured to read. The Turks supposed me to be at my devotions after *my* manner, and did not break silence until I closed the volume. Immediately above where we lay, the 'temple-haunting martlets had fixed their procreant cradles,' and, mindful of the fate of Tobit, I covered my face with my handkerchief, and was soon in the land of dreams.

Morning had no sooner dawned, than the same party proceeded to view by daylight the ruins of Aisaluk and Ephesus. Ephesus appears to have originally been upon Mount Prion, and in the time of Alexander the Great, or his immediate successors, to have descended into the lower ground at its foot, where we find what remains of its ruins—utterly desolate, and without an inhabitant, 'swept with the besom of destruction;' and it was even in that state, perhaps, whilst Aisaluk, to which a remnant of the Ephesians retired, continued to be a thronged city. First, we visited a Turkish fort of the fourteenth century, in a dreadful state of disrepair, its vaults and tanks abounding in scorpions and other doleful creatures, and shunned by all in its neighbourhood: it is, however, beautifully situated, about a mile from the Cayster, amidst a grand half-circle of mountains. Besides the mosque, the ruins of the old aqueduct, and the fountain aforesaid, there is not much to note in Aisaluk except the general wreck, or to admire, except the natural beauty of its site. Quitting that place, then, and crossing a low and swampy flat, we found ourselves amidst the ruins of Ephesus itself.

Our endeavour to identify the remarkable places of the city was far from satisfactory. Passing along the side of a hill about thirty yards above the level, we looked down upon what was the gymnasium; but the destruction has been too complete for certainty. Proceeding between the mount and the valley's enclosure on the south-west side, the vestiges of great remains were everywhere about us; broken pillars and chiseled marbles, remnants of arches of brick and stone, gigantic foundations, bridge-like passages; but what they might have been, what now remains to tell? We next ascended the hill to see the Acropolis wall, and to look into the mighty quarries which supplied the Ephesians with their marble for the adornment of their temple and public buildings. It is frightful to look into these from the overhanging rocks above, which seem to have been shaken and separated from those with which they were once connected by a dreadful convulsion of nature, and to require but another shock to hurl them into the excavations beneath. These spread into enormous dripping-caverns beneath the hollowed mount. The remains of the Acropolis consist of enormous walls of the last or more regular order of cyclopean masonry, forming a citadel, perhaps, to the town at the base of the hill; one of these walls runs right across from east to west, built of huge square stones, smoothed towards the south, but within all rough and unhewn. We passed over many old foundations and blocks of well-cut stone, and on reaching the northern side of the hill, which is very steep, we looked right down upon all that remains of Ionia's former glory. Descending from this, we found ourselves in the Theatre, choked up with stones and brambles. The only living thing within it, which we shot, was a small ant-bear, whose skin was useless through its myriads of vermin. Here lay scattered many finely fluted pillars of white marble, incrusted with a short dry moss, which time had set upon them as they lay upon the earth: their capitals were very large and beautifully carved. We wound through narrow passages, between walls of thirty feet in height, of tremendous thickness, and descended by many steps into a considerable vault. After a time, we got tired of exploring it with torches, and, indeed, it seemed to have no end. It was in this identical place that the Seven Sleepers are said to have taken that long nap of theirs. Coming to light again, our attention was next drawn by a fair archway, leading up to a large circular eminence, flat at the top, with a rock in the centre, four or five feet higher than the level, and cut all round with niches. An oblong square, sufficiently enormous to contain any number of sightseers, with sloping sides, next discovered itself: this was the theatre for the games and combats of wild beasts and gladiators. It was here that Demetrius, the silversmith, harangued his fellow-citizens when he found his occupation suffering through the preaching of St Paul. Immediately opposite, is the groundwork of some gigantic building, far larger than any of the rest, built of large blocks of shapen stone: this is all that now remains of that wonder of antiquity, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. It rests upon great arches, and underneath are long large magazines, supposed to be places for keeping wild beasts in for the theatre hard by: they are of unknown extent. We went into some of the outside vaults, but were soon stopped by rubbish and darkness. I said there were no inhabitants in Ephesus, but must retract that statement; in one of these vaults, by a small

Digitized by Google

smoky fire, we found a solitary and very old man, who expressed neither surprise nor gratification at the sight of visitors.

THE CARBONARI.

This word, so significant of mystery, crime, and power, is the distinctive title of a secret society or order, of whom, notwithstanding their own desire to prove a descent from the Templars, we find no mention in history until the close of the fourteenth century; when we read 'that the necessity of mutual assistance induced the charcoal-burners who inhabited the vast forests of Germany, to unite themselves against robbers and enemies.' Isolated from the rest of mankind by the peculiar nature of their toil, which removed them, as it were, from the great confederacy of social life, these colliers or burners, though born with the same feelings as other men, were yet cut off from all the ordinary privileges of humanity. The faculties with which God had endowed them were left unfolded and untaught, and darkness covered their hearts and understandings, until it became a humiliation to contemplate the depth to which human nature may fall when man is bowed down to the earth in the power of his prime by fruitless labour; and his only possessions are the memories with which his heart is stored, of long and hard endurance, of wretchedness and toil, oppression and wrong. In the same forests with the charcoal-burners dwelt hordes of robbers, many of whose acts of fearful cruelty we find on record; but they and the colliers had nothing in common save their local habitation. The grave alone could have kept them more apart than did their mutual jealousies and dislikes. Notwithstanding this, however, an instance at last occurred in which the robbers, in their insatiable desire for plunder, forgot the cautious policy they had heretofore observed towards the burners, and breaking into their enclosures, carried off some valueless booty. This infringement of a tacit agreement of mutual avoidance aroused the bitter anger of the charcoal-burners, and every feeling of their perverted and degraded nature was gathered into one strong and keen desire for revenge.

It was on this occasion they formed themselves into an association, and bound themselves by an oath, known afterwards as the 'faith of the colliers,' to seize every opportunity of attacking and destroying the robbers, until not one should find a shelter for his head in all the forests of Germany. In a short time their repeated victories made them aware of their power; they felt that their fierce strength as a body was irresistible, and with the conviction came also the instinctive desire, not only to exterminate the plunderers, but to emancipate themselves from the dishonouring slavery of their condition. They had long pined under the hardships of severe forest-laws, the partial repeal of which they had often vainly petitioned for; now, they demanded their total abolition, declaring death the penalty in the event of a refusal. Their demand was granted. Naturally regarding this first triumph over a reigning prince as the first-fruit of what was to come if they remained united, they determined on framing a code of laws, to which all should swear implicit obedience. They next divided themselves into tribes, each tribe agreeing to meet at stated periods at a lodge; and they then assumed the title of the 'Carbonari.' Over the whole society one member presided; he was chosen by lot, and was bound to meet the heads of the tribes at stated periods in the lodge, which was situated then in the gloomiest depths of a forest. At first, these lodges were but assemblages of ferocious men, whose lives had been passed in degradation and oppression, and from whose weary hearts excess of toil and poverty had dried up the well-spring of kindly feelings and affectionate desires, leaving behind only such fierce passions as incite the lower animals to supply the necessities of their physical wants and those of their offspring, and to rush upon and destroy whatever threatens them with danger.

In the course of time, however, the character of the Carbonari underwent a great change. The severe necessity for unremitting labour was removed by the abolition of the forest laws, and the men had a release from the chain which bound them to toil and sickness and a scanty morsel. The natural consequence was, that the more they felt removed from physical want, the more elevated became their moral character. The laws and constitution of the order were remodelled; and although they were then, and are still, deeply tinged with fanaticism, yet they are framed with such artful policy, that one can hardly wonder at the rapid progress the order made to wealth and power. In less than a century after we read of its first organisation in the forests, we find that it has spread over Germany, France, and the Netherlands, and enrolled among its members persons of the highest rank. But in the present century, the greatest field of the society has been Middle and Lower Italy.

The form observed on the reception of a member was very absurd, though, no doubt, the young aspirant considered it deeply impressive. The candidate was styled a 'pagan,' and was led blindfold from the closet of 'reflection' to the door of the 'baracca,' by the 'preparator' or preparer, who affected to knock with mysterious irregularity. The *copritore*, or coverer, on hearing these sounds, turns from where he stands inside the door, and addressing his assistant-copritore, says: 'A pagan knocks for admission.' The assistant repeats the same to the chief door-keeper, who in turn repeats it to the grand-master, and at every communication the grand-master strikes a blow with an axe.

Grand-master: 'See who is the rash being who dares to trouble our sacred labours.'

This question having passed through all the officials to the preparator, he answers through the opening of the door:

'It is a man whom I have found wandering in the forest.'

'Ask his name, country, and profession,' commands the grand-master through his officials.

The replies being instantly returned, the secretary writes them down.

'Ask him his habitation and his religion.'

The secretary notes each reply.

'Ask him,' again commands the grand-master, 'what is it he seeks amongst us.'

The preparator replies: 'Light, and to become a member of our society.'

'Let him enter,' are the words which next pass slowly and solemnly from lip to lip.

The pagan is then led into the middle of the assembly; he is again questioned, and his replies are compared with what the secretary had previously written down. The grand-master then puts the following questions directly:

'Mortal, the first virtues we require are frankness and courage. Do you feel that you are capable of practising both, to the utmost?'

The pagan replies; and the grand-master, if satisfied, continues by questioning him on morality and benevolence. He then inquires whether there is anything of which he would wish to dispose, or if there is any domestic concern he would desire to arrange, as he is at that moment in danger of immediate death. If pleased with the answers and demeanour of the aspirant, the grand-master continues:

Digitized by Google

'It is well. We will expose you to trials in which you will discover a meaning. Let him make the first journey.'

The candidate, who is still blindfold, is then led out of the baracca, and caused to journey through the forest.

At first, the silence is unbroken; he seems to be in a vast desert, alone. The grass beneath his feet is tangled and damp, and the air he breathes is heavy and noisome. He brushes, in his devious course, against the arm of a tree, and the next instant the wild cry of a bird, as she rises from among the branches overhead, fills the air. His feet are becoming entangled in underwood, and the crackling noise, as he breaks weakly through, sounds strange. At length, a light breeze comes whispering amongst the leaves of the forest, making low mysterious music. The candidate's mind is becoming oppressed with strange wild thoughts—in silence, in solitude, in darkness rendered thick by the bandage, he is groping his way alone. He no longer hears the rustling of the leaves, for there is a sound of rushing waters in his ears—the struggle is becoming fearful between his imagination and his judgment; for a moment the regular healthy pulsations of his heart cease, and then comes the thick heavy throb of intense suspense and anxiety. At this moment, the preparator —whose tread, though close, he had not heard—lays hold on him, and leads him back to the door of the baracca, where the same form as at first is again repeated before he is admitted to the presence of the grand-master. He is then questioned as to what he had encountered in his first journey, and having related all, the grand-master replies:

'Your first journey is the symbol of human life. The obstacles you have encountered, and the noises you have heard, indicate to you that in this vale of tears you will meet many difficulties and distractions in the path of virtue, and that you must struggle through and disregard all, if you would arrive at last at the goal of happiness. Let him make the second journey.'

The candidate is then led away, and having been made to pass through a fiery ordeal, is shewn what appears to him a human head newly severed from the body. The bandage, which had been for an instant removed from his eyes, is replaced, and he is once more conducted to the baracca. Being admitted as on the former occasions, the grand-master tells him that the fire through which he had been made to pass was symbolical of the flame of charity, which should ever be alive in his heart towards every worthy individual; that the head was that of a perjurer who had just been punished. He then commands the preparator to lead the pagan to the foot of the throne, and when this is done, he asks in a slow, impressive manner:

'Are you willing to take an irrevocable oath, which neither offends religion, nor the state, nor the rights of individuals? Forget not, before you swear, that the penalty of its least violation is death.'

The pagan, having signified his willingness, is made to kneel on a white cloth, and to promise and swear on the statutes of the order, scrupulously to keep the secret of the carbonari, and neither to write, engrave, nor paint anything concerning it without having obtained a written permission. He also binds himself to help each member of the order under all circumstances, by every means in his power—never to attempt anything against the honour of their families; and, finally, he declares that he willingly consents, should he ever be guilty of perjury, to have his body cut in pieces, then burned, his ashes scattered to the winds, and his name held up to the execration of the carbonari throughout the earth. After this, he is led into the centre of the apartment, the members present form a circle round him, and the grand-master demands:

'What do you desire, pagan?'

'Light.'

'It will be granted to you by the blows of my axe.'

The grand-master strikes with the axe, and the action is repeated by each of the carbonari. The bandage is then suddenly removed from the eyes of the candidate, who sees a circle of gleaming axes raised above his head, and hears thundered in his ears by the grand-master:

'These axes will surely put you to death, should you ever, even in the least degree, violate the obligations of your oath. Do not hope to conceal yourself—in the dens and caves of the earth, you will meet the carbonari. Do not expect to avoid your doom by flight—at the utmost bounds of this globe, a member will confront you. If you sin—die; you will then have sought the only refuge from which the arm of the carbonari cannot snatch you. On the other hand, if you are faithful to the end, these axes will be raised in your defence, should you ever need them; and you may pass through life with the conviction, that in every peril, need, or difficulty, you shall ever find yourself in, you have but to look to the right hand or the left, to meet friendly and efficient help. And now, in the name and under the authority of our founder, and in virtue of the power which has been conferred on me in this honourable vendita, I make, name, and create you an apprentice.'

The grand-master then instructs him in the secret words and touch, and being congratulated by all the assistants and apprentices present, the vendita is dissolved.

What the objects of this order were, when it was first instituted, we have already shewn; what they afterwards became, we learn from the following oration delivered in a vendita at Naples, during the usurpation of Murat:

'Know, finally, that the object of respectable carbonarism is to restore to the citizen that liberty and those rights which nature bestowed on us, and which tyranny itself did not deny us. To attain to this object, it is necessary to try the virtue, and to consolidate the union of courageous and exemplary citizens: this is no trifling labour, since the cunning of political tyranny has interposed a thick veil between men's eyes and the sublime light of truth. Wretched mortals study those false maxims which, leading to prejudice and superstition, envelop them in darkness, and induce them to lead a life of slavery and submission to ill treatment, blind to the origin of their misfortunes. O men! do you not hear the clank of the chains with which you are bound? They are fastened upon you by the tyrant.

'By the law of nature, he who seeks to destroy, should be himself destroyed. And are not kings, who, forgetting that they are men, proudly regard themselves as superior beings, and usurp the right of disposing of the blood of their fellow-men, and of looking upon them as slaves, are they not the lords of the wives and children, and possessions of these slaves? And yet honour, and homage, and respect, are still paid to these infernal monsters! O blindness of man!

'But as the maxims of the carbonari are founded on the simple principles of nature and reason, and on the doctrines of the gospel, it belongs to them to overturn the throne, raised by fanaticism and ambition, and to expel from it the monster who pollutes the whole creation. The blood of so many innocents, torn by main force from the bosoms of their families, and sent to perish in capricious wars; the blood of so many illustrious citizens slaughtered for speaking the language of truth—this blood, I say, calls on us for

Digitized by Google

vengeance; and the number of our friends now groaning in fetters claim our assistance. Yes, the carbonari, knowing what truth and justice are, and possessing humane and candid hearts, will one day vindicate the rights of man. Having found your conduct to be regular and zealous towards the order, we have admitted you into the chamber of honour; that is to say, among the sworn members of the republic. You are come here to tender your lives for *any* service, when the carbonari shall invite you to save your country from oppression.'

The alta vendita in which this oration was delivered was composed of honorary members and of deputies from each particular vendita. It was declared to be an administrative and legislative body, and a court of council and of appeal; and it was accordingly divided into different sections. It was the business of this vendita to grant charters of organisation to new lodges, or to confirm such as were submitted for its approbation. A regular system of correspondence was, in 1814, established between it and all the provinces of the kingdom; and it is said that the number of carbonari increased during that year with such astonishing rapidity that they were counted by tens of thousands. The whole population of many towns enrolled themselves, and entire regiments most willingly joined. Magistrates were compelled to enter, in order to obtain anything like obedience to their decrees; and all who were unprotected, were glad to become members, in hopes of support in the vicissitudes with which they were threatened. Those who were of a more enterprising turn rejoiced at finding themselves exalted into judges on the great questions of the nation; and imagined themselves the defenders of the injured and oppressed.

Murat was in some degree aware of the state of public feeling; but neither fearing personal danger, nor doubting the stability of his throne, he merely thought it necessary to endeavour to intimidate the carbonari by employing against them an active system of police. As it is a historical fact, however, that Maghelli, a native of Genoa, was at the same time director-general of police under the usurper, and organiser of the Papal States under the Carbonari, it will be readily believed that he did not divide his services, and that Murat was not the master to whose work he put his strength.

In 1815, the French dynasty in Naples was at an end; the Austrian army was advancing; Ferdinand was about to reascend the throne: it was the Carbonari who brought back the king.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

Some years since, when serving with my regiment in Canada, I obtained two months' leave of absence, for the sake of enjoying some of the wild sports of the far west.

It was the commencement of the Indian summer, that 'moon' of glorious weather, when summer, seeming to regret the beautiful land she has left, revisits it for a brief season. Not a leaf had fallen from the trees but the brightest gold and crimson tints were flashing and glowing among their verdure; the wild bines and briers were covered with berries of scarlet, and ruby, and orange, almost as brilliant as their departed blossoms. Sweet-scented Indian-grass, studded with thousands of flowers, made gay the juniper copse; and their mingled perfume came floating to us across the smooth lake, as we threaded the labyrinth of the Christian Islands, which are said to number thousands.

Once clear of the archipelago, we raised our blanket-sail, and stretched out towards the head of the lake, merely landing to cook and sleep, for, only less than myself did my two Indians long to reach the haunts of the deer and the moose, and the far-off land of the bison. How I waged war against them, matters not to my present story; suffice it to say that I was successful, and that my leave was drawing to a close ere I again turned my face towards the colony, laden with trophies sufficient to make me the envy of any sportsman.

Small and light as my canoe was, it had to be abandoned when we left the lakes, and my tent had to be left also, being too heavy to carry with us; in fact, our equipment soon dwindled down to a blanket and waterproof wrapper each, and a few cooking utensils. Thus, when we again struck Lake Huron, which was at its south-west extremity, we were without a boat of any kind; and had we still possessed our old canoe, it was too small to have been of service in the wild inclement weather which had now set in, for it was the beginning of November, and the ground was covered with snow; though the lake was not frozen over. I therefore resolved to continue our route on foot to the Sault de St Marie, at the entrance of Lake Superior, where I hoped to obtain a larger canoe and additional boatmen; but on our way there, we encountered a fur-trader's bateau, bound to the lower end of the lake, and I engaged passages in her for myself and my Indians.

A flat-bottomed lumbering barge was my new conveyance—very different from my swift, graceful canoe; yet she bowled merrily along when the wind favoured her; and when it was contrary, progressed heavily beneath the influence of long sweep-like oars, wielded by the stout arms of half-a-dozen Canadians, who beguiled their labour with soft monotonous songs, which, with the murmur of the waves, floated round us like the music of a sea-shell. When our day's voyage was over, and, in the darkening twilight, we brought our boat to land, and tied her to the boll of a tree, more boisterous strains rose round the gipsy fires that were thickly lighted along the shore, and continued unceasingly, mingled with the fizzing of frying-pans and the bubbling of coffee-pots, until all hands retired to the boat to sleep—all save myself; and to escape such a medley, I would willingly have submitted to greater hardships than, wrapped in my blanket, to sleep beside the fire left burning on the beach.

For the first two or three nights—probably in consequence of the unwonted inaction of the day—I lay awake for hours, enjoying the solitude and admiring the northern lights as they quivered above me in vivid coruscations. But, on the fourth night, I slept soundly; so soundly as to be unconscious that the presage of those brilliant streamers was being fulfilled, that the air was filled with snow, and that a furious storm was rushing through the primeval forest, breaking the young trees like saplings, and here and there casting down with a resounding crash some vegetable patriarch. Such an incident, occurring in my immediate neighbourhood, at length aroused me, and I was surprised to find myself warmly enclosed in a bank of snow. I looked around, but the snow-curtain hid everything from my view, save the fire, which had not yet succeeded in consuming the huge logs piled upon it; so I lay down again, and despite the tempest, slept tranquilly until morning.

When I opened my eyes again, the sun had risen, and was shining out from the clear blue sky. I started up, and shook myself free from the snow, hunter fashion; but what could equal my surprise and consternation when, looking towards the lake, I saw nothing but blue rippling waters! Not a vestige was visible of the bateau, which I had last seen lying by the shore, save a broken fragment of rope round the tree from which

Digitized by Google

she had broken loose in the storm, and then floated out from land with her sleeping crew, leaving me alone in the wilderness.

Alone—without resources, without a guide, I stood in that vast solitude, hundreds of miles distant, most probably, from any human being, ignorant even of so much of forest-lore as was required to tell me how I had best bend my steps. But for a hope that the bateau might return for me, I should have been overwhelmed by despair. That thought upheld me; and all the hours till nightfall—and that November day was the longest I ever knew—I sat watching with straining eyes for the returning boat. The setting sun left me still a watcher, though no longer hopeful; and by the time the stars shone out in the sky, I had begun to realise the fact that, under Providence, it was on my own exertions alone I must depend to save me from perishing in the wilderness.

That night I sat beneath the aurora, seeking not to sleep, but gazing moodily into the fire, reflecting on what was to be done, while I grasped tightly my rifle, the only friend left to me, save the knife and revolver in my belt. The only plan I could decide on was to turn to the eastward, and travel along the shore, contenting myself with the certainty that, however slowly, I should at least be advancing towards the colony; and as soon as the dawn spread over the sky, I rose to commence my solitary journey.

As I turned to leave the spot, something glittered darkly on the ground: it was a tomahawk; and I raised and placed it in my belt, with deep gratitude for this timely gift of Providence. It would have gone ill with me in the inclement weather which the storm preluded without that tomahawk to chop wood for the fires that warmed me in those nights of intense frost, and cooked the venison and partridges I shot for food, as I toiled wearily on my way, coasting the promontories and bays, lest I should get out of sight of the lake, and so completely lose my way.

For four days I travelled on, while each day was colder than the last; and on the sixth day, a violent snow-storm overtook me on an open plain. For some time I struggled blindly against it, in the effort to gain a place of shelter; but it was of no use; and in the end I was glad to crouch in the lee of a solitary dwarf-fir, and wrapping myself in my blanket, let the snow form a hillock over me. This covering, so cold in itself, imparted warmth to me; and I was soon in a deep dreamless sleep, from which I did not awake until next morning.

Oh, how stiff I was when I awoke!—so stiff and numb I could scarcely creep out of my snow-bower; and when I attempted to rise to my feet, I fell on the snow again in indescribable agony, which I soon found to be the result of both my feet being frost-bitten. Few are long in that climate without learning what is needful to be done in such an emergency, and I at once began to rub my feet with snow; but it was with a heavy heart, for if I was disabled, what was to become of me in that desolate spot?

At length, as if by instinct—for hope had deserted me long before—I went forth on my journey, a miserable cripple, leaning on my rifle, and on a stick that at each step sunk deep into the snow, and with my suffering feet wrapped in the fur of the hares I had killed.

In this way I dragged myself slowly along, until night came, when I sank down utterly exhausted, unable to bestow upon myself any of the care I stood so much in need of. All I could do was to seek a commodious sleeping-place—that is to say, a sheltered thicket, with an open space in front for my fire. One evening, I esteemed myself fortunate in finding a cave, which a mass of brushwood at the entrance had kept free from snow; the air inside was so warm that it was positively luxurious; and while busy making a fire before it, I resolved on remaining there a day or two to recruit.

The very idea was refreshing; and in unusual spirits I skinned a hare I had shot during the day, and placed it, hunter fashion, on two sticks before the fire. Scarcely was it placed in this torrid zone, when something between a grunt and a groan seemed to intimate its dislike to its new position. I started; and in the horrible doubt whether I had not committed the barbarity of flaying and impaling a living animal, I stretched out my hand to withdraw it from the fire, when another grunt, unmistakably behind my back, caused me to look round. But nothing was visible in the deep dim cavern save the carpet of dried leaves which the autumn winds had swept into it; and concluding there was some cranny in my new domicile through which the wind came grumbling down, I addressed myself to my roast.

The next moment, an undoubtable growl, so deep and fierce that it echoed through the cave, startled me to my feet; and I turned to find myself closely confronted by an enormous grizzly bear, the most fearful animal of the American wilds. How ferociously his eyes glared on me from under his shaggy brows, as he opened them from the new-fallen sleep, which the warm beams of my fire had dispelled, and how convulsively his huge jaws worked and quivered in eager longing to devour me! Ere I had time to snatch the revolver from my belt, the gigantic beast rose toweringly above me, and opening his enormous paws, pressed me to him in close embrace—so close, that my arms were pinned to my sides, and my very bones seemed to crack in that vice-like hug. I believe I screamed with the sudden agony, but the sound was lost in the deep-mouthed growls, like muttering thunder, that filled the cave.

Weak and exhausted as I was, I felt myself unequal to cope with the powerful beast in whose grasp I was; but even if life were little worth to a solitary such as I, this mode of death was so horrible, that it nerved me to efforts beyond my ordinary strength, and somehow my hand managed to creep up towards my belt. But ere I could reach the weapon I sought, a movement of the bear had loosened it, and firing a single barrel, it fell to the ground among our feet. The report echoing through the cave, alarmed my adversary; and with a more threatening growl, he clasped me closer, and for the first time his claws penetrated my clothes, inflicting terrible wounds.

But my hand had met an unexpected friend in my knife, which I had unwittingly thrust into my belt, and with it I inflicted several random stabs on my antagonist. This, however, seemed only adding to my own sufferings; for, maddened by the pain, the bear threw himself on the ground, and rolled over with me in his agony, while his huge teeth munched and tore at the blanket which a fortunate fit of toothache had made me wrap round my head. Not that that or any other earthly matter seemed likely to concern me long, for the strength of excitement was already passing, a strange murmur was mingling in my ears with the fierce growls of my enemy; and the pain of his claws changed into a vague yet universal agony, as consciousness and life were being pressed out in that terrible hug.

Suddenly a sound echoed through the cave, so sharp that it reached even my failing faculties, and appeared to thrill likewise on the nerves of my foe, to judge by the increased emphasis of his embrace; but the next instant he relaxed his hold, and sank helpless on the ground beside me, his almost insensible victim.

My first sensations as I revived were of burning pains all over my body, and exceeding cold in my hands and face; and I opened my eyes to find a young Indian bending over me, and rubbing me with

Digitized by Google

snow. Passing near the cave, he had seen my fire, and heard the report of my revolver, and hastened to see what was the matter, just in time to save me from a miserable death and a revolting sepulchre. All night long this good Samaritan sat beside me, tending the gaping wounds through which life threatened momentarily to escape; and when morning broke, he left me for a short while to go to his village—which was scarcely a mile distant—for help. In one of the lodges of that Indian hamlet I passed the remainder of the winter, prized and tended as if I had indeed been the 'brother' that in their stately yet kindly courtesy they styled me. Thanks to their skill in forest simples, my wounds healed marvellously; and when the sweet breath of spring broke the ice-fetters of the lakes and rivers, I was sufficiently recovered to embark in my preserver's canoe, the skin of my defunct foe forming a luxurious couch.

My return to the land of civilisation something resembled that of a spirit to the land of the living. I will not say my place had forgotten me; for I had no longer a place, since my lieutenancy, my quarters, and my uniforms had other occupants; and very loath the tenants were, especially that of the first, to admit the fact of my resuscitation.

THE BOAT-FLIES OF MEXICO.

The boat-fly or water-bug* derives both its names from its well-known habit of turning itself over on the water like a boat, and so swimming about, with its head downward. It abounds amongst our ponds and ditches, and may be readily observed, though not readily caught there, during the day; but at eve it rises into the air and flies away in search of food, which it finds either by making prey of smaller insects, or by parasitically attacking the larger animals, after the manner of other bugs. When you succeed in catching one—no easy matter—most likely it will thrust out its beak into your hand, and there leave an irritating poison, the effects of which, however, soon pass off.

The fact of these insects swimming upon their backs is a remarkable peculiarity in their history; indeed, no other entomological tribe presents this peculiarity, which thus serves to distinguish, at a glance, a member of the *Notonectidæ* from any other aquatic or land insect; and, although the greater part of their life is passed under water, their bodies, like those of the water-fowl, never get wet, for they are more or less completely covered with very minute hairs or bristles, which imprison—at least, on the surface of the wings upon which they swim—a sheet of air, and effectually prevent the immediate contact of water with the body of the insect. Nature has provided for most aquatic insects in the same way.

Such are a few facts relating to our English species of boat-fly; but, in Mexico, we find other varieties of these water-bugs, which will furnish us with the occasion of noticing some very curious phenomena. But to do this, we must soar for an instant from the entomological kingdom into the domain of geology.

Our readers are doubtless acquainted with the oolite limestone. In the British Museum, and at the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, likewise in several provincial collections, are to be seen some magnificent specimens of this remarkable rock and its many varieties. It is immediately distinguished from any other description of rock or stratified earth by the presence, in its mass, of innumerable spherical nodules, varying in size from that of a millet-seed to that of a marble, from which, indeed, the name *oolite* has been taken—Greek, *oon*, an egg, and *lithos*, a stone—as being a rock composed of eggs, or an egg-rock.

How have these oolitic rocks, which differ so much from all the others, been formed? This question has puzzled geologists, chemists, mineralogists, paleontologists, &c., ever since oolites were first observed. Some have seen a grain of sand rolling along the calcareous bed of a trout-stream, gradually cover itself with a crust of limestone, and, rolling still, soon present the aspect of an isolated oolite. To these sporadic nodules, the name of *Pisolites* has been given. Is it, then, in the agglomeration of these pisolites that must be sought the explanation of oolitic structure? Others have seen pisolites form in the interior of steam-engines, when certain substances have been introduced to prevent the calcareous matter contained in the water from depositing upon the sides of the boilers; and they have concluded that pisolites could be formed in thermal or hot mineral springs as well as in streams. It was observed that these nodules are easily cemented together by water holding calcareous or other mineral matter in solution, and it was consequently supposed, pretty generally, that pisolites may have given rise to the peculiar structure of the oolitic beds observed in nature.

But now comes another and very ingenious theory respecting the origin of oolite—here, at the commencement of the present year, we have two observers who look upon these rocks as having an *organic* origin! Mr Bowring and M. Virlet d'Aoust think—indeed, have apparently proved by direct observation—that the oolitic globules have been, and are still formed by an incrustation of carbonate of lime deposited upon the eggs of certain water-insects, belonging to the family of the Notonectidæ, or boat-flies.

A paper has lately been read at the Academy of Sciences at Paris by M. Virlet, in which he endeavours to prove, not only that oolite must have been formed in very ancient, anti-historic times, from the eggs of similar aquatic insects, but that the same wonderful cause of rock-formation is extremely active in Mexico at the present time.

However extraordinary this origin of oolitic limestone may appear at first sight, we must not be too hasty in rejecting altogether the statements brought forward by the above-named author. Has not Dr Ehrenberg shewn that immense masses of the earth's crust owe their origin to a profusion of microscopic *Infusoria* and *Foraminifera*?—and, Mr Rupert Jones, has he not discovered that great portions of the surface of our globe are strewed with *Entomostraca*—small crustaceans (formerly taken for bivalve mollusca) resembling our little water-fleas (*Cypridæ*)? Has not Dr Bowerbank ingeniously demonstrated that flints and moss-agates are nothing more than petrified or fossil sponges; and do we not know with certainty that a great part of the earth's structure is composed almost entirely of corals and shells? M. Virlet d'Aoust, in his turn, endeavours to shew that oolitic rocks owe their formation to myriads of minute eggs, the seed of some aquatic insects. Here are the facts observed:

Every one has heard of the great plain of Mexico, situated some 7500 feet above the level of the sea, and from whence Humboldt brought back with him what was called an *antediluvian man* (*homo diluvii testis*), being neither more nor less than a large fossil salamander

* The family of the *Notonectidæ*, as the water-bugs are called, belongs to the hemipterous section of the insect order.

Digitized by Google

belonging to the most recent fresh-water formations. Near the centre of this vast tract of land are seen two large lakes. The first of these goes by the name of Chalco; the second, near which some salt-works have been established, is called Texcoco. M. Virlet remarked that the bottoms of both these lakes are formed by a sort of gray limestone of modern formation, containing small oolitic globules, which, in this author's eyes, are in every respect similar to those found in the limestone of the Jura. He immediately made known this fact to Mr Bowring, director of the salt-works at Texcoco, who informed him that these globules were owing simply to the incrustation of the eggs of water-insects by carbonate of lime deposited daily from the waters of the lakes.

In a second excursion to these lakes, it was observed that their banks were strewed, under water, with an infinite number of insects' eggs, about the size of a pin's head, and which appeared to belong to a species of boat-fly. M. Virlet is not only convinced that these modern oolites of Mexico owe their formation to the eggs of these insects, but thinks, also, that the oolite of the Jura and other ancient strata must be attributed to a similar cause. 'This would explain,' says he, 'the irregular distribution of oolitic grains or nodules in the rocks of the Jurassic strata. Where the oolite is found to be hollow, the egg which formed it has been enclosed before being hatched; where the oolitic globules are completely solid, the eggs have had time to hatch, and the cavities left by the exit of the grubs (*larvæ*) have been filled up by the incrusting calcareous matter.'

If these facts are confirmed by future observation, it will not be without interest that we shall recall the Greek origin of the word oolite. I would, however, on this occasion remind our geological readers that a small oolitic bed, bearing great resemblance to the Jura limestone, was formerly discovered by Leopold von Buch, near Teguise, in Lanzarote, one of the Canary islands. This oolite-bed is also, like that of Mexico, of modern formation, and probably continues increasing at the present day. It would therefore be of great interest to ascertain if the oolitic deposit made known to us by Leopold von Buch owes its origin to causes similar to those stated by M. Virlet in reference to the Mexican oolite. Such an investigation, which could be made without difficulty by the English vessels which frequently visit the Canary Islands, would be more likely to decide the question than the examination of ancient oolites, with a view to discover some organic remains that might be attributed to the eggs of insects.

But the Mexican boat-flies, which appear to play so important a part in modern rock-formation, are important also in a truly practical sense, inasmuch as they furnish to man, and some of his domestic animals, a plentiful supply of food.

The Mexicans consume at their meals immense quantities of the eggs of these aquatic insects.

Many authors have written more or less indistinctly on this curious alimentary substance, which is sometimes termed *Mexican flour, animal flour*, &c., or known under the Mexican epithet of *haulté*. That it has been employed as food for a long time past, we learn from the fact that Thomas Gage, an ecclesiastic and a naturalist, who was travelling in Mexico in the year 1625, described the loaves and cakes that were then made of it.

Brantz Mayer, in a work called *Mexico as it Was and as it Is*, published in 1844, affirms that the Indians made use of this 'animal flour' long before the conquest.

From the account left us by M. Craveri, who sent to Europe a certain quantity of this Mexican flour, and samples of the insects which produce it, the latter appear to be very common in the waters of the lakes we have referred to above. In the lake of Chalco, the native Mexicans find a sort of reed (*carex*) they call *toulé*, upon which the boat-flies lay their eggs in preference to other water-grasses. These reeds are made into bundles, and placed in the waters of the lakes; they are soon covered by millions of eggs. In about a month's time, the bundles are drawn out of the water, dried in the sun, and then shaken or beaten over cloths which are spread upon the ground to receive the eggs they bear. The latter, which in this operation fall from the reeds like rain, are ground down to a powder, passed through a sieve, and sold to the people in sacks, as we sell wheaten flour.

Recent observations made by several travellers, confirm anew the statements we already possess respecting this curious diet; and M. Guérin-Menneville, a French naturalist, has lately made known the exact species of boat-flies which produce the Mexican insect-flour.

The principal manufacturers of it are two insects belonging to the genus *Corixa* of Geoffroy. One of these is the *Corixa mercenaria*—a species established and described as early as the year 1831, by Thomas Say, who discovered some of these insects on the market-places of Mexico. The other is a new species described for the first time by M. Guérin-Menneville, a few weeks ago, under the name of *Corixa femorata*. The eggs of these two species are seen fixed in countless numbers on the triangular leaves of the carex or reed employed by the natives to collect them. They are small, of an oval shape, with a slight prominence at one end, and a minute stem at the other; by means of the latter, they are attached to a small round disc, which the mother-insect secretes on the leaves.

Amongst these eggs, which lie very close, and are even seen fixed sometimes one on the top of the other, are observed some of a different description, considerably larger than the former, long and cylindrical, and which belong to a third species of insect that M. Guérin has described as a new species under the denomination of *Notonecta unifasciata*.

Such are the remarkable facts we wished to make known concerning the boat-flies of Mexico. They would form interesting objects for the British Museum; and we hope M. Guérin-Menneville will not forget to send some fine specimens of both insects and eggs to London. These little creatures bear a certain resemblance to the less useful, but not less interesting inhabitants of our English ponds and ditches, of which we have already said a few words, and which are doubtless well known to our readers.

SONNET—THE SKY-LARK'S NEST.

Not in secluded incense-breathing grove,
Nor tangled brake, nor coppice privacy—
Sweet haunts of nests fashioned so cunningly—
Weaves the bold sky-lark his retreat of love,
But on heath, marsh, or green, where cattle rove,
He scratches out a cupful of loose ground,
And straggling hay within the hollow wound
His humble nest completes. But oft above
From out the grass-fringed edge the daisy peeps,
And bends her golden eye o'er eggs or young,
And never seemeth half so fair as then;
So like sweet spirit to protect from wrong
The minstrel's home, exposed to eager ken
Of village boy, as through the grass he creeps.

J. E.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 258. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

RULING THE PLANETS.

SINCE one murder and several score of serious larcenies have recently taken place among us by means of supposed Planetary Influences, it really becomes high time to investigate their phenomena with some care. Even in these days, it seems—in this so much bepraised nineteenth century of ours—householders, men that have two coats, and women of the crinoline social status, are found to go, day after day, and week after week, with money in their hands, to Wise Women, for aid in their distresses; while maid-servants, by the hundred, are accustomed to exhaust their scanty finances upon the same ingenious persons; and when their own money is gone, to despoil their unbelieving masters and mistresses for rewards for these Searchers of the Stars. In every city, nay, in every smallest country town, a belief in Soothsaying is still found to be widespread and well rooted; while the Art of Ruling the Planets, besides having professors in abundance all over the land, has a Literature at least as extensive as any of those Sciences, of the popularity of which our social leaders are just now so boastful. It is not prominent, indeed, in Regent Street, nor even in Paternoster Row, although the specimens of it which we have now before us* profess, with a vague magnificence, to be published 'for the booksellers;' but it is to be seen and sold in every back-street of inferior neighbourhood in London, as in every other place. The shops which it affects mostly are not those where *The London Journal*, *Reynolds's Miscellany*, *The Family Friend*, and other cheap periodicals, are exposed for sale, but establishments of a still more humble character. These treatises upon astrology and the mysteries of the future are content to stand in the same shop-windows, side by side with peppermint bulls-eyes, with boot-laces, with advertisements of 'a mangle within,' with artificial flowers, with marbles, and with exceedingly red and high-dried herrings. Their sale is enormous, in spite—or, perhaps, in some measure because—of the miscellaneous company which they are thus wont to keep. A young woman may be of opinion that artificial flowers become her, and also be desirous of knowing, by means of *The Bohemian* (or other) *Fortune-teller*, what sort of young man he is whose affections they may assist to captivate. A gentleman may want a bootlace, and at the same time may be glad to learn whether the journey which he is about to undertake, when that lace is tied, will be prosperous; in which case, *The New Forest Gipsy* is ready to his hand. It was, we confess, under pretence of purchasing a pennyworth of peppermint-drops, that we ourselves obtained, at different emporiums, the five remarkable volumes which form the subject of this paper; and our whole outlay, exclusive of the above refreshments, did not exceed fourpence halfpenny. All these works, save one, are illustrated, although not profusely, and one of them is coloured to that extent, that the paint of its single picture has run through and dyed all the rest of the pages. Diagrams of Futurity, Oracles of Love, Marriage, and Destiny, Tablets of Prophecy, and Trees of Fate, are also interspersed through each—a little embarrassing in themselves, perhaps, but made clear by copious references to the letterpress.

The Universal Book of Fate has even a preface in the form of a memoir, written, as it seems, by way of tribute to the memory of one of the fathers, or rather of the mothers, of the Art of Divination. The anonymous biographer who has undertaken this labour of love, is somewhat eccentric in his spelling, and altogether unique in his grammatical arrangement, but his facts are doubtless indisputable; and here we have them:

'TO THE READER.

'In ushering into the world such a performance as this, it may be necessary to give our readers some account of the life of the person who left the following little work for the benefit and instruction of the world, a person whose fame, though not recorded among the roll of those whose heroic actions have trumpeted them to the world, yet her discerning eye, and her knowledge in prescience, render her not unknown to the generality of those who devote any attention to this interesting study.

'Mrs Bridget, vulgarly called Mother Bridget, lived, in her peregrinage through this life, in a kind of cave, or rather a hollow, formed by nature above ground, with the assistance of a little art, and comprising an exceeding warm shelter from the air: company of all sorts resorted to her, nobility, gentry, tradesmen, and mechanics—men, women, girls, and boys, of all degrees and classes.'

This lady was, it seems, 'born on the spot where she lived,' and gifted with 'an early propensity to prescience, which evinced she had it instincted in her by nature.' She would sit up whole nights when the atmosphere was clear, 'as intent on considering the stars, as the greatest astrologers with their glasses;' and she made use of the knowledge thus gained of the signs of the weather, to predict

* *The Bohemian Fortune-teller. The New Forest Gipsy. The Universal Book of Fate. The Golden Dreamer. The Universal Dream-book.*

Digitized by Google

concerning it. 'Not a farmer would go to plough, not a sower would put the seed in the ground, without first asking the young gipsy—for so they then styled her—her opinion, and following according to her dictates.'

From this small beginning her fame 'became the topic of conversation of the politest circles, many of whom came in their equipages to consult her; and she never asked for any particular sum, so the unbounded generosity of those who applied to her oracles, put her in possession of more money than was sufficient to maintain her.

'As she grew in years, like the generality of old folks, she became fond of dumb animals, which were her chief companions; and of these she always had numbers: people, indeed, have said hundreds, and others have declared she could call as many on the earth as she pleased; but this is fabulous, for *I never saw more than ten at a time.* Dogs and cats were the principal companions of her retirement, which, being of the smallest breed, would, as she sat, *creep from different parts of her garments, and not a little surprise those that came to see her, and, indeed, frightened many.* . . . .

'Though this famous old woman had never been taught to write, yet by long practice she had formed to herself a kind of hieroglyphical characters, in which she deciphered her observations, knowledge, and remarks: these I found concealed within the thatch of her cave, but as they were so unintelligible, I thought it would be impossible to make head or tail of such a heap of monsters, and other figures as were attempted to be drawn; but as I am rather of a studious turn, I thought as I had made it my business formerly to transcribe the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which, when they were as unintelligible to me as these, I might by perseverance get at the depth of this valuable manuscript, or, at least, it would serve to deposit in the British Museum, as the remains of a woman who was so famous, and whose name was so well known among mankind.

'I was therefore immediately determined on renewing my labours with redoubled ardour and unwearied application; and at length, as perseverance and resolution will conquer difficulties, I found it, and the whole mystery was opened unto me.

The first chapter of this inspired work—consisting, however, of only fourteen pages—is devoted to an explanation of 'the circles of the sphere and some other terms in astrology,' which, so far from being of a supernatural nature, might have been written by the Astronomer-Royal himself. But when we get to 'Of the planetary days and hours, and how to know what planet a man is born under,' we seem to have our feet within the Magic Circle indeed. There is a table by which every man may find out his own horoscope; and we ourselves, who were born on the first hour of a Thursday, and therefore under the influence of Jupiter, have the pleasure of learning that we are (or ought to be) 'of a ruddy or sandy complexion, fair hair, well-proportioned body, and of a lovely countenance;' our face is rather broad than long; and we are also 'courteous, of a very affable carriage, moral, and deeply religious.' That the art of Mother Bridget is an old one, is evident enough from the continual references to minution or bloodletting, which was wont to be such a favourite recreation with our ancestors. The second and fifth days of the new moon are, it seems, extremely propitious for our being bled (whether we want it or not), but on the seventeenth and one-and-twentieth days, 'by no means let blood;' and if a child be born unto us in those days, let us not rejoice, since, 'though he may be witty and ingenious, he will surely be addicted to stealing.' Beside the canicular or dog days, which are fraught with the greatest peril and danger to everybody—and wherein, if you must let blood, be sure to do it before the middle of the day—there are more or less unlucky days in every month, from eight in January to one in October. In 'a brief prognostication concerning children born on any day of the week,' we learn that Sunday is the most fortunate day, and Tuesday the least. We ourselves, who came into the world on a Thursday, are again elevated by the information that we shall 'arrive at the greatest honour and dignity;' whereas, if we had been but a day younger, we 'might have been of a strong constitution, but probably far too amatory.' It is worthy of remark, that the lucky days are the same in all these books; and the predictions almost identical; so that either a miraculous similarity of prophetic power must have pervaded all our authors, or else they must have plagiarised from one another to an extent unknown in any other literature.

The most curious part of Mother Bridget's work is that devoted to 'Judgments deduced from the nails.' Those who have broad nails are 'of a gentle disposition, bashful, and afraid of speaking before their superiors, or indeed to any, without hesitation and a downcast eye.' 'When the end is black,' says Mrs Bridget, 'the person loves agriculture.' Finally, 'if the nails be red and spotted, the individual will be choleric and martial, delighting in cruelty and war; his chief pleasure being in plundering of towns, wherein every ferocious particle in human nature is glutted to satiety.'

The New Forest Gipsy bears evidence of a higher culture, but of a less inspired character. Its style is not so good as Mr Macaulay's, nor yet so eccentric as Mr Carlyle's, and is subject to the ills to which mediocrity is heir, in the shape of tameness and overprudence. 'Astrology,' it says, 'is a celestial science that treats of the doctrine of the stars, which are placed in the firmament of heaven for the use and benefit of man; and it is proved by daily observation and experience, that the fate of every person in existence is not only written in the heavens at the time of each of their said births, but that the same is also stamped and marked out in the face and hands of every man—the one is called *Physiognomy*, the other *Palmistry.*' After which spirited commencement, who would believe that not one syllable about the stars occurs again throughout the volume? With regard to hair, we learn that 'a gentleman with dark-brown, long and smooth hair, is generally of a robust constitution; obstinate in his temper, eager in his pursuits, a lover of the fair sex, fond of variety, in his ordinary pursuits exceedingly curious, and of a flexible disposition. He will live long, unless guilty of early intemperance.' Again, selecting at random, we find, 'the gentleman or lady that squints, or have their eyes turned away, will be of a penurious disposition, but punctual in their dealings!' Again, 'a red, or *what is vulgarly called a saucer eye*, denotes the person to be selfish, deceitful, proud, furious in anger, and fertile in plots!' while, in conclusion, we find this remarkable statement, that 'if the hair falls off the forepart of the head, the person will be easily led'—which must, most obviously, be directly contrary to the fact. In Fortune-telling by lines in the Hand, be careful to 'chose always the left hand, because the heart and brain have more influence over it than the right; and observe further, that it is better to examine these lines when the body is in good health, for then they appear full. . . . . The table-line, commonly called the line of fortune, begins under the little finger, and ends near the forefinger. The line of death is a counter-line to the line of life, and is by some called the sister-line,' which is, probably, a corruption of 'sinister.' In the Table of Fate, in this volume, we had the curiosity to investigate our own future fortunes, and received, in doing so, this exceedingly unpleasant rebuff: 'Let the gentleman or lady who chooses this unlucky number

Digitized by Google

look well to their conduct; justice, though slow, is sure to overtake the wicked.'

But of all this select library of divination, commend us to *The Bohemian Fortune-teller*, which we have reserved, with our usual foresight, 'to finish with,' as the postboy reserves one gallop for the avenue. This volume plunges at once *in medias res*, without any sort of preface, heading, or explanation. Its opening words are these: '*The star* denotes happiness in the clear and at the top of the cup; clouded, or in the thick, it signifies long life, though exposed to various troubles. If dots are about it, it foretells great fortune, wealth, respectability, and honour.' The grounds upon which this strange prediction is made are not stated, and we have to refer, in another work, to the article 'Divination by means of Tea and Coffee Grounds.' Conceive how well known must this abstruse science be among the people to whom it is addressed, since a matter to us so mysterious, needs for them no explanation beyond that afforded by the frontispiece, wherein—as appears to the common eye—a young woman is being persuaded by a young man to take a little physic in a tea-cup!

'The Art of Fortune-telling by Cards,' to which several pages are devoted, is commonplace enough; and we merely remark of it, that the Ace of Spades—contrary to the opinion of whist-players—is considered the worst card in the pack; while the 'Tray of spades shews you will be unfortunate in marriage, and your partner inconsistent'—by which term, we believe, *The Bohemian Fortune-teller* intends to imply inconstancy.

The main attraction of this volume consists in its directions for obtaining or executing 'charms, spells, and incantations;' and it is observable that these are almost exclusively addressed to the softer sex, with the avowed object of procuring for them lovers, or for informing them what their lovers will be like.

'*To see a Future Husband in a Dream.*—The party inquiring must lie in a different county from that in which she commonly resides, and on going to bed must knit the left garter about the right-leg stocking, letting the other garter and stocking alone; and as you rehearse the following verse, at every comma knit a knot:

> This knot I knit, to know the thing I know not yet,
> That I may see, the man who shall my husband be,
> How he goes, and what he wears,
> And what he does all days and years.'

Beside this charm, there are, strange to say, only three others which are in verse; of which the following bears, perhaps, the most evident trace of antiquity:

'*The Nine Keys.*—Get nine keys; they must all be your own by begging or purchase (borrowing will not do, nor must you tell for what you want them); plait a three-plaited band of your own hair, and tie them together, fastening the ends with nine knots; fasten them with one of your garters to the left wrist on going to bed, and bind the other garter round your head; then say:

> St Peter, take it not amiss,
> To try your favour I've done this.
> You are the ruler of the keys,
> Favour me then, if you please;
> Let me, then, your influence prove,
> And see my dear and wedded love.

This must be done on the eve of St Peter's day, and is an old charm used by the maidens of Rome in ancient times, who put great faith in it.'

Here follows a doubtless excellent, but somewhat complex receipt for knowing *Whether a Lady will have the Gentleman she wishes.* 'Get two lemon-peels, wear them all day, one in each pocket; at night, rub the four posts of the bedstead with them: if she is to be successful, the person will appear in his sleep, and present her with a couple of lemons; if not, there is no hope.'

If our maid-servants do indeed practise the device which forms our next extract, there is no wonder that robberies are sometimes committed with such incomprehensible ease: 'Any unmarried woman fasting on Midsummer-eve, and at midnight, laying a clean cloth, with bread, cheese, and ale, and sitting down as if going to eat, *the street-door being left open*, the person whom she is afterwards to marry will come into the room, and drink to her by bowing; and afterwards filling the glass, will leave it on the table, and making another bow, retire.' We fear that this mysterious Unknown, without imputation upon his polite behaviour, would scarcely vanish so easily satisfied, if any plate or other valuables were within reach.

To know what fortune (rank in life) *her future husband will have*, a young woman must observe the following precautions: 'Take a walnut, a hazel nut, and a nutmeg; grate them together, and mix them with butter and sugar, and make them into small pills, of which exactly nine must be taken on going to bed, and according to her dreams, so will be the state of the person she will marry. If a gentleman, of riches; if a clergyman, of white linen; if a lawyer, of darkness; if a tradesman, of odd noises and tumult; if a soldier or sailor, thunder or lightning; if a servant, of rain.' We do not know how highly a knowledge of the future may be valued by 'persons about to marry;' but we ourselves would not take nine pills, at one go, for the sake of obtaining all the partners as well as the fortunes of the Revd. Brigham Young, of the Salt Lake. Finally, there is a device, *To discover theft by means of the sieve and shears*, which, in its form, very singularly assimilates to 'table-turning;' but whether it is of ancient or modern origin, we do not know: 'Stick the points of the shears in the wood of the sieve, two persons supporting it balanced upright with their two fingers, then read a certain chapter in the Bible, and afterwards ask St Peter and St Paul if A or B is the thief, naming all the persons you suspect. On naming the real thief, the sieve will suddenly turn round.'

Reader, however these misshapen children of ignorance and superstition may provoke your smiles, you must not forget that they are the acknowledged genii of no small number of your countrymen, and especially of your countrywomen; and so long as the question of popular education is left to the factious quarrels of sects, and to the supine indifference of those most in need of its benefits, they will always remain so. Poor, much abused 'secular enlightenment,' whatever it may fail to do, would at least destroy under its first foot-tread such miserable and evil *fungi* as *The Bohemian Fortune-teller* and *The Universal Book of Fate.*

DR JOHN BROWN'S 'LOCKE AND SYDENHAM,' &c.*

Dr John Brown is one of a numerous class of men in the professional and middle ranks of life, who use their spare time in an unobtrusive cultivation of literature, writing an anonymous paper now and then, which the public 'does not willingly see die,' but seldom coming out into the blaze of literary notoriety. He has here collected his few occasional writings into an elegant volume, and placed them with his name before the public judgment. Natures of a refined and

* *Locke and Sydenham, with other Occasional Papers.* By John Brown, M.D. Edinburgh: Constable. 1858.

Digitized by Google

delicate cast, gentle meditative spirits, lovers of elegant phraseology, especially if they belong to the medical world, will relish the book highly, and give it a good place in their libraries. With the great mass of the public—notwithstanding the presence of one popular element, a rich quaint humour—we should think there will be less appreciation. Let them judge for themselves, however, after reading a specimen.

When a boy at the High School of Edinburgh, the author made acquaintance with a dog called Rab, the guardian of the wain of the Howgate carrier, in consequence of seeing him comport himself nobly in a fight with one of his own species. The acquaintance was kept up till Mr Brown was a medical student and clerk in the Minto House Hospital. 'We had,' says he, 'much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratchings of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him, he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

'One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up—the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James—for his name was James Noble—made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said: "Maister John, this is the mistress; she 's got a trouble in her breest—some kind o' an income, we 're thinkin'."

'By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet. I never saw a more unforgetable face—pale, serious, *lonely*, delicate, sweet, without being what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, but full also of the overcoming of it; her eyebrows black and delicate; and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

'As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken. We often speak aboot you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace-gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie, his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weatherbeaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she 's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shewn, willing also to be quite the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, shewed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully—she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, "so full of all blessed conditions"—hard as a stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

'I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "*You* may; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I 'se warrant he 's do that, doctor;" and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now; he belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and gray like Aberdeen granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds-weight at the least: he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night; his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's—but for different reasons—the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was for ever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud was very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the subtlest and swiftest. Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington; and he had the gravity of all great fighters.

'Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at James, and said: "When?" "To-morrow," said the kind surgeon—a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known black board, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words: "An operation to-day. J. B. *Clerk*." Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What 's the case?" "Which side is it?"

'Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity—as an *emotion*, ending in itself, or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive* is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

'The operating theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short-

Digitized by Google

gown, her black bombazeen petticoat, shewing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; for ever cocking his ear, and dropping it as fast.

'Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face shewed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on, blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled, and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick; all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

'It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies, and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon happed her up carefully, and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tackets, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying: "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer strynge nurse-bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and on my stockin' soles I'll gang about as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

'Rab behaved well, never moving, shewing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was sombre and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to *that* door.

'Jess, the mare—now white—had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

'For some days, Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention;" as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin's ower clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

'So far well; but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek coloured; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret; her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said: "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman; then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and that terrible spectacle—

> The intellectual power, through words and things,
> Went sounding on its dim and perilous way.

She sang bits of old songs and psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

'Nothing more touching, or, in a sense, more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, shewing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doting over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonny wee dawtie!"

'The end was drawing on; the golden bowl was breaking, the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animula, blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow into which one day we must all enter—and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.'

Poor Ailie dies, of course, and James instantly, though it was night, set out for home to bring his cart for the removal of the body, leaving Rab in guard upon the corpse. The young doctor fell asleep by the bedside, and did not wake till roused by a sudden noise outside the hospital. 'It was November,' he pursues, 'and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was in *statu quo;* he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up, was Jess and the cart—a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pair of old clean blankets, having at their corners, "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without—unseen but not unthought of—when

Digitized by Google

he was "wat, wat, and weary," and had walked many a mile over the hills, and seen her sitting, while "a' the lave were sleepin';" and by the firelight putting her name on the blankets for her ain James's bed. He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down stairs, followed by Rab. I also followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the light in my hand in the frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G." —sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided alone behind the cart.

'I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands, and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee;" and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

'James buried his wife, with his neighbours mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery, made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

'And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier who got the good-will of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely: "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said: "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly die; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I tempit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa' wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill; but 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?'

We cannot resist the temptation to add an anecdote which Dr Brown gives in a paper on Dr Henry Marshall and the health of the soldiery. 'All great and true generals,' says he, 'from King David, Hannibal, Cæsar, Cromwell, the great Frederick, &c., down to our own Sir Colin, have had their men's comforts, interests, and lives at heart. The late Lord Dunfermline, when speaking, with deep feeling and anger, to the writer about the sufferings of the men, and the frightful blunders in the Crimea, told the following story of his father, the great and good Sir Ralph Abercromby. After his glorious victory, the dying general was being carried on a litter to the boat of the *Foudroyant*, in which he died. He was in great pain from his wound, and could get no place to rest. Sir John Macdonald (afterwards adjutant-general) put something under his head. Sir Ralph smiled, and said: "That is a comfort; that is the very thing. What is it, John?" "It is only a soldier's blanket, Sir Ralph." "Only a soldier's blanket, sir," said the old man, fixing his eye severely on him. "*Whose* blanket is it?" "One of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose this blanket is;" and everything paused till he was satisfied. "It is Duncan Roy's of the 42d, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night;" and, wearied and content, the soldier's friend was moved to his death-bed. "Yes, doctor," said Lord Dunfermline, in his strong, earnest way, "the whole question is in that blanket—in Duncan getting his blanket that very night."'

Perhaps it is from our inveterate habit of trying to view everything in its just limits, colouring, and proportions, that we feel inclined to remark in Dr Brown a tendency to admire special things too exclusively and too much, and generally to overdo every picture he condescends to paint. The work goes beyond the material; phrase beyond ideas. Like all idolaters, he finds virtues and beauties in his idols which other people do not see, and which probably the idols themselves were unconscious of, and would have been surprised to hear attributed to them. We can say in all sincerity, we should be more afraid to be of his favourites than the reverse.

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THE REVENGE ENDED.

True to his promise, Richard Mallet never interfered, by word or deed, with the arrangements his child's guardians had made for her education.

A few years went by, and the labouring stonemason had risen to be first workman in his master's employ. With bettered means and good wages, Richard Mallet was able to quit the neighbourhood of Peck's Court, and rent a small house in the suburbs. Mrs Mallet still washed and ironed, and cooked her husband's dinner, but her labours were aided by a little servant; and the boys were sent to a good school.

People said Richard Mallet was not the man he used to be. He had grown churlish with his friends, haughty with his fellows, lost his old spirits and his pleasant smile, and only seemed intent upon making his way up in the world. But his wife and children could find no fault in him. In her heart of hearts, Hannah perhaps knew that her husband was not the same; but she would have died sooner than breathed an accusation against him.

And where was Jessie all this time?

In these few years, Jessie Mallet, the whilom crippled child, has grown into a straight, well-formed girl, whose presence would disgrace no drawing-room. Of a slight figure and delicate features, she still recalls the pale-faced little child who used to hobble about her father's house upon a crutch; but there is a bloom upon her cheek, and health and energy in her movements now-a-days. Under skilful treatment, and the healthy influences that have surrounded her of late, her infirmity has gradually disappeared.

It is an important day at the Canterbury school,

Digitized by Google

when next we see her. It is Jessie's seventeenth birthday, and her school-days are at an end. She has been writing a letter to her parents—those letters are the only links between the old life and the new one; Richard has them all, from the first childish scrawl, to the last well-penned epistle, safely locked up in an old desk—and Jessie sits thinking of her father and mother with tears in her eyes. Why are they not there to-day? Around the room are spread all the little gifts her companions have given her—mere trifles for the most part, but pleasant tokens of the good-will she has awakened there, and the good name she leaves behind. 'Everybody here remembers me, and is kind,' thinks Jessie. 'It is only my own family who forget me!'

Well, Jessie has plenty of new friends now, and, for aught we know, may have learned to do without her parents' love, since last we met her. There are many affections we count strong, that a six years' absence would try; and letter-writing, as we most of us know, is but a poor bond, after all.

So perhaps Jessie's love is of a less ardent nature than it used to be.

She has not much time, however, for reflection on this or any other score. There is a sound of wheels on the gravel-path, and a carriage rolls up to the door. It is Mr Hale, one of Jessie's guardians, who is come to take her away from school, and escort her to his own house at Hale Fields, where an archery meeting is to celebrate the day.

Jessie bids farewell to her companions of six years, and, driving away in Mr Hale's carriage, looks up at the schoolroom windows with dimmed eyes, and sees the old cathedral, all blurred by her tears, for the last time. But her eyes brighten ere long. There is a cheering influence in sunshine, green fields, and fresh air, hard to resist, and it was next to impossible to be dull, seated by Mr Hale's side. The wealthy hop-grower's genial face always did Jessie good. Such a smile as his would have been a small annuity to a young physician, as a cheap and efficacious remedy for low-spirited patients.

'Here we are,' cried he, as the carriage turned into his gates at Hale Fields; 'here we are, all ready, you see.'

Jessie beheld the tents and targets on the lawn, the servants hurrying to and fro, and the gardeners giving the last touches to their decorations.

'Don't fancy, Miss Jessie, this is all got up on your especial account. Other people can have birthdays besides you. Dick is nineteen to-day, and he means to share in the honours too. Here he comes. He'll take you in to speak to Mrs Hale and the girls.'

Mr Richard Hale raised his wide-awake, and shook hands with Jessie. He had taught her to ride one holiday, and play chess another, so they were old friends.

Mrs Hale was a stately woman, who kissed Jessie on her cheek, and bade her welcome with an air of polite patronage. Pride of birth was Mrs Hale's failing. She had the misfortune to be the granddaughter of a baronet, and had a weakness for good blood; hence she never took so kindly to Jessie as the rest of her family. Her husband, with a delicacy of feeling peculiar to him, had never divulged to any one the real facts of Jessie's parentage; but Mrs Hale had formed a shrewd guess on the subject.

To-day, there was even a more than usual amount of dignity in the good lady's demeanour; her head was carried more erect, and her dress rustled more imposingly, as she swept by. A young lord was to be her guest to-day, and, to meet him, some of the first families in the neighbourhood, and the *élite* of Canterbury, had been invited to Hale Fields; consequently, Mrs Hale's reception of Jessie was quite a solemn and impressive sight.

The daughters were rather more humble-minded, and being old school-fellows of Jessie, welcomed her right gladly. They were soon out in the garden together—all three glad to escape from the drawing-room, and have a few minutes' chat before the bustle of the day commenced.

Jessie almost trembled when she heard of the grand doings that were to take place, and the grand people who were expected. But before her friends had half finished their confidences, the confab was broken up by Mr Dick Hale rushing down to the arbour where they sat, and summoning his sisters to their mother's presence.

'Make haste, girls. There's mother becoming rigid with horror. His lordship has arrived, and nobody to receive him. Do, pray, go to her aid, or she'll be speechless in five minutes.'

The two girls flew away to the house, and left Jessie to their brother. He stood and watched them with a laughing face.

'Well, Miss Mallet, this is doing us honour, isn't it? You and I are lucky folks to have such a birthday-keeping as this.'

'*I* am lucky in having such friends, and such a home to-day. I little thought, though, when Mr Hale brought me over, that I should find such a gay assembly, or, perhaps'—— Jessie hesitated.

'Or, perhaps, you wouldn't have come. Well, that's very polite. I think I had better tell my father that you'd like to have the horses out again, and go back to Canterbury. He's sure to oblige you.' Mr Dick turned very red.

'No; don't talk nonsense. I didn't mean, Richard, to—to'—— Jessie stammered, and stopped again.

'To insult your guardian, eh?' said Dick, recovering his good-humour, when he saw Jessie looked distressed. 'You had better not let my mother hear you insinuate that you don't care to meet her friends, Jessie. Oh, if you only knew what she's gone through to get them together, and the management it has taken to avoid giving offence. Just imagine her position this morning, when the Romleys sent word they'd be able to come after all, and we (unhappy wretches), on receiving their first note to decline, had invited their mortal enemies, the Cheesemans. The families are at daggers drawn, because young Romley, I suppose, wants to marry one of the Miss Cheesemans, and old Romley spurns the alliance, and swears he'll never consent. A pretty thing for an anxious hostess! —I wish the Cheesemans were all at Jericho, I'm sure. I never wanted them to be invited here at all.' Richard Hale looked really half annoyed.

'Why not?' asked Jessie.

'Oh, because nobody knows who they are, or what they are. It's said he was a tallow-chandler, and had a large fortune left him. They have just that cut. He has taken a large house near us. I don't know them, you know. By the way, you don't, I hope.'

Jessie had grown suddenly crimson, and Dick feared he had said something indiscreet.

'No, I don't know them.'

'Oh, that's right. That sort of origin always makes one suspicious.'

Quietly as Jessie had disclaimed acquaintance with the Cheesemans, there was such a sudden tumult in her heart, and such a singing in her ears, that for the next five minutes she heard not a word her companion said.

'There goes my father!' suddenly cried Richard. 'He is looking for you, I know. Let's follow him; you have to be introduced to such a lot of people. I must be off too, or we shall have the Romleys falling foul of the Cheesemans, and there'll be blood spilt. Come along.'

They hastened away to the lawn.

Everything wore a gala air there. The visitors

Digitized by Google

were arriving fast; a splendid collation was laid out in one of the tents, and a band of music was playing under the mulberry-trees. The forthcoming archery fête at Hale Fields had been the talk of the neighbourhood for days past.

Jessie was an object of considerable interest to the guests. She was said to be a sort of ward of Mr Hale's, and very rich; also there was some mystery about her fortune. Had they known that it was a half-sovereign lent, years ago, by Mr Hale's father to Zebedee Peck, the hop-picker boy, that had laid the foundation of this same fortune, they would perhaps have manifested less enthusiasm; but, being ignorant of this prosaic fact, several persons were very eager for an introduction.

And now the festivities commenced. Jessie was no archer, but she stood by and watched the sports, well pleased when her old friend Mary Hale carried off the first prize of the day.

Then followed the luncheon in the tent, and Mr Hale's funny speech when he presented the oak-leaf crown to his daughter.

After that came a dance on the lawn, when Jessie was his lordship's partner, and when the band from Canterbury, under the influence of Mr Hale's home-brewed, played such exhilarating quadrilles, that it was enough to set the very cows in the neighbouring fields doing *L'été* and *La Poule*.

Blithe, however, as the music sounded to the merry-makers, there was one ear, not far off, to whom it brought no mirth.

In the lane leading to Hale Fields, a solitary man was standing, with a stern, downcast face. It was Richard Mallet, who for the last hour had paced backwards and forwards in the lane. Six years had passed since he had seen his daughter. During all this time, he had kept to his resolution of never interfering with her education, and had never presented himself before her eyes. He had a purpose ever in view from which he had never swerved.

He had come down to Canterbury by coach overnight, and finding, as he expected, that his daughter had that day quitted school, and gone over to Hale Fields with her guardian, he had followed them in order to carry out the purpose he had so long meditated.

It was only within the last hour that his heart had failed him.

Though Richard Mallet looked older and sterner, he was much the same man at heart. Time, however, had wrought some changes in him. Though still in the prime of life, his hair was tinged with gray, and his face had a harder look than of old. He wore a better coat now, and had a black silk neckerchief fastened loosely round his throat.

The horns and bugles of the Canterbury band swelled over the gardens, and the wind carried the hum and laughter of the guests to his ears.

For the twentieth time, he stopped before the gates, and for the twentieth time, he turned away again.

At last, with an angry exclamation at his own irresolution, he opened the gates, and entered the grounds.

'Mr Hale won't be able to see you to-day, my man—he's engaged, and can't attend to business,' called out the lodge-keeper as he went through the gates.

'My business ain't with Mr Hale,' said Richard, looking at the man, whose red face shewed he had taken good care of himself in the general festivity.

'Oh, it's the back-door you want, is it? Take that first path, then, to the right.'

The man spoke with an insolent air.

But Richard kept in the broad walk, and went on as before. Suddenly, he came to a stop. He had heard his own name pronounced by some one behind the high laurel-hedge at his side.

'Mallet? Ah, that's her name, is it? Well, she is certainly good-looking. But they say, poor thing, her family is not recognisable. Is it true?'

'Quite true. Mrs Hale has hinted as much to me herself. They do say her father is a common mason, and carries a hod on his shoulder to this day. But however that may be, they are vulgar people—that's certain.'

Richard's lips became white as death.

'What a mercy the child was removed from her friends in time!' continued the first speaker. 'Really, no one would now suppose her to be of low origin. With her money, you know, she may expect to make a good match one day, and so get free of her former ties. What a good thing she fell into the hands of the Hales—quite providential. Ah, here comes our host!'

The ladies moved away; and Richard, with his teeth set, and his foot crushing the gravel under his heel, strode on to the house.

One or two persons turned to look at him as he approached, but the majority of the guests were on the side-lawn, where the dancers were assembled and the marquee erected; so he escaped observation.

'Is my daughter in?' he inquired of the servant at the hall-door.

He had walked straight up to the principal entrance. The man stared in surprise, and then, with a satirical glance at a waiter near, replied:

'No, she ain't, nor won't be to-day, nor yet to-morrow. Your business ain't partickler pressin', I 'ope;' and he winked at his companion.

'You 'll please to keep a civil tongue in your head, and answer my question. Is Miss Mallet in?'

'Miss Mallet? Yes, she's about somewhere; but you can't see her; that is, you—you'—— The man stammered, changed his tone, and stopped. Something had warned him in time.

'You 'll have the goodness to shew me into a room where I can speak to her, and then send and seek her.'

Without another word, the man led the way across the hall, and ushered Richard into the library.

It was a handsome room—green and cool, with a large bow-window opening out into the garden, and an awning outside. Richard could see the gay company, and the band and tent, on the lawn. He caught sight of his own figure in a mirror opposite, but the contrast there did not trouble him. A strange self-control had come over him; there was an iron resolution written on his face.

He was standing gazing at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in bronze, on the mantel-piece, and was striving to find out its meaning, when he heard footsteps approaching. He turned, and a young lady and a gentleman entered the room through the window.

It was Jessie and Mr Dick Hale.

For one moment they both stared at the unexpected visitor in surprise; the next, Jessie gave a low cry and sprung forward:

'Father!'

Richard Mallet's arms were folded on his breast, his face was cold and unmoved; but at that one word his arms opened, and he strained her to his heart.

Mr Dick Hale disappeared.

'Thou ain't forgotten my face, then!' said Richard, looking down at his daughter. 'That 's well. I didn't know but how you might.'

Though he spoke coldly, his lip trembled so he could scarcely articulate.

'Thou art changed since we met, girl. Instead of my poor lame lass, I find thee a lady grown.' He scanned her over at arm's-length.

'I want to know, now, whether you are still my own child or not; I want to know whether they have changed your heart as well as your dress.—

Digitized by Google

Stay; don't speak yet: you may repent it. I have a question to ask you: I want to know whether you will leave these people, and come home to your mother and me—that's the proof I want as to whether you are still my own child.'

Jessie's eyes fell. There was something so cold and stern in her father's voice, it made her heart shrink.

'Think before you speak; there's much depends upon it. Are you ready to leave these friends, and cast your lot with me? Are you prepared to live with those who are not clever and polished, but rough unedicated people. There is a deal to lose, but I think there is something to gain. We can give you love, Jessie, such as you may never find else'—— He suddenly stopped. 'Answer me, my lass, which is it to be—*go* or *stay*?'

'I'll go, father.'

He loved her still; his last words had decided her in a moment.

'You'll go? And will you go contentedly? Will you go, feeling you ain't ashamed o' them you'll have to live with?'

'Father! why do you put these cruel questions to me? I have prayed to God to bring us together every night of my life. Ashamed! oh, you forget I am your *child*.'

Jessie hid her face in her hands, and wept.

'You say you ain't ashamed of me,' said Richard, with a strange expression gathering over his face. 'Then I'll put your words to the test. Look at this hand; it's rough and hard with labour; my boots are thick and ugly; the linen on my back is coarse; my coat is badly cut; I don't look like a gentleman—anybody may see that. Now, if you ain't ashamed of me, common-looking as I be, take me out through that window on to the lawn amongst those people, and tell them I'm your father. Dare you do it? Dare you own me before 'em all? Speak out.'

Jessie turned deadly pale, and a spasm passed over her face. What was it her father asked? It was too much—too much. A hundred things forbade it: Mrs Hale's pride, the opinion of her friends, and—worse than all!—Dick's words that very day. She stood dumb and terrified.

Her father saw her irresolution, and his breath came quick. 'You've had time to think. Dare you do it?'

There was a moment's silence, and then the struggle was at an end. She had counted the cost, and had triumphed. She passed her hand over her brow, and said: 'Yes, father, I dare. Come!'

She had reached the window, when her step faltered. Before her was the gay and brilliant assembly. She stood spell-bound at the sight, and a shiver passed over her.

'You can't, then—you can't do it,' whispered Richard hoarsely. Without another word, he stepped back, and turned, and left her alone.

But ere he had gone five paces from her, Jessie was at his side: 'Father, forgive me; I have no fear.'

She put out her hand, looked up into his face radiant in her love, and led him straight to the window. The next moment they stood in the garden before all the people.

Every eye was fixed on the young girl as she crossed the lawn with her companion, and walked up to the tent where Mr and Mrs Hale and a party of their friends (Canterbury grandees, and quiet old folks, who did not dance) were sitting.

'Who *has* Miss Mallet got with her?' 'What a singular proceeding!' 'Is she escorting one of the gardeners to the tent?' asked the young people on the lawn.

Regardless of all comments, Jessie never stopped till she had reached the tent where her hostess sat.

Then and there, in a few simple words, she made known her father to Mrs Hale.

A buzz of astonishment rose up around. Mrs Hale looked bewildered and confused; but, ere Jessie had done speaking, Mr Hale was at her side.

'This is your father, Jessie, is it? Then I am glad to make his acquaintance.' Mr Hale held out his hand to Richard. 'I have only seen you once before, Mr Mallet (it was when your uncle died); but I have not forgotten your behaviour then.'

Mr Hale's prompt manner had spared anything like a scene, and relieved every one at once.

'Sir, I thank you; that's kindly said. But let me explain how I come to intrude myself here.' Richard stood erect, and unembarrassed, with his hat off. 'I ain't a man to intrude myself anywhere, but I had a reason for coming here, which may be a wrong un, but which I couldn't help follerin' out. For now goin' on seven years, sir, I have been pining for the sight of my child, and all this time I have never meddled nor interfered with the edication I knew she ought to have. I come down here to-day, sir, to claim her, and see if she still loved me as she used to do; but I come, I'm afeard, in a sperit as might have led to no good. I had grown mistrustful, and thought she'd be changed, and ashamed of me. So, when she comes into your parlour, where I was waitin' for her just now, I steeled my heart again her, bonny as she looked, and felt jealous of her fine dress and lady ways. She said she was ready to go wi' me, but she seemed to be frightened-like, I thought, and I doubted her still. So I said to her (it was a sudden thought that come, I don't know how): "If you'll cross that lawn hand in hand with me, and own me afore all those people, I'll believe you love me as you ought." Whereupon, sir, before I'd time to consider o' what I asked (I wasn't myself just then), she step out of the window, and brought me straight into your presence, without a murmur or a blush. And God love her for it! And so He will.—It was a right noble act, though I hadn't ought to have asked it.'

Jessie hid her face on her father's arm, and he stopped.

Every one was silent. The simple earnestness of the man, and his erect yet modest bearing, had touched all present.

'Mr Mallet,' said an old gentleman coming forward, 'I admire and sympathise with your conduct. May God bless your daughter.'

The old clergyman, a high dignitary of the church, laid his hand on Jessie's arm, and led her to a seat.

'Let me shake hands with you, Mr Mallet. I honour both your head and your heart.'

It was his lordship who spoke. Yes; Mrs Hale might stare, and refuse to credit the evidence of her senses; but there was her noble guest actually shaking hands with a man without gloves! When a right reverend dean and a peer's son had thus openly acknowledged the stone-mason, no one was afraid of losing caste by addressing him.

Jessie and her father would probably have become lions, had they not stolen off, through Dick Hale's agency, to a quiet parlour, where they were left alone to themselves.

Of course, the archery fête at Hale Fields was long remembered in the neighbourhood, and gained considerable *éclat* from what certain ladies pleased to term 'the romantic incident' that terminated the day.

One summer evening, some few years later, a family group was assembled about the shade of a sycamore, in front of a pretty farmhouse in Devonshire.

The garden overlooked the sea, and, from the seat under the sycamore, the white, bird-like sails of the fishing-boats coming up with the tide, and the great

Digitized by Google

hull of a Plymouth steamer in the distance, with its smoke-plume trailing along the horizon, were visible.

It was Richard Mallet and his family who were assembled in the garden at the Cliff Farm.

The father, with a roll of paper on his knee, and pencil and compasses in hand, was planning some improvements for the farm-yard. His wife, busy with her knitting, sat at a little distance. One of the boys lay on the grass at his mother's feet, reading to her; the other was watching the Plymouth steamer through a telescope. Jessie, alone with her father, on the bench under the tree, sat with her hands clasped idly before her, and her face fixed on the sea. She looked very pretty in that thoughtful attitude.

'Father,' she said suddenly, 'I was just thinking how strangely good has come out of evil in our two lives. Uncle Zeb's wicked intentions seemed to have carried with them their own frustration. He has knit us closer together than ever. I think I should never have known how much I loved you, had I not been separated from my home all those years; and I certainly never could have known how much you loved me.'

Jessie took hold of her father's hand, as she spoke, and looked at him with unutterable affection.

'Yes, Jessie, good *has* come out of evil in our lives, as you say. And I think people would often have less power to injure us than they have, were we but true to ourselves. As long as you and me remained so, Uncle Zeb's curse could never have done us any harm. We want more faith in one another, Jessie, and in the goodness of our own hearts, and then we 'd see less coldness and disunion than there is in the world. But I mustn't preach; it's only your mother who says I'm as good as the parson, or who thinks me as clever, bless her heart!' He looked towards his wife with a fond smile. 'Holloa, what are they up to there! See, there's Phil shouting like mad!'

There was evidently great excitement amongst the mother and her boys.

'There he goes, father. There 's the gentleman who took us out fishing the other day, and jumped overboard when Ned fell into the water!'

A stranger was standing near the edge of the cliff beyond the garden-wall.

'Oh, do run and ask him to come in,' said the mother. 'I have seen him there nearly every night this week, and wondered who he could be. To think I didn't know him! You go too, Jessie; you 'll know how to thank him. Here 's your hat.'

Jessie took her father's arm, and they set off for the cliff. As they drew near the stranger, Jessie suddenly grasped tight hold of her father's arm. 'O stop, father—stop! Look, he 's coming this way!'

Jessie had recognised the figure before her—it was that of Mr Dick Hale.

He had been prowling about the neighbourhood for some days past, in a secret sort of way, quite unlike his usual open behaviour. Wild-ducks had been the ostensible object of his wanderings, as the gun upon his shoulder gave evidence of; but the sea-fowl appeared only to frequent one part of the coast, and that was the immediate neighbourhood of the Cliff Farm.

It required no great amount of persuasion upon Mrs Mallet's part to induce Mr Dick Hale to enter the house, and to stay and take supper afterwards. And as, upon returning to his inn at midnight, he decided to remain another week in the neighbourhood, it is to be presumed he spent a pleasant evening.

A few years further on, and we again take a peep at a family group at the Cliff Farm.

But this time they are assembled by a winter's fire, with the wind rumbling in the chimney, and the waves beating on the beach below.

A gray-haired old man is going to tell a Christmas story to his grand-children. Grandfather has seen strange changes since his youth, and can tell strange stories too.

'Let it be something true, grandfather,' says a bright-eyed little girl on his knee.

'And let it have a terrible name,' says Dick, a fine boy of nine.

'Suppose, then, I tell you your mother's history,' says grandfather, looking at the young matron sitting by her husband's side.

'Yes, grandfather, tell them that,' replies the children's father.

'But mother's history won't be a story,' cries Dick.

'It will be as good,' says grandfather; 'and as you want a terrible name to it, Dick, suppose we call it *A Dead Man's Revenge!*'

A CHAPTER ON EYES.

The organisations by virtue of which the five senses are enabled to convey their ministrations to the sentient part of us, are all interesting of their kind; but neither the mechanism of the ear, nor the organism of taste, of smell, or of touch, is so full of interest as the structure of the eye.

The fact is, that the organisation of the other four senses is too complex, too anatomical to awaken popular sympathy. One cannot sit down and dissect the nerves of taste; still more difficult for any but an anatomist is it to appreciate the organism of smell, hearing, and touch. The mechanism of seeing is more obvious. Nature, we may say—slightly inverting the truth—has so exactly copied the structure of telescopes and similar optical instruments in the construction of eyes, that even the most ignorant of anatomy may sit down and appreciate her adaptations.

The eyes of all mammalia are pretty much alike, so that having examined any one, the construction of any other will be manifest. Certain minor distinctions, indeed, there are, such as in cats, for example—animals whose eyes are seen to have a slit-like pupil, closing in proportion as the light is strong, and opening at dusky twilight to the uttermost, so as to catch any little glimmering ray; whence the notion has arisen that cats see best in utter darkness—a mistake, nevertheless: much light, cats do not require to see with, but some they must have.

When we contemplate the eye of any mammal—of an ox or a sheep, for example—the following succession of parts is recognisable. Omitting a certain delicate membrane, the presence of which none but an anatomist could discover—first of all, in front comes the transparent horny shield termed cornea; next comes a cavity filled with transparent fluid, and divided into two compartments by a perforated transverse curtain. The curtain itself is called the 'iris,' on account of the play of colours always seen upon it; and the perforation, the functions of which are very important, constitutes the central spot so conspicuous in the eye and termed 'the pupil.' Behind the pupil is what anatomists term the crystalline lens—a sort of spectacle-glass, the intention of which is to concentrate rays of light to a focus on the net-work of optic nerve delicately ramified some little distance behind—separated from it, nevertheless, by a thick transparent humour. Upon this net-work, termed the retina, the images of things to be rendered visible are projected. The eye, of an ordinary mammal—is especially beautiful to contemplate, inasmuch as it shews an arrangement of which telescopes and microscopes are almost exact copies.

Every person must have remarked the facility possessed by all ordinary eyes of directing themselves hither and thither, the head itself remaining immovable. I despair of conveying to the reader a notion

Digitized by Google

of the beautiful mechanism by which this is effected. To acquire that knowledge, an eye must be skilfully dissected in its socket, from behind. All the various kinds of motion of which ordinary eyes are susceptible, are effected by muscles stowed away in the socket. The acts of turning to the right, upwards, downwards, as well as rolling, are all accomplished by specific muscles. Contemplate now the admirable mechanism for keeping the eyes moist, without which provision, the sight would wax dim and difficult. Carefully bedded away in the outer corner of each eye-socket, there is a little glandular apparatus, specially designed for the manufacture and supply of the moisture in question. This moisture is no other than tears. On all ordinary occasions, this tear-liquid diffuses itself over the eyeballs in a thin sheet, spread out in this manner by the constantly closing eyelids. When this constant alternate opening and closing of the eyelids is interfered with—as, for example, during sleep—the tears have to find their way from the external to the internal corner of the eye in a different fashion, to the explanation of which the reader's attention is now required. The upper and lower eyelids, notwithstanding they seem to be capable of actual juncture, only touch, nevertheless, at the edge of their extreme external rim. Internally, their edges diverge so considerably, that between the external touching edges and the front of the eyeball protected by them, a triangular canal is left, along which the tear-moisture passes from the external to the internal corner of the eye. There arrived at last, a little duct awaits it, leading quite down into the cavity of the nose. Through this duct the tear-liquid escapes, after it has done its lubricating duty.

Except under circumstances of deep and peculiar excitement, the tear-liquid is not supplied to the eyes faster than the little channels between the two lids and the aperture leading down to the nose can give exit to it. Occasionally, the development of tear-liquid is too rapid to permit this way of disposal; then the tear-liquid overflows its banks, escapes from between the eyelashes, and trickles over the cheek; then we have veritable weeping. Fishes cannot cry; of this, one may rest assured. Having no lachrymal gland, they cannot secrete tears. Of what use would have been a tear-generating apparatus to creatures whose eyes, throughout their whole system, are bathed in water?

Fishes, moreover, have no eyelids. They do not need them, having no tear-liquid to be distributed; and if by chance any particle of grit or impurity should fall upon the eye of a fish, the very best conditions to effect its removal are supplied by a copious ablution of water.

From fishes which have no eyelids, to birds which possess two for each eye, the distance is great indeed. Beside the ordinary or external eyelid which birds possess in common with mammalia, they have also a peculiar inner eyelid, termed the *membrana nictitans* by anatomists. Its motions are far more rapid than those of the external eyelid; in fact, its winkings are almost lightning-like in their rapidity. The great use of the membrana nictitans is obviously to protect birds against the chances of getting floating particles of hard substances into their eyes, a sort of accident to which they are especially liable, owing to the rapidity of their flight through the atmosphere.

It must not be imagined that all living beings are supplied with eyes made up of complex humours and lenses—a contractile perforated iris situated in front. If, for example, we magnify the ocular appendages of a common house-fly, we should never discover—however considerable the magnifying power brought to bear—we should never discover the sort of eye-organism I have already described. We should find a very beautiful optical appendage nevertheless, the nature of which is as follows. A multiplying-glass is a common toy enough—not a *magnifying*-glass or lens, which simply makes things look bigger than they really are, but a block of glass cut into facets, and which multiplies the visual representations of the thing observed by as many times as there are facets on the glass. Now, the ocular appendages of flies are of this very type. Although their eyes are fixed and immovable, the necessity still exists in them, as in other creatures, for looking about in many directions, and therefore a sort of multiplying eye has been given to them. The facets of this multiplying apparatus are many thousands in number, all tending in different directions; wherefore a common house-fly may be said to look habitually many thousand ways at once. Perhaps most people have experienced the difficulty of getting on the blind side of a fly; indeed, flies have no blind sides; the compound eyes with which they are furnished, though immovable, have a scope of vision to which our own more elaborate visual organs can advance no pretensions.

The multiplying eye may be called the distinctive insect eye. Though a common house-fly has been chosen for convenience' sake, nevertheless certain larger members of the insect tribe—dragon-flies, for example—display the multiplying eye to still greater advantage. To recognise thoroughly the beauty of a house-fly's visual organs, a microscope, or, at any rate, a magnifying-glass, is necessary. Otherwise is it, however, with the eyes of a dragon-fly. In them the multiplying facets are so large, and shine so resplendently in the sunbeams, that simple inspection of them without optical aid is all we require.

Let no person make a spider the subject of microscopic observation, to the end of discovering those multiplying eyes. The most inquisitive microscopist could not find them. Spiders, it is to be remembered, are not insects, though usually called so. Truly speaking, they range above insects, because of some well-marked peculiarities. They do not possess the insect or multiplying eye, for example; and they breathe by lungs, whereas the breathing of insects is performed after another fashion. Spiders are altogether more highly organised than insects, wherefore they possess a higher type of eye. The ocular apparatus of spiders is more like that of mammalian animals. Better provided than the latter, however, each spider possesses more than one pair of eyes, though the exact number differs in different species. No wonder a spider can observe so well; no wonder a poor fly once caught in the net, so rarely escapes its spider enemy.

The very simplest form of eye an animal can have is a little dot of optic nerve, without cornea, lens, or anything of the sort. Of this kind are the eyes of leeches and snails, animals whose visual perceptions must be very dull indeed, although doubtless sufficient for their necessities. Perceptions of light and darkness, such eyes are cognizant of; perhaps, too, of colour; but so far as anatomists can understand and interpret the mysteries of their organisation, these rudimentary eyes must be totally incompetent to realise the nice perceptions of form. That beautiful eye-appendage, the retina, together with its pupil, in addition to the function—the only one usually attributed to it—of admitting the amount of light proper for correct vision, has also another and scarcely less necessary function, that of rendering the outlines of bodies perceptible: in other words, of distinguishing forms.

As regards perceptions of colour, notices in many popular journals, and an ingenious treatise by Professor George Wilson, have given prominence of late to the defect commonly and appropriately known as *colour-blindness*; namely, the inability to perceive certain colours, or, at any rate, to individualise them. The late celebrated chemist, Dr Wollaston, furnished

Digitized by Google

an example of colour-blindness; and the still more celebrated chemist, Dr Dalton, an example of the same defect in a still higher degree. Dalton's peculiarity was in no respect more prominently demonstrated than in his inability to perceive red as red should be. It looked to him as being a sort of dirty neutral tint —*mud colour*, as he designated it; and writing from London to a friend in Manchester concerning the beauty of some metropolitan ladies he had seen, their faces were described as having a tint of sky-blue. Nevertheless, Dalton thought the ladies pretty!

LEGAL FACETIÆ.

THERE is nothing, we imagine, more refreshing in the close atmosphere of a crowded court of justice, and to the tired minds of its occupants, than the interruption of the monotony of some long dull trial by a witticism from the witness-box. Dull faces brighten up; horse-hair wigs, sleepily reclined over the bar-table, are raised; the weary jurymen freshen up; and the great emblem of sovereignty, the judge himself, condescends to expand his solemn visage into a wintry smile. In such a case, the counsel sees in a moment that he has hit upon a little vein of wit, which he proceeds to burrow and mine in every direction, extracting therefrom that most precious material 'amusement.'

But a careful man must the counsel aforesaid be in these mining operations, for scarcely a more dangerous being exists than your witty witness. A man, when elevated with the applause which greets a good saying, may follow it up with something else, intensely amusing to himself, but which has the effect of disconcerting his own counsel, and of materially damaging, if not of wholly destroying, his own chance of success.

The legitimate object of a witty remark from the witness-box, is generally conceded to be the *flooring* of the counsel who is conducting the inquiry—an operation which, we need scarcely say, requires peculiar skill and dexterity, and which is of course only advantageous during cross-examination.

Two of the best instances with which we can present the reader of this feat having been signally accomplished, occurred to two profound lawyers, both of whom now adorn the judicial bench.

At the Cambridge Spring Assizes 1838, a person was accused of stealing a watch from the bedroom of Mr George Paynter, at Wallingham, Cambridgeshire; and on the trial, the following little conversation took place during the cross-examination of the prosecutor.

Counsel. 'Where do you live?'

Witness. 'At Wallingham; but I am not a Wallingham man.'

'What are you?'

'An engineer. I was apprenticed to Henry Maudesley, partner to Sir Isambert Brunel, of Thames Tunnel notoriety.'

'Well, what else are you?'

'Why, I am a gunsmith, locksmith, and bell-hanger, iron arm and lathe maker; edge-tool maker; watch and clock maker, and repairer; mathematical instrument maker; weighing-machine, scale and steelyard maker; knife-maker and grinder; publican and licensed victualler; and an old man-of-war's-man; and was engaged in the glorious action between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*.'

'Are you not a conjuror as well?'

'O yes, that I am; and if you are willing, I will shew you one or two of my tricks.'

'What can you do?'

'Well, if you will allow me, and not consider I am insulting, I will tell you.'

'Oh, certainly; go on.'

'Then, if you will just take off your wig, and get the gentleman next you to grease your head, I will swallow you whole, and then you will be no more trouble to yourself, nor to any one else!'

Counsel. 'You may stand down, sir.'

The other incident we alluded to is of more recent date (1856), and rather singularly, the witness was a clergyman.

Scene, a crowded court; *trial*, an action on the warranty of a horse, commonly called a *horse cause*. Witness, a clergyman, who has sworn in his examination in chief that in his opinion the horse was sound.

Counsel. Well, *you* don't know anything about horses? You're a parson, you know.

Witness. I have a good deal of knowledge respecting horses.

Counsel. You think you have, I daresay, but we may think otherwise. I wonder, now, whether you know the difference between a horse and a cow.

Witness. Yes, I daresay I do.

Counsel. Now then, sir, tell the jury the difference between a horse and a cow.

Witness. Gentlemen, one great difference between these two animals is, that one has horns and the other has not—much the same difference, gentlemen, that exists between a *bull* and a *bully* (turning to counsel). (Roars of laughter, judge joining.)

Counsel (very angrily). I daresay you thought that very funny, sir?

Witness. Well, I don't think it was bad, and several of the audience seem to be of the same opinion.

Counsel. Very likely, but perhaps you have before now heard the remark that 'one fool makes many.'

Witness. I hope, sir, you don't intend to include *his lordship* in that flattering remark.

Judge to Counsel. Go on, sir, in a proper manner with your examination. I am surprised at you.

Of course the counsel sat down, and the witness left the court with the happiness of having completely discomfited the opposite side, and escaped perhaps a rigid cross-examination.

We remember another nice little reply made by a witness, a chemist, called to prove the badness of the gas supplied by a certain gas company. One of his statements was that the ceilings in his house were so disfigured that he had to have them whitewashed.

Counsel. Well, sir, and was anything whitewashed beside your ceilings.

Witness. Yes, sir, *two of the directors of your Company* were.

Germane to the facetiæ of witnesses themselves are laughable remarks made by judges and counsel, upon innocent answers to no less innocent questions. At such witty replies, perhaps the greatest adept was the late excellent judge, Mr Baron Alderson. Very seldom indeed did any trial of slight or of grave importance take place before him, in which the audience was not convulsed with laughter at some extraordinary remark emanating from the judge. We do not for a moment attempt to defend the learned baron from the charges which have perhaps very properly been brought forward against him of doing away with that dignity which is so great an ornament to the bench; but we consider that the jokes having been made, and being some of them pretty good, we are doing no harm in retailing them.

A prisoner was once tried before the Baron for stealing a saw, and in his defence urged that he only took it *in joke*.

'And pray, prisoner, how far might you carry it from the prosecutor's house?' asked the judge.

'Perhaps two miles, my lord.'

'Ah, that was carrying a joke a good deal too far; so the sentence of the court upon you is,' &c.

Another time we recollect a juryman begging to

Digitized by Google

be excused from attendance, on the ground of deafness.

'Why, you can hear me speak,' said his lordship.

'That's true enough, my lord; but I have to turn my head round very awkwardly, for I am quite deaf with one ear.'

'Oh, then, certainly, sir, you are excused,' replied the Baron with mock solemnity, 'a juryman ought undoubtedly to hear *both sides*.'

The judge we are speaking of had, in general, a very profound dislike to scientific witnesses, especially of the medical profession, called upon to give an opinion upon the evidence they had heard in court; and he rarely failed in proposing some curious question to them, which eventually proved a floorer. At one time he took up the assertion of an eminent medical practitioner, that 'in *all* cases of death by violent means, a post-mortem examination would throw light upon the actual cause of the decease.'

'And pray, sir,' asked the judge, 'if I were discovered lying on the highway with my head severed from my body, what particular light would a post-mortem examination throw upon the cause of my death?'

At the end of a very long examination of another celebrated medical man, who had been called upon to establish the incompetency of a deceased testator to make a will, the witness unfortunately said that he believed '*all* persons were subject to temporary fits of insanity.'

'And when they are in them,' asked the judge, 'are they aware of their state?'

'Certainly not, my lord,' was the reply; 'they believe all they do and say, even if nonsensical, to be perfectly right and proper.'

'Good Lord!' exclaimed Alderson, 'then here have I taken no less than thirteen pages of notes of your evidence, and, after all, *you* may be in a fit of temporary insanity, talking nonsense, and believing it to be true!'

Next in order to Baron Alderson, as a 'judicial joker,' we must place the late Honourable Mr Justice Maule, whose *bon mots* indeed generally exceeded in wit and pungency those of the learned baron, although every attempt at a repetition of them on paper must necessarily be most imperfect, owing to the absence of the extraordinary tone and gesticulation with which they were ever wont to be accompanied.

'Where do you live?' asked a counsel of a policeman in plain clothes.

'I, sir? I am in the *hens*' (N division).

'Very good: then I'll put on my notes that you reside *in the poultry!*' quietly remarked the judge.

Of course, such a joke as this was far too subtle to be appreciated by half the people in court; and indeed the general inconvenience met with in this learned judge's remarks was, that they were rather above the comprehension of ordinary minds, and did not always accomplish the object for which they were specially intended. Such was the effect in his witty summing up of a certain Wiltshire case. A prisoner was indicted for cutting and wounding the prosecutor, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm; and other counts in the indictment varied the intents, bringing the offence at last to one of *unlawful wounding* only, the punishment for which is vastly less than for the graver crime. A most murderous assault having been clearly proved, the prisoner's counsel contented himself with arguing that no *malice* had been proved to exist in the prisoner's mind, and that the offence of 'unlawful wounding' was the only one of which he could be convicted. The learned judge, in summing up, said: 'Gentlemen of the jury, the *facts* are undisputed; the *law* laid down by the learned counsel is quite correct. If, therefore, you think that the prisoner ripped up the prosecutor's abdomen, allowing his bowels to fall through the wound, without any intention of doing him grievous bodily harm, but merely by way of slightly annoying him, you will find him guilty of unlawful wounding.' The jury, wholly unperceiving the irony conveyed in this charge, acted upon what they considered to be the advice of counsel and judge, and acquitted the prisoner of the graver offence!

We may here mention incidentally Justice Maule's dislike at all times to clear the court of females when cases of an indelicate nature were being tried. 'Women had no occasion whatever to be in court,' he would say; 'and if they came there, he was not going to bother himself about sending them out!' Notwithstanding this seeming indifference, however, he at all times took very good care, by some direct or indirect remark, to let them know how much he disliked their attendance, at a time when modesty should have led them elsewhere.

'I am very sorry,' we once heard him say to a young female, who hesitated much in giving some very unpleasant evidence—'I am very sorry to have to enforce such an examination as this; it must of course be painful to any decent person, but the ends of justice require it; and not only so, but all the well-dressed females you see on either side of me, have come a long way to hear that which pains you so much to utter.'

We need hardly say the bench was clear in a very few moments.

On another occasion, he said to a policeman who disliked repeating some very disgusting conversation: 'Go on, go on, my good man, you need not mind *me*, and these ladies enjoy it!'

On a third occasion, during the progress of a trial of a very peculiar nature, an officer, noticing several ladies in court, and being ignorant of the learned baron's peculiarity, exclaimed: 'All females must be good enough to leave the court.'

'All *decent* females have left long ago!' exclaimed the judge.

Satire was, indeed, the distinguishing element in all the jocular remarks of Justice Maule, and the lashes from such a whip were by no means easy to bear.

To a young attorney's clerk, who, at his lordship's chambers, politely intimated that he thought the judge had no power to make a particular order, he said: 'O pray don't trouble yourself to talk about *my power*—that you know nothing about; if you don't like the order, and think it will relieve your mind to do so, go outside and call me a fool; but don't do it in here, or else I must have the unpleasantness of committing you.'

Another excellent remark has been so often repeated that we almost fear to 'dish it up' again. 'Maule,' said a somewhat vain, although profoundly learned judge, speaking to our witty friend as he was quietly taking his lunch of bread and cheese in the judges' private room—'Maule, why do you drink beer?'

'To bring my mind down to a level with the other judges,' was the immediate reply.

We remember being one day in the Court of Common Pleas, where an intricate point relative to the true construction of a plea was being debated, when, after 'bottling up' his indignation for some time, the judge we are speaking of thus delivered himself:

'It is the pleader's own fault, that we have in court one half the litigation that exists. Why, in this very plea, there is a sentence wholly unintelligible, owing to the presence of three very unwarrantable words—the plaintiff is said to have done certain acts "behind the defendant's back." Now, what *is* meant by this sentence? Of course you will say it means

Digitized by Google

"without his knowledge," but this is a most fallacious answer. If a 9-pounder gun were fired behind the back of the special pleader who drew this plea, would *that* be without his knowledge, I wonder! *I* should say not. I never like these fanciful terms in serious matters; I am pestered with them at chambers. Why, only the other day, I had to read an affidavit in which the deponent swore that "she was so frightened, she could have crept into a nut-shell;" my only wonder is she didn't follow it up with the assertion, that she "verily believed she should have done so, had a nut-shell been there to receive her."'

The only other anecdote we have room for, is connected with a trial for a very serious offence, in which the prisoner, after conviction, being called upon in the usual manner before judgment was passed, answered: 'May Heaven strike me dead, my lord, if I know anything about it.' There was perfect silence in court for nearly a minute, every one looking at the judge, and wondering what was to come next. At last came this startling address: 'Prisoner at the bar, Providence not thinking fit to interfere in your case, the sentence of the court upon you is, that you be transported beyond the seas for the period of fifteen years.'

TWO LETTERS FROM THE LEVANT.

LETTER II.

Before I give you an account of what remains of the ancient Sardis, to which we made an expedition a few days since, it would be well to describe to you our head-quarters, Smyrna. I took one of the army of guides who harass you from dawn to eve; and he first conducted me through the intricacies of the several bazaars. They are extremely dirty, and so narrow, that a string of camels passing through with their cumbrous bales of merchandise on either side completely blocks up the passage. When a stoppage thus takes place, the animals lie down and suffer the impatient passengers to walk over them and their lading, for the whole length of the train. These bazaars are all covered in, more or less imperfectly, and have gates at each end, which are secured at night when no one remains within. The shops or booths at each side are small, and quite open in front, to within about two feet of the ground; the great shutter by which it is secured, lifting up like a port-lid, leaves the whole of the interior exposed, as well as the proprietor himself, sitting cross-legged amidst his wares, within reach of every article, ready to serve his customers, who stand without.

There are many bazaars, and each is devoted to the sale of the same description of article throughout. Thus, in one I found dried fruits and sweetmeats; in another, all kinds of silk manufacture; in a third, cotton stuffs of every description; in a fourth, pipes and pipe-sticks of all varieties, but no tobacco, for which I had to go to another place. Here were arms new and old, Khorassan sabres and Damascene yataghans; rifles inlaid with silver, and beautifully ornamented. There, in a bazaar with scarce room for two to pass each other, and ankle-deep in mud, were operatives in the costliest metals, squatted by their charcoal stoves, and smoking their tchibouques. Of the wealth of these no idea can be formed from their outward appearance. There is no show; nothing is produced till it is required by a purchaser, real or pretended, when they will bring forth from about their persons the richest chains and bracelets, and ornaments of solid gold. Exposed, there is only a small case of jewellery, as if to shew their calling, containing nothing of much value. Diamonds, wherever they may come from, are very plentiful, and not badly set. The mixture of gold and silver in the same article of plate is much prized here, though not to my individual taste. The shopkeepers are manufacturers and mechanics, as well as salesmen, and carry on the business of selling and making in the same booth.

There is a bazaar for anything and everything, but it is hard to deal with the Turks and Armenians without interpreters; and there are Jews, 'cozening Jews,' who are certain to cheat the purchaser, receiving a percentage from the dealer upon the sum laid out as a matter of course. I saw some handsome Turkey carpeting sold at about a dollar per two square feet, and some beautiful Persian rugs of the most brilliant colour at about double that price. I visited the vapour-bath and the slave-market, the Greek churches, Catholic chapels, Jewish synagogues, and Turkish mosques, and I refreshed myself at a café—*al fresco*—with a narghileh and sherbet at the caravan bridge. Having thus reached the extremity and outskirts of the town, and the cemeteries which partly enclose it, I turned back, and crossed through a labyrinth of streets to the glass bazaar, where is an enormous quantity of the German kind, coloured and gilded to suit the Turkish taste.

The town of Smyrna is backed on the south by a fine grassy elevation. The declivity of this hill is still occupied by the healthier and better situated quarters of the Turks and Jews; and, on the summit, quite alone, stand the ruins of a fort built by a Greek emperor about the year 1224. These old walls, from which an excellent view of the city is obtained, enclose a considerable space, and have within them large subterranean magazines, beneath groined arches supported by square pillars. These places are choked with the rubbish of ages; but some stone-baths are yet visible, and a very remarkable colossal head fixed in a niche in the wall, supposed by some to represent Apollo, and by others to be the Amazon Smyrna, from whom the town received its name.

A few old rusty guns upon the rampart yet enable the Turks to 'make it sunset' during the fast of the Ramazan, when their welcome report permits the faithful to commence a repast which they may prolong to any hour of the night, and conclude with tobacco and opium sufficient to stupify them, from sunrise until the cannon's roar again releases them from total abstinence.

'Smyrna the beautiful,' 'the glory of Ionia,' 'the right eye of Asia Minor,' appears a mass of red-tile roofing, with numerous white minarets rising high above it; with here and there clumps of cypresses that mark where intramural burial-grounds are not prohibited. To the right, above the head of the gulf, and inland of Smyrna, a beautiful plain spreads itself to the foot of the mountain by which the whole is distantly enclosed. This plain is thick strewn with vineyards and gardens, and is abundantly productive of vegetables and fruits. It is pleasantly shaded with olives, pomegranates, and magnificent plane-trees, and watered with innumerable streams.

Descending from this place with one Borgo, a Jew, who had attached himself to our company, I accepted an invitation to his house. The appearance of his mean and ruined domicile gave little hope of such comfort as was within. He ushered me into an elegant divan, softly carpeted, and full of ottomans;

Digitized by Google

here we found his brother, both their wives, and the widow of a third brother just dead of the plague; all young and handsome, but with unbecoming head-dresses tied under the chin, and concealing every lock of their hair; their complexions were remarkably fair and transparent, and their eyes dark and animated; thus are most of the Jewish and Turkish Smyrnese beauties in their youth, but in middle age they grow tallowish in face and coarse every way.

We were treated with sweetmeats, wine and coffee, and, while smoking our pipes, were entertained by the brothers, who played the guitar and a sort of violin with seven strings (a remarkably fine-toned instrument), and sung Greek and Turkish songs. When this was all over, however, our hospitable friends gave us to understand that they were open to take from us whatever we thought adequate remuneration; and receiving from me—I threw it at them—a handful of piastres, they struck up a merry sort of duet, and played us down stairs and into the street.

These Jews were very rich and well to do, but they could not resist the chance of doing a little 'stroke of business' even when entertaining their guests.

In perambulating the streets of Smyrna, nothing strikes you more forcibly than the extraordinary variety of costume. The flowing robes of the Turks, Armenians, and Jews, looking rich and gaudy despite of their filthy state of dirt, are there, in great variety and splendour; elegant turbans of scarlet and dirty white; the deep-dyed fez with a blue silken tassel, worn either with or without the turban by both Turks and Greeks; the Jewish yellow gabardine, the balloon-like kalpac of the Armenians; the pelisses of all classes furred and embroidered; the silver-mounted and inlaid pistol and yataghan worn by Turks and Albanians. All classes of every nation here—and they are Legion—shew a taste for ornament and colour; and even the black coat and three-cocked hat of the priests have infinite variety to recommend them; the streets are like a brilliant kaleidoscope; the red and yellow shoes and slippers, the universal amber-mouthed tchibouque and embroidered tobacco-bag, the nondescript uniform of the Turkish soldiers, the motley assemblage of Asiatic and European nations: all these figures astonished and perplexed my eyes, and I could not but think of the description of that great company on the day of Pentecost.

Ghostly figures of women, all in white, paddle through these dirty streets in slippers, from the bath to the cemeteries, their heads veiled in white, and with a black crape visor, which does not always conceal the custard-like countenance beneath it. They are as pale as if they had been periodically blooded, like fed veal, to whiten the flesh. This is the more remarkable, as the wives of the Armenians flourish delicately, and those of the Greeks luxuriantly, in the same soil and climate in which those of the Turks so quickly fade; the two former classes, indeed, are eminently beautiful, and are quite aware of the fact; with their braided hair, and embroidered scarlet caps, they remind one of a horticultural exhibition of peonies and ranunculuses.

A great feature of Smyrna is the caravans that are always passing along its streets, with their rich burdens of carpets from Persia, or with cotton or madder root, packed in great parcels, and swelling the sides of the camels. They follow in single file the ass that always conducts them, and extend a far greater distance than any trains on the Great Northern or Western Railways; they vary in number from two hundred down to forty, and arrive from distances as far as fifty days' journey.

Enough of modern Smyrna. I will say a few words of ancient Sardis—Sart, as it is now called—which we visited the other day. It is situated on a small hill, separated from a mountain by a deep valley, through which the golden-sanded Pactolus flows. This hill is about an hour's walk in circuit, and composed of a loose crumbling red earth, on which account we may suppose it to have changed its form considerably in the course of ages. The ruins on the northern side, where it descends into the plain, first arose before us, and these are supposed to be a part of the city beneath where the Acropolis stood. At a mill, turned by the Pactolus, we alighted and got some few Greeks employed in grinding corn there to bake us some bread. We found it no easy matter to bathe in that remarkable stream; so shallow was it, and insignificant, that we could scarce persuade it to run over us as we lay flat upon its pebbly bed. We then explored what travellers have described as the Temple of Crœsus and the Church of St John. We found, indeed, old walls in abundance, and the ruins of what must have been stupendous buildings; but, alas, whether they were palaces or churches, can be only a matter of vain conjecture. It is now as it was described to be by Macfarlane thirty years ago, and doubtless will remain in the same state for generations to come: nothing short of such an earthquake as destroyed it in the reign of Tiberius is likely to alter its present appearance. 'Sardis, identified with the names of Crœsus, and Cyrus, and Alexander, covering the plain with her thousands and tens of thousands of men of war; great even to the days of Augustus; destroyed by earthquakes, and again and again restored; Christian Sardis offering her hymns of thanksgiving for deliverance from pagan persecution in the magnificent temples of the Virgin and apostles; Sardis again fallen under the yoke of a false creed, but retaining yet her myriads, only 500 years ago! What is Sardis now? Her foundations are fallen, her walls are thrown down; "she sits silent in darkness, and is no longer called the Lady of Kingdoms;" a few mud-huts, inhabited by Turkish herdsmen, and a mill or two, contain her whole present population.' That description—I think Arundell's—describes Sardis now also. A colony of storks have taken quiet possession of her ancient walls. The only very remarkable relics of her antiquity are two columns of a temple said to have been the temple of Cybele; their fall has been predicted often enough, but the distorted capital yet maintains its position, and the marmorean blocks which compose the fellow-pillars still lie scattered on the ground. Build a column with backgammon-men, and gently overset it, and you will have a good idea of how these were constructed, and of their present state. Each huge millstone-like piece is of such weight and solidity as to defy the power of Sardians, Turcomen, and Greeks, did they wish even to commit the sacrilege of removing them; there they remain as they fell long since—there those two still stand as they stood from the remotest antiquity; but from the columns being Ionic, I am inclined to place their erection subsequent to the reign of Gyges and his immediate successors. One may climb to the Acropolis, and suffer imagination to amuse itself with the anecdotes with which the earlier historians have put flesh and blood, and skin and complexion, to the skeleton upon which they had to work: one may pronounce this or that part of the extensive plain beneath us to be Thymbria, where the victorious Cyrus deprived the Lydian Crœsus of his empire, and identify a hundred spots as the place of some storied action. Nothing of this is certain; but we knew that beneath us lay, indeed, the city—the resort of Solon and the seven sages; of the poet Archilochus of Paros; of the moral Æsop; that there was, somewhere, the mighty treasury of Crœsus; the palace of the Lydian kings who sprang from Atys; that there it was that the offended modesty of one whose very name is now disputed, the queen-consort of King Candaules, transferred his

Digitized by Google

crown and kingdom unto Gyges, and conferred upon him the magic ring; that in the vast plain beneath were once arrayed the hosts of Xerxes, and the barbaric splendours of the hordes of Alaric, the Scourge of God. The Pactolus is in no place deep or clear, and the sandy bed whereon it runs is scarcely auriferous; one branch flows round the ruined city to the west, and another, rarely mentioned, takes an eastward course; both almost lose themselves in the marshy plains of Hermus.

We were prevented from prolonging our stay in this ruined haunt of the sublimest memories by absence of all accommodation, and we took horse in a few hours for Magnesia. Our course lay through a country studded with enormous tumuli, where

> Lie the Terrible in arms, who, born beside
> The broad Gygæan lake where Hyllus flows
> And Hermus, called this fertile soil their own;

in fact, through the necropolis of Sardis.

Now, you will have had enough of ruins, and, indeed, of my writing altogether; so I will conclude with a brief account of a trip to the isle of Patmos, and so say my last of 'the Levant.'

Patmos is a very high and rocky island indeed, and has scarcely a level spot upon it. It consists of steep and craggy hills, and is indented by deep bays along its coasts; one of these forms a harbour, where six or seven ships may lie secure from every wind that blows in from twelve to seventeen fathoms of water; the entrance to this is on the east side. The island produces corn and wine, but neither in sufficient quantities for its own wants. Down upon the beach where we landed is a small fishing-village; from thence the inhabitants sail to the mainland, with their exports of manufactured caps and stockings, and bring back the necessities of life in their open caiques. The women are dressed in caps of enormous size, and of their own making; the men are almost all fishermen. The whole island belongs to the monastery, which is built upon its highest point; but the holy men themselves have to pay a tax, of a small amount, to the capitan pacha. We visited the consul's house, who had attired himself—though a Greek, born and bred—in an English costume, to do us honour; he professed great admiration of our countrymen, and of all that belonged to us; of our rum, gunpowder, biscuits, and pork and beef—which last articles he dexterously indicated he had less of than he wanted. The houses of Patmos are flat-roofed, and the streets too narrow for a donkey or a wheelbarrow; there are no shops except a wine-seller's or two, and cobblers' stalls. The monastery is dedicated to St John the Divine, and is said to be of great antiquity; the walls within are painted in a sort of fresco, with a series of wonderful animals; the beasts of the Apocalypse, according to the idea of the artist, whose imagination must have been as distempered as the surface he bedaubed, without committing one breach of the second commandment. The chapel and other parts of the edifice were elaborately carved; there were several pictures of the Virgin, St John, and St George, much gilded, and a good deal smoked; and upon the altar were three golden candlesticks.

As we could only speak English, and the superior of the convent only Romaic, our communications were rather curtailed, but he was immensely civil; he gave us pipes to smoke, and aniseed raki—a spirit such as the Russians were plied with during the late war—and having presented each of us with an aromatic sprig, he, politely and with considerable tact, turned us over to his librarian, a venerable papa, with an enormous snow-white beard. In the library were about 800 volumes, of chiefly Greek theology, and, like their wine, a little of it went a great length with us; the latter is red, with a sweet and not palatable taste. In a cave, about half-way down the hill from the monastery, St John is said to have resided; it is a mere shelf of the precipitous rock, of which the upper part projects so as to form a kind of roof, and the front is faced with mason-work; it now forms a little chapel, especially grateful for a resting-place, wherein relics are exhibited and sold to pilgrims. The reverend recluse who inhabits it exhibited some specimens of antique pottery found in the island, one of which much amused us: a piece of superior fabric, of unquestionable but unknown age, disclosed upon its nether side the familiar name of 'Wedgwood.' Carefully preserved, here also were some fragments of paper, clearly peeled off a tea-chest, which, being covered with Chinese characters, incomprehensible and probably unknown to people in this remote spot, were actually set down by them, and preserved with religious veneration as a fragment of the original Apocalypse.

Leaving these proofs of ignorance or deception, we once more ascended to the monastery, and walked out upon its terraced roof; before us lay the Sporades and the distant Cyclades, and beautiful sights on all sides through the calm gray air; the sea all round was quite unruffled, and rising out of it were islands almost without number. Viewing the world from this place, we might suppose that she was beginning to shew the topmost crags of her highest mountains after the first universal deluge, promising to expose still greater tracts yet fathoms below the light of the sun. We left this Patmos terrace regretfully, and envied the good friars their daily panorama.

THE SOOTHER.

Thou little silvan brooklet,
That ripplest past my feet,
Come speak to me and soothe me
With whispers strange and sweet.

And charm away my sadness,
And bid my heart rejoice;
So gentle are thy fancies,
So musical thy voice.

Come tell me how the light winds
Do loiter as they pass,
With snow-drop and with blue-bell
Among the tender grass.

Some legend of the green-wood,
Or loves of water-fay;
Of fairies that come tripping
To dance the night away.

Daintily sipping the dew-drops,
Until the sun's return,
Then lulled by thee to slumber
Under the wavy fern.

Thou mossy-margèd brooklet,
That glidest calm and free,
Wilt thou speak to the rushes,
And wilt thou not to me?

So gentle are thy fancies,
So musical thy voice,
Oh, speak to me and soothe me,
And make my heart rejoice. C.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 259. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

THE GREAT ST CADGER SWEEPSTAKES.

I AM not one of the 'knowing ones;' I am not a 'noble sportsman;' I have but vague notions associated with the locality known as 'the Corner;' I do not pretend even to be 'a judge of horseflesh;' yet was I to be found not long since in company with many thousand fellow-Londoners, journeying in an express excursion-train, to witness that important turf-event—the race for the Great St Cadger Sweepstakes. Now this, as every one knows, takes place at the Diecaster Autumn Meeting; and, as every one also knows, Diecaster is a pleasant, pretty town, situate in a northern county, and some one hundred and fifty miles from the metropolis. So, to be in time for the race, the train started at a very early hour, while cocks were just clearing their throats for crowing, while breakfast-rolls were in an immature and indigestible state in the oven, while the morning air was blowing about in a free, fresh, and genial manner, as yet unadulterated for the London market, and while the dew was very wet on the ground, and its little diamond eggs laid out in every place where room could possibly be found to deposit them. Quite a noonday hubbub at the station, however, if not something more. Extra porters, extra guards, extra pay-boxes. This way to the train now starting for Diecaster! Here's room. Ring bell, and scream whistle, and away we move. And now the sun fairly mounts on to the cloth of gold spread for his footsteps in the east, and, like a young heir come into possession, begins to fling about his wealth upon all manner of barren and unprofitable objects, gilding blank hill-tops, and grim and sooty manufactory chimneys, and being in no sort of hurry to seek out the good glorious little flowers down in the valley, opening their pretty lips in grateful readiness for his morning kisses.

Latest Betting.—7 to 4 agst. Pentapolis; 8 to 1 agst. Blunderbore; 11 to 1 agst. Archipelago; 12 to 1 each agst. Ali Baba and Semiramide; 100 to 7 agst. Sally-in-our-Alley; 100 to 3 agst. Hoopdedoodendoo; 40 to 1 agst. Camaralzaman; 100 to 1 agst. Dandy Jim; and 1000 to 1 agst. Hippopotamus.

'They are still at it, then,' must the sun have thought, if the sun ever does think—he has reflections, but has he thoughts?—as he rose upon the hum of talking at the railway station, where the above quotations were the staple of the discussion. 'Just as I left them last night.' Yes, and all the night through they've been going on very much in the same way; and some of us, I note, as I glance round at my brother-excursionists, look a little the worse for it already. A glaze of bile dims some eyes near me, and, generally, the faces are rather pale and tumbled; and there is an undoubted odour of doubtful tobacco, and just a *soupçon*—a whiff of stale brandy and water, or whisky-toddy. Have we all been to bed? I wondered.

There are divers modes of estimating time's progress. As farmers ruddle sheep, so we all affix some distinguishing mark upon each year as it passes; and different men have different marks. I have heard soldiers single out the Chillianwallah year, or the Alma year. Collegians refer to the year when Dimple got the Newdigate. Lawyers date from Dobbs being Chief-justice, or Sheepskin having the Common Pleas; or allude to the 15th and 16th Victoria. We excursionists marked our calendars with racing *notabilia*. We spoke of the year when Artaxerxes won the Newgate Cup; when Our Mary Ann carried off the Corporation Stakes; and when Merry Andrew ran for the Pacha's Plate. We were intensely turfy; and yet, almost to my disappointment, we had not all that pronounced, equine appearance I had, in idea, been in the habit of connecting with sporting gentlemen. True, some of us rejoiced in the regulation close-shave, short-cut hair, narrow-rimmed hat, trousers tight as eelskins, and the curved parenthesis legs. But others, in appearance, betrayed no sign of stable predilections; and might, indeed, so solid, grave, and respectable they seemed, have been farmers, merchants, lawyers, or even eminent physicians. One—a stout elderly gentleman, whose chin was quite an important work in many volumes, and who was attired in sleek black, with a white cravat and a broad-brimmed hat—I was fast setting down as a bishop, or, at any rate, as a metropolitan dean, when I found him breaking out in language even less ecclesiastical than I have chronicled—

'I say, sir, it's an infernal shame, an infernal shame!'

His voice became thick with indignation; a very fine purple dawned in face, and his chins billowed about in a tempest. I thought he had been robbed, seriously maltreated, or charged double fare, being a stout man, and carrying so much luggage, as it were, in the shape of fat. I inquired the reason of his wrath.

'It's an infernal shame! They've taken Whatman off Methuselah! He's going to ride Semiramide.'

There was quite a yell of execration in the carriage. I did not strictly appreciate the grievance, but I cordially agreed that it was really a great deal too bad, and that it was just such things as that which disgusted

Digitized by Google

respectable people with the turf; and as all, of course, arrogated to themselves respectability, the remark was received with favour. And now we rattled along bravely on our iron path. Would the weather hold up? we were speculating. It just wanted a shower to put the course in nice order. Ah! but too much rain, and where would Pentapolis be? some one asked in a knowing way. Pen—for so, with affectionate abbreviation, we termed the animal—couldn't win on a wet course. For his part, the bishop was of opinion that it would rain like blazes before we reached Diecaster; that the strongest horse would win, and that the devil might take the hindmost. Then alarmist suggestions were heard: Did any one know anything about Ali Baba casting his shoe, and damaging his off-hoof? Was it true that Sally had beaten Hoopdedoodendoo at the trial on Monday? The bishop remarked, in reference to Arethusa, that he had looked well at her legs, and in strong language desired great mischief to himself if he thought much of them. He did not believe the least in Pentapolis; never knew a horse to win when the odds were seven to four about him; knew a thing or two, and it couldn't be done for the money; shouldn't be surprised if a dark horse played the trick, after all; and if any gentleman would like to transact business about Hippopotamus, why, he wouldn't balk him—he couldn't say fairer than that.

Half-way on the journey there was a plunge out of the carriages for bitter beer—a lapse of five minutes merely, and then we were shrieking through the country again. Why was Tomahawk scratched? That was what we all wanted to know. And was the owner going to stand to win upon Ali Baba or upon Semiramide? Why had Camaralzaman gone down suddenly, after having been as high up as he well could be? We were always upon such subjects as these. Once, it is true, the bishop led the conversation astray about the fight on Monday, at which he had assisted, between those distinguished members of the P. R., the Bradford Bantam and the Chelsea Nobbler, and described with glowing eloquence a 'one, two,' between the eyes, administered by the Bantam; but this lasted only a few minutes, and then we were on the main line again; and, the field against the favourite, would anybody make a bet?

Here we are at Diecaster station at last, and not merely the London train, but excursion-trains from all the neighbouring manufacturing towns are pouring out their thousands and tens of thousands; and through many arrangements of barricades, much temporary planking for the accommodating or confusing of crowds, through cordons of additional railway-servants recruited from all parts of the railway kingdom, and of policemen sworn in specially for this great occasion, we make our way into the town. Soon the bodies of excursionists lose their identities, and all seethe up together in a human mass, moving through the principal street all in one direction—to the race-course. Had the town capitulated that morning to a besieging enemy, it could not have been filled more rapidly, or by a more ample and heterogeneous army; horses, carriages, and omnibuses are bringing in more company from shorter distances whither railways do not run; and flies are swarming about—one-horsed, not entomological—beset with a mad anxiety to convey visitors to the course, and hurry back into the town, and generally, to make more trips to and fro than they can possibly hope to achieve within the given time. Were Diecaster an open museum for the display of vehicular curiosities, more striking examples of carriage construction could not have been collected in its streets. A special crowd cloaks round the betting-room, quite an imposing building, and not unlike a chapel in its external aspect. Wading through this crowd, and following cleverly in the rear of a costermonger's cart, donkey-drawn, and conveying a heavy party of six, I, too, push on for the course; and now on its edge, I find myself in quite a market overt for commerce in brandy-balls, walking-sticks, nuts and apples, Albert rock, and 'cakes and boons, a pony.' Here, too, I perceive much three-throwing at cocoa-nut-laden sticks, divers gambling arrangements for knocking sixpence off a lump of putty, and not getting it when you do knock it off; for pricking at a subtly folded garter, and for firing at a target with the advantage of obtaining 'nuts for your money, and sport for nothing.' Here, too, is a grand performance of acrobatic talent; a gentleman in exhibition doubling-up a little boy, also in spangles, into all conceivable and inconceivable shapes. The royal Punch and Judy is giving an *allegretto vivace* performance; a girl with fair hair and a dirty face is dancing in a sort of grasshopper wagon-stilts; a band of sable minstrels are dinning out 'Sally, come up—Sally, come down;' an accomplished monkey, on an elevated round table, plays the tambourine, skips with a hoop, dances a hornpipe, performs a solo on the triangle, goes through the broadsword exercise, and eventually fires off a musket—achieving the whole round of his entertainment in about the space of three minutes. All these are swarming along to the race-course, but making occasional halts with the view of feeling the pulse of the crowd, and ascertaining if stray coppers abound. Here, too, are some old vagrant acquaintances. The British seaman who has lost his legs, as he states, from the *bite* of a shark, and who exhibits a hideous cartoon *of the* painful occurrence, and keeps too curious boys from treading on the work, or from precluding the inspection of passers likely to pay as well as gaze, by administering severe thumps on the toes with his crutch. Here are more British seamen—three, each having lost an arm, their appearance unprepossessing, and savouring a good deal of the land, as they group themselves round their Union Jack, and *singing* dolefully *The Bay of Biscay*, maintain a vivid look-out for halfpence. Here is the dreadful man who elevates a pictorial placard, representing a house on fire, and an individual leaping from the two-pair window, with a statement beneath that he is the individual, and that in the disaster he bit off his tongue—exhibiting that lost member, a black, India-rubber-looking lump, preserved in spirits of wine in a glass-bottle suspended from his chin, while his wife dodges about the crowd in search of moved spectators. And here, wonder of wonders!—here is a blind man dragged raceward by his dog.

At length we are on the course. The air is gamboling hither and thither in a delicious *abandon*, and a blue sky canopies over the wide-spread carpet below—bright, warm, green in colour, save where a thick crowd blackens it near the grand stand and winning-post, and snow-white streaks map out the boundaries of the course. And now I perceive the prism hues of the jockeys' jackets dancing above the throng; and hurrah! up go certain numbers to the top of the telegraph-post; and hurrah again! Daddy Longlegs has won the Town Handicap, value 100 guineas, for three-year old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.—the second to save his stake. Annie Laurie, the favourite, has been beaten by a length.

But this is a small event—a sip only of the excitement to come in half an hour. The white lines dividing the course from the spectators are now rubbed out, for the crowd has tided over the barriers to inspect more closely the winner of the Town Handicap, and to view also as much as can be seen of the operations of saddling and weighing for the

Digitized by Google

'Gr-r-reat St Cadger,' as a wild-looking being (like a huntsman suffering from pauperism and insanity, and preferring nakedness to top-boots for his feet and legs), proclaims it, thrusting what he calls a 'c'rect card' in the face of any one he can approach sufficiently near for his purpose; and he is only a sample of a legion of other insane and poverty-stricken huntsmen, who, leaping, and bounding, and shrieking about, hoarse, hot, and hard-breathing from their exertion, proffer 'c'rect cards three-pence, and lead-pencil a penny,' to every one who appears not to want the articles in question. And now I am close to the palings of an enclosure in which are congregated very fine samples of that great institution, the British Swell. Grandly proportioned, muscular, clean-groomed and glossy altogether, with copious broad-cloths, well-waxed, well-setting moustache, bird's-wing whiskers, long white hands, superbly cool and grandly imperturbable altogether, the swell proper—and here is the genuine article—is unmatched and unmatchable. He is belted with a race-course glass, pendent behind him like a peaceable cartouche-box, and he is making notes in the most natty of note-books. He will drop his money, of course—it is one of the missions of the swell *pur sang*—and he is not supremely intellectual; but he is a fine production, and well worth examining. Note that the sun and breeze of the course have improved by warming up his usually somewhat too pale complexion; and here, in a smaller enclosure, are many individuals, by no means swells, but still making very rapid entries in their note-books. One of them, fishy as to his eyes, and mildewed generally in appearance, comes down to the front, near where I am stationed; he smiles in a bland, moist, inviting way.

'Can I make a bet with any gentleman? What do you stand on, sir? I'll go twelve to one against Archipelago—or will Blunderbore suit your little game? Eight to one—eight to one! The field against the favourite—at two to one. I'll give or I'll take you.' This was said in a general way. 'Come, gentlemen, can't I do anything with you?' He called us Gentlemen—it was complimentary, for we were rather a mixed lot; it was a cheap way of flinging half-pence among us.

'I'll back Pem,' said a husky voice; it belonged to a very decayed-looking groom, with one eye only, a plaid cap, and a stable fragrance about him. He held out a shilling.

The man with the book looked at the coin with a sublime air of pity. 'No, no!' he said, still affable, but just the slightest degree in the world offended, and a small sneer stealing up from his animal lip to his fish eye. 'No—I should like to oblige you, but I can't take shillings.—What will *you* do, sir?'—to another portion of the crowd. 'Shall we say thirteen to one against Semiramide? or will you back an outsider? Long odds given—long odds. Ah! you're laughing; you're a winner already, I see—those laugh that win. No? Backed Annie did you? Never mind; we shall all win this time—we shall all win. What can I do for you, sir?'

'It's an infernal shame,' a loud voice was exclaiming in the enclosure—'an infernal shame! What will they do next? Hippopotamus is scratched!'

It was the bishop. He was talking to a man with a globular body and very attenuated legs—something like an overgorged spider altogether. He had a speckled red face, seemingly tattooed and well rubbed in with red ochre, a heavy jaw closely shaven, coarse mouth, depressed nose, and eyes like little black beads on a bloodshot ground.

'Do you know who that is?' asked the decayed groom in an odorous whisper.

'That's the race-prophet of the *Sunday Ostler*.'

It was evident my notions of prophets had been of an overcharged and Michael Angelesque character. I had entertained thoughts of flowing robes, patriarchal forelocks, crumpled foreheads, and mane-like beards. That a prophet! A compound of the poacher, the prize-fighter, and the stable-help, with a slight dash, by way of flavour, of the low comedian.

'He calls himself Joe Nuggins's Cat. He mewed last Sunday.'

'Who does he say will win?' I asked.

'Ali Baba, one; Blunderbore, two; Pentapolis, three.'

Here the prophet, recognising a friend in the crowd, came down quite close to me.

'How are you, old Flick?' he said with a coarse guttural voice.

'Give us the tip,' was his friend's only remark.

The prophet put up two dingy, horny, hairy hands to his ugly mouth, and in a husky whisper said: 'Put the pot on Hoopdedoodendoo, ten to one. It's safe.'

And he was gone to make bets with another spider in the enclosure. 'O false prophet,' I thought, 'and what about Ali Baba?'

Past the densely crowded grand stand, and its not less crowded satellite stands—past the serried phalanx of carriages, filled with bewitching pink bonnets and French gray frilly fringy parasols, and pretty faces beneath, now busily engaged in taking bird-sips of champagne, and bird-pecks at diamond edition, forty-eight-mo sandwiches—past a closely packed line of carts, filled with people very hot and very jolly, laughing loudly, boisterously mirthful, tilting up huge stone-bottles of stout, and packing away comfortably whole libraries of slices of bread and meat in quarto and folio volumes, thick proportionately—past and in the rear of these we come upon all the paraphernalia of a fair. Here are the three throws again; dirty *rouge-et-noir* gambling apparatus; more rifle-firing for nuts; the land-sailors and the *Bay of Biscay;* the man with his tongue in the bottle; an amazing band of Ethiopians, dressed in union-jack trousers, and shirt-collars sticking out like flying jibs; and even once again the blind man, dragged into all sorts of dilemmas by his hard-hearted and inconsiderate dog. Here, too, is a wild-beast show, with a man dressed as a fair Chinaman in a suit of chintz, making a hideous din with a French horn, while a brother Chinaman administers cruel blows to a cracked gong. The result is deafening, not to say deadening. Other Chinamen have dragged on to the platform a sample of the menagerie—a brown, threadbare-looking, dingy object like an animated old door-mat, which, being a bear, opens a fearful mouth, and emits a horrible clamour, while one of his attendants waves above a disgusting-looking scarlet intestinal article of animal consumption. Adjoining this delicious attraction, are rival sparring-booths, also with platforms in front. On these, men in dirty cotton fleshings and with dirtier boxing-gloves go through fighting positions. One, it may be noted, a black man, is, with most unartistic perception, still clothed in a white fleshing. 'The Nobble Art of Self Deffence,' writes up one booth; 'Real Sparing Tallent,' inscribes the other; and the boxing attitudes go on, and the essence of science seems to be, to an ordinary observer, quite as much not to hit as not to be hit. 'Come and see fighting Sambo, the real champion of the ring,' shouts one ill-looking proprietor, with a very asthmatic voice, and putting his dirty hand on the shoulder of his dirtier black subordinate. 'Don't be deceived, gents,' roars the rival ill-looking proprietor. 'Here is the real thing. Just a going to begin. Now—all in, all in!' It may be remarked, that while by far the greater portion of the crowd collected on the course is distinguished by the broad dialect of the northern provinces, all the public

Digitized by Google

exhibitors, performers, conjurors, and mountebanks, generally speak without the slightest provincialism. Are they all Londoners, then, these vagrant professors of a hundred arts, or do the hard toils of their Arab life erase every evidence of their places of nativity? And now the bell rings for saddling, so back to the course to see the running for the Gr-reat St Cadger Sweepstakes.

A stout gentleman on horseback, scarlet-coated, and with a long hound-whip, is dashing and lashing about in an impassioned way, aiding the police to clear the course of stragglers. And now come the horses for their preliminary canter. 'That 's Pen! that 's Pen!' cry a thousand voices as the satin-coated favourite bounds past. 'Here 's Sally! That 's Archipelago! The red cap? No, the blue. Who 's this? The black one? Oh, that 's Uncle Ned. *He* hasn't much chance. Here 's Semiramide; she 's a stunner, she is. Here 's Hoopdedoodendoo, and Arethusa, and Little Stranger, and Camaralzaman; and that 's Blunderbore—he 's a good horse. Here 's Dandy Jim, and Tommy Tucker, and Ali Baba, and Fuzboz, and Potheen, and Epaminondas, and Trovatore.' And so they pass along, springing over the smooth turf, stretching out their taper necks, wonderful in their exquisite proportion, and their capacity for the speed they are called upon to exert, in their length and strength and wiriness of limb, the veins standing out in maps and patterns on their sleek coats, which gleam in the sun as though recently French-polished; and pleasant to look upon those trim, spruce, little jockeys, amazing light weights some of them, radiant in satin jackets and caps, and dainty cream-hued, tight-fitting small—very small—clothes. What children, what toys they look, but clean in their build, and very neatly turned about the limbs; what firm, sinewy management of their horses; what tight sticking to their saddles, as, bowing down their heads over the horse's neck, the wind bellies out their satin jackets, and they whirl past. How the impression comes to one that, as a matter of drawing, it would hardly be possible to make the horse with legs too long, or with a jockey too small!

And now we at the winning-post are in a great state of mental anxiety, in a great state of bodily discomfort, and yet the while strangely and joyously excited. Will they never get the horses off? 't' harses' or 't' hoorses,' as the words are pronounced by the crowd. They 're off, they 're off! 'Noa, noa, bock agin.' False start. Another, and another, and another. Will they never let them go? Now, now, off! A great stir in the grand stand, a great change in its colour, like the removal of a black mask from a white face. It is the general taking off of hats and the turning of all heads to one particular point. They 're off, they 're off! Look, you can see them. No, not yet. Now, by the hill, by the trees—now they 're lost. Wait a bit—now again, by the Red House, rounding the corner. Here they come—here, here, here they are. Goo it! goo it! Bravo! hurrah! Pen, Pen, Pen! Bounding, tearing, pulsing along, with the quick *thud thud* of their hoofs beating musically on the turf, a stream of horses flashes past, more as a phantom than a reality, but that the ground trembles beneath them, and the bright jockey-colours glare past the eyes like a rainbow travelling express. Great cries of 'the favourite, the favourite.' More shouting, screaming, hubbub, and confusion. The great race is won and lost. Jump over the barriers, and on to the telegraph post. Hurrah! Camaralzaman, 1; Archipelago, 2; Uncle Ned, 3; Pentapolis, 4. Won cleverly by a neck. Bad third; a length between third and fourth; the rest nowhere. A tempest of noise; the roar reaches a crescendo.

The details of the race, I of myself should have had great difficulty in arriving at. I must own that the horses were to me indescribably indistinguishable. Often I was prompted to give utterance to the suggestion, that it would be an excellent plan to inscribe each horse's name in large type on its flanks. The colours, and the perpetual reference to the card, to ascertain what horse bore them, and what, therefore, was his name, was bewildering. Fortunately, however, the sporting paper of the week supplied particulars that struck me with amazement as to how they could possibly have been ascertained. I was informed that after four failures the lot got away on good terms, Tommy Tucker slightly in advance, and closely clustering in his wake, Semiramide, Fuzboz, Blunderbore, Camaralzaman, Epaminondas, Pentapolis, Dandy Jim, and Archipelago, in the order set down. After the first seventy yards, however, Uncle Ned went to the front, Semiramide and Pentapolis following on close to his heels, with Potheen, and Hoopdedoodendoo, and Little Stranger lying in the extreme rear. At the top of the hill, Arethusa emerged from the ruck, and gained a place next to Pentapolis. On turning into the straight, Uncle Ned declined, and Semiramide and Arethusa fell off. The issue of the race then rested with Archipelago, Pentapolis, and Camaralzaman; Uncle Ned still leading the beaten lot. Soon Pentapolis began to evince signals of distress, and Camaralzaman put on the steam. Uncle Ned then passed the favourite, and made a bold spirt for a first place, running very game, and evidently seriously tried. The race was then a very exciting one between Camaralzaman and Archipelago, the former winning cleverly by a neck, &c.

A stout form with a purple face, in the neighbourhood of the winning-post, is expostulating violently to a small group of hearers. 'It 'sh an infernalsh shame. Infamushrasche—infamush. Wheresh Hoop-de- (hic) doodendoo? Infamush. Fernalshame.' It is the bishop, and he has taken a little, just a little, too much refreshment. He is held up by the prophet, who is hot and greasy, but comfortable. I think that, upon the whole, he is a winner.

There are more races—the Corporation Pot, 200 sovereigns; the Swellington Stakes, 200 guineas. But who cares for these? Soda-water upon champagne. Let 's get away. Beds at the Ewe Inn are one pound for the night, to sleep in a double-bedded room, perhaps with the bishop or the prophet in the other bed. No, thank you; I 'm for London.

AN APOLOGY FOR OUR AUGUSTAN AGE.

ALTHOUGH there is little more than a lifetime between us and the glorious dead of our Augustan age, what a gulf there is between their manners and our own; what a singular scene of revelry, bluster, and intemperance we picture in our minds when we ponder on their lives! How different from the peaceful, calm, and contemplative life we love to think peculiar to the scholar! Why is it that the memory of these men is always tainted with an atmosphere redolent of excesses and the diseases consequent on over-feeding? Who imagines Johnson without his constant companions, dropsy, tumours, gout, and palsy? Who remembers Addison without a sad recollection of a trembling hand and a flushed face? When we think of Steele, is it not with wonderment that he could ever have been sober enough to write a line? Swift was so selfish in his gratifications, that we cannot even pity the infirmities his habits brought upon him. It is useless to recapitulate: it is too evident we can scarcely find one pure life among the brilliant names that gilded our Augustan age.

Why is this? It cannot be that literary men *must*

Digitized by Google

fall into these errors. It cannot be that the fine thoughts conceived by these noble souls have any tendency to drag them down to the level of our most degraded fellow-creatures. Surely the lives of our living authors utterly falsify any such idea. We do not shudder at the home-life of our teachers at the present day. They are not rendered different from the rest of us by any extraordinary vices. Beyond a trifling peculiarity in the way of a loose sleeve here, a protuberant collar there, and an occasional eccentricity in hirsute decoration, there is nothing about our great men to excite surprise. It is therefore unfair to attribute the sad memories of drunkenness and disorder that encircle the writers of the eighteenth century, to their pursuits. Let us compare their lives with those among whom they lived, and judge them by that standard, not our own.

The necessity for this comparison is forced upon us by an *Essay of Health and Long Life*, written by George Cheyne, M.D., F.R.S., in 1725; and from it we see that we have been shaking our heads, and holding up our hands at a few men, who were after all but the type of the many, and who, from their prominent position, have had fastened upon them a stigma due to the nation.

Dr Cheyne was born in 1670, when the ruins of London's Great Fire were not yet removed, and living during the reigns of Charles II., James, William and Mary, and Anne, saw the Brunswick line firmly established by the accession of George I. He was a very fashionable physician, and as he must have had ample opportunity for acquiring experience, we may rely upon his testimony. His book was much read, we know; and the need there existed for it, is fully established in the broad statement with which the doctor commences, that 'there is nothing that the better sort of people so lavishly and so unconcernedly throw away as health, except eternal felicity;' and he sufficiently accounts for the continental reputation awarded to us at that time, from the evil effects of which we still suffer, by giving us to understand that 'most of the chronical diseases, the infirmities of old age, and the short periods of the lives of Englishmen, are owing to repletion.'

The fact is, our ancestors knew nothing of physical laws. The light that had begun to shine in Germany and France, had not yet reached them. They could not conceive that any ill effects could ensue from rioting and gluttony; and the utter heedlessness of consequences we see now only in particular cases, was then the result of ignorance, and not persisted in, as at present, contrary to reason and judgment. That the little medical knowledge then existing was so loaded with errors that it did not afford sufficient food for expansive intellects, may be learned from the fact, that such men as Goldsmith and Mark Akenside, Smollett and Hartley, abandoned their professions, and gained their reputation in the wider fields of literature. It is rather curious that the same period during which the future truths of physiology lay hidden, should have given birth to the most masterly delineations of man's moral nature.

Much occupied as Dr Cheyne was in his profession, medicine did not possess monopolising charms for him, for we find him in the preface to his *Essay on Health*, speak with much contrition of a book he published on geometry and algebra, which he declared to have been 'brought forth in ambition, and bred up in vanity.' Notwithstanding the modesty with which Cheyne speaks of this 'sally,' as he calls it, Dr Isaac Watts, in his *Improvement of the Mind*, mentions it with praise, and proclaims the author to have been 'a good proficient and writer.' Dr Cheyne says further, in reference to this book, with a quaintness that is quite bewitching, that a 'long time since I was forced to forego these barren and airy studies for more substantial and commodious speculations: indulging and rioting in these so exquisitely bewitching contemplations, being only proper for public professors, and those born to estates. Besides, to own a grievous truth, though they may sharpen the invention, strengthen the imagination, and refine the reasoning faculties; yet, having no tendency to rectify the will, sweeten the temper, or mend the heart, they often leave a stiffness, positiveness, and sufficiency on weak minds, much more pernicious to society, and the interests of the great end of our being, than all the advantages they bring them can recompense. They are, indeed, edge-tools, not to be trusted in the hands of any, but those who have already acquired an humble heart, a lowly spirit, and a sober and teachable temper.' These extraordinary sentiments concerning geometry and algebra, have been so far endorsed by Isaac Watts, that he gives the whole of this long quotation in his work just mentioned.

Dr Cheyne's *Essay on Health* is dedicated to his 'good and worthy friend,' Sir Joseph Jekyll—master of the rolls to Queen Anne, and principal manager of the trial of Dr Sacheverell—and it was at his desire that Cheyne drew up some rules for a 'confirmation of his health, and in the manner of supporting his spirits free and full under the great business he is engaged in.' These rules were afterwards extended into this essay; but Cheyne fears no endeavour of his could make 'a change in the nation, whilst the devil, the world, and the flesh are on the other side of the question.' Another stumbling-block in the way of improvement is the fact, that 'the British nation does not admire a self-denial,' and so will indulge in so much 'animal food and strong fermenting liquors, that scarce any one before they arrive at old age but becomes crazy, or suffers under some chronical distemper.' Do we not recognise here the colours that have been so plentifully daubed over the portraits of our great men, and which we have thought harmonised only with their characters?

Dr Cheyne complains that 'the variety of dishes, the luxurious artfulness of cookery, and swallowing rich wine after every bit of meat, so lengthen out the appetite, the fondness of mothers and the cramming of nurses have so stretched the capacities of receiving, that there is no security from the appetite;' and that his patients may not exceed, the doctor limits them to the following allowance for what he rightly calls the *great* meal: 'the two wings of a middling pullet, or one wing and both legs; three ribs of a middling neck of mutton; two middling slices of a leg or shoulder, throwing away the fat and the skin, and somewhat less of beef!' Can we imagine Kitty of Queensberry eating thus prodigiously, and charmingly petulant with Dr Cheyne for not allowing her more? He excludes from the table altogether all 'hog's flesh;' and fish is so hard of digestion that he reminds 'all valetudinary and studious people' how they are generally 'forced to have recourse to spirits and distilled liquors to carry it off, so that it is become a proverb among those who live much on it, that brandy is Latin for fish'—a pleasantry we can imagine Dick Steele to have revelled in.

Dr Cheyne draws for us a picture which we would rather not contemplate. He says: 'There is nothing more ridiculous than to see tender, hysterical, and vapourish people perpetually complaining, and yet perpetually cramming; crying out they are ready to sink into the ground and faint away, and yet gobbling down the richest and strongest food, and highest

Digitized by Google

cordials, to oppress and overlay them quite.' All this is so opposed to our conventional ideas of suffering Chloes, Stellas, and Lucindas, that we would fain shut our eyes and remain deluded.

We are more disturbed to learn from this book also, that not only did 'the profligate, the scoundrel, the abandoned, run into these excesses, but that the vice is become epidemical among persons of the brightest genius, the finest taste, and the most accomplished parts; and—O that I could give my conscience the lie in mentioning them—even among the first and least fallen part of the creation itself, and those of them, too, of the most elegant parts, and the strictest virtue otherwise.' The dreadful disenchantment is completed when we find that the 'poor pretty creatures,' as Cheyne calls the fair sex, were in the habit of flying to drams for consolation when afflicted with 'a fit of the cholic, or of the vapours, a family misfortune, a casual disappointment, the death of a child, or of a friend.' It would be well, perhaps, when we next feast our eyes on Sir Peter Lely's smiling beauties of Charles II.'s court, to remember these habits of theirs, and to imagine them all palsied, cramped, and tottering with premature age, as Dr Cheyne must have seen them, when they would have consulted him in fond hope that he could, by some elixir, help them to live on a little longer. Dr Cheyne confirms his own statements by recording that some years before, Sir Charles Scarborough, physician, who was wrecked off the coast of Scotland when in attendance on James II., and pulled ashore by Pepys, was obliged to reprove the then beautiful La Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, in the following Abernethian manner: 'You must eat less, or use more exercise, or take physic, or be sick!'

We know that Dr Johnson read this book of Cheyne's, for Boswell relates that the great lexicographer recommended it to him. Can we not fancy, then, that Johnson determined to make tea his usual drink, when he read that 'strong liquors inflame the blood into gout, stone, and rheumatism, raging fevers, pleurisies, small-pox, or measles, enrage the passions into quarrels, murder, and blasphemy, dry up the juices, and scorch and shrivel the solids.' Does not this reveal to us likewise a reason why we hear so much of these diseases in the history of the time; and is it not evident that we have not yet become quite free from the impurities that have been handed down to us by our ancestors? Let us believe that flesh was never intended to be heir to these infirmities, and that it is in our own power to save our children from the inheritance.

In spite of these 'distempers,' which nothing but 'cupping, bleeding, blistering, issues, vomiting, and sweatings' will remove, the doctor writes: 'I have no intention here to discourage the innocent means of enlivening conversation, promoting friendship, comforting the sorrowful heart, and raising the drooping spirits by the cheerful cup and the social repast;' still he cannot approve of punch, which 'universally afflicts persons with palsies, cramps, and convulsions, and cuts them off in a few days.' To this he adds, with a twinge of self-reproach, called forth, no doubt, because it was well known that he was himself unable to resist the pleasures of the table, and had had three times in his life to be limited to an entirely vegetable diet—'Perhaps I may like the harmless frolic, the warm reception of a friend, and even the *dulce furore* itself more than I ought;' and he calls upon his readers to take a lesson from the experience he has had in his 'own crazy and untunable carcass.'

As a companion to the advice about the substantial part of the great meal, we are warned to take but 'one spoonful of wine in three glasses of water with it; and, as Sir William Temple has it, "one for yourself, another for your friends, a third for good-humour, and a fourth for your enemies after it."' If this rule were carried out at Moor Park, it must have been more salutary than agreeable to Jonathan Swift, who, from his position as chaplain, had to retire before the arrival of the sweets.

Cheyne does not 'admit any danger in the foreign infusion some great doctors have condemned by *bell*, book, and candle,' and to which Johnson became so much attached; but he has great objection to coffee, because 'those who debauch in it turn stupid, feeble, and paralytic. A dish or two is a present relief; but to dabble in it two or three times a day is as ridiculous, and more hurtful, than drinking so much lime-water.'

We find malt-liquors had not attained their present celebrity; 'they were only in use among mechanics and fox-hunters;' and our French neighbours ridiculed them under the name of 'barley soop.'

The next time we suffer ourselves to be enraptured with the numerous heroes of the last century, who as Philanders sighed for Delias, and as Dorimels swore by Altheas' eyebrows, let us remember that it was positively necessary for Dr Cheyne to implore them to 'duly once a week wash in warm water, rub, scrape, and pare their feet and nails!' And, beneath the wig that was so universal, the condition of the head must have been anything but sightly, as the doctor is obliged to remind his public that it will be conducive to their health if they will keep it well washed and shaved!

It is interesting to find contemporary testimony that Londoners could not even then enjoy a bath in their own noble river; for we read that 'the foreign matter with which rivers which have much *filth* drained into them abound, will sometimes ferment, as is manifest in the Thames.'

We are prepared to find doctors differing, but should hardly have expected to hear Cheyne ridiculing a German proverb that favours warm clothing, and telling us that 'much and heavy clothes attract and draw too much perspiration.' Without doubt, the doctor approved of the airy costume patronised by the ladies of his time.

Let us imagine one of the most enlightened of these, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, applying to Dr Cheyne for relief from cold, caught perhaps from lingering too long in Pope's pretty garden at Twickenham, with a proper deference to Dr Cheyne's dislike of flannel, and she would have been told 'to lie much abed, drink plentifully of small warm sack-whey, with a few drops of spirits of hartshorn, posset-drink, or water-gruel, and to take a scruple of Gascoign's powder night and morning.' When we discover that this Gascoign's powder—which must have been swallowed in large quantities by every one at that time, for we learn it had 'repute among physicians of the best note as a mighty cordial'—was compounded of an ounce each of prepared pearls, crab's eyes, red coral, amber, and oriental bezoar, we are brought back to the point from which we started, and can at once realise the ignorance that surrounded physiology at this time. Nearly all the remedies then in use were mixed with large quantities of arrack, canary, sack, hermitage or brandy, so there was no help for our invalided ancestors; they were pursued by these burning liquors, and having become ill from taking too much, were expected to get well by taking more.

We wish it could be said that over-eating and over-drinking had entirely disappeared from England—that the good seeds sown by Dr Cheyne had spread wider than they have done. The people of the last century may be excused for having fallen into error, because they were ignorant of the laws they were transgressing. This cannot be said of us. If we sin, we do so in spite of warning and in spite of knowledge; and instead, therefore, of reproaching the ignorant

Digitized by Google

excesses of our Augustan age, it would be well for us to imitate the example of Cheyne, and do everything in our power to check the wilful infringement of the laws of heaven in our own.

LABOUDIE, THE CYMBAL-PLAYER.

St Michael's fair, held at Angers, the *chef-lieu* and assize-town of the department of the Maine-et-Loire, France, drew thither, in 1846, a much larger concourse of persons than usual, from the circumstance that to its ordinary attractions was to be added the exciting spectacle of the *guillotine en action*—a great moral lesson which authority had declared could not, upon this particular occasion, have too large an audience. Among that thronging, eager crowd, the name of Jean Gossot Laboudie was bandied about in every variety of emphasis and tone, expressive of scorn, indignation, abhorrence; and at his appearance in the *charrette*, with a priest by his side, a yell of execration burst forth, so fierce, so terrible, that the doomed wretch, whose pallid face and wildly gleaming eyes were calming into hopeful resignation beneath the influence of the priest's prayers and promises, was actually smitten down by the overwhelming anathema, falling on his face with a loud cry of despair, as if, whispered the near bystanders, as if recognising that the unanimous judgment of his fellow-men was prophetic of the swiftly coming doom of God!

The charrette moves on the while—the irredeemable moments flit past, and suddenly another shout, more intense, more terrible than that which struck down Laboudie, rings through the air. This hurricane-outcry, commencing at the upper corner of the Place, communicates itself with electric rapidity to the whole of the vast assemblage, swaying them to and fro in billowy eddies; and so confused, so deafening is the multitudinous uproar of voices, that it is some moments before you make out that they are shouting, screaming—'Stop! stop! It is murder! It is she! Thunder of heaven! it is Cécile! It is his child! Break down the scaffold!' and the like frantic outcries. Not only is the crowd in the Place thus furiously agitated, but superior functionaries, and others of the *élite* of Angers, handsomely attired ladies among them, seated at the windows of the prefecture, whence a capital view of the grim and ghastly guillotine is obtained, display equal commotion. More especially excited is the venerable, white-haired *conseiller à la Cour de Cassation*, who officiated as president of the Cour d'Assises which condemned Laboudie to death; and, although his words are inaudible, you perceive that he is gesticulating like a madman to the busy officials of the scaffold.

The apparent cause of the frenzy which has seized the people is a fair young girl, tall of her age, which cannot be more than seventeen, attired with picturesque fantasy in a bright-coloured dress, and holding a tambourine in her hand, who is standing up by the side of the driver of a lofty, gaily-painted, wood-roofed wagon, which has just come into view at the upper corner of the Place. She gazes from her conspicuous standing-place with wondering curiosity at the excited crowd and the grim scaffold, with which, or with what is passing there, the gestures and vociferations, by which she is stunned and stupified, seem to connect her in some inexplicable manner.

'What can have happened?' she murmurs bewildered. 'Why do they cry murder, and ejaculate, "It is Cécile—Cécile, her very self?"'

The reply to those questions could not have been rendered briefly intelligible to the girl herself; and to the reader, ignorant of preceding circumstances with which she was familiar, it must needs be a much more lengthened one. I will, however, give it as briefly as may be, and as far as possible in the words of the original record.

Jean Gossot Laboudie, a man, by his own account, of little more than forty years of age, but, judged by appearances, fifty at least, was a discharged soldier, who had served in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, had been dismissed the army for some offence without a pension, and refused admission to the Invalides, although severely wounded in the head—a hurt which, when his blood was inflamed with drink or passion, manifested itself by paroxysms of rage, approaching, in unreasoning violence, to absolute insanity. He had been known in the neighbourhood of Angers, Beaufort, Jumelles, and the adjacent hamlets, for the previous ten years, as a strolling musician—he himself playing the Turkish cymbals and Pandean reeds, to which his daughter Cécile, a pretty *blonde*, with bright blue eyes, sparkling with vivacity and intelligence, sang and danced; of late years, assisting her father's instrumentation with the tambourine. This girl, who was about seven years old when they first appeared in that part of France, was fondly beloved by her father; and if anything could have weaned him from a vagabond-life, and the debasing tastes which had probably sunk him to the low level of such an existence, and now bound him thereto, it would have been his anxiety to assure her a happier, worthier future than for himself he cared for. For Jean Gossot Laboudie was a confirmed drunkard and reckless gambler; save when, under the pressure of necessity, or the fitful stimulus derived from his ardent love of Cécile, he broke away for a few days or weeks from the corrupting routine of his daily pursuits, only to fall back therein more inextricably enthralled than before. At such times, glimpses of a former and better life, of careful educational culture, clearly manifested themselves, and many efforts were made by worthy persons to win him back to honest if humble respectability. It was pious labour thrown away; habits of vagabond idleness are rarely conquered in mature life; and except during these brief, remorseful intervals, Laboudie remained constant to his peripatetic vocation, which, moreover, became comparatively profitable with the development of Cécile's vivacity and talent; and several propositions were made to him that they should both, since separation from each other appeared out of the question, join a regular *troupe* of itinerant performers. All such offers, however, were angrily rejected by Laboudie, who could not bear the thought of Cécile's association with *men* of his own calling, though of a considerably higher grade. Thus dreaming, sinning, repenting, Laboudie continued to squander life and health till the summer of 1846, when it was remarked that a great change had come over the girl, now in her seventeenth year. Her buoyant spirits had vanished with the bright bloom of her cheeks, and were succeeded by chagrin and lassitude. They had been absent from that part of France during the previous winter and spring, and the change consequently struck the numerous friends and admirers of *La Belle Tambourine*, about Angers, the more forcibly. Laboudie was questioned over and over again as to the cause of so ominous a transformation; but his answers were as petulant and fierce as they were unsatisfactory.

'He knew nothing of the cause of Cécile's megrims. *Parbleu*, how should he? It was the girl's waywardness, caprice; and, bah! she would be gay enough

Digitized by Google

again before long: and if not,' he once added in terrible tones, 'I would prefer seeing her in her grave to—— But this, *ma foi*,' he went on to say, changing his tone and manner by a strong effort—'this, after all, is but silly bavardage. Cécile is a good girl, and will soon regain her charming vivacity; and, by the way, Maître Guiton, I will trouble you for another *petit verre*.' Laboudie tossed off the liquor, and immediately left the place—a *cabaret*, near Beaufort, called *Le Coq*.

This occurred on the 19th of August 1846; and at about eleven o'clock on the evening of that day—six hours only after Laboudie had left Le Coq—two lads—Jacques Broussard and Simon Vesset, both between twelve and thirteen years of age, were met by a party of *gardes champêtres* (rural police), as they, the lads, were hastening to warn the authorities of Beaufort of a tragical event that had just occurred at a place about half a league from where they met the gardes. The story related by the boys, stripped of surplusage, was as follows: They were both swine-herds in the employ of a cultivator named Perron, and, now that beech and oak mast were beginning to fall, passed the night alternately with two other lads, in the woods bordering the Loire between Jumelles and Beaufort, in charge of their master's swine. The *local* to which they were restricted was very solitary and dismal, even in daytime, and of course much more so at night, brief and fine as the nights were at that season; and the boys usually kept close by each other for companionship. They were so at between nine and ten that evening, in one of the temporary huts constructed to shelter them in case of foul weather, when they heard footsteps approaching, accompanied by voices pitched in a loud and angry key. Peeping forth at the unglazed apertures which admitted air and light to the hut, they perceived that the steps and voices were those of Laboudie and La Belle Tambourine, whom they of course knew well by sight. They passed close by the hut, and the boys observed that Cécile was weeping bitterly—an emotion which, there could be no doubt, was excited by the angry abuse of her father, who seemed desperately enraged by the girl's refusal, as the boys gathered from the few sentences they distinctly made out, to give him a sum of money she had earned that afternoon by assisting at a marriage-fête. Cécile carried her tambourine as usual, and Laboudie his cymbals; and it was subsequently ascertained that they were proceeding to a hamlet a considerable distance off, where their services were required, early in the morning, at another nuptial-fête. Curiosity induced the boys to follow the father and daughter, the sinuous path leading through the thick woods enabling them to do so very closely without any risk of being observed. The rage of Laboudie continued to increase in violence, and the lads were soon quite sure that it was excited by Cécile's refusal to part with the money she had earned, for he frequently broke off in what he was saying—which, for the most part, they could not comprehend, from his rapid, passionate way of speaking—to exclaim, pausing in his walk as he did so, and shaking the cymbal in his right hand fiercely at the girl: 'Donnez le moi, malheureuse; donnez moi l'argent ou je t'assomme.' Cécile would *not* do so; and on they went, till close by the rocky turn about a quarter of a league from the Vallée des Vaux, which, of course, Messieurs les Gardes Champêtres knew perfectly well, leads precipitately down to the edge of the Loire, obliging the traveller to take the narrow footpath on the right. There Laboudie again halted, exclaiming in a fiercer voice than ever: 'Donnez moi l'argent, je te dis; si non'——

The girl, interrupting, said something inaudible to the boys, which had the effect of throwing Laboudie into a transport of ungovernable rage; and accompanying the cruel deed with a wild, savage imprecation, he struck her a violent blow on the head with the edge of a cymbal, and Cécile fell to the ground dead—murdered!

'Dead—murdered! can it be possible?' exclaimed the gardes in a breath. 'But how did you ascertain that?'

'Very easily,' replied Broussard, the most intelligent of the boys. 'Laboudie had no sooner committed the fell act, than he seemed paralysed with horror; but presently recovering his self-possession, he threw himself on his knees beside his daughter, down whose face the blood was profusely streaming, and called frantically upon the senseless corpse to speak to him—forgive him—feeling her wrists and heart the while, with the hope, no doubt, of finding that she yet breathed.' Convinced, however—so the lads concluded—that she was indeed slain, he rose to his feet, and raged, cursed, gnashed his teeth with maniacal fury. By and by, a sense of his own peril seemed to flash upon him; he glanced eagerly about on all sides, as if to assure himself that the bloody scene had no witnesses; then snatching up the corpse, he made off with it down the precipitous ravine to the river, which in that part of its course is very swift and deep, and vanished from the view of the boys, who stood gazing at each other in mute dismay. Laboudie soon reappeared, looked searchingly about as before, and went rapidly off to the right, in the direction of the hamlet of Ponçeresu. Full ten minutes must have passed, Broussard thought, before they, fearing the furious man's return, ventured forth from their hiding-place, and crept down the ravine. The body of the unfortunate Cécile was nowhere to be seen, and had doubtless been thrown into the Loire by the unnatural assassin. The boys had hardly gained the concealment of the wood when they saw Laboudie hurrying back to the spot, and they themselves at once set off to apprise justice of what had occurred.

The reader will understand, that while this revelation was being made, the gardes champêtres and their youthful informants were hurrying to the spot where the frightful crime was alleged to have been perpetrated. It was scarcely concluded when they arrived, and obtained abundant confirmation of its truth. Laboudie was still there, and they contrived to approach within half-a-dozen yards of him unobserved. The wretched man had his daughter's tambourine in his hands, which he would one moment kiss and apostrophise with frensied tenderness, as if addressing his child; the next, he burst into hideous laughter, said she was condemned to death, and it was no use praying, or words, as the horrified auditors understood, to that purpose; then bethinking himself, he hastened to finish his work of fastening a heavy stone to the inside of the tambourine by means of his braces, which he had fastened across the instrument through the bell-apertures. The instant he was satisfied the stone could not slip away, he hurried with the instrument towards the river, with the obvious intention of throwing it in—the idea suggesting the act being of course that the finding of the tambourine would lead to inquiries as to the fate of its owner. He reached the bank of the river, poised the tambourine with both hands, exclaimed: 'Va, suis ta malheureuse maîtresse' (Go, follow thy unhappy mistress), when he was seized by the gardes. His glaring eyes rested for a moment, as if fascinated by fear, upon the official ministers of vengeance, and then shrieking out: 'Ha, ha! the assassin is caught then!' fainted.

The Cour d'Assises for the department of the Maine-et-Loire commenced its trimestrial sittings on the 12th of September 1846, at Angers, under the presidence of M. Ponthieu, conseiller à la Cour de

Digitized by Google

Cassation, a magistrate of high character and great experience. Laboudie's trial was appointed for the 14th; and five minutes after the doors were opened on the morning of that day, the *tribunes, prétoire*, every nook and cranny of the court, where sitting or standing room could be obtained, were filled by an excited auditory, anxious to witness, and, as it were, participate in the condemnation of the monster that had slain his own child for the purpose of possessing himself of her hardly won earnings!

Upon the appearance of the prisoner, he was greeted with a murmur, which the commands of the president with difficulty prevented from swelling into a shout of execration. Laboudie shrunk back from the scrutiny of so many angry eyes; but silence and order being at length enforced, his self-possession returned, and in reply to the president, he said his name was Jean Gossot Laboudie; that he was born in Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dôme; was a widower; had served as a Chasseur d'Afrique, was now a musician by profession, and in his forty-first year: he pleaded not guilty.

Messieurs les Jurés were then called and sworn; and that ceremony over, the *acte d'accusation* was read by the *greffier*, as also the *procès verbal* in the case. (Minutes of preliminary evidence, taken by a *juge de paix*, or a commissary of police.) M. Begnard had been, it was angrily remarked, engaged for the prisoner; and immediately after the formal proceedings had closed, he took his seat upon the *banc de la défense* with an *avoué*. 'Scoundrels seldom want eloquent defenders,' growled one of the audience, loud enough to draw upon himself the official rebuke of a *huissier*.

As soon as the greffier had finished reading the procès verbal, the procureur-général was about to call witnesses to substantiate the averments of the acte d'accusation by *vivâ-voce* testimony, when the prisoner interfered.

'Pardon, Monsieur le Président,' he said, in a subdued respectful tone. 'There is an error, involuntary, no doubt, in one of the procès verbaux, that drawn up by Monsieur le Commissaire de Police, Tascher. The garde champêtre has deposed that he heard me apostrophising, in imagination, of course, *l'infortunée*, who, I admit, came by her death at my hands. Perhaps Monsieur le Greffier will have the complaisance to read the passage.'

'That Jean Gossot Laboudie exclaimed, as if addressing his victim,' so the greffier read, at a sign from the president, 'that she was condemned to death, and it was of no use praying or crying.'

'C'est ça. Well, Monsieur le Président, et Messieurs, that is a misapprehension. I remember every circumstance pertaining to that fatal night now. My memory, after scenes of violence and passion, becomes clear and exact, slowly, but completely. I was merely repeating to myself, in my utter despair, the fine verses with which Monsieur le Président is no doubt well acquainted:

> La mort a des rigueurs à nulle autres pareilles;
> Nous avons beau prier;
> La cruelle qu'elle est, bouche ses oreilles,
> Et nous laisse crier.'

'It may be as you say, Laboudie,' remarked the president; 'but the correction you supply is only of consequence as shewing that you have not the excuse of want of education for your misdeeds.'

'Be it so,' rejoined the prisoner; 'it is none the less the exact verity. *Au reste*, the depositions of the gardes champêtres and others are correct. I did, there is no doubt, cause the death of Cécile, but not,' added Laboudie with extreme emotion—'not with intention: not, as Thou knowest, O God of mercy—not with intention—with malice! I would have freely given my own life a thousand times for hers.'

'You believe in God, then, Laboudie,' said the president, taking at once the decided part, or apparently so, on the side of the prosecution, which so utterly scandalises an Englishman. 'You forgot Him on the night of the 19th of August.'

'Yes, yes,' replied the accused mournfully; 'it is true. The demon possessed me wholly then. He often does; always after his agent and forerunner, brandy—water of death, not life (*eau de vie*), it should be called—has prepared the way for him.'

The hearing of the witnesses was next proceeded with; and that over, the *duel* between the president and the prisoner, that most revolting feature in the criminal procedure of France, commenced.

'According to your own story, Laboudie,' said the president, 'you, after striking Cécile to the earth with a cymbal, carried her to the brink of the river, in order to try the effect of cold water in restoring her senses. Failing in that, you hurried off towards Poncereau in quest of medical aid; but after traversing about a third of the distance, the thought occurred that help so tardy would be of no avail. You retraced your steps, and upon reaching the spot where you had left the body of your daughter, found it had disappeared. A kerchief that had hung loose upon her neck was floating upon the water, and you thence concluded, either that Cécile upon partially recovering consciousness, had fallen accidentally into the river, upon the slippery, precipitous brink of which you had left her; or that, in a paroxysm of grief and despair, excited by your brutality, she had wilfully drowned herself. This is, I think, a fair *résumé* of your version of the affair?'

'*Remerciments*, Monsieur le Président. It is reproduced with the exactest fidelity.'

'How do you reconcile that statement with the exclamatory confession that escaped you when surprised by the gardes champêtres: "The assassin is caught then?"'

'I accused myself at that bewildering moment, as I do now, of having been the involuntary assassin of the unfortunate Cécile.'

'Why, if innocent in intention, did you endeavour to destroy all traces of the deceased by sinking her tambourine and otherwise?'

'Eh, Monsieur le Président, the love of life beats strongly in the breasts of the most fallen and wretched of mankind. I feared, and justly it has proved, to be misinterpreted. Besides, the dreadful catastrophe brought on an access of insanity. I knew not what I said or did.'

'You admit that the immediate cause of quarrel was the refusal of your daughter to give up a sum of money she had received from the *famille* Coquard?'

'Yes, the immediate apparent cause of quarrel, not the real one. I wished to obtain the money because I knew that by it Cécile would be enabled to accomplish a design I would have given my own life to frustrate.'

'What design was that?'

The accused hesitated for a few moments, and then said in a low, determined voice: 'To state that would avail nothing. I have unwittingly slain my child, but I will cast no stain upon her memory.'

A murmur of indignation from the audience followed this apparently hypocritical declaration, but it was suppressed by the president, who, at the same time, echoed it in his rejoinder.

'This is excellent, Laboudie. You, not only a confirmed vagabond and drunkard, but who, not long since, attempted to steal a silver flagon from an *aubergiste* of Beaufort, seek to shelter yourself under a plea of delicacy, forsooth!'

The sallow countenance of the accused had the hue and heat of flame as he replied: 'Vagabond!

Digitized by Google

drunkard! Yes; but thief, never! The concealment of the cup was a mischievous trick played me by a drunken comrade. It was found, and Meudon the aubergiste has since acquitted me of all blame in the matter.'

Enough of these interpellations, so opposed to our notions of fair-play. As soon as they were concluded, the procureur-général sustained the accusation in an able and elaborate address. M. Begnard made an impassioned speech in defence, in which he questioned the legal soundness of the procureur-général's *dictum*, that the *corpus delicti* had been sufficiently established by the evidence of the boys, and the *quasi* confession of the accused. At all events, a verdict of guilty must be accompanied, he contended, by the qualification of 'extenuating circumstances.'

The avocat-général replied, insisting upon the sufficiency of the corpus delicti as established—evidently the weak point of the case. The corpse had no doubt been carried away by the river, or so weighted by the assassin, that it had sunk deep into its soft, muddy bed—a common occurrence, he said. M. Begnard rejoined in a few words, and then Monsieur le Président, a few minutes before the ablest counsel for the prosecution assumed to hold the balance equally between the accuser and accused, 'summed up,' as we say—*résumoit les débats* is the French term; and that done, Messieurs les Jurés, after deliberating for a few minutes, pronounced a simple verdict of guilty, by a majority of nine to three. The procureur thereupon drew his conclusions on behalf of the *vindicte publique*, that Jean Gossot Laboudie be condemned to death—and the costs of the proceedings. The court acquiesced, and Monsieur le Président pronounced sentence accordingly; and ordered the execution to take place on the first day of the *foire de St Michel* (29th September), 'in order that the punishment of the assassin might be as public as his crime was unnatural and horrible.'

I have now brought this sad story down to the moment of the startling appearance of the supposedly murdered Cécile in the Place d'Angers, with the exception of relating how it happened that she had not perished, as everybody, her father included, believed she had. That is told in a few words. The cause of quarrel on the night of the 19th of August was her expressed determination to rejoin a *troupe* of strollers, to one of whom, Etienne Lafont, she was strongly attached. The money she had received would enable her to do so. Some words that escaped her during the altercation revealed to her father the extent to which her intimacy with Lafont had been carried; but the furious blow which instantly followed prevented him from learning that it had been sanctioned by marriage. The stroke of the cymbal, though severe, was but a flesh-wound: Cécile had been stunned only, and, upon regaining consciousness, found herself alone on the edge of the river. Partially divining what had occurred, she, agile and sure-footed as a goat, clambered round a rugged projecting cliff, and hastened away at her best speed, travelling all night and next day by little-frequented paths, and ultimately reached her husband's troupe, just about to depart for a distant part of France. She, of course, accompanied them, and the more readily that they were to return to Angers at the foire de St Michel, when she nothing doubted that a reconciliation with her father would be of easy accomplishment.

One only inquiry remains to be answered. Did the fierce outcries of the sight-seeing mob congregated on the Place d'Angers, the frenzied gestures of Monsieur le Président, arrest in time the mechanical action of the guillotine? Enough to reply that in every one of the churches of Angers, Beaufort, and Jumelles, a priest, on every recurring Sunday within the octave of St Michael's Day, addressing the hushed congregation, says: 'The prayers of the faithful are requested for the repose of the soul of Jean Gossot Laboudie, the anniversary of whose death occurs about this time.'

COUSIN JONATHAN UPON *HIS* TELEGRAPHIC CABLE.

The heading of this paper may possibly surprise many readers who have entertained the notion that England had some slight share in the matter of the laying of the Atlantic telegraph, but the fact is as above; we have Cousin Jonathan's own word for it, in that disinterested witness Mr John Mullaly, 'Official Historian of the memorable Expeditions.' In this volume of his,* which is as big as a quarterly, there are nine pages devoted to the biographical notice of Mr Cyrus Field, and six lines to that of Mr Charles Bright; half-a-dozen pages to Professor Morse, and half a page to Mr Whitehouse. It is only casually, and rather in spite than because of the Official Historian, that we come across the trifling facts, that the Telegraphic Cable was made in England; that the British government offered at once very liberal arrangements to the promoters of the scheme, while similar terms requested of the government of the United States were vehemently opposed, and only carried in the Senate by a majority of one; and that the telegraphic squadron, consisting of five vessels, was composed of four 'Britishers,' and only one 'Yankee.' That one, however, if we may trust the narrator in such a matter, did whip all nautical creation. This book is interesting as being the record of her voyage, and as affording a comprehensive view of the whole enterprise seen from the American point of sight. It is written, where the author's national vanity—too ridiculous to be offensive—does not shew its coxcomical head, with a graphic power little inferior to that of the historian of the *Agamemnon*, and contains very interesting incidents, which are new to most of us, connected with the various expeditions. Here is a curious twofold coincidence to begin with. In the autumn of 1856, after Lieutenant Berryman had surveyed and sounded the plateau between Ireland and Newfoundland, and made his report to Mr Cyrus Field (who was procuring specimens and samples of cable on this side the water), that gentleman set off from Cork to London by way of Milford Haven in Wales. 'In the cars that started from Milford Haven was Mr Brunel, the celebrated engineer, whom Mr Field recognised, and to whom he introduced himself. The subject of conversation was the cable, and in course of it Mr Field brought forward a portion of the cable submerged in the Gulf of St Lawrence, the core of which is composed of seven twisted strands, which form the conductor. "Why not have the outer covering of the Atlantic cable formed of twisted strands as well as the conductor?" said Mr Brunel. "By that means you will have a stronger, lighter, and more flexible cable than if you retain the outer covering or armour of solid wire." By one of those strange coincidences that often happen in everyday-life, Messrs Glass and Elliott, the well-known gutta-percha manufacturers, were also in the cars, and overhearing the conversation,

* *The Laying of the Telegraphic Cable.* D. Appleton, New York.

Digitized by Google

joined in. During a ride of three hundred miles, the party so opportunely thrown together discussed this subject, and the result was an order to Glass and Elliott to manufacture a specimen cable after the plan suggested by Mr Brunel.' Sometimes, indeed, the Official Historian, in his liking for anecdotic narration, lets go both ends of the Telegraphic Cable, and grows discursive indeed. Yankee-like, he cannot rest without having a glimpse at Queen Victoria —whose personal appearance Mr Mullaly is unhappily not entirely satisfied with—and Yankee-like, he publishes a fac-simile (with border and all) of the Lord Steward's card of admittance, which gave him (Mr Mullaly) entrance into Buckingham Palace. He stood in the great hall with the mere Thursday crowd to see her pass, it is true, but only 'was not at her drawing-room, nor honoured with an introduction from our minister,' he explains, '*for the simple reason that the favour was not requested of him.*'

The thing which Mr Mullaly seems really to have had some right to boast of, is the United States Steam-frigate *Niagara;* although even here the praise is laid on with so broad a brush, that we cannot for the life of us help suspecting such egregious merit. A cynical philosopher of our acquaintance protests that he never hears of 'an eternal truth,' without his mind reverting instantaneously to 'an infernal lie;' and whenever the trumpet of transatlantic self-glorification assails *our* tympanum, we are prone to look upon the miracle about which the noise is made with the like incredulity.

The spar-deck—so called because all the masts and rigging are visible from it—of the *Niagara* 'presents perhaps a greater extent of clear and unobstructed space than is to be found in any other ship-of-war in the world. In nautical language, it is what is called "a flush-deck," which, reduced to plain English, means that it is as free from all obstructions as it is possible to make it on a vessel of such a character. This is a most essential object in the case of a ship like the *Niagara*, which differs in many points from war-steamers. She is the largest steam-frigate in the world, and exceeds in tonnage the heaviest of the line-of-battle ships in the British navy. While, however, she surpasses them in size, she numbers but twelve guns; but these are of such great calibre, and are capable of doing such terrible execution, as to place her, it is claimed, on a perfect equality with any of them, if they should not render her superior. Each of these guns weighs fourteen tons, including the carriage, and is capable of throwing a shell of one hundred and thirty pounds a distance of three miles.' The following arrangements for saving the life of a man overboard seem to us particularly good, 'when even the loss of five minutes would be too long, and the best swimmer might not be able to keep himself above water till a boat could reach him. To meet such an emergency, there are two life-buoys attached to the stern, and connected by means of wires to two handles, which are within the reach of either of the two men stationed at this part of the vessel. By pulling this handle, the buoy is immediately detached, and falling into the sea, is, in nine cases out of ten, effective in the saving of life. The instant the cry of "a man overboard" is heard by the watch upon this station, his hand is on the handle, the buoy falls from its place, and it not unfrequently happens that it is seized before it is a minute afloat. All this is accomplished in less time than is taken in the description. During this operation, the ship is arrested in her course, the gang of men who are stationed at the life-boat are engaged in unmooring and launching it, and in about ten minutes from the moment the man has fallen overboard, he is rescued and restored to his shipmates. As the life-buoy would not be visible at night, it is lighted by means of a trigger, which ignites a sort of roman-candle or blue-light that continues burning ten or fifteen minutes. To prevent the possibility of mistake, the following words are inscribed above both handles—"LIFE-BUOY—PORT-FIRE."'

More than 1250 miles, or half the entire length of the cable, was coiled in the *Niagara*, and the same enormous amount in the *Agamemnon;* and a sectional view of each of those ships is given, shewing how the various masses were stowed away, from the first inch on the spar-deck, to the 1250th mile in the hold with the electrician sitting in his scientific box at the end of it. It was on the changing of one of these coils of cable to another, during the paying-out, that the chief danger lay. We will leave out all that concerns the first two unsuccessful expeditions, here narrated at fullest length; as well as the description of the paying-out machines, of the cable-guards, &c., which the most graphic pen could scarcely make intelligible without the aid of the pencil. We will omit even the detailed account of the royal and distinguished personages who visited the *Niagara* while at Plymouth, and that very particular account of the carriage and liveries of Mr Dallas, which we are happy to learn make up 'a respectable affair, simple and unpretending,' and one not likely to plunge the American government into debt. And let us suppose ourselves, at once, on board the Yankee steam-frigate in mid-ocean, awaiting with impatience the arrival of the *Agamemnon*. All her cable is snugly coiled and disposed of, 'every foot of which has been laid down with as much precision, as much regularity, and as much neatness, as thread is wound upon a spool.' Mr Everett, the engineer, who developed the admirable plan for 'paying it out,' is himself on board to watch proceedings, having been kindly 'loaned' to the company by the American government, in whose service he is engaged. The *Agamemnon* is detained some days behind, which naturally frets the rest of the squadron, with the thought of so much fine weather wasted; but at last, on July 28th, 1858, she looms in sight. All has been made ready for the splicing, long ago; and in those vessels, a thousand miles from land, the marriage of the Old and the New World, of January and May, is being begun. 'The men were at their posts by the machinery, the stoppers were all arranged, the electricians were on watch in the long vacant office, the tar-tubs were put in their proper places, the scrapers adjusted, and nothing was left undone that human foresight could do. .... Captains Preedy (*Agamemnon*) and Aldham (*Valorous*) came on board of our ship, before commencing, and Mr Field, and one of the electricians, visited the *Agamemnon*, to make further arrangements in regard to the work before us. After the necessary time, these are made, and it is concluded that if the cable should be broken after 150 miles shall have been paid out from each ship, both vessels shall at once proceed to Queenstown, there to await orders from the company regarding the final disposal and stowage of the cable. The captains have returned to their ships, the splice is made, and the work of paying-out proceeds, while the two ships move so slowly through the water that their motion is hardly perceptible. The rate of the cable is certainly much faster than that of either of the vessels, for the simple reason that it has to descend to a depth of about two miles, and it will take a considerable time to do that. The announcement comes from the electrician's office soon after the splice has been lowered, that the continuity is perfect, and with this assurance the engineers go on more boldly with the work. In fact,

Digitized by Google

the engineers may be said to be under the control of the electricians; for if they report anything wrong with the cable, they are brought to a stand, until they are allowed to go on with their operations by the announcement that the insulation is perfect and the continuity is all right. The sailors, who are somewhat in the dark as to the scientific definition of the term, are generally supposed to have a particular animosity to it, under the belief that it is it which causes all the difficulty. "Darn the continuity," said an old sailor, at the end of a scientific but rather foggy discussion which a number of his messmates had on the subject —"Darn the continuity; I wish they would get rid of it altogether. It has caused a darned sight more trouble than the hull thing is worth. I say they ought to do without it, and let it go. I believe they 'd get the cable down if they didn't pay any attention to it. You see," he went on, "I was on the last exhibition" (expedition he meant, but it was all the same—his messmates did not misapprehend his meaning), "and I thought I 'd never hear the end of it. They were always talking about it; and one night, when we were out last year, it was gone for two hours, and we thought that was the end of the affair, and we would never hear of it again. But it came back, and soon after the cable busted. Now, I tell you what, men, I'll never forget the night, I tell ye; we all felt we had lost our best friend, and I never heard the word continuity or contiguity mentioned but I was always afraid something was going to happen. And that 's a fact."'

The work of paying-out the cable commenced at one o'clock, and 'the speed of the vessel was gradually increased after sufficient had been lowered over the stern to reach the bottom; by two o'clock, five miles had left the ship, and she had gone two miles from the starting-point. The observation taken by the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara* shewed the position of both ships as follows: Lat. 52° 09′, long. 32° 29′. To accomplish the work, the former has eleven hundred nautical miles, and three hundred tons of coal; while the latter had the same amount of cable, and five hundred tons of coal. This will give our ship from ten to fifteen days' steaming; while the *Agamemnon* has sufficient for ten days, should she burn at the rate of thirty tons per day. But, if we should find that we have not enough to reach the land with, we will, if necessary, burn the spare spars; and should we be still further pressed, we will take down even the bulkheads for fuel.'

Nothing, indeed, is more gratifying in this account of life on board the *Niagara*, than the intense interest which every human being on board takes in the success of the enterprise; the personal honour of each individual, as well as that of America, seeming to be concerned in the achievement of success. 'The sea is smooth; the barometer well up; and if we can only do for the next seven days as well as we have done since one o'clock, we will be at Newfoundland by the 5th of August, and to New York some time between the 15th and 20th of the same month. But we have been somewhat too hasty in our calculations, for our ship has just slowed down, and the propeller has ceased working for the last ten minutes. There must be something wrong to cause this interruption. Let us take a look at the machine. The cable still goes out, which certainly would not be the case if it had parted. Ah! the continuity! that 's it—there 's where the difficulty lies. And as the electricians are the only parties who can inform us on that point, we at once go in search of them. A visit to their office explains the whole matter. The continuity is not gone altogether, but is defective—so defective that it is impossible to get a signal through the cable. Still, there is not "dead earth" upon it, and all hope, therefore, is not lost.

'When dead earth, as it is termed, is on the conductor, then indeed the difficulty is beyond remedy, for it shews that the conductor must be broken, and is thrown under the influence of terrestrial magnetism. But the continuity is not gone, and although with darkening prospects, we are still safe while it remains, even imperfect as it is. The old adage, that "bad news travels fast," was never more fully realised than in this instance. The sad intelligence was known to every one on board the ship about fifteen minutes after it was announced to Mr Field, and those who predicted the failure of the expedition fell back upon their prophecy, and hinted in a modest way at their own perception. It would be absurd to say that the occurrence was not discouraging; it was painfully so, for the hopes of some of us had really begun to revive, and we were gaining confidence every hour. Now nothing could be done. We must wait until the continuity should return, or take its final departure. And it did return, and with greater strength than ever. At ten minutes past nine P.M. the electrician on duty observed its failing, and at 11.30 he had the gratifying intelligence for us that it was "all right again." . . . . It was supposed, however, that it had broken on board the *Agamemnon*, and that the end was secured and spliced before it could get out of the ship. This is favoured by the fact, that it would take an hour or so to make the splice, which was about the time that elapsed from the moment the continuity became imperfect, till it was restored. . . . . We were alarmed by no more unpleasant reports this night, and retired to bed—some to sleep, and some to spend a restless night in anxious fears about the safety of the cable and in feverish hopes of success.'

To nervous folks, the information which was so perpetually being received, as to how matters were going on, must have been excessively trying. 'An interchange of electric currents is sent alternately during a period of ten minutes by each ship, which not only serve to give an accurate test of the continuity and insulation of the conducting wire, but also to give certain signals which are required to be sent when the ships are far apart. For instance, every ten miles of cable paid out is signalised from ship to ship, as also the approach to land or momentary stoppage for splicing, shifting coils, &c. The electrical apparatus employed on board the two vessels is not very complicated, and is simply composed of testing instruments, wholly different from those to be used for the transmission of messages when the ends of the cable shall be landed.'

All through the first night the satisfactory sound of the machinery never ceased, and the continuity remained perfect. 'At half-past three this morning the last flake of the forward spar-deck coil began to run out, and considerable anxiety is manifested in regard to the change to that on the forward main-deck, which is immediately beneath. Every precaution, however, has been taken to guard against accident, and by a quarter to four, the agony is over; the first turn of the new coil has been reached, and the cable is going out in splendid style. The interest is now transferred to the main-deck, for there is nothing further to attract the attention in the appearance of the circle which has just become vacant—nothing but the thick tar that covers the floor, the broken cone, and the rings or fair-leaders through which the cable passes before it runs over the bobbins that lead to the machine. Yet it would be wrong to say that there is little of interest in this circle, for have we not successfully paid out all the cable it contained; and who doubts we would find more pleasure in looking at all the circles when empty? The ease with which the line runs out of the ship at this distance from the stern, for we are now about two hundred and seventy feet from that point, is

Digitized by Google

calculated to infuse new confidence into every one who sees it; but it is, after all, a confidence terribly shaken by vague fears of the future. We have five or six days to run before we get into Trinity Bay, and in that time, which, in our state of suspense, seems so many years, what may not occur? We are afraid even to think of success, so often have our hopes been blasted by disappointment; the very thought of the magnitude of the undertaking brings with it a feeling almost akin to discouragement..... Follow the course of the cable as it comes out of the coil, passes over the bobbins, round the sheaves of the paying-out machine, and so on till it goes overboard, and you will be fully impressed with its practicability. Yet what is the reason that all the attempts hitherto made have failed, you may ask? .... At any moment we may hear that the cable has parted, and sleeping or waking, the fear that it will, haunts us like a nightmare. Oh, how we long to see that bleak and barren, but, to us, more desirable coast than any that ever met the gaze of enraptured voyager.'

If Mr Mullaly really experienced, night and day, all these terrible doubts and fears, he must have worn himself to a thread not thicker than the cable itself before he came to the end of it. A gale threatens upon the second day, and fills all souls with dread—for the crew has become scientific instead of nautical by this time—but the menace of the barometer proves idle. 'Confidence is rising rapidly, and the bids in favour of success are becoming quite heavy in the imaginary stock-market which has been established on board. When it was reported that the continuity was not so perfect as we could wish, stocks went down with a terrible rush, and there were no bidders at any price. But twenty-four hours decided the matter; the Atlantic telegraph ran up to fifty per cent., and continued going up till it reached the remarkable figure of seventy-five. The cable is, indeed, the absorbing subject of conversation on board, and other things are only spoken of as they bear some relation to it. That group of sailors near the cook's galley are engaged in an animated discussion on the all-prevailing topic. One of the number is trying to persuade his messmates that it is impossible to lay it; but they lend him a rather unwilling ear, and are evidently more strongly inclined to the other view of the subject.'

The great point of attraction is of course the coil, since, if that is moving freely, all is well. 'The coilers who sit on the margin of each flake are amusing themselves in the intervals of their work by manufacturing little balls out of the tar, which has become hardened by exposure to the air, and throwing them down before each turn as it is taken up from the coil. As the cable passes out at the rate of from seven to eight miles an hour, it strikes these balls with considerable force while it courses round the circle, sending them before it with still greater speed. The rate at which they run depends to a great extent on their spherical form, and he who makes them roundest is generally the winner. .... As it is impossible for any accident to occur from this, and as it affords a harmless amusement to the men, without interrupting the work, they are not interfered with. They are always ready at the end of each flake to lead the cable into the centre, and perform the operation so well that a kink is almost a matter of impossibility. It is a pleasure to look upon their earnest, eager faces, and observe the care with which they handle the line while passing it from the outer edge of the circle to the cone. Although this operation requires to be repeated about fifty times a day, they always perform it successfully. If they allow a single kink to take place, the expedition might be considered as at an end, for it would be next to impossible to remedy the damage. Not a man among them who does not know that, and who does not realise the full importance of the duty with which he is intrusted.' The change from the main-deck coil to that on the deck immediately below, took place at 5.30 on the third day. 'At least an hour before it was effected, the outer boundaries of the circle in which the cable lay was literally crowded with men, and never was greater interest manifested in any spectacle than that which they exhibited in the proceedings before them. There were serious doubts and misgivings as to the successful performance of this important part of the work, and these only served to increase the feeling of anxiety and suspense with which they silently and breathlessly await the critical moment. The last flake has been reached; and as turn after turn leaves the circle, every eye is intently fixed on the cable. Now there are but thirty turns remaining, and as the first of these is unwound, Mr Everett, who has been in the circle during the last half-hour, gives the order to the engineer on duty to "slow down." In a few moments there is a perceptible diminution in the speed, which continues diminishing till it has reached the rate of about two miles an hour.

'"Look out now, men," says Mr Everett, in his usual quiet, self-possessed way. The men are as thoroughly wide awake as they can be, and are waiting eagerly for the moment when they shall lift the bight of the cable, and deliver it out safely. One of the planks in the side of the cone has been loosened; and just as they are about taking the cable in their hands, it is removed altogether, so that as the last yard passes out of the now empty circle, the line commences paying out from the circle below, or the "orlop"-deck coil, as it is called. .... They have hardly passed the cable out of the circle before they are received with as enthusiastic a demonstration of approval as the rules of the navy will permit.'

The sound of the machinery has by this time become as familiar to all as the sound of their own voices, and when it is drowned in any other noise, they listen with eagerness to hear it again. As success gets to become probable, they can hardly think of anything else.

'"Well," said a member of one of the messes, approaching some of his associates, "well, it is done at last."

"What is done?" said half a dozen, with the most impatient haste—"what is done—the cable?"

"The cable? No, dinner is done!" he replied, with a tone of disgust that shewed, however his comrades might regard his remark, he certainly did not intend it as a joke.'

During the fifth night, the continuity was again affected. 'Both Mr Laws and Mr De Sauty, the two electricians on the *Niagara*, were of the opinion that the insulation was broken in some part of the ward-room coil, and on using the tests for the purpose of ascertaining the precise point, they found that it was about sixty miles from the bottom of that coil, and between three and four hundred from the part which was then paying-out. The cable was immediately cut at this point, and spliced to a deck-coil of ninety miles, which it was intended to reserve for laying in shallow water, and was therefore kept for Trinity Bay. About four o'clock in the morning the continuity was finally restored, and all was going on as well as if nothing had occurred to disturb the confidence we felt in the success of the expedition.

The sixth day, August 3, is the anniversary of the day on which Columbus sailed for the New World; may the omen be prosperous. And yet they are still two hundred miles from land, and a 'kink in the cable, or a hole running through the gutta percha into the conductor—and through which you could not even force a hair—would render the labour of years all unavailing.'

Digitized by Google

The change from the forehold coil to that in the wardroom (for the officers have given place to the cable, and are on half-allowance of room) took place at eight o'clock, and with the utmost success.

On the morning of the seventh day, the *Niagara* first came in sight of the island outpost of the American continent; but before that, the *Gorgon*, her consort, telegraphs by flag: 'I congratulate you on your success.' The *Porcupine* meets them in the Bay of Bull's Arm, and leads the way up through the darkness, for it is night. 'The bleak mountains loom up through the night, and a huge bonfire, which has been built up in honour of our arrival on a neighbouring hill, throws out columns of dense black smoke and great tongues of flame.' Before it is light, the electricians report that 'a telegraphic dispatch, or signal, has been sent from the *Agamemnon*, informing them that a thousand and ten miles of cable have been paid out from that ship up to the last hour. The intelligence is peculiarly gratifying at this time, and adds to the enthusiasm which every one feels.'

At five o'clock, the boats of the *Niagara* are ranged in line and connected with a hawser, to tow that on which the cable was coiled to the landing-place. 'All the officers of the *Niagara*, with the exception of those on watch on the ship, were in the boats, the crews of which numbered altogether about sixty men. These, with the crews from the boats of the British ships, and all the officers, English and American, made a total of about one hundred men. The demonstration was certainly anything but a pageant, for there were none of those accessories which make up what is generally understood by the word; but there could be none who were imbued with a higher appreciation of the character of the occasion, nor who were better qualified to do it honour; and it is doubtful whether the presence of thousands would have added anything to its importance or solemnity. It would be a difficult matter for one who has seen nothing but civic processions to form an idea of that which attended the last act in the completion of this enterprise. The scene, the circumstances; all conspired to render it totally different from any celebration the world has ever seen.'

The electric chain soon binds the two worlds together. The continuity is as perfect now as ever it was. 'Mr D. Laws and Mr De Sauty, the two chief electricians, who have accompanied us from England, have "tasted" the current, and about a dozen others at the head of the procession have done the same thing. The writer himself is a witness on this point, and will never forget the singular acid taste which it had. Some received a pretty strong shock—so strong that they willingly resigned the chance of repeating the experiment.' Alas, alas! although we suppose Mr Whitehouse has still the opportunity of tasting the telegraph, he can do with it little else. A voice comes to him yet from more than two thousand miles away; but it is as the voice of a drunkard—of one more than 'half-seas over.' The electric spark hastens, unquenched and as swift as ever, with the message committed to it, but forgets it on its way, and babbles idly when it reaches its destination. Have, then, all this time and money, this labour and pains, this patience, and care, and skill, been thrown away? Most certainly *not*. Though the 'continuity,' so objected to by our nautical friend, should entirely cease—which great and wise men have still good hope, at this present writing, that it will not do—yet none of these things will have been thrown away. The Atlantic Telegraph is no longer a dream, a chimera, an idea too tremendous to be carried out by flesh and blood, and wire and gutta-percha. It has been an accomplished fact, and it is only a question of time and money when it will become a fact again. It would be hard to find, throughout the entire history of the world, a success so honourable, so encouraging to mankind, as this (so-called) failure of the Atlantic Telegraphic Cable.

THE MOLE FROM AN AGRICULTURAL POINT OF VIEW.

THERE is a certain little quiet philosopher who dwells in snug retirement beneath the surface of our fields; he seldom shews himself abroad, because he is aware that nature has behaved like a niggard towards him in the matter of personal graces. His eyes are small, dull specks, almost devoid of organisation; his face is a queer long muzzle, tipped at the end with a lump of bone; his limbs are ungainly and short; and his coat is rough and of uncouth cut; yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, he is far from repining. With a spice of practical wisdom that is beyond all praise, he sets to work to make the most of the circumstances in which he finds himself placed. Sensible that he never could have been intended for a gay denizen of the daylight, he keeps himself close at home in his underground retreat, and there contrives to turn strong arms, hard, brawny hands, a pair of sharp ears, and a keen, sensitive nose, to excellent account. He bores and delves for his living, and lucky, indeed, is the insect or worm that escapes his notice when his burrow chances to take the direction in which it lies. Behind his track, a long course of tunnelled galleries is stretched, attesting at once the ingenuity of his operations and the activity of his industry.

The old-fashioned tillers of the soil have, from time immemorial, regarded the proceedings of this subterranean worker with marked hostility. They never could bring themselves to tolerate his presence within their demesnes. If, by accident, they crossed him in his labours at any time, they dragged him forth and hung him up at once, without the benefit of judge or jury. Occasionally, they even went to the length of preaching a crusade against him, and organising extensive schemes of indiscriminate massacre for the extinction of his race. Yet, in reality, this sorely oppressed creature was guiltless of all offence. He did no harm to the interests of his assailants, but rather made them his especial care. The objects he appropriated from the ground were neither useful nor harmless things; they were positively injurious pests that levied a tax upon the crops by most insidious forays. It would almost seem, indeed, that the persecution must have been instigated by the spirit of envy, rather than by that of retaliation; that it must have been the result of shame rather than of revengeful feeling. The farmers found the soil where the mole had worked not injured, but altogether too good for their liking. They saw the most barren earth changed beneath his touch into rich productive mould. The wettest swamp dried itself up, as if by magic, after his operations. He did effectually and well without eyes, what they bungled over miserably and did inefficiently with them. His every step made their incompetency only so much more manifest by contrast. He therefore received an abundant share of the meed that is too often awarded at first to the world's teachers and benefactors. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, were the recompense of his useful and suggestive labours.

All this has, however, in these table-turning days, been changed. Agriculturists now begin to reverence the mole, and look up to him for practical lessons; they study his mode of tunnelling, with heads intent upon gleaning some hint which may be applied in their own practice of draining; and they look upon the finely-ground material which he flings behind him, as he burrows on, with hearts set upon finding some means whereby they may imitate his doings upon an extended scale. Some enthusiasts among

Digitized by Google

them even take his name as the symbol of future successes, and inscribe it upon their banners as the inspiriting word that is to lead to victory.

The amusing little volume which takes the generic name of the mole—*Talpa, or the Chronicles of a Clay-farm*—narrates that the author, having a stiff clay-farm of about 250 acres, which no one could do anything with, he was driven in self-defence to take it in hand himself; and he then goes on to chronicle how he vanquished difficulty after difficulty, until a stagnant waste became a series of fertile and valuable fields.

In the course of the work, we learn on what principle the teachings of the mole are applicable to agriculture: The natural food of vegetable life is water and air, not, however, water and air in their purest states; the water must contain minute quantities of saline and ammoniacal matters, and the air must be contaminated with slight proportions of the heavy carbonaceous gas that is exhaled from animal lungs. The water and air are in fact only vehicles of conveyance; they are not themselves really nutritious. They seem to be so merely because the substances they carry are, under ordinary circumstances, altogether inappreciable to the senses. Plants are helplessly fixed to the spots on which they grow; they cannot roam about in search of food as animals can; consequently, provision must be made for bringing constant supplies to them. The rain that falls into the porous soil dissolves the saline and ammoniacal matters it finds there, and flows with its load through the rootlets into the interior of vegetable structures. Air takes up carbonaceous substance—of the nature of charcoal—into a sort of gaseous solution, and then is blown by every puff of wind into the open mouths that gape upon the surfaces of vegetable leaves. Of water and saline, ammoniacal, and carbonaceous substances, all vegetable bodies are composed.' A dilute solution of the fixed and ammoniacal salts is sucked up by the roots. An abundance of leaves is then pushed forth, and carbon drunk in by their myriad mouths. No other demand is made of the soil than a sufficient supply of saline and ammoniacal substances, and water enough for their solution and transport.

In order that the soil may be able to furnish these requisite matters, it is essential, in the first place, that it should have them ready for use in its substance; and in the second place, that its texture should be so loose and porous, that both water and growing roots may find an easy passage through it. In the old practice of farming, the strength of the soil was kept up by burying in it saline ammoniacal and carbonaceous matters mixed indiscriminately together. So soon as Liebig had shewn that the great proportion of the carbon found its way into the plant through the leaf, and not through the root, it was seen that there was great want of economy in the proceeding. When farm-yard manure is ploughed into the land, tons upon tons of carbonaceous substance are placed beneath the surface, which can effect nothing else there but their own escape from a useless position. Hence the custom was slowly introduced of using only concentrated saline and ammoniacal manures, in the stead of the more bulky product of the straw-yard. Now a refinement upon even this refinement is advised. Professor Way says that the soil requires no manuring at all during many years, and that ultimately it will need only a slight dressing of saline materials. He has discovered that it can keep itself rich in ammonia. Clay is, according to his views, mainly composed of a series of ingredients that have the power of attracting this volatile and pungent body continuously from the air.*

* These compounds are called, in the language of the chemists, double silicates of alumina and potash—alumina and soda, and alumina and lime.

The ammoniacal constituents of vegetable nutrition are therefore given to the soil by the air, just as the carbonaceous constituents are to the leaves. The atmosphere is the grand reservoir of nourishment, and the soil plays a very subordinate part indeed. Out of its substance, nothing else is contributed than the very trifling proportion of saline or earthy matter that remains in the form of ash after any vegetable structure has been submitted to the process of burning. Even the poorest soils contain within themselves saline ingredients for multiplied crops of the richest kinds of grain.

It follows, from these data, that the only requirements in a good seed-bed are, that it shall be a layer of loosened and finely comminuted earth, which has been well turned over in the process of preparation. Break up the soil thoroughly, and open out its substance to the air, and it will maintain its own productiveness through lengthened years. In the first place, it will constantly throw more and more of its reserved bullion into active circulation; and in the second place, it will keep a sufficient quantity of floating capital always within call for the safe transaction of affairs. If Professor Way's notions are correct, abundant harvests of grain may be taken off the land, year after year, without any addition of manure at all, provided only a sufficient quantity of labour be judiciously bestowed in pulverising its substance.

But, here again, if improved comminution of the soil, and not increased manuring, is the thing required, a great revolution must be made in a very important particular. A new form of apparatus must be contrived for attaining the end. The plough now in use is merely a barbarous implement, planned in rude days for enabling horses to do man's work. The spade lifts up the soil in mass, turns it over, and leaves it evenly spread as a loosened porous bed; but the ploughshare, on the other hand, squeezes down and condenses one part, while it loosens and turns up another. It is simply a compromise of accurate principle, for the sake of insuring the horizontally acting service of the horse. It is a matter of familiar knowledge that spade-husbandry answers very much better than plough-tillage, whenever it can be employed.

Spade-husbandry cannot, however, be much in use in these luxurious days; human labour has now too high a value in the markets of the world for this to be the case. Some agent must therefore be sought that shall combine in itself the skill of the biped and the strength of the quadruped, and that shall also admit of economical application; in other words, the animal drudge must be exchanged for a mechanical one. That potent slave of the wonderful lamp of science, who never fails to accomplish all that the possessor of the radiant spell enjoins, must be summoned to the agriculturist's aid; steam, ever so ready to transform coarse materials into fine, must now be put in commission to grind down the soil, as it has before ground down hosts of stubborn things, in order that nourishing grain may multiply as fast as hungry mouths.

Assuming that steam has once been enlisted in the service of agriculture, the consideration yet remains of how its enormous power may best be employed. Clearly, it must not be harnessed to the obsolete plough, as some have thought; it would be as much out of place if set to drag, as a horse would be if put to dig. Man works best with an upward lift, the horse with an onward pull; but the genius of steam is rotatory. It likes to have the resistance it is to conquer placed at the circumference of a wheel, the spokes of which it is allowed to drive. The steam cultivator must wear the form of a compact locomotive, carrying behind it a revolving cylinder, fully armed with case-hardened claws of steel. As this

Digitized by Google

machine travels onwards, it must cut out its trench as the mole digs its burrow, and it must cast back into this trench the mould that results from its abrading influence, 'comminuted, aërated, and inverted,' all at one stroke, just as the 'worthy pioneer that works i' the ground so fast' flings behind him the earth his restless claws have scraped away.

The author of *Talpa* foretells the speedy approach of the time when the children of the present generation shall be as familiar with the spectacle of locomotives stalking about over the surface of the fields, on agricultural work intent, as we are with the sight of ships of a couple of thousands of tons burden, driving themselves, duck-like, through the water with their invisible web-feet. Already the prophecy begins to be realised; and on behalf of our bread-feeding, fast-multiplying race, we venture to express a hope that the consummation will speedily arrive.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A short time ago, an act of parliament was passed in relation to bankruptcy, in virtue of which a person in desperate circumstances may come from England to Scotland, and having resided at any spot he pleases in that country for the space of forty days, pass through the bankruptcy court. This is found to be an exceedingly simple and rather an agreeable method of getting rid of debts. Instead of running the gantlet of a bankruptcy process in the city or district where he is known, all that an insolvent Englishman has to do is to make a trip to Scotland, and there, at the distance of four hundred or five hundred miles from his creditors, go through a few trifling forms, which relieve him from his pecuniary obligations.

When this convenient law came into operation, English insolvents—some of them notorious for their transactions—tried to pass through the bankruptcy court at Edinburgh; but that was short-sighted. Edinburgh has newspapers with a corps of reporters, who are on the outlook for interesting events, and accordingly, reports of the examinations of the would-be bankrupts before the sheriff were duly paraded for public edification and amusement. Then, as a matter of course, followed comments of the London newspapers, and there was no peace for the unhappy English visitors, who might as well have stayed at home and become bankrupt in the old-fashioned way.

At length, a great discovery was made. This consisted in the plan of selecting a retreat in some obscure Scotch town provided with a resident sheriff, but without that pestilent thing, a newspaper. And be it known, there are a number of towns of this primitive nature. Two of the most pleasant are Tobermory, in the island of Mull, and Peebles, situated on the upper part of the Tweed. At all events, Tobermory and Peebles seem to have been fixed on for carrying through this species of business, and are likely to become the Gretna Green of English insolvents, should no new law interfere. Tobermory may possibly secure a preference; for it can be reached only by performing a voyage to the Hebrides, which London creditors, however keen, may not like at all seasons of the year. It is true, that in one or two instances, English creditors have been provoked into the adoption of measures to prevent their debtors from walking the course through even a Tobermory bankruptcy; but according to the old Argyleshire saying, 'it is a far cry to Lochawe;' and he must be a very resolute sort of person, who will either go himself or employ an agent to watch over law-proceedings in the distant island of Mull.

We do not usually allude to parliamentary doings—it is not our vocation to do so. In the present instance, we may be excused for drawing attention to a very flagrant legislative abuse. Reader, think of a man carrying on business in Regent Street, or some other well-known thoroughfare in the metropolis, and at his good pleasure walking off to a remote and isolated town in the Western Islands of Scotland, and by a few manœuvres, getting completely rid of his debts. Now, this is no fiction; the law allows it, and it is done. What are we to think of the wisdom of senators in concocting and passing so odious a law—a law as ridiculous as anything in the usages of Laputa, only it is rather too painful to laugh at. We can understand the propriety of assimilating the legal practices of England and Scotland, and of opening English and Scotch courts to all parties indifferently; but in the matter of bankruptcy, it is but reasonable that insolvents should resort only to courts within the district where they have chiefly incurred obligations, and which are easily accessible to their creditors. Far be it from us to counsel anything like severity in disposing of bankruptcy cases. We can have no objection to the tender and considerate treatment of persons who from sheer misfortune have fallen into a state of insolvency. All that is insisted on is, that each case as it occurs shall be examined into in its own proper locality, and that Scotland shall not be scandalised by being made the chosen resort of every one who wishes to pass through the *Gazette*, but dislikes the publicity which is incidental to the process. We might indeed add something more. The practices referred to must, we fear, have the unpleasant tendency to make respectable persons in Scotland shy in receiving and paying attention to English strangers, who are not particularly well introduced. If the law remains as it is, which can scarcely be imagined, every Englishman who takes up his quarters for a short time in a country town in the north, will be presumed to be a refugee from his creditors, and shunned accordingly.

MOSS.

Calm sleeper 'long the mould'ring wall
Whereon the robin rests his feet,
And warbles out his love-notes sweet,
While golden elm-leaves round him fall.

Fair circler of the woodland well,
Where water-jewels softly gleam,
Like glowworm lamps by haunted stream,
Or pearls in Beauty's coronal.

Lone hermit—such to me thou art—
That on the old oak's root reclines,
And thy warm arms around him twines,
As if thou 'dst clasp his folded heart.

Companion of lone churchyard stones,
Where oft thy velvet hand is seen
Hiding the quaint words from our ken
That sweetly speak of absent ones.

High dweller on the hoary tower,
Screener, yet emblem of decay—
Where Ruin's fingers pick away,
Thou lovest best to build thy bower.

But there 's a Queen of fragrant breath,
And fresh as floral child can be,
Thou seem'st to love most tenderly,
And dower with thy brightest wreath.

So I will cull a sweet moss-rose,
And twine it in my lady's hair;
And thus contrast, and prove more fair
My love than fairest flower that blows.

J. R.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by William Robertson, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 260. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858. PRICE 1½d.

CHRISTMAS CEREMONIES AT ROME.

A SUDDEN influx of visitors at the hotels, a jostling of carriages in the streets, and a certain indescribable air of bustle and activity which prevailed during the Christmas-week last year, announced that many foreigners were congregated at Rome to witness the ceremonies pertaining to the festival of the Nativity at the high seat of Roman Catholicism. Most people, I believe, wished eagerly to be for once free from that human infirmity which, as night draws on, calls more or less imperatively for sleep—sleep, as the great restorer of jaded mind and body. How else would it be possible to hear the Christmas-eve vespers with the choir of well-attuned voices at one church, and the nuns' singing at another; the midnight mass at St Peter's, and the Shepherds' Hymn at two o'clock in the morning, and still rise before dawn so as to secure seats in St Peter's during the celebration of the grand Christmas Mass? Our party not being endowed with frames of twenty-women-power, but all needing some modicum of rest and sleep in the course of the four-and-twenty hours, endeavoured to moderate their desires, and contented themselves on Christmas Eve with passing two hours at the Sistine Chapel.

The Sistine Chapel was built in 1473 by the command of Sixtus IV., and subsequently adorned by many great painters; but it is perhaps most famous as enshrining some of the master-pieces of Michael Angelo, especially his world-renowned Last Judgment. We had visited the chapel by daylight on a previous occasion, and had been impressed by a certain grand simplicity in its design. It may be called, I suppose, with propriety the pope's private chapel, being in reality a lofty oblong chamber attached to the Vatican. It measures about 135 feet in length by 45 in width, and has a gallery running round three sides. A sort of barrier divides it into two unequal parts, the smaller portion—that near the door—being reserved for ladies, who, during religious services, are not permitted to pass beyond. It is the fashion to rave about the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel with an indiscriminating admiration; and I believe them to be master-pieces of design and colouring—the subjects among the grandest that pertain to humanity, and bodied forth by genius that was adequate to its task; but the simple truth is, that these frescoes are so blackened with the smoke of ever-burning lamps, and the vapours of often-rising incense, that hardly the designs, and certainly not their colouring, can be fairly estimated even by the patient examiner, much less by the hurried visitor who 'does' Rome in a month, and judges of such things as these by the piecemeal revelations of an opera-glass, and by the dim light which ordinarily alone penetrates the chapel.

The wall on the left side as one enters is devoted to fresco-paintings by some of the early masters, of subjects taken from the life of Moses; that on the right side, to subjects from the life of Christ, illustrated by Perugino, Ghirlandajo, and others. It was not till the year 1508 that Michael Angelo, at the entreaty of Pope Julius II., undertook the painting of the roof. At this time, the great artist's triple gifts of genius as architect, sculptor, and painter, were not recognised; but his success as a sculptor had made many rivals envious; and it is said that this commission, though coming from the pope, emanated, in the first instance, from a cabal who had a double aim—that of causing him, by the distraction of his energies, to neglect a grand mausoleum he had recently undertaken to execute, and to venture on an enterprise in which they believed he would fail.

It was already known that Michael Angelo considered oil-painting as worthy only of the powers of 'women and idlers,' and that the grander style of fresco-painting was the one he avowed to be the more congenial to his own genius. Yet so ignorant was he of the necessary process of this branch of art, that he sent to Florence for certain mediocre but practical painters in fresco, and set them to work from his own designs, and under his personal direction. As might have been expected, such assistants proved only artisans, and, however skilful and painstaking, failed in carrying out and embodying the thoughts of the master. After a disappointing trial of a few weeks, he sent these men back to Florence, and shutting himself up alone in the chapel, set vigorously to work, excluding every one, and often painting with scarcely any intermission from dawn till sunset.

This laborious and self-sustained life continued for many months; no one knew what progress was made; and even the pope himself desired that the public, not a clique of artists, should decide on the merit of the paintings. Accordingly, in the beginning of 1511, the chapel was opened, the scaffolding removed, and the work was found sufficiently advanced for a true judgment on its merits to be formed. The people were enchanted; and the little envious band who had plotted the ruin of their rival, found they had elicited from his hand a *chef-d'œuvre*, and been the means of crowning him with fresh laurels. The designs of the roof form a continuation of the Scripture history commenced on the

Digitized by Google

walls; and by far the larger portion of the subjects are drawn from the Old Testament. Indeed, the 'divine' Raphael, as it has been said, was essentially the painter of the Gospel, and Michael Angelo the grand illustrator of the Old Testament. There was something in the terrible histories associated with the Fall of Man, the Deluge, and the Jewish dispensation, into which he threw his sympathies more readily than he could lend them to the seraphic purity of the Virgin Mother, or the patience, humility, and love, which warmed the hearts of the early converts to Christianity.

Nearly thirty years afterwards, when Clement VII. occupied the papal chair, the same great artist was commissioned to execute the fresco of the Last Judgment. This marvellous work is sixty feet high, and thirty broad, and occupies the end-wall of the Sistine Chapel; but it has suffered from damp as well as from smoke, and is, moreover, partially hidden by the high-altar; consequently, I really believe that ordinary people may derive more pleasure from examining a good copy or good engraving of it, than from seeing the fresco itself. The great painter is said to have acknowledged that he sought his inspiration in the pages of Dante, rather than in the Bible itself, and the treatment he chose to adopt tempted him to introduce the portraits of friends and foes in paradise or in the infernal regions, according to the measure of his love or hate. The curious may still observe in the lower right angle of the picture a figure with ass's ears, and a body twined round by a serpent. This form, represented as writhing in the lowest depth of hell, is the likeness of the pope's master of the ceremonies, Biagio by name, who had raised certain objections to this great work while it was in progress. Biagio, on finding himself thus caricatured, complained to the pope, who requested that the figure might be altered; but Michael Angelo declared that it was impossible, adding, that though his holiness might be able to effect a release from purgatory, he had no power over hell.

This grand fresco, commenced by Michael Angelo in his sixtieth year, occupied him for eight years, and was completed in 1541, during the pontificate of Paul III. In the Colonna Palace, in Rome, there is shewn an ivory carving of the Last Judgment; it is about two feet high, the figures appearing in alto and bass-relief, and is said to have cost two brothers the labour of thirty years to execute.

It was eight o'clock on Christmas-eve when we arrived at the Vatican. Passing up the Scala Regia —that grand staircase by Bernini, so famous for its imposing perspective—we entered the Sala Regia, a large and richly decorated apartment, intended as an audience-hall for ambassadors, but which also forms a vestibule to the Sistine Chapel. When the massive folding-door of the chapel was opened from within, in answer to our tap, we perceived at a glance that the seats reserved for ladies were nearly all occupied, and yet the service was not to commence for nearly an hour. However, by dint of a little patient perseverance, we edged our way on, and at last procured tolerably advantageous places. As perhaps many of my readers are aware, a rigid rule prevails that ladies of all nations and of all ages who appear in the presence of the pope, must be attired in black, and wear black veils. It may be imagined how funereal was the aspect of about two hundred ladies crowded together thus costumed. A few paces distant from us, a sort of platform or gallery was reserved for the dowager of Spain, Queen Christina, and her suite, who in due time arrived to perform their devotions. Meanwhile, I had time to look about me.

The chapel was lighted with innumerable candles. Massive candelabra, each with many burners, were ranged round the galleries, and lighted up the frescoes of the walls and ceiling in a manner that gave them something of a weird effect. Our end of the chapel was dim, if not dark; but we looked forward to the comparatively vacant space before us, which seemed to rest in a blaze of light, and shewed to advantage the uniforms of the pope's noble guard, and the rich vestments of the priests, as from time to time they made their way to the places apparently reserved for them. By and by, the pope and several dignitaries of the church, entered, the Holy Father being conducted to a throne-like seat beneath a canopy. Then the organ poured forth a swelling strain, and many silvery voices rose and fell in measured cadences. The service in the Latin tongue commenced, ever and anon interrupted by genuflections and pantomimic ceremonies, of which a Protestant can hardly be expected to give a faithful account. We lent ourselves to the free enjoyment of the music; but apparently the monotony of the scene soon became wearisome to a large proportion of the ladies present. By half-past nine o'clock, some of the best seats were vacated, and we were able to push forward almost close to the barrier which separated us from the great body of the chapel. Occasionally, we heard a few words spoken in a foreign tongue; but so frequently did a buzz of English conversation break on the ear, that we concluded at least three-fourths of the ladies present must be English or Americans, who, like ourselves, were attracted by curiosity to see the sight—not drawn to the Sistine Chapel to join in a religious service. I believe this celebration of high-mass lasted till nearly midnight; but probably few strangers remained till the conclusion, for, in retiring about ten o'clock, we ourselves only seemed following a general example.

I know the fine things that have been said and ought to be said in favour of early rising; nevertheless, I persist in considering candle-light rising and candle-light breakfast among the disagreeable incidents of travelling and sight-seeing. I had desired to be called at half-past five in the morning; and when the sharp tap at my door aroused me, I opened my eyes on pitchy darkness; but that very intensity of night revealed what would never have shewn itself in the dawn, a single topaz-like spark that shone from out the wood-ashes. I had not had the heart to desire a fire to be lighted for me at that early hour, but here was the thing beautifully arranged—three puffs from the bellows, and the skilful adjustment of some slender logs, were all that was necessary for my purpose; and in five minutes, a bright flame and a crackling music dispelled the sense of gloom I had experienced. By the by, a pair of bellows, usually asthmatic, and a pair of tongs, always rusty, constitute the 'fire-irons' to be found in such Italian apartments as boast the luxury of an

Digitized by Google

open chimney. Nor are these all-sufficient weapons to be despised: the management of a wood-fire is not a thing to be rashly or unadvisedly undertaken; and though, when masterly instruction is bestowed on a genius apt to receive and constant to retain, the accomplishment may be acquired in a few practical lessons, I have known unfortunates who, after suffering the severities of many transalpine winters, were still imbeciles at their own hearth-stone.

Even in December the daylight comes and goes in Rome with a visible celerity that reminds a northern traveller of the latitude into which he has passed. There is, in fact, little or no twilight; but Christmas morning rose foggy and dull, and when we left the hotel between seven and eight o'clock, the aspect of the streets was more murky than I have often known London to be at the same season. Then the streets are so narrow, and the shops so mean, that there is nothing to relieve the gloom. As we crossed the Ponte di St Angelo, we observed that the fog crawled and clung about the Tiber even as a London fog crawls and clings about the Thames.

It may easily be believed, that a faithful description and a historical account of St Peter's would fill a thick volume. Nothing of the sort is here attempted: I shall do little more than endeavour to convey to the untravelled reader some of my own passing impressions. This magnificent structure—certainly the largest, and by some critics declared to be the most beautiful church in the world—marks the spot where the martyr-apostle St Peter was interred after his crucifixion, head downwards, on a hill about two miles distant. In the year 90 A.D., a bishop of Rome, who was said to have received ordination from St Peter himself, erected an oratory on the site of the present cathedral; and in 306 Constantine the Great built a basilica here, which henceforth continued a centre of attraction to the Christian world. It lasted till the end of the fifteenth century; and some curious representations of it exist among the paintings of the early Italian masters. Ruin had, however, long threatened the building, and various plans for a new structure had been submitted to different popes, when, in 1503, the assistance of Bramante was secured. In 1506, Julius II. laid the foundation-stone of the new building under the pier against which the statue of St Veronica now stands. This pope indeed entertained the ambitious desire of rendering the new St Peter's a shrine for his own mausoleum, on which Michael Angelo was then engaged, and to which allusion has already been made as a work which gave rise to malicious envy: a work destined never to be completed, but which, in its fragmentary state, rests in another church in Rome—the well-known Moses, a copy of which is placed in the Crystal Palace, being the central and most remarkable statue.

Only four piers, and the arches which spring from them, were completed when Bramante the architect died, and by this time Leo X. filled the papal chair. New architects were chosen, and the assistance of Raphael obtained. The original plan had been that of a Greek cross. Raphael preferred the Latin cross; but Raphael died in 1520, and among the changes of purpose and of patrons which ensued, time passed on; and it was not till the year 1546, when Michael Angelo had completed his seventy-second year, that to this great artist was confided the task of altering, modifying, and completing the work so many hands had attempted to carry out. Michael Angelo returned to the form of the Greek cross, enlarged the tribune and the two transepts, strengthened the foundations, and commenced the dome on a plan suggested by the dome of the cathedral at Florence*—saying that he would lift the Pantheon into the air. He kept his word; for the external measurement of the dome—diameter 195½ feet—exceeds that of the great heathen temple by nearly two feet. It is true that, though he reached his ninetieth year, Michael Angelo did not live to see the completion of his work; but so far as this portion of the building is concerned, succeeding architects adhered exactly to his plan. We must remember that the building of St Peter's occupied more than a century—at a period when death seemed unusually busy in high places, so that the generations of men in power succeeded each other with strange rapidity. Hence proceeded the frequent changes of purpose which occurred in the erection of this cathedral. Many critics regret that Michael Angelo's design of a Corinthian portico, combined with the Greek cross, was not followed, as this arrangement would have permitted the whole dome to be visible from the piazza. But, on the contrary, succeeding architects returned to the form of the Latin cross, and built a façade which, however beautiful in itself, has the unfortunate effect of so screening the dome, that there is no point of the piazza from which the cupola can be combined with the rest of the building, so as to exhibit all parts in their just proportions.

In fact, it is necessary to ascend above the cupola in order to realise the gigantic proportions of the building. Yet it may give some idea of the height to mention that, on the roof, wooden houses are erected for the convenience of workmen, who seem always occupied on the mosaics or in executing other repairs, such houses being quite shrouded by the angle of the parapets, and consequently invisible from below; and that the thirteen statues of Our Saviour and the Twelve Apostles which crown the façade do not strike the eye as colossal, although they are really 17 feet high.

An inside gallery runs round the base of the cupola, and from this gallery the visitor looks down on the bronze *baldacchino* resting far below; and up to the colossal mosaics which line the dome, and which are of necessity executed in large squares, though, when seen from below, they look highly finished and delicate. I was sorry to perceive a crack in the mosaics many inches in width and many feet in length, which indicated too surely a dangerous strain, though this large crack was quite invisible from below. On mentioning the circumstance, I discovered a certain superstitious feeling to prevail in Rome in connection with the dome of St Peter's—a feeling that its permanence and the permanence of the papal power were in some way connected.

It is the interior of St Peter's that in most hearts kindles the sentiment of admiration to intensity. Byron says:

> Enter; its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
> And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
> Expanded by the genius of the spot,
> Has grown colossal.

Indeed, some wondrous law of harmony must prevail in St Peter's, which takes from it that stern, if not rude aspect which commonly belongs to immensity in works of art—a law similar to that which rules in nature, for the beautifully rounded and developed tree will always appear smaller than it really is when brought into comparison with those of less graceful

* It is curious to observe how reverential true genius is. Michael Angelo used to gaze for hours in admiration of Brunelleschi's dome at Florence, and often exclaimed when studying it: 'Like it, I will not do; better, I cannot:' and in accordance with his desire, Michael Angelo's tomb in Santa Croce, at Florence, is so placed that *it can see* the wondrous dome he so admired.

Digitized by Google

growth, and a man or woman of perfectly symmetrical figure never looks the same height as a gaunt sort of person of the same inches. In my own case, I never could realise the vastness of St Peter's except by a sort of child's play. I would measure off by my eye a certain space, and say: 'Surely that might be the site of a large church;' and then making the extreme limit of that measurement the starting-point of another, would mentally portion out a second allotment, and so on, till I satisfied myself that many fine churches might stand within the walls of that one. Or I would walk up to the marble cherubim that support the vases for holy-water, and satisfy myself that these figures, which look so infantile, were in reality five feet in height.

I always found St Peter's a particularly comfortable place in cold weather, but never appreciated its warm and pleasant atmosphere more thoroughly than on that chilly foggy Christmas morning. We had been correctly informed that it was only necessary to present ourselves attired in black, with black veils on our heads instead of bonnets, to claim seats at the side of the high-altar, where benches rising one above the other had been placed, capable, I should think, of accommodating from four to five hundred ladies. We were in such good time that we saw at a glance we might choose our places, so we walked leisurely up the nave, enjoying the warmth of the many lamps, and the fragrant remains of the incense. One of the most famous objects in St Peter's is the notorious bronze statue of the saint, which some antiquaries declare to be an ancient Jupiter with the keys added, and the name changed; others say it was the statue of a slave; but the majority of critics, I believe, consider it to be the work of the early Christians, who perhaps melted down a Jupiter, and used the metal for their purpose. I confess I cannot believe the old pagans, who have left us so many forms of beauty, ever made anything half so hideous as this seated image, which resembles a Hindoo idol more than anything else. On Christmas-day, a ring—apparently an enormous sapphire surrounded with large diamonds—blazed upon one of the brazen fingers; and two soldiers were stationed, one on each side, a guard of honour for St Peter—and the ring.

Most people are familiar with the interior of St Peter's, if only by means of drawings and engravings, and I need scarcely remind my readers that the high-altar, with its beautiful bronze baldacchino, or grand canopy, stands immediately beneath the dome. The relics of St Peter are said to rest beneath the altar; and the confessional, where Canova's kneeling statue of Pius VI. is placed, is surrounded by a balustrade of marble, on which are suspended eighty-nine lamps, kept burning night and day. Leaning over this balustrade, we look down on the statue which represents the pope praying at the tomb of the apostle, and likewise on the double flight of steps which lead to the shrine. The baldacchino, which is 94½ feet high, and which is profusely ornamented and gilt, was partly composed of bronze stripped from the Pantheon, in those days when there seemed little reverence for the beautiful remains of ancient art, and when the Coliseum itself was used like a quarry to supply building materials for medieval palaces. It is conjectured that tin from our Cornish mines was a component part of that Pantheon bronze; brought from the island of the barbarians by the Romans, when Rome was the seat and centre of civilisation. How strangely do the generations clasp hands, and weave the chain which stretches through all time!

The great dome is mainly supported by four piers, each pier having a colossal statue at its base; and the seats appointed for ladies stretched on our side from the statue of St Helena—represented bearing the cross, of which her dream led to the discovery, and other instruments of the Saviour's passion—and the statue of St Longinus—the soldier who pierced His side; opposite, the seats extended between the statue of St Andrew and that of St Veronica. We were by no means too early, for ten minutes after we had secured seats in the first and second rows, ladies thronged in so fast that I began to pity a certain official, a sort of master of the ceremonies, whose duty it appeared to be to superintend the accommodation of the black-robed visitors. This functionary was a gentleman evidently, and one who spoke three or four languages fluently; but he wore a dress that belonged to the Elizabethan period; and by the starched ruff, which gave his head a decapitated appearance, the slashed sleeves and ruffles, and numerous chains hanging about him, so reminded one of some ancient knight, that I found myself indulging in a sort of waking dream, and fancying that I saw before me an old picture that had stepped out of its frame, and become vivified for this occasion. But the living picture was a character with decided opinions of his own. His abhorrence of crinoline became painfully evident as he marshalled the ladies to their places, and used hard words about the 'balloons' that so troubled him. He did not *look* like a married or paternal personage, and, moreover, I believe celibates are chiefly in favour near the 'Saint Siége;' but he spoke as severely of the *mode*, as a Benedict might have done who had to provide dresses to cover the crinolines of a wife and half-a-dozen daughters. Then his temper certainly was tried by the pertinacity with which people would seat themselves just in the way where the new-comers had to pass, on the seat that he insisted must be filled up last. The uninitiated fancied this third row a particularly good place, which it was not, as its occupants discovered later in the day; but our friend of the starched ruff had to renew his explanations and dislodge new-comers every five minutes. On one occasion, when he had spoken to some ladies in three languages, without making the slightest impression, he lost his patience, but startled them into comprehension by abruptly exclaiming, in good English: 'Of what country are you, that you don't understand me?' However, all troubles come to an end some time or other, and his tiresome duty seemed ended by about nine o'clock. I should mention that the very best seats, the extra-reserved, were railed off, and apportioned to the 'ladies of the French garrison,' who, later in the morning, came in by twos and threes on the arms of French officers. A trifling courtesy this, no doubt, and yet significant of the condition of modern Rome, where a foreign soldiery keep guard over her most time-honoured memorials, exercise in the piazza of her cathedral, and take the wall when passing her citizens in the streets, whose very names ring with a rhythm of past glories; the soldiery who seek to drown the audible murmur of discontent with the drum and the fife, and maintain by sheer force an outward calm that can be only the precursor of national convulsion. Ladies of the French garrison, enjoy your reserved seats while you may; I fear the scorn that gleams from the bright eyes of many a Roman maid and matron as your sons and husbands pass by, glances also sideways at you!

Soon after nine o'clock, St Peter's began—I was going to say to fill—but that is a mistake. I cannot imagine St Peter's to be ever filled. It seemed to absorb the crowds who entered; they looked so small, and were so quickly scattered. Now a party of Sisters of Charity arrived, and, before taking their places, bent their knees in profound reverence to some object of their worship; then came the pope's Swiss Guard in their clown-like uniform of black, red, and yellow—said to have been designed by Michael Angelo; then

Digitized by Google

bare-legged friars with their sandalled feet, serge frocks, and rope-girdles, spitting as well as praying, and giving unmistakable evidence of their standing quarrel with, and separation from, soap and water. Later came more soldiers, and officers in brilliant uniforms, and ambassadors in official costumes, and priests, whose costly vestments and jewels eclipsed every other decoration. I thought, too, that the black dresses of the ladies, serried into masses, formed a contrast or background which set off those brilliant costumes to advantage. It is true there were many ladies in ordinary walking-dresses—especially those who came in for half an hour before proceeding to the English Protestant church—but they were not admitted beyond a certain barrier.

At ten o'clock precisely, the massive centre door was thrown open; and at the same moment, a strain of music was heard. Then began the grand procession of the day, every incident of which has, I believe, some symbolic meaning. It is, I think, a pity that these types are not more generally explained and understood; were their hidden meaning made apparent, these ceremonies would be more instructive and suggestive to the Roman Catholic laity, and more interesting to us heretics. Priests of many denominations walked two and two, generally with hands placed together, and pointed upwards, as if in prayer; then came cardinals in their rich robes, and in the same attitude, which permitted us to see their jewelled rings worn on the third finger. More immediately preceding His Holiness, three jewelled crowns, or mitres, were borne, each on a separate cushion; and two large fans of white feathers, in which the eyes of peacocks' feathers are set, were waved to and fro. I understand these eyes are symbolic of the vigilance expected from the pontiff; and, likewise, that the eyes of all men are turned towards him.

The pope was carried in his chair, or portable throne, and raised high on the shoulders of his bearers; and, with thumb and two extended fingers —said to symbolise the Trinity—he gave his blessing to the people as he passed along. Not believing in the infallibility of any human being, my feelings of respect were not so absorbing as to exclude other emotions; and I must confess a sentiment of compassion for this frail old man was that most prominent with me. I know not how one can go over one of his palaces and mark the arrangements which indicate his isolated existence without pity taking possession of the heart. Why, if it were only that an old man must fade away, and fall into the grave without the intimate companionship and tender care of woman, he must be an object of compassion. Is there no Christian symbol to be traced in the fact that, in our Saviour's history, women were found 'last at the cross,' and 'earliest at the grave,' that may sanctify this Protestant compassion?

Pius IX. has a benevolent expression of countenance, mingled with weakness and indecision. I have seldom seen any countenance so colourless; his closely shaven face on Christmas-day had that peculiar pallor which, in the decline of life, is said to indicate great vitality, and consequently the prospect of a long life. The pope's vestments were of white silk, richly embroidered with gold; and he wore on his head the famous triple crown, which blazed with jewels. It may be worth while to remark that the lower circlet of this crown typifies temporal dominion, while the mitre represents the spiritual; the second circlet shadows forth the union of the spiritual and temporal authority; and the third, the union of the pontificial, imperial, and royal power. In the large space behind the high-altar, the pope descended from his chair, and received the homage of the cardinals—and then commenced the ceremony of High Mass. The music, somewhat dramatic in its character, was exquisite; a choir of well-attuned voices proceeded from a sort of balcony, with close trellis-like gilded railings, which concealed the persons of the singers—and I for one could not help thinking of birds singing from a gilded cage. I need not express my Protestant feelings about the ceremonies of the mass; but I must confess the scene was impressive when the pope, standing at the high-altar with his assistant-priesthood around him, advanced a step or two forward, and elevated the host for the faithful to worship. By some well-concerted signal, the next instant the cannon of St Angelo thundered out to all Rome the intelligence, so that doubtless multitudes of believers who were not within the cathedral bowed themselves in adoration at the same moment. But that very ceremony, imposing and impressive as it was, had also its disenchanting power; for as every believer in the doctrine of transubstantiation knelt at the elevation of the host, they thus picked themselves out from among that vast throng, and proclaimed how small their number in comparison with the foreign visitors who had been attracted hither from curiosity to see the show. Of course, with only this transient opportunity of observation for one's guide, it is difficult to speak with precision on such a subject; but I certainly think that not more than one out of every fifteen or twenty persons who were in St Peter's on Christmas-morning, exclusive of priests and nuns, acknowledged themselves Romanists at the moment to which I refer.

When the ceremony was over, the pope was again carried in his chair; but this time he passed down the opposite side of the nave, and thus was seen closely by the people congregated in that part of the church, towards whom he extended his hand with the gesture of benediction as he passed along. The crowd now began to move, following the pope like the billows of a receding tide—all but those who paused to worship at the shrine of St Peter, or to kiss the extended toe of the bronze statue.

It was nearly one o'clock when we reached the open air, and looked upon a scene not easily to be forgotten. Slanting rays of sunlight had gleamed through the windows of the cathedral, and had proclaimed with their pencils of light that the morning mist had cleared away; but we were not prepared for a literally cloudless sky of dark, clear blue—a sky that in the rarefied depth and intensity of its ether has no parallel in our northern latitude; a true 'Italian sky,' the memory of which dwells in the mind 'a joy for ever.' The sun blazed from the clear blue vault as from a throne—and pitilessly on the unbonneted heads exposed to its power, as we stood on the cathedral steps waiting for our carriage to draw up. But as this was a tedious process, necessity waived ceremony; and ladies were seen hurrying to whatever shade they could find, or raising shawls from their shoulders to their brows, by way of protection. And yet in the shade so many sought, the north wind was found keenly cutting, so that the alternative for that odd quarter of an hour lay between the chance of a *coup de soleil*, or a severe cold. The scene meanwhile continued to be sufficiently interesting; the bright sunshine gleamed on the cardinals' red carriages, as one after another they rolled away with their priestly burdens, and on the ambassador's gay dresses, and on the Swiss guard and French soldiers stationed in the piazza; and it made rainbows in the bright fountains there which seemed to leap up with a spirit of innocent gladness. The clear blue ether also formed a matchless background for the white statues that crowned the colonnades of the piazza—peopling their entablature to the number of nearly two hundred. These statues represent duly canonised saints, and though really twelve feet in height, appear

Digitized by Google

only lifelike; but then we must remember that the colonnades are above sixty feet in height.

In due time, our turn arrived, and thankful we were for the shade of a close carriage as we stepped into it. But driving home was no very easy matter; we had to fall into the long line of carriages that was forming, and to proceed at a walking-pace until long after we had crossed the Tiber. High Mass at St Peter's was the great event of Christmas-day in Rome; and the procession that crowded the main lines of thoroughfare for an hour after it was over, demonstrated how numerous and motley had been the congregation beneath that wondrous dome!

IN RE, MIND AND MATTER.

Bobbie was the name of an old bachelor Scotchman and odd character who kept an old-book shop in a certain university town of North Britain. He was a little man, with keen gray eyes under a high wrinkled forehead, over which straggled one or two friendless hairs, of which there never were so many on his head since I knew it, but that they might have been counted. His features were sharp, with a constant look of care; his whiskers white and thin; his voice shrill; and his lips thin, as if worn with use. Everything was sharp and thin about him, from his knees to his nose. His black coat was tight and bare, and his black trousers yellow and snuffy. He kept himself as he kept his favourite authors—whom he wouldn't disgrace by binding afresh—no, not to make them fetch double the money.

He never had any other name than Bobbie; or if he had, nobody knew it. Something about him forbade inquiry: there was no sign over his door; and he never gave receipts or credit. My instincts told me he was a Smith—Mr Robert Smith. He had the tread of a Smith—laid his feet on the world's soil like one with a right to do it—steadily, frankly, flatly, deliberately. He had the humanity of a Smith—that feeling for the species which, however it may be with other persons, is always perfect in the breast of a Smith. So it ought to be. Aren't the Smiths, in a sort, human society? Others may have the feeling, but it is only among the Smiths that humanity *can* rank with the family affections. And lastly, he had that reserve about his name which characterises the Smiths: he never told it to anybody; nobody knew it. Not that the Smiths generally deny themselves; but none of them ever had so fine a sense of what was due to the family. 'Homo sum,' &c. 'Smith sum,' &c. There is no occasion to mention the particular *genus;* he lived and died as Bobbie the Bookseller.

No one knew what he was in the beginning, or when the raw material of him was cast into the mould of the old-book shop. But the casting was perfect—he fitted it exactly. A cubic foot added to its space—an inch to the counter—would have made harmony impossible between him and it. As it was, he harmonised, soul and body of him, with everything in it. With the stock-in-trade, indeed, his mind had a sort of Corsican brotherhood. Like it, he smacked of every system and of all knowledge; his kaleidoscopic views changed with its changes, whether made by sale or purchase. When nothing was doing, and there was no new book to be assimilated, he would sit for hours as steadily as the books on their shelves, and looking as straight before him, brooding over some owlish question in metaphysics—Did the owl come from the egg, or the egg from the owl? He had always food for reflection.

Of his many peculiarities, only one is to the purpose. In the flux of his mind, two things were as firmly fixed as posts in a river—his belief in the supremacy of reason, and his sense of duty. 'Vivere convenienter naturæ' was his sum of all the commandments; and wherever reason pointed the way, Bobbie put his best foot forward—a dreadfully practical little man. But as his own reason—which was none of the best—and not reason in general, was his guide, he was continually falling into extravagances. It was his foible to be always illustrating the power of mind over matter—if mind couldn't triumph over matter, where was reason's supremacy or the stoical doctrine?

The said doctrine had hardly fair-play from Bobbie—he understood it so literally. Nature was something less than a blanket, and included neither cornfields nor stall-oxen, opinion nor laws. We were all right in a state of nature—so said Rousseau—mischief entered the world with inventions and conventions, especially the latter. Wherever he got the notion—most likely from some forgotten work of the eighteenth century, long since gone out of stock, Bobbie had it, that all the most deplorable evils were due to conventions (meaning conventionalities); and from this sprang, in the obscurities of his brain, a string of heresies as long and sickly as the shoots of a potato in a dungeon. It would shock you to enumerate them. There was reason to fear marriage was a convention. Polygamy here, monogamy there; here many wives, there many husbands: bah, it *was* a convention! Property was a convention—any proof wanted for that?—the evil were less if the law were clearer; it was a perfect muddle of a convention! The very order of society was a convention—pampered aristocracies, high caste, low caste, humane institution of American slavery! Of course it was a convention! Religion—yes, we weep to record it—religion was a convention. Nature in it?—why, on the face of it, it was supernatural!—and Bobbie would array all the religions of the world, from Mumbo-Jumboism to Mormonism, and bewail the folly of mankind. It wasn't much one honest man could do; but he would do it. He wanted nature, and not conventions, and, while there was life in him, he would stand up against conventions!

One day he stumbled on a syllogism, which nearly proved the death of him, by knocking him up against a hitherto unsuspected convention. 'Loss of time is an evil;' the major, good. 'Sleep is a loss of time;' the minor, bad, but not so to Bobbie. 'Therefore sleep is an evil'—conclusion quite alarming! Being an evil, sleep was a convention! Bobbie, who loved his night's rest, and never opened till ten A.M., was distressed at the prospect of this new martyrdom to principle; for him to discover a convention was to stand up against it; he was far too practical and moral a man not to suffer from his false conclusions. So he banged at the joints of that syllogism with all his logic to see whether they were sound; and still the inexorable major and minor turned round on them to the conclusion. He consulted a student of metaphysics on the subject, who attacked the minor with the vigour of eighteen; denied it, used bad language to it, called it a *petitio principii;* and said, in short, that sleep, so far from being a loss of time, was one of the most healthful and necessary ways of employing it. Bobbie's pride of intellect was touched. He defended the minor. Sleep was time lost to activity—an evil—a convention; and he would shew that and the power of mind over matter by doing without it.

The night following his conversation with the gownsman, Bobbie opened the campaign against the newly detected tyranny. He took no one into his secret, and meant to surprise the world by a discovery that would add a third to human life, if it would not pave the way to a triumph over death itself. Filled with these great ideas, he saw to his coal-scuttle,

Digitized by Google

drew down the blinds on the windows of his room over the shop, and adjusted himself for the night. He spent it on the whole pleasantly, reading a rusty *Locke on the Understanding* before midnight; writing out the fatal syllogism, and a note of his faith and feelings, till three in the morning; drank a glass of cold water, and exercised himself in leaping over the chairs placed at intervals in a circle round the table till half-past three; sat a while at the fire; feeling drowsy about four, went down to the shop for Tom Paine, where he was thoroughly roused by a conversation, in a screaming voice, through the shutter, with a policeman, who was surprised by seeing the light through the chinks; read Tom Paine till seven; cooked his breakfast and ate it till eight, and surprised the neighbours by opening shop for the day at a quarter past eight. During the day he felt very drowsy, but was able to go through the ordinary routine of buying and selling, and conversing with the gownsmen who dropped in, as if there were nothing particular on foot.

Next night, he commenced by continuing the note of his feelings and experiences. The record is before me, but too long and rambling for quotation. It begins (I alter the dialect, which was a bewildering mixture of Scotch and English): 'So far forth I have holden on, and not without hope of triumph. Why should *I*, the divine *Ego* [Bobbie deified his reason], for a moment be lost in the unfathomed—— [A gap here.] Arms of Morpheus, forsooth! the pagan hypothesis. O man! how can you have led us, with your vagaries, into this time-destroying convention—this curious putting of ourselves by in sleep—this voluntary exile of consciousness and power which we nightly suffer—this—— [Gap again.] But I am throwing off the thrall.' And then came the particulars. He had to rub his eyes many times before finishing his scribbling; and when the clock struck twelve, and he rose for a change of employment, they were red and hot, and his head was aching. But he firmly believed that the majesty of the will being once asserted, nature would interfere to readjust matters, and he should be free, nor longer liable to be caught and clasped to the bosom of the insinuating pagan hypothesis! When, thereafter, he tried to read, the print danced on the page, and colours red, blue, and black, came and went upon it; and when he shook his head to rid himself of these impediments, he shook out long webs and strings of gauze that spread and hung before his eyes, with broken edges, rents here and there; here blotches of black, and there of blood, always shifting, always going downward out of sight, and reappearing immediately from above on their way down again; while numerous flies went in and out, and up and down, in the gauze, and completed his distraction. Reading became quite impossible. He now bethought him of the shop again. He went down, lit the gas, kindled the fire, and gave the place every appearance of business, save that the door was shut and the shutters on the windows. He set himself in his customary seat, as if he were expecting customers, just as he had done any time for twenty years; and doing nothing, held himself awake, if not by sheer force of habit—it was never heard of that he napped in the shop—at least by a strong effort of will. At three, another change became necessary: his feet were sleeping, if he wasn't—O weakness of matter!—and he had some difficulty in trailing himself up stairs. Once there, he put on the kettle, made and drank a cup of strong tea, ate some bread and butter; and it now being after four, he spent the remainder of the morning till breakfast-time in playing loo with himself for high stakes, working Dumby's cards with great anxiety for that imaginary individual's interests. The shop was opened at eight. The issues in the great cause, 'Mind and Matter,' Bobbie for the plaintiff, were now rapidly evolving themselves. As the day advanced, he felt like one in an uncomfortable dream. His fancy became active, and twisted everything at its will into the maddest grotesqueries; his thoughts played leap-frog in the chambers of his brain, and congested on his tongue, striving for expression. It was mooted about that day that Bobbie had lost his wits. He stood up as usual to the business of conversation, and the students who dropped in could make nothing of him. The little man's gray eyes were red; the wrinkles on his brow were deepened; and there was a stoop on his back, that used to be straight as a rush. Alas! for the supremacy of Reason! His absurdities and inconsistencies, that spread over many weeks, were amusing, exhibited in so many minutes, were terrific—sheer insanity. In the same breath, he was a baboon with Monboddo, and recollected with Plato the state of pre-existence! In the same breath he agreed with Hume and Berkeley. Conscience was at once the divine monitor and a convention; and he went in for the Ptolemaic system against an intending purchaser of the *Principia*. He shut the shop that night an hour before his usual time, and thus confirmed the suspicions which his behaviour had already awakened in the minds of his neighbours.

The third night opened with a game at 'loo.' No notes, no feelings, no particulars of his experiences. If his crotchets had not been so firmly rooted in him, he would have given up the cards by this time in re, 'Mind and Matter,' as well as literally. But Bobbie was no common litigant. He had foreseen and provided against the weakness of matter leading mind, through sheer pity, into a compromise of its claims. He had printed the fatal syllogism in fatal red ink, in a large hand, and pasted it on the four sides of his room. It stared him into a sense of duty on whichever side he turned:

NO COMPROMISE!
Loss of time is an evil.
Sleep is a loss of time.
Sleep is an evil.

So on he went with his loo; Dumby now victor, now himself; strict regard for interests of Dumby; double; Dumby sweeps the pool; languid 'Bravo, Dumby!' hitch in reckoning with Dumby; pause to consider; head drops forward; not done yet; game to the last; splashes the cards on to the floor, and paces up and down over them pitilessly, as, hearts, clubs, spades, and diamonds, look up at him, deprecating his anger. It is past midnight. He is on the alert now; avoids chairs, tables, sofas, everything that suggests sitting, leaning, lying. It is one o'clock; he is weak and yielding; thinks of tea, but has not the energy to go and make it. It is two o'clock; how heavily and drowsily the great church-clock sounds the hour! This cannot last. Now, then, for his grand effort. He drags himself down stairs, passes through the shop, and into the street, and in the direction of the fields.

He never reached them. He had bravely wrestled with his enemy, but it threw him. His brain and blood were full of dreams that should have been three days old by this time, and they weighed upon him till he sat down on a cold stone by the wayside, when they made brief work of him, and stretched him his full length on the ground. The divine 'Ego' of him went into exile, while the pagan hypothesis roughly held the mortal part to earth! Verdict for the defendant.

It was well for Bobbie that the watchman, who had been for three nights puzzled by his extraordinary proceedings, over and in the little shop, had satisfied himself that all was not right; and being a kind soul, not to say inquisitive, had kept an eye on the

Digitized by Google

premises, and dogged the little man when he saw him issue haggard as a maniac from his door. His first idea, on coming up to him where he lay, was that he had poisoned himself, and was dead; so he sprang his rattle, and having procured assistance, had Bobbie conveyed to the nearest house, where he was stretched out, apparently lifeless, on a bed vacated for him by the humane landlord, who hurried away for a doctor. The doctor, when he came and inspected him, pronounced him a living man, swore a round oath or two at the watch for their stupidity, and tried to arouse him. This was more than could be done, however. They pulled him, nipped him, poured water on him to no purpose. At last they took him home, put him safely into his own bed, and left him.

It was Friday morning when Bobbie was put to bed. When he awakened, the sun was streaming in upon him, and the church-bells were ringing their last peals, all over the city. Bobbie sat up in bed, bewildered, trying in vain to recall what had happened, when his door opened, and the neighbour-body who, for a consideration, kept things right about him, entered and threw up her hands: 'Thank Heaven, Bobbie, ye've waukened; a' thought ye wis gaen to sleep till doomsday!' The true nature of the catastrophe flashed upon him, and he buried his face, crimson with shame, under the bedclothes.

Bobbie continued in after-times to believe as firmly as ever in the majesty of the will, the supremacy of reason, triumph of mind over matter, and in the diabolical nature of conventions; but it was observed that he always qualified his creed by a saving-clause to the effect that there were some particulars —sleep, for example—in regard to which, from the extreme weakness of the flesh resulting from confirmed habit, the mind was not to be expected to exercise its dominion. He affirmed of this subject to the last, that the thing might be done, under fair conditions: 'Just gie me a bairnie wha hasna been quite spoilt, an' a' warrant a'll mak *it* dee wi'oot sleep; that a' wull.' He never had a chance of making the experiment; so he continued in his self-complacency and hatred of conventions, till the grand smasher of all conventions removed him.

VISITANTS OF SHIPS AT SEA.

All persons who have made long voyages, especially in land-locked seas and on board of sailing-vessels, must remember painfully the wearisomeness of protracted calms. But travellers who have a turn for natural history, often find amusement in circumstances which kill others with ennui. At particular seasons of the year, a ship proceeding, for instance, to the Mediterranean, has no sooner been two or three days out at sea, than the passengers observe birds of various kinds perched upon the rigging. Fatigue is generally supposed to be the cause of these visits, though we cannot always have recourse to this explanation, since even when the shore is near at hand, these little explorers of strange things will come and display their beauty to the mariner, reminding him of green woods and sunny glades, in the midst of vast billows, and the watery waste.

We believe that hawks and falcons are not usually reckoned among migratory birds; yet it is certain that they sometimes cross the Mediterranean where it is broadest, as well from Africa to Europe as from Europe to Africa. One day in summer, lying almost midway between Marmorice and Greece, we observed a golden falcon coming up swiftly from the south, and resting upon the top-gallant-sail-yard. As he remained there a considerable time, we inferred that he meant to make the passage to Europe in our company; and a young sailor went up to do the honours of the ship, and invite him to descend. Having evidently had enough of flying, the falcon made no objection. He suffered himself to be taken without the least resistance; and when brought down to the deck, looked about him, as we thought, with tokens of pleasure. Perhaps he detected the smell of meat; and certainly when some was offered him, the voracity with which he fell upon it suggested the probability that we were indebted for the pleasure of his company to hunger rather than weariness.

Being treated with much kindness, he shewed no desire to quit us, though allowed his full freedom. He flew fore and aft, soared up to the vane, and then, when he thought proper, came down like an arrow.

Everybody on board was amused with him, and loved to gaze at his large bright piercing eyes as he watched everything around him, or turned up quick glances at the clouds. We began to think him as tame as a kitten, gave him, by way of peace-offering, bits of meat with our fingers, and some of the bolder among us even ventured to stroke his speckled breast. This, however, was not done without some apprehension, for he had sharp claws, and his beak was formidable.

When he had already been with us eight or ten days, we came in sight of Etna, towering ten thousand feet into the blue firmament, and with its deep snowy cap looking like a stationary cloud. The falcon no doubt saw it much sooner than we did; but he had been kindly treated, and was doubtless loath to break hospitable ties. But when liberty or servitude was the question, he could not long hesitate; and, after wheeling twice or thrice about the ship, as if to take an affectionate leave of us, he rose aloft, plunged into space, and disappeared in the direction of the great mountain. We could not blame him, though, as he had grown friendly and familiar, we much regretted his departure.

Some of the old Dutch navigators being, like the rest of their countrymen, possessed strongly by the love of gardening, often used to make the attempt to indulge in the pleasures of horticulture on board ship. They made large, long, and deep boxes, filled them with fine earth, and raised for themselves cresses and other salads during their voyages to the east. When the keen-eyed birds perceived, as they could from a great distance, these little floating patches of verdure, they often alighted on the vessels to examine them. But most of the visits paid to ships by birds are owing to precisely the same motive as makes wayfarers pause at an inn on the road—they have travelled far, and need a little repose.

Unfortunately, sailors have formed a strange theory respecting the appearance of birds in the neighbourhood of their vessels, on their sails, or among the rigging; they look upon them as the sure forerunner of storms. Even the most observant travellers are sometimes betrayed—by putting confidence in old seafaring men, usually full of prejudice and superstition —into sharing this belief. An able naturalist, sailing out of the Baltic, observed, just before losing sight of the island of Gothland, a small gray bird of the sparrow tribe following the ship, upon which the captain said they should certainly have bad weather. Accordingly, in less than half an hour, the wind rose, the sea ran high, and the waves broke fiercely over the bulwarks. The same writer remarks that, in the North Sea, the Baltic, and on the coast of Spain, whenever birds came on board, a tempest was sure to follow, which led him to infer that the petrel is not the only bird whose visits portend storms.

We have not yet sufficiently investigated the laws of instinct to know by what signs birds foresee the

Digitized by Google

coming on of bad weather, though it is certain they do, long before the human eye can discover in sea or air the slightest indication of its approach. The most interesting point connected with this subject is the light it may serve to throw on the migration of birds. We know that many species disappear from the northern parts of Europe early in the autumn, and that they reappear a little later in Africa and Southern Spain. From these facts we might reasonably conclude, that in the interval they perform the passage from one of these parts of the world to the other. Ships bound in the same direction as the birds are often alighted upon by these little voyagers, when the rough wind precipitates them from the upper regions of the atmosphere, through which they would otherwise prefer to fly. Among these are the redstart, the swallow, and others, which the first harbinger of the nipping cold of winter sends hastily away to the beautiful slopes of Mount Atlas, or the southern acclivities of the Sierra Nevada. Sometimes on the Spanish coast the linnet puts forth to sea, either caught by the vortices of the atmosphere, and carried away against its will, or tempted by curiosity to make acquaintance with the ships that sail down the Atlantic towards the Strait of Gibraltar.

Naturalists have observed that the rock of Gibraltar forms, for the English short-winged summer-birds, a resting-place and rendezvous, where they meet in spring and autumn, on their way to and from the north. In this fact, we discover an explanation of the facility with which these feeble voyagers pass from one quarter of the world to another. If they choose, they may avoid long sea-passages, and flit from hill to hill, and grove to grove, all the way from Kent or Sussex to the extremity of Andalucia. Occasionally, however, for reasons not easy to be discovered, or in obedience to some law of instinct altogether unknown, they not only avoid the land, but set out at night to traverse the sea. When overtaken by hard weather, they are sometimes dashed against light-houses, or the rigging of ships, and in the morning have been found dead on the deck, or among the rocks. It has been conjectured, that, disliking the gloom in which they are enveloped by the storm, they make voluntarily towards the strong beacon-light in search of an asylum; but it is quite as probable that amid the fury of the winds, they lose the power of directing their own flight, and are dashed accidentally against the lofty tower.

The nightingale is undoubtedly to be reckoned among birds of passage; yet we know of no instance of its being taken on shipboard. No doubt, it crosses the Mediterranean from Europe to Africa, because the season in which it is found on the northern slopes of the Atlas is precisely that in which it disappears from our latitudes. So, again, in Persia, the bulbul, or nightingale, is only observed to sing during those months in which its song is never heard with us. To Asia, however, it may easily migrate, along the soft valleys of Roumelia and Asia Minor; but to the Barbary States it could hardly travel otherwise than by sea. It may, indeed, proceed to the specular Rock of Gibraltar, and from thence see its way clearly into Marocco. Most ornithologists are of this opinion, as also that it comes over to us from the continent by the narrowest part of the Channel; and this they imagine to be the reason why it does not stroll so far westward as Devonshire and Cornwall. A much more probable reason is that they do not find their proper food in those counties; because, in reference to distance, Carlisle, which they do visit, is much further from Dover even than the Land's End.

Navigators in the Indian Ocean sometimes observe upon the yards and rigging of their ships unknown birds of the richest plumage, which come to them when they are so far out at sea, that nothing but experience could prove the possibility of a bird's flying to so great a distance. There are two species of cuckoo, natives, it is said, of Hawaii, which are known to fly across the ocean all the way from Australia to New Zealand, a distance of a thousand miles, without once resting, because there is no land between on which they could alight. As swift birds, however, fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour, they can perform this formidable passage in less than five hours and a half.

An eastern mariner once related to us a curious anecdote of a bird-visitor which he had many years before on board his ship. Having left the vicinity of Danger Island, he sailed away almost due east for upwards of a thousand miles, when, early one morning, he observed among the cordage a bird, in shape like a swallow, but of the most exquisite and delicate colours; its breast was bright azure, its tail green, its wings were of scarlet, from its head rose a golden crest, and its eyes were surrounded by a circle of pink feathers. It had been subdued, no doubt, by means of hunger, to a temper of the greatest tameness. He held out to it a little rice upon a plate. The bird descended, perched upon his arm, and ate with extreme voracity. It was evidently much used to man, took fright at no one, but at dinner walked coolly about upon the cabin-table among the plates and dishes, now taking a bit from one hand, and now from another. Happening by chance to approach the cabin-door noiselessly, when, as he thought, the bird supposed itself to be alone, he heard it singing in the most plaintive manner, and at intervals pausing to talk in an unknown language. Watching it more narrowly, he observed that it was standing before a looking-glass, and holding a tender colloquy with its own image. On his entering, it seemed ashamed, and flew to the other side of the cabin.

At length the ship arrived at a small island, where, during its stay, several chiefs came on board, and were invited into the cabin. The mariner was surprised to behold them fall on their knees, bow their heads, and mutter a prayer to this bird. Upon inquiry, the mariner found it was their god, who, having gone out upon the ocean for an airing, had lost his way, and owed his preservation to the fortunate accident of meeting with a ship. The chiefs offered a large sum of money for his ransom; but the generous mariner, respecting their prejudices, or else pitying their weakness, restored them their divinity, without even charging for his board and lodging.

Here in Europe—though the plumage of the birds be less brilliant, which may account, perhaps, for their being held in less respect—ships sometimes present the appearance of a moving aviary. A vessel sailing through the Bay of Biscay, a considerable distance from land, became the resting-place of a goldfinch and chaffinch; snipes also, and a white owl, flew round the ship; and, what was more surprising, a hawk appeared in the midst of large numbers of swallows and martins. To explain this phenomenon, we must suppose that the migratory instinct subdues for a season the instinct of ferocity, otherwise the white owl and the hawk would have feasted forthwith upon their companions. Finding themselves to be fellow-travellers with smaller and more defenceless birds, and looking upon the ship as a wandering caravansary, they respected the rights of hospitality, and for several days lived among their inferiors with equal gentleness and condescension. Another visitant to the same ship was a hen redstart, which entered through the port-holes over the guns, and was daily fed by the sailors. Having reposed as long as was needful, these little wayfarers took their leave—we may presume on their way to Africa, since

Digitized by Google

the ship seems to have been descending from a higher to a lower latitude, and thus afforded the emigrants a welcome lift. On board the same vessel, a small gallinule and a kestrel hawk were caught at a distance of four hundred and twenty-four miles from land.

It is highly probable that, if our naval officers were in general fonder of natural history, we should obtain from them extremely curious particulars respecting the habits of migratory birds. The oldest of the Greek poets alludes, in many parts of his poems, to the migration of cranes, which are so strong of wing that it may be presumed they never have reason to alight for rest on ships. After having passed the winter amid the warm marshes of the White Nile, or those of the Tigris and Euphrates, they traverse the scented valleys of Syria, and move in spring along the picturesque shores of Asia Minor. A learned traveller has an extremely interesting passage on their migration northward. A company of cranes, returning from their winter-quarters, flew in orderly array over Smyrna, on the 9th of March, northward. Another soon followed, and then many; some by day, when they are seen changing their figure and leader; some by moonlight, when they are heard, high in air, repeating their noisy signals. The same writer, sailing in autumn southward from the Hellespont, again saw his old friends on their way to their winter-quarters. Being near Tenedos, he says he was amused by vast caravans or companies of cranes passing high in the air from Thrace, to winter, as he supposed, in Egypt. He admired the number and variety of their squadrons, their extent, orderly array, and apparently good discipline.

Other migratory birds of strong wing scorn the aid of man in their flight, and dart from one continent to another, depending exclusively on the force of their own pinions. Thus the pelicans, though birds of great weight, ascend into the atmosphere, and forming themselves into one compact wedge, cleave the air like an arrow, and traverse the whole Mediterranean at one flight. They present a sight of rare beauty when preparing for their departure. Differing in this from many other birds, they commence their journey in the morning, collecting in myriads on the marshes of the Nile, and soaring aloft with a scream, they form a vast canopy overhead, while the sun playing on their white feathers, delicately tipped with pink, remind the traveller of the snows of the higher Alps, which are often rendered rosy by the touch of dawn.

These powerful birds, as we have said, need no other resting-places in their migrations than such as have been supplied them by nature. It is otherwise with the smaller winged tribes. These, when caught by the foremost blast of high winds, in their attempt to cross the sea, invariably take refuge in ships. A Swedish naturalist, entering the Mediterranean early in the morning, observed that the *Motacilla Hispanica* (a beautiful species of wagtail) almost immediately came on board. It had become conscious of the approach of a storm, and endeavoured to escape from it by flight. Observing beneath it the white sails of a vessel, while Africa was a long way off, it descended boldly, to make friends, and demand hospitality of the Swedish mariners. They seem, however, to have thought more of the high winds, which the arrival of these little pilgrims portended, than of the beauty or habits of their visitors. The wind which brought these aërial voyagers was a strong north-easter, and it came accompanied by thunder and lightning, things little familiar to Scandinavians in the month of October. But it being the migrating season, the birds would not defer their journey on account of stress of weather; but mounting amid atmospheric and electric currents, undismayed by the thunder's roar or the lightning's flash, they sought to fulfil faithfully the behests of nature. In the morning, however, the waves were covered with the bodies of larks and wagtails, which had been killed by the fury of the elements during the night. Two only, one of either species, reached the ship in safety.

Sometimes birds seem to be induced by mere curiosity or love of mankind to put out from their native shore, and alight on ships at sea. The sparrow, it is well known, has an inveterate fondness for hopping and chirping about human beings, whether on land or water. They will even cling to the dwellings long after the dwellers therein have passed away, and sit sadly on the eaves at dawn, as if expecting the appearance of some new inhabitant. We are not at all surprised, therefore, to find the African sparrow, on beholding a vessel, flying out to it, in order to take a crumb with its inmates. Sicily abounds with sparrows, which, during winter, sun themselves in large troops upon the beautiful old ruins of Grecian temples, where they will go round with you, as if they were quite interested in the antiquities. As soon as they see a ship, they fly away to it in great multitudes, as if delighted to examine anything new; and on reaching it, flit about the sails, perch upon the yards, masts, and rigging, descending frequently to share the meals of the sailors, in whose rough humanity they place the most complete confidence.

Many species of birds love to construct what Shakspeare calls their procreant cradles on the islands of the Mediterranean. Ægina is a favourite spot, where, but for the policy of the inhabitants, they would multiply so fast as to produce a famine. Accordingly, as soon as the breeding-season sets in, the worthy natives disperse themselves over the island, peer into every nook and cranny of the rocks, in search of the nests of doves, pigeons, and partridges, whose eggs they collect and take away, or destroy on the spot without mercy. In this part of Greece, the partridge is reckoned among singing-birds. Its note, they say, is extremely sweet; and, contrary to the instincts of its kind, at least as observed elsewhere, it perches at night. Now and then, the solitary thrush—a peculiar species—alights on the barks that ply among the Cyclades. The Turks set a high value upon this bird, whose song is unrivalled save by that of the nightingale.

It has been suggested by an able naturalist, that a most interesting Fauna might be written on the visitors of ships at sea; and the waters of our own coast would supply considerable materials for such a work. The wheatear, identical with the ortolan or becafico, often rests upon vessels running up along the western coast of England, sometimes remaining on board for twenty-four hours together. This suggests a pleasant idea of sailors, who, instead of killing the little strangers, as many other classes of persons would, are almost invariably kind and hospitable towards them. If they could be induced to apply their leisure hours to the study of natural history, they would be able to furnish the world with innumerable curious particulars respecting the habits of birds. Perhaps the most interesting scene for such observations is the Mediterranean, because of the vernal and autumnal voyages made by all the migratory birds across its waters. About the Lipari Islands alone it would be easy to find materials for an instructive chapter, since many rare birds are often found resting, as if on shipboard, upon their vitrified cones and pinnacles. But when the swallow touches at these isles, it must be for pleasure, not through weariness, since it would be easy for it, with its strong wings, to proceed onward to Sicily. Yet it may often be seen diving, so to speak, through the white smoke of Vulcano, or skimming along the rocky

Digitized by Google

shores of Felicudi. Having performed these feats to its satisfaction, it plunges away towards the Faro, as if in search of the misty glories of the fata morgana.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MANY noteworthy things are floating about in the talk of artists and savans: the statue to be erected in honour of George Stephenson at Newcastle-on-Tyne; the Stephenson memorial schools now building at Willington Quay, where George lived as engineman; the statue of Isaac Barrow set up in the same Trinity College ante-chapel with Newton and Bacon; the monument which is to perpetuate Hugh Miller's name and fame at Cromarty; the statue of Tollens, a celebrated Dutch poet, about to adorn a public place in his native town of Rotterdam; the bestowal of the Sheepshanks collection of engravings on the South Kensington Museum, where the Sheepshanks collection of paintings so worthily supports the donor's reputation. There is talk about the Royal Academy, and what some call their prejudicial monopoly—on which we may remark in passing, that while the R.A.s comprise only forty, the artists, who are numbered by hundreds, cannot all be R.A.s at once; about the safe hanging of the bells, big and little, in the clock-tower at Westminster; about the reopening of the course of lectures to workingmen by Professor Huxley, at the School of Mines; and the evening-classes opened for young men at King's College; and about the twenty-one alpaca sheep shipped to Melbourne, that Australia may raise ship-loads of alpaca wool: of the *Great Eastern*, and the hope that now prevails that the huge steamer —of which it was said so long: 'There go the ships, and there *is* that *Leviathan*'—will be ready for sea by next June; of the steamer built of steel-plates for the navigation of the Kuban by the Russians, who hope thereby to finally circumvent the Circassians; of the improved method of making telegraph cables by plaiting instead of twisting the wire, combining greater strength with more flexibility; of the telegraph which Signor Bonelli proposes to lay from Genoa to Buenos Ayres; of the industrial and agricultural exhibition at Bridgetown, Demerara; of the discovery of gold at Port Curtis, north of Moreton Bay, on the east coast of Australia; of the ship-canal which, by a cut to Lake Ontario, is to connect Lake Huron with the sea; of a certain silky kind of cotton which, as is said, Canada can supply in any quantity; and of the new regulation of the Russian government, which opens the Academy for the instruction of civil engineers at St Petersburg to youths of all classes.

In the last number of their *Journal*, the United Service Institution publish a paper on an important subject—Military Dietetics; another on the rifles and small-arms of England, the United States, and France; and one by Mr Bourne on the Internal Communications of India, in which is forcibly shewn, that to develop the river-navigation with properly built steamers to tug trains of barges, will be more for the immediate good of the country than railways. The length of railway sanctioned in India is 4000 miles, at an estimated cost of L.24,000,000; there are 10,000 miles of rivers that may be opened and navigated at an outlay far below this, while the traffic would be cheap and enormous.—From the Pacific, we hear that King Kahmehameha's minister of the interior has issued an official recommendation that English, which is already the language of the court and commerce, shall become the national language of the Sandwich Islands. After this authoritative announcement, we may expect that the time will not be long before Anglo-Saxon shall have displaced the fluent and musical Kanaka; and especially as there are a *New Era*, an *Argus*, and a *Monthly Magazine* already published at Honolulu. There seems something very like progress in the publication of the Transactions of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society at their fifth annual meeting. Truly we can foresee nothing but good in the spread of the English language; and we think the suggestion a good one that the Roman character should be adopted in printing and writing the native languages of India. It would be as easy to teach this to children as any other; and if generally adopted in the schools, a few years would see a numerous youthful population familiar with the alphabet of the west. If John Chinaman would but exchange for it his present complex and cumbrous symbols, his gain would be great.

Another explorer has started on the track of Barth and Vogel—Baron von Krafft, who will penetrate Soudan from Tripoli, in the guise of a Turkish physician, and on reaching Timbuctoo, should he prove so fortunate, will then strike out new routes to complete the discoveries of his predecessors.

The Zoological Society have had a notice of a talking canary—the second instance of the kind on record. The bird in question was, owing to the neglect of its parents, brought up by hand, and so became more familiar with human speech than ornithological warblings. At the age of three months, it began to talk, saying *kissie! kissie!* and since then it has gone on adding to its vocabulary, and now repeats for hours a succession of phrases comprehending about a dozen words, whistling from time to time a bar of *God Save the Queen*.—The Society of Arts have opened their 105th session with an address from Mr Dilke, wherein what they hope to do is made to appear worthy of what they have done; they gave medals for the employment of steam-power in the cultivation of the soil, for a paper on the progress of the light-house system, and other practical subjects, and on New Zealand and Canada and their resources. —The Meteorological Society of Scotland is now organised, and fairly at work, Professor Piazzi Smyth, astronomer-royal for Scotland, having consented to give his attention to the arrangement and reduction of the observations that may be sent in.

The Royal Society, at their anniversary meeting, elected Sir Benjamin Brodie as their president, a measure which will probably satisfy those who think that the chair of that ancient corporation should not be filled by a lord. The Fellows should choose the best man, regardless of all other considerations. The retiring president, Lord Wrottesley, drew attention to the scientific questions in which government and the society may be said to co-operate—a co-operation highly beneficial to science—and, as exponent of the sentiments of the meeting, he presented the Copley medal to Sir Charles Lyell, in recognition of his eminent services to the science of geology, a royal medal to Mr Albany Hancock of Newcastle-on-Tyne for studies in natural history and zoology, chiefly as regards the mollusca; a royal medal to Mr Lassell of Liverpool for his astronomical researches; and the Rumford medal to M. Jules Jamin, professor at the Ecole Polytechnique, for investigations and discoveries by which optical science has been greatly enriched. This latter was founded by Count Rumford, to be given every two years for the most important discovery in heat or light, and is worth, with the dividends accruing on the fund, which go with the medal, more than a hundred pounds.

Every week brings to light some new application of that yet novel substance—glycerine. To say nothing of its applications to photography, it serves many purposes in domestic economy and mechanical

Digitized by Google

operations. It has properties in common with oil, but, unlike oil, will bear mixture with water and alcohol, and does not solidify in a temperature which freezes even mercury. It is useful in pharmacy, harmless as a medicine, and not disagreeable in taste. Some kinds of food which are injured by becoming dry, might be kept moist for months if coated with glycerine, more or less diluted according to circumstances. Confectionary and other things, now protected by tinfoil, might in many instances be better preserved by glycerine; indeed, we hardly see an end to its application in this way. Mustard mixed with glycerine will not dry up rapidly, as housewives know it does when mixed with water. Hitherto, tobacco-manufacturers have used treacle to moisten and sweeten the leaf, and find it at times ferment and turn sour; but with glycerine it may be kept moist and sweet for any length of time—a matter of no small importance to those who indulge in the filthy practice of chewing. Again: gas-meters are liable to get out of order by freezing or evaporation of the water with which they are charged; these inconveniences are obviated by glycerine, diluted until it will absorb no water from the gas on its passage through the meter. For the lubrication of delicate machinery, for watches and chronometers, glycerine will probably be found preferable to oil; it may be used in water-colour painting, and for copying purposes, and in keeping specimens of dried plants in a flexible condition. Moreover, we hear that tincture of iodine and glycerine is a cure for even the most inveterate corns.

An operative chemist at Caen announces that coffee-grounds make an excellent manure, because of the nitrogen and phosphoric acid which he discovers therein. Does he include the chicory which forms so large a proportion of coffee-grounds in France?

Medical and physiological science presents a few noticeable facts. Dr Theophilus Thompson, in a paper communicated to the Royal Society, endeavours to trace the action of cod-liver oil upon consumptive patients, shewing that it largely increases the quantity of the red corpuscles of the blood. Consumption, as is well known, drains away these red corpuscles; thereby depriving the system of much of its vitality; but here we see a means of repairing that loss while taking measures to restore the general health. The fact is a valuable contribution to scientific medicine. Some authorities, however, are of opinion that cod-liver oil is an aliment, and not a medicament, and that its beneficial effects are solely due to nutrition, and not to any special influence which it is supposed to exert on diseases of the chest.

Dr Dickinson of Liverpool has written a paper in which, from personal experience, he recommends the climate of Egypt and Nubia as preferable for invalids to that of any place in Europe or Algiers; care being taken to pass the first part of the winter in Cairo, and then journey up into Nubia for the second part. Rheumatism, diseases of the lungs, indigestion, and other consequences of a sedentary life, there find relief; 'in,' as the doctor observes, 'a brilliant and balmy climate, where mere existence is felt to be a positive luxury, and where the mind enjoys a serenity almost unknown in our foggy land, and the traveller scarcely ever experiences any feeling of ennui, even when confined to his boat.' This is doubtless the truth as regards persons in ill health; but we happen to know a considerable number of persons who find it perfectly possible to preserve a serene disposition even in our foggy land. Health now-a-days is sacrificed to social conventionalities, and the climate gets the blame.

M. Piorry shews that in some cases of defective respiration, enlargement of the heart, and congestion of the liver, a simple and beneficial remedy is to be found in deep inspirations, filling the lungs full of air several times a day. In a paper published at Paris, he enters at length into the rationale of the question; but we have only space to notice the essential point of his theory, which, at all events, may be adopted without danger.

In the *Proceedings* of the 'Med. Chi.,' as the Medical and Chirurgical Society is familiarly called among the profession, Dr D. F. Rennie of the convict establishment, Western Australia, calls attention to what, in plain English, means the harmful consequences of being careful overmuch about the prisoners in our jails. He found the convicts liable to eruptions and dysentery, when all the rest of the colony was in health, and seeking for the cause, discovered it in the undue quantity of food allowed to each man—27 ounces of bread, and 16 ounces of fresh meat, daily. He remonstrated with the convict authorities, but they would not believe that the food was in excess; he appealed to Governor Fitzgerald, who appointed a committee to examine the question; and they confirmed his views. A reduction was made, which brought down the quantity of food to 1½ lb. a day, and with the best results on the health of the convicts. These men, moreover, as the doctor points out, were of impaired constitution, with imperfect respiration, lungs more or less diseased, occasioned by their sedentary imprisonment in hot cells before transportation. Not only those who had been some time in the colony, but fifty men examined immediately on their arrival, shewed the same impaired respiration. There is something here which, as Dr Rennie thinks, 'strikes at the root of the whole dietetic system pursued during the earlier period of their confinement in England; the state of these convicts with respect to sickness contrasting strongly with that of the inmates of the military prison, who have a simple, wholesome, and yet ample diet, and plenty of exercise in the open air; whereas the convicts, during the first twelve-months of their imprisonment, are shut up like hot-house plants in a warm cell, employed at a sedentary occupation, and placed on a diet double that allowed to the military prisoners.' Apart from its importance as a question of prison-discipline, this subject of excess in food is one deserving of consideration by thousands who are not prisoners.

Dr Pidduck, whose paper on the Osteophosphate of Lime as a dietetic remedy for curvature of the spine, and the long bones of the limbs, we noticed a year ago, now discusses the properties of iodide of calcium, as a valuable addition to the *materia medica*. This substance, a combination of iodine and lime, is an inexpensive and remarkably useful medicine, particularly in cases of chronic metallic poisoning, as with painters, plumbers, brass-founders, and others. 'It is highly probable,' says the doctor, 'that the antidote of every poison is to be found in the several kingdoms of nature whence the poison is derived; as, for example, ammonia is the antidote to animal poisons; potass to vegetable, and soda to mineral poisons; so iodine, chlorine, and bromine may be, and facts lead to the conclusion that they really are, antidotes to the metallic poisons.' The subject, however, is one that requires patient investigation; and much is yet to be learned concerning the symptoms and effects of 'chronic medicinal poisoning of the blood and tissues.'

M. Ozanam has been trying experiments with diluted vapour of prussic acid, shewing that diluted and in moderate doses, it produces a species of anæsthesia. But a very slight increase of strength causes immediate death, and were it not for the microscope, death without any signs of poisoning; with this instrument, however, there is discoverable a rupture of the minute nerve tubules which sufficiently betrays the fatal cause. In cases where the effect is alarming, but short of actual death, the remedy is oxygen;

Digitized by Google

respiration of oxygen until the last trace of the acid is eliminated.

The subject of Chinese poisons is treated of by Dr Macgowan in an interesting article in an American journal. It is one of which at present but little is known. We find that wholesale destruction of the English troops by an inoculating poison has been a favourite project with the Celestials, and sanctioned by the military authorities; but the opportunity for trying it never came. Another scheme proposed to Commissioner Lin was to inoculate all the Europeans in Canton with leprosy, as a sure means of getting rid of them. It was rejected as too slow in its operation.

The poisons which kill by inhalation are employed in a way which gives us a strange notion of Chinese morality—in *filiicide*. Dr Macgowan coins a word to express the fact. It appears that parents do not scruple to put out of the way a grown-up son who is likely to disgrace his family. We quote a case in point by way of conclusion: a government functionary had a son whose misconduct was such that his removal was determined on. 'To effect the object without publicity, no small finesse was requisite on the part of his father and friends. Suspecting their designs, the young man became excessively wary. On the day agreed upon for his execution, the father feigned to be withholding the son's much-loved opium, until he could induce the hapless youth to take a draught of tea, which he was artfully led to suppose was drugged. At length, affecting to be wearied by the son's contumacy, the father gave him his opium-pipe, having mixed with the genial *papaver* another drug intensely poisonous. After a few inhalations, the victim fell into a stupor, followed by convulsions, to which his athletic frame succumbed in less than six hours.'

ABOUT THE PANTOMIME.

This is Christmas-day, and Monday night will be boxing-night, when a hundred pantomimes, new or old, will be conjured into existence throughout the country, in celebration of the event—the event of the year to the masters and misses of the juvenile world. A countless host of little boys and girls are on that evening gratified with their annual visit to the theatre, and witness, in a paroxysm of excitement, the manifold delights of the ever-after-well-remembered pantomime of 'Harlequin and the Tyrant King Gobblemupandskrunshemdowno, or the Doomed Princess of the Fairy Hall, with the Forty Blood-red Pillars'—full of the usual tricks and transformations, and, if we may believe the bill, 'resplendent with new scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations.'

We often wonder if our juvenile friends ever think of the enormous amount of industry which must be evoked before the pantomime can be presented to the audience—before Clown can knock down Piecrust the baker, or before Pantaloon can rob the simple-minded butcher, who has been robbed every Christmas in every pantomime that has been produced in the three kingdoms, from the earliest period of their existence down to the present time. Even grown-up people, we have often thought, have a sort of idea that the Christmas pantomime is a thing produced by accident, or that it is knocked together on the spur of the moment, just because people want a hearty laugh for their children on boxing-night; and also, *sub rosâ*, a little cachinnatory exercise for themselves. The pantomime is not, however, got up by accident, but is the result of intense labour, mental and bodily, on the part of all concerned, managers, authors, scene-painters, designers, carpenters, property-makers, costumiers, spangle and lace makers, and pantomimists—that is to say, clowns, harlequins, pantaloons, columbines, sprites, harlequinas, ballet-girls, musicians, and supernumeraries of both sexes. The preparations for the pantomime may be assumed to commence in the large London theatres about the beginning of August, or even earlier, when 'the house-author' and the manager determine what it is to be, and upon the principal ideas for which it is to be made the vehicle. As the autumn progresses into winter, *it*—having as yet no name, or the name being for a period a profound secret, the pantomime is always, by those interested, spoken of as *it*—gradually gets into shape; scenes are invented, and tricks planned; advertising tradesmen are arranged with, some of whom willingly pay L.50 or L.100 for a scene which advertises their goods—that is, a scene having a view of their premises, wherein clown and pantaloon carry out a deal of practical fun with the articles in which they deal. The house-author, of course, only prepares what is called the introduction, or literary part of the harlequinade, which is usually made a vehicle for fine scenery, gorgeous processions, incidental ballets, panoramas, &c. Some one of the pantomimic corps usually take charge of what, in technical phraseology, is called the 'comic business;' but there are persons in London, such as the far-famed Mr Nelson Lee, who make it their special business, for a 'consideration,' to get up this department of our Christmas entertainments.

In the fulness of time the pantomimic corps are summoned to the theatre—they have most of them been engaged since last season, if they are public favourites—and a time is fixed for the commencement of the necessary rehearsals. A troupe of fifty ballet-girls has been engaged for the processions and tableaux. Beverly, the inimitable scene-painter, has promised to do a couple of his finest scenes of fairy-land. Dykwynkin has promised designs for the masks and costume of the fifty guards of the tyrant king Gobblemupandskrunshemdowno; and by and by things are so far advanced, that the name of the piece is no longer kept secret, and the bill—the bill of the pantomime, with all its comicalities, is drawn up, and is very privately got into proof for the consideration and criticism of the author and manager; for, be it known, the bill is a most particular item of the pantomime, and has been frequently known to be a great deal funnier than the piece it professes to describe. But, previous to all this, when the author has got the piece into something like shape, the stage-manager assembles those who are to take part in the acting or getting-up of the pantomime in the green-room, and reads what is called in theatrical parlance the 'opening,' in order that the mechanists, tailors, artists, &c., of the theatre may each know what is required of him. For this purpose, the necessary explanations are made, and the chief of each department is provided with a list, or 'plot,' as it is called, of everything which will be required in his line of duty; and after this has been given them, there is no excuse for idleness; so these heads of departments at once set to work, assisted by a swarm of *aides* of all kinds; for the gigantic preparations will require every hour of their time, from the date of that reading till boxing-night, before the productions of these working *genii* can go before the public, with their fairy scenery, their comic masks, their elaborate dresses, and all the spangles and golden glitter which are incidental to the creation of a successful pantomime.

Let us imagine, then, that it is the middle of December—the best time for making the tour of that part of the house, from which so many metaphors

Digitized by Google

have been drawn, Behind the Scenes. 'Here we are,' then, to use the Christmas language of the clown, having got safely through the hall, and passed—a difficult achievement—the Cerberus of the place, on the P. or prompter's side of the stage, at the first entrance. The curtain is drawn up; and the audience portion of the house is all covered over with calico and looks cold and dismal enough without the happy faces whose smiling approbation will, in good time, light it up. A flexible tube conveys gas to an upright in the orchestra, where sits the leader of the ballet-music looking over and trying his grand overture to the forthcoming Christmas novelty, while a *répétiteur* is busy scraping away at the *Elfin Waltz*, which a lady and gentleman, curiously attired, are practising on the stage. The lady is dressed in an old pair of silk tights, dirty satin shoes, worn-out ballet skirt, a felt bonnet, and a warm cloth polka. 'Is it possible!' exclaim our young friends; 'can that be Columbine? and is that really Harlequin?' 'Yes,' we reply, 'that is the doomed princess, afterwards columbine; and her companion in the white trousers, pea-coat, and buff shoes, is the knight of the spangles—harlequin.'* These are their working-clothes they have on; but wait till boxing-night, and what couple will be more resplendent! The cadaverous-looking trio in the prompter's corner, who are talking about some alterations of the comic business, consists of clown, pantaloon, and stage-manager. These men lounging on the other side are 'supers'—that is the stage-name for the wretched individuals who, for the sake of eighteenpence a night, will espouse any side of a dispute, and are perfectly indifferent whether they belong to the Montagues or the Capulets. On the present occasion, they are to act alternately, of course with a change of dress, as the retainers of the tyrant king Gobblemupandskrunshemdowno, and of Prince Razorshanks, his rival in the affections of the Doomed Princess. That little thick-set quiet man, with the intellectual face, is the painter or artist of the house; and the important-looking personage with whom he is talking, is Mr Joints, the eminent mechanist of the establishment. Mysterious voices are sounding loudly far away up in the 'flies;' while a busy carpenter is industriously opening up a 'slote' at the back-part of the stage, and oiling a part of the work, to make it run well. We look through the long narrow opening, and gaze at the wonderful region—the bowels, so to speak, of the place; what wheels, what ropes, what pulleys, what depths and depths there are, away far down below the floor, there, lighted by dim lights in obscure lanterns, and where men in fustian jackets and paper caps lie in wait for signals from above—tinkling bells, or orders through speaking-tubes; while even the stage itself seems a perfect riddle of traps and openings, and a place of danger to the uninitiated. As we come off the boards at the P. or prompt side, passing the green-room, we see the door of the property-room, and although we are warned by a placard that there is 'no admittance except on business,' our young friends may venture in. What a scene! Just imagine a greengrocer's shop, a poulterer's and butcher's stall, a musical-instrument warehouse, an old-furniture dépôt, a china store, a hardwareman's, all compressed into one moderate-sized room, and the reader will then have a faint idea of what a theatrical property-room is. The varied properties are piled away in heaps upon the floor, or on shelves, or are hung around on nails, most of them for use in the pantomime; on the walls, especially, are grinning at us the gigantic false-faces, designed by the aforesaid Dykwynkin, and which are destined to be so provocative of mirth to the wondering Master Toms and Miss Marys of boxing-night.

We shall next visit the workshop where these things are made. That large mass of yielding clay can be easily moulded into the face of one of the tyrant king's guards. The mass, after the comic or terrific physiognomy has been shaped upon it, is smeared over with oil, so that a thin plaster-of-Paris mould can be taken from it. This, in turn, like a shape for moulding jelly, will be well buttered or greased, and then sheets of thin brown paper will be pasted in till the face acquires the requisite strength; then it is taken from the mould, and dried, preparatory to having masses of coloured wool or horsehair sewed upon it, and the necessary amount of rose-pink bestowed upon the nose and cheeks, till it is fitted to pass as the head of one of Gobblemupandskrunshemdowno's retainers. Large quantities of vegetables are also in progress—the great barrel full of saw-dust is for stuffing into these red cases, which, during the pantomime, do duty as carrots at the terrible 'spill' or uproar which terminates each scene of the comic business. These fine-looking legs of mutton, loaves of bread, and sides of bacon, are all 'got up' in this apartment, and, as the bill says, 'regardless of expense;' as are also the tempting pots of beer with the fierce foam upon them; also those miraculous chairs which change into pianos, and those wonderful beds which, with an utter contempt for the centre of gravity, will, the moment clown lies down, mount to the roof of the bedroom; also those dummy figures of harlequin, policemen, &c., which are shot out of cannon, or are pounded to dust in a gigantic druggist's mortar, or are put once or twice through the clown's mangle, and then, by means of water, are remade up into their natural form. Everything required in the pantomime in the shape of properties can be manufactured here, from the crown of the tyrant usurper to the rod used in the third comic scene—Dr Birch's academy—where the tall boy in the white pinafore, who brings up the rear of the boarding-school procession, comes in for a mock flagellation at the hands of a very starved-looking usher.

Next door to this wonderful workshop is the wardrobe, where the theatrical dresses are kept. Those in a large establishment are, of course, very numerous and expensive (the cost of the tartan alone for the dresses in *Rob Roy*, for instance, was L.150). At present all hands are busy on the costumes for the pantomime; the dresses for the guards and the tyrant king are now in hand, made of real catskin, with the original hair on. Alas! how many poor cats will have disappeared from their homes and sympathising proprietors, to make up the requisite number of skins. Those young ladies, yonder, are busy sewing spangles and beads on the skirt of a dress intended for columbine to dance in. That pile of white-satin ballet-shoes has just come from the shoemaker's; they are for the fifty pair of feet of the fifty young ladies of the tyrant's court, who dance and attitudinise that terrible bully to sleep. Observe, they are not squared off at the toes, like the white-satin shoes of society, but are beautifully rounded at the point, as the dancing-shoes of theatrical people invariably are. We will not venture even to guess how many yards of gold-sprigged muslin may be required for the fifty dresses of the aforesaid young damsels, but that enormous

* Some ignorant people are accustomed to assert that the pantomimic corps perpetually bathe themselves in oil, to keep their joints supple; but the great oiler of the joints of pantomimists is exercise, and the perpetual motion of their profession. A pantomimist does not live long, as the herculean exertions which he has to go through soon kill him. It is said of Grimaldi that, even while he was a comparatively young man, his exertions had quite debilitated him. 'Men were obliged to be kept waiting at the side-scenes, who caught him in their arms when he staggered from the stage, and supported him, while others chafed his limbs, which was obliged to be incessantly done until he was called for the next scene, or he could not have appeared again.'

Digitized by Google

mass on yonder table is supposed to contain the full quantity. The green and red baize which lies about in careless confusion, will speedily be converted into tunics for the opposing pantomimic armies, who are to do battle for the rights and liberties of the Doomed Princess. The wardrobe and tailor's shop at such a period as this are perfect hives of industry, and with every person engaged, the order is 'stitch, stitch, stitch,' from early morn till the chimes ring out the midnight hour. Among the other costumes which are in progress, there is a dress for harlequin, made of beautifully woven stuff, and patched all over with variegated pieces of silk. This style of dressing harlequin is exactly fifty-eight years old, and was first introduced in the pantomime of *Harlequin Amulet*, which was produced in 1800. Before that time, we are told, 'it had been customary to attire the harlequin in a loose jacket and trousers, and it had been considered indispensable that he should be perpetually attitudinising in five positions, and doing nothing else but passing instantaneously from one to the other, and never pausing without being in one of the five.

The carpenter's shop is as busy a scene as the tailor's. The hammer and the saw are for ever sounding. 'Flats' and 'wings' are always being nailed into shape, and covered over with canvas, ready to go up to the painting-room. At the time of our visit, a being in canvas overalls, wearing a paper cap, and having a neat little saw in his hand, is busy cutting out the shape of some foliage, or, as the operation is called behind the scenes, marking the 'profile.' Carpenters in some theatres perform a great many duties which are not dreamt of in extra-theatrical shops. We knew a man once who had been at some time or other connected with nearly every provincial theatre in Great Britain and Ireland, and who called himself a carpenter; but he could do anything: he could form a scene, stretch on the canvas, and, if it was for a chamber, he could paint it. He also officiated as a scene-shifter, and went on for 'little business' at night. He could make properties, and did not disdain to act the part of tailor or check-taker when required. Once or twice, upon emergency, he took a place in the orchestra; and with an accordion he has sometimes officiated as the whole band of a theatre rural. Yet for all his usefulness, he never had a larger salary than sixteen shillings a week.

We may now leave the carpenter's shop, and visit the studio of the artist, which is situated at the top of the theatre. The painting-shop is exactly over the back-part of the stage; but it is a great way up. It is a long room, and is filled with a profusion of light, by means of a gigantic glass erection on the top of the house. In this chamber we see the artist at work on the back-part of 'the tranquil lake in the empyrean fields of balmy delight.' The canvas is astonishingly large; but it is quite manageable, and can be lowered or raised to any required height or depth by means of slight machinery constructed for the purpose. The dexterity with which it has been painted is quite wonderful. The immense surface having been sized over, an outline of the landscape is traced out pretty boldly by the principal artist; then it is more minutely outlined in ink, and numerous portions of the design, originally dashed off on Bristol-board, in water-colours; all the principal masses of colour are at once washed in by the assistant-brushes, but the finish conferred upon the whole is left to the principal artist, who executes it with a skill and power which will obtain, we trust, the high encomiums of the critics of the Sunday papers, as well as the volleys of applause bestowed upon it by the 'discriminating' audience who are always sure to assemble on boxing-night. The celerity with which business is carried on in this department of the theatre is quite miraculous; although, aided, no doubt, by the largeness of the canvas operated upon, which admits of a perfect army of brushes being engaged upon it at the same time, all directed, however, by the great master-brush of the establishment. A considerable portion of the labour in the painting-room is quite mechanical: for instance, straight lines for cornices, &c., are traced on the canvas by means of a tightly drawn piece of cord, rubbed over with dry colour, which is placed against the scene, and then pulled out, and let down again, when, of course, it leaves its mark. This and similar work can be done by a labourer or boy. This elaborate scrolled scene for a chamber in the tyrant's palace, is done by means of 'pouncing'—that is, a small portion of the design is pricked out on a sheet of paper, which is held against the canvas, and then a bag of charcoal is dashed upon it, leaving, of course, the outline to be afterwards finished. This process is repeated till the whole of the large surface is covered, and when finally perfected, it looks very well indeed. When scenes are intended to dazzle and glitter, as is usually the case in a pantomime, they are daubed over with Dutch metal, the artist marking the places to be so done with a thinnish kind of glue; and the bits so prepared are either covered with gold or silver leaf, as may be required.

This finishes our tour of the industrial departments of the house; and if we have not adequately described the great labour involved in getting up the pantomime, we can give our readers another mode of judging of it by stating that the cost of getting up a great London Christmas piece in Covent Garden Theatre a few years ago, was nearly eight thousand pounds; while the weekly bill for salaries and necessaries to keep it going, was above seven hundred pounds! A London pantomime of any pretensions to magnitude or splendour will be certain to cost a couple of thousands; the competition is so great, that a manager must spend a great deal of money, or he will be outdone by others, and his house will fail in attraction.

But at length Boxing-night—the night of nights to our young friends—arrives, and, having explored the region which lies behind the green curtain, and seen the details of which a pantomime is made up, we are now ready to see it as it appears to the audience. Before the curtain draws up, and during the time when our company are enduring what somebody has graphically called the purgatorial passage to the paradise of pantomimic delights—namely, the eternal *George Barnwell*, or mayhap *The Stranger*, we express a hope that our young companions who are just about to enjoy their annual peep at the Christmas pantomime, are aware of the great antiquity of this their favourite entertainment. We beg they will remember, while laughing at the drolleries of Mr Clown, or while they are indignant at the buffets bestowed upon poor Pantaloon, that pantomime was known to the ancients, and was practised in various forms by the Greeks and Romans—not, however, at all times as an amusement, but was resorted to in their great festivals and solemnities, as on the occasion of marriages and funerals.

Pantomimes were not got up in this country till the year 1702, when we find that one was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, called the *Tavern Bilkers*. It was brought out by one Weaver, a provincial dancing-master, and was well received. In consequence of his success, he brought out several others; such as *The Loves of Mars and Venus*, all of which were successful. It was not, however, till the advent of the Grimaldi family, in 1758, that pantomime began to be important. Mr Grimaldi—a son of the great dancer and the famous clown—brought this kind of entertainment to a state of great perfection, and for many years assisted in the getting-up of those pantomimes of the good old times about which we hear old playgoers

Digitized by Google

talk so enthusiastically. Grimaldi was thus apostrophised by James Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses:*

Facetious mime! thou enemy of gloom;
Grandson of Momus, blithe and débonnaire,
Who, aping Pan with an inverted broom,
Can brush the cobwebs from the brows of care.

But we are forgetting the present in these reminiscences. What a buzz there is when the curtain rises, and the tyrant king's band of Christy minstrels are seen, ay, and heard too, playing a serenade before the great entrance to the palace. This morning, no person could have supposed it possible that the piece could come out at all—but here it is, ay, and a great success into the bargain, as might indeed be expected from what we already know of the preparations that have been gone through to insure its 'going' well. 'Could we not go behind to-night?' asks some one. Heaven forbid! we have more sense than to venture behind the scenes on the first night of a new Christmas piece. We know from experience what kind of treatment we should receive, how we should be knocked about at the various entrances of the stage, or perhaps shoved 'on' in some of the mobs *in propriâ personâ*, without being called by the audience. The bustle and animation behind the scenes during the run of a popular Christmas piece can scarcely be described, and every available inch of space is blocked up with the necessary properties. Here a basketful of mock vegetables; there, a lot of chairs; in another place, a heap of kitchen utensils. 'Now, then, by your leave,' and a fierce giant, carrying his head under his arm, twists you aside—not very ceremoniously. Then the shrill treble of a trembling fairy says: 'Please, sir, will you allow me to pass?' Then the stage-manager asks some one who you are. Next, a carpenter condescends to inform you that it is very warm, and hints at 'beer.' 'Take care of your feet!' shouts the prompter, and looking down, you see two gigantic warming-pans ready to be shoved on for the next scene. As you pass up the narrow path between the side-scene and the wall, in order to gain the door, harlequin and columbine, reeking hot, bound from the stage, and nearly overthrow you; while just as you recover your perpendicular, you receive a blow on the cheek from a soft turnip, and a furious knock on the shins from a wooden cheese.

It is said that the spell of pantomime is broken, and that this kind of entertainment will speedily be numbered among the things of the past. But the same thing was said a quarter of a century ago. Just at that date, a public journalist stated that 'ingenious tricks, startling transformations, surprising feats of agility, grotesque masks, smacks, thumps, and tumbles, astonish without amusing, unless they are made to bear upon the action of the story. Wanting purpose, the wit of the concocters, the cleverness of the machinist, and the humour of the performers, are of no effect: strange, that those most concerned in the prosperity of pantomime will not see what is so obvious to everybody else!' Notwithstanding these predictions, we still find pantomime in vogue; and since some of the London Christmas pieces run for a period of sixty or seventy consecutive nights, drawing large audiences on each representation, we must conclude that there is yet life in that amusement.

HOLLY BERRIES.

Holly berries, holly berries,
Red, and bright, and beaming,
Through the dusky evergreens
Like sprays of coral gleaming;
Ye have power to fill the heart
With memories of glee:
Oh, what happy thoughts can cling
Round the holly tree!

When I see the holly berries,
I can think I hear
Merry chimes and carols sweet
Ringing in my ear.
Christmas, with its blazing fires
And happy hearths I see:
Oh, what merry thoughts can cling
Round the holly tree!

Bring the glowing holly berries;
Snow is lying deep;
All the gay and blooming flowers
Till the spring-time sleep.
Let them grace our happy homes
With their crimson light,
Mingling with the sombre fir,
And the laurel bright.

Keenly blows the icy wind,
Shorter grows the day,
Winter scatters cold and gloom
In his dreary play.
Yet we love the closing years
For the joy they bring,
And the holy memories
That round the holly cling.

Holly berries, holly berries,
Red, and bright, and beaming,
Through the dusky evergreens
Like sprays of coral gleaming;
Ye have power to fill the heart
With memories of glee:
Oh, what happy thoughts can cling
Round the holly tree!

C. M. P.

The present number of the Journal completes the Tenth Volume; a title-page and index prepared for it may be had of the publishers and their agents.

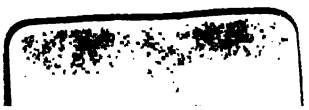
END OF TENTH VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers,
47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

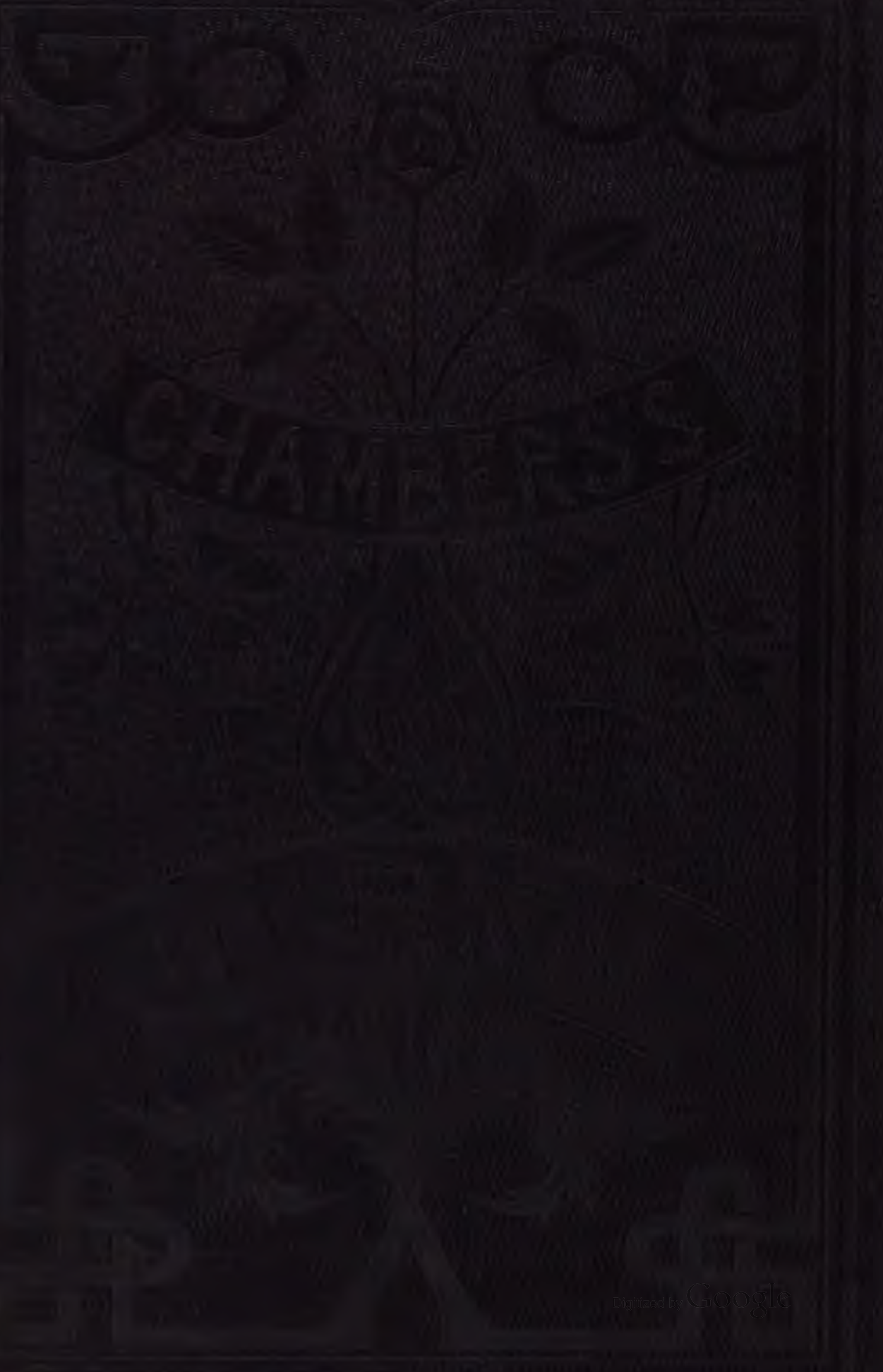
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google